

Prologue

A Fujoshi Reincarnates In Another World Because Of Comiket

It's Co-mi-ket, it's Co-mi-ket in 2 weeks.

I'm in such a rush, I'm so desperate that I have to pay an express fee to the printers because my manga manuscript is late.

I'm at a loss.

I'm at a loss.

So I desperately move my pen tablet toward the computer.

On the other side of the screen, two handsome guys are doing their best for BL, relaxing together on the bed.

Erotic.

Hmm, it's erotic.

But there is no time for sensuality.

In order for me, Makoto Takase, to deliver the dreams, courage, and feelings of inferiority to the customers who come to my Comiket Booth, this flowery college student will become a machine that uses a pen tablet to clean up the drafting lines.

Scribble, scribble (it's the sound of a pen stylus on the tablet's surface.)

Ugh, my eyes are blurry.

Let's have some coffee.

I shift my chair and pour coffee from the coffee maker on the side shelf into a mug.

Ugh, this stuff has turned sour.

But, I drink it.

If you don't put caffeine in your body, the lines will go limp.

The buttocks and thighs of the bold knight Curtis-chan must not sag.

And with the rugged glasses wearer Gerald-sama, his slender waistline will no longer be noticeable.

And, of course, the muscle definition should be the most intense focus.

It takes the proper flow of musculature to create the beauty of a man's nakedness.

It is to distinguish between the physique and tone of the rugged and slender Curtis-nii-chan and the delicate civil servant Gerald.

After biting into a cookie and drinking up my coffee, I looked up at the ceiling and let out a sigh of relief, "Houu."

There are times when I wonder what I'm doing now that I've gone through the trouble of entering university.

I draw BL doujin by cutting down on eating and sleeping.

Making comics is a tough hobby.

It requires both composition and drawing skills.

I think it takes about 5,000 times more effort than my hobby of writing haiku. (Compared to my friends.)

Sometimes I think that novels would be easier.

Well, compared to making games and animation, it's still better.

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Well, compared to making games and animation, it's still better.

Recently, at Comiket, it's been selling a little bit, and I've been placed in the island's birthday section, so I'm happy and I'm feeling good about it, but on the other hand, I've been tangled up on Twitter with strange fans, and I've been criticized on my blog. There are times when I wonder if I should quit making manga.

But the thing is.

But the thing is.

When someone buys a new issue at Comiket,

"Your Kevin x Elmer in the previous volume was so good! I was so moved by their hidden love!"

When the fans who say things like that come, my fatigue is blown away, and I'm surrounded by a mysterious uplifting feeling that makes me want to work harder.

Also, it's fun to have a Comiket Launch with friends at a cheap bar around Oimachi Station.

This is why I can't stop being a fujoshi.

Gehehe, I don't have any contact with real men.

Both their romance and their muscles can only be found on the other side of the computer screen.

Wobble.

Wobble-wobble.

Hmm, an earthquake?

I can feel some water splashing on my bare legs at the tail end of my shorts.

It's red.

Hmmm?

When I put my hand to my mouth, I could see blood sticking to my palm.

A nosebleed.....?

Wobble-wobble-wobble.

Bubble-bubble-bubble.

My vision twists and turns, darkens and brightens.

Huh, what, this, this is dangerous, is something bad happening?

Is my brain going crazy?

No, right, I haven't even eaten a proper meal, and it's the 3rd day I've been able to do it, but I'm sitting in my chair all the time.

AAAAHH, oh no, oh no, if I'm hospitalized in a place like this, Comiket, what about Comiket?!

No, if I report my sick leave, it won't affect the next Comiket Lottery, but if I don't go, the customers waiting for my next book will have nothing.

Huh, a wall?

Oh, that's not right, it's the floor, I'm lying down!

The floor is cold.

Oh no, oh no, an ambulance!

Someone get an ambulance...!

When I woke up with a start, the sun was shining brightly in the room.

“Uwaah, I can’t make it in time for Comiket!!”

I fell asleep, I fell asleep

I had to submit the data to the printing office by the end of last night!

I’m an idiot...!

Is my only choice to make a photocopied zine?

But, I don’t like photocopied zines.

It’s kind of cheap-looking, and it’s plain hard to bind, uuugghh.

At least I can get on-demand printing from...

“Makoto, shut up...”

What the hell, how can an oniichan yell at his imouto when she’s in a panic...?

Huh??

Ani?

Do I have one?

Makoto Takase is an only child.

I came out of the countryside and now live alone in my dream city, Tokyo.

Occasionally, my okachan comes over and stays, so it’s annoying.

It’s noisy and embarrassing, she goes like, “make yourself more glamorous” or “hurry up and get a boyfriend.”

It doesn’t matter, it’s my life, I’ll sink into a swamp or throw my

prospects down the drain if I want to.

There's something different about the room.

Where is, here?

It's a wooden building and the sun is shining in, but it's barely there.

I have white skin and small hands.

What is this?

It kind of smells like baked bread.

"Are you half asleep, you idiot?"

An unfamiliar shota with blond hair and blue eyes appeared in my field of view, he was on what seemed to be a bunk bed.

An ani who's a stranger to me.

His name.....

A lot of memories flowed into my brain.

He's Cliff-nii-chan.

He's a year older than me.

I am Makoto, 13 years old, the baker's daughter.

The bakery's name is Hiyoko-Do, and it's quite popular as it's located in a back alley off the main street of the royal capital.

"Good morning, Cliff-nii-chan," I said, "you know... I had a strange dream."

"Just get up already, cook breakfast, and get to your morning work," Cliff said.

"Ye-Yeah," I said.

"Besides, today, we're going to the temple for your Magic Appraisal Ceremony."

What is this, what the hell is this?

Hiyoko-Do?

This country is the Kingdom of Appleton...

Nearby is the Royal Appleton Academy of Magic...

At noon, the shop was filled with noble onee-sans and onii-sans in beautiful uniforms...

Hmm, this is the world of the otome game “The Light’s Blessing To The Sky”...?

Then, today at this magic appraisal ceremony, they’ll discover I have the out-of-the-ordinary Light magic attribute, and entered the handsome man’s haven, Appleton Magic Academy, as the protagonist of the game...

I’m Makoto Kimball (the default name)?

Aah, aah, what is going on?

To think that the rumored reincarnation in another world would happen to me...

Or rather, what I was drawing until last night was a Light Sky (for short) BL book.

Huh, can I see Prince Kevin in the flesh?

Woah, even the real-life Gerald or real-life Elmer!

Seriously.

Waah, a real-life Carol is just too cute.

I want to see them!

Woah, it’s amazing, it’s like traveling abroad for free, and you can see handsome guys as much as you want!

Is it possible to do like a strategy guide?

Be married to a handsome guy!

Wow, my dreams are spreading!

I can use swords and magic.

This game has an RPG part.

Dive into dungeons and make money!

Ah, but...

“Then, I’ll never make it in time to Comiket...!!!!”

My screams echoed in the children’s room on the 2nd floor of the bakery.

Chapter 1

When I Had An Audience With Ou-sama, I Got Entangled With The Villainess' Father **Warning:** Suspicions of Child Grooming/Child Sexual Assault and threats of Violence Against Childen. This story goes dark places with its warning of "Cruel Depictions," despite how cheery and sunny it is most of the time.

I put my hand on the crystal ball in front of me.

At that moment, a tremendous white light danced wildly in the temple's large hall.

"It's Light magic! Light magic for the first time in 100 years...!" the priest of the 3rd temple in the royal capital screamed as he jumped up and down.

The commoners who were watching also cheered and raised their fists in celebration.

Hello, this is Makoto.

I've been put into a baker's family who're strangers to me, dressed up a little, and came to the temple for the Magic Attribute Appraisal Ceremony.

So, when I touched the crystal ball that was of a handful of appraisal magic tools on the stage, it glowed tremendously.

I couldn't see this in the game, so it's a fresh experience to me.

Also, in the game, I've only seen Cliff-onii-chan grown up and stand at the bakery counter, so Shota Cliff-onii-chan is also a fresh experience.

By the way, Cliff-onii-chan has the Fire attribute, so he uses his magic to conveniently ignite the bread oven.

All the inhabitants of this world have magical attributes, and those with strong magical powers are nobles.

Magic is convenient for adventures and wars.

There's no way such a strong person wouldn't become a privileged class.

However, even among commoners, those with strong magical powers will be picked up and promoted to the nobility.

There are 6 magical attributes: the 4 Major Attributes, Fire, Water, Wind, and Earth, as well as Light and Darkness.

Light very rarely appears.

Darkness appears once every 50 years, while Light only appears once every 100 years.

Due to the extremely high rarity of this attribute, it is guaranteed that you will be safe in the future and become a Saint of the Temple just by appearing.

Hence, it's perfect for getting a job.

By the way, 100 years ago, the Holy Maria-sama was a farmer's daughter, but she was very active in defeating the Demon King with the prince then.

She then later married said prince and became a queen.

The Light attribute is amazing.

"Makoto, you're..."

"Goodness me, Makoto..."

"Don't worry, we'll always be with you."

The whole family who came with me is teary-eyed.

I'm sorry, I'm a girl who happened to draw the Light attribute.

For the Makoto I am now, they are strangers, but for the Makoto who has lived until the age of 13, they are a beloved family.

By the way, right now, Old-Makoto's memory and Me-Makoto's memories are completely fused.

That Makoto who has lived in this world has exactly the same personality as Makoto Takase.

The actions in my memory are filled with things like, ah, if Makoto Takase was born in a bakery of a different world, she would do that.

So I can't tell if I'm the 13-year-old Makoto or the 19-year-old Makoto.

Or rather, it could be said that the 3rd True Makoto is a mixture of the two.

In my memory, my kind father, my kind mother, my slightly cheeky older brother, everyone loved me.

As soon as I get the Light attribute, I'll go to the temple, be surrounded by the kingdom's nobles, and say goodbye to my parents' bakery and my family as I knew them.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

While I felt so sad as if my heart was being torn apart, I muttered one phrase to my Otou-chan:

"Saint's Bread."

"What the...?!" Otou-chan cried, astonished.

"The bread that the future Great Saint showed you," I said.

"What are you talking about?!" Oka-chan said, astonished.

"It'll sell like crazy, you can remodel the store."

"Otou-san, this stuff will sell...!" Cliff-onii-chan said.

"That's right, it's a business opportunity...!" Otou-chan said.

Yes, yes, my family is kind and loose and I love them very much.

We hurried home and made a prototype of the Saint's Bread together.

Using my cheat knowledge from another world, I came up with the idea of covering bread with cookie dough and baking it and was successfully adopted as Saint's Bread.

No, well, it's just the melon bread from my previous life.

When the saint's bread became very popular in town, a messenger from the royal family came and said Ou-sama had granted me a royal audience.

However, I have nothing to wear to the royal palace.

When my family was worried about these troubles, a luxurious black carriage pulled up in front of Hiyoko-Do, and an old man in a glittering white and gold priest's robe came down from it.

He's the Pope, Kyoukou-sama, the Sacred Heart of the Temple.

It seems that the Great Temple is near Hiyoko-Do, so he came to see my face.

When Otou-chan told Kyoukou-sama about my lack of formal clothes, he decided to have a saint's dress made and paid for with the temple's money.

Also, we received a large order of saint's bread for the Great Temple.

That temple is willing to take me in and adopt me.

2 weeks later, the finished white and blue saint's robes were finished, and I was going to go to the royal palace wearing that clean and neat uniform.

I'm riding a very well-painted white luxury carriage, and it feels like something you'd only see in a dream palace.

"Makoto-sama, you're not afraid, are you? Please, feel proud," the royal palace maid accompanying me says with a smile.

But, I can't, my heart is pounding.

Because my roots are of a small-town citizen.

We pass through the luxurious royal gate, get off the luxurious carriage, and enter the royal palace through the luxurious entrance.

After walking through the gorgeous corridor and going up the gorgeous stairs, I found myself in a gorgeous audience room.

It's luxury's luxury.

In the audience room, there are all the glittering nobles who look at me and say things like, "How adorable." and "You have the dignity of a future great saint."

There is no dignity here, my heart is pounding.

Even in my previous life, I never met a noble or royalty.

I know that Saito-san, who was my classmate in junior high school, said that he was from Oda Nobunaga's family lineage.

The handsome king on the throne in the audience room, Ou-sama, got on his knees and welcomed me with a big smile.

"You're here, you're here, Makoto-sama," he said, "ah, what a cute saint you are."

"She's truly so cute."

"Please pardon me, but I'm the daughter of a street baker, and I don't know the courtesies, so I'm afraid I'm going to act rude," I said.

"Relax, relax, you're acting like a saint, aren't you, very bright and lively?" Ou-sama said. "I'm sure you'll be fine."

"Thank you for your hospitality," I said while I curtsied awkwardly.

The people gathered for the audience gave gentle smiles.

Except for one person.

Near Ou-sama, there was a greasy-looking oji-san who was looking at me hatefully.

.....

Umm, who is that guy?

He looks like a villain, but did this person appear in the game?

"It's a great honor to have a saint in the Kingdom of Appleton. But..." he said.

"What's the matter, for the Duke of Pottinger to seem so concerned?" Ou-sama asked.

Pottinger...

Hmm, I've heard that somewhere before.

Who is it?

"If you show the commoners too much kindness, they will take advantage of you," Pottinger said. "You haven't forgotten the rebellion two hundred years ago, have you?"

“Hmm, Bianca’s Rebellion, you mean...?” Ou-sama said.

According to former Makoto’s knowledge, Bianca-sama, the saint of 2 generations ago, seems to have done a lot of infamous things.

It is said that she was arrogant, had handsome men attend to her, spent all the temple’s money on luxuries and lounged there, and was beheaded in the end.

The difference with the previous Holy Maria-sama is astonishing.

Pottinger, Pottinger.

Aaah.

I see, I forgot because I have no use for the name with BL doujins, but it’s the family name of Light Sky’s villainess.

Vivian Pottinger-sama.

A person who appears in any route and harasses the main character as much as possible.

Well, if it’s a happy ending, she’s ruined without fail, or it’s going to be the death penalty for her.

“The commoners must be strictly disciplined,” Pottinger said. “What do you think of the prospect of the Pottinger Duchy taking her in and educating her?”

“Hmm, if it has your backing, Pottinger-kou, that would be excellent, yes,” Ou-sama said.

Eh, I don’t want to, if you go to the villainess’s house, I’m sure to go through so many terrible things.

And for some reason, ah, Pottinger-kou, your eyes are glowing in a disgusting light.

Those are the perverted eyes that appear in doujins aimed at men.

If I go to a place with such a person, I will be confined and trained as his personal Lolita. Just like the plot of an erotic doujin.

I raised my hand.

Ou-sama rolled his eyes. The queen, Joou-sama, is also rolling her

eyes.

Pottinger-kou seems shocked I'm doing it.

Oh, is it a violation of manners?

Well, never mind that, I'm a commoner.

"I don't like the idea of that," I said.

"Ah, I, I see," Ou-sama said, smiling wryly.

"Now, now, Makoto-sama, don't talk to your superiors without permission," Joou-sama said, doing the same.

"You shameless...!" Pottinger-kou hissed, furious. "You're just a baker's daughter! How dare you refuse me to my face...?! Yo-You will know your place...!!"

"Eh, ah," Ou-sama said, "I wonder if raising your hand is asking for permission to speak, Makoto-sama?"

"Yes, it is...!" I said.

"We have no such custom, so remember that, Makoto-sama," Ou-sama said.

"I'm sorry...!" I said. "I'll remember that...! But, I'm too afraid of Koushaku-sama, I absolutely don't want to be with him...!"

"You little...!!" Pottinger-kou yelled. "Shall I have your head cut off?!"

"Uwaah, I'm scared, I'm scared~, " I wailed, stiffening and deliberately pretending to cry.

Ou-sama and Joou-sama have shut their mouths shut and their shoulders are trembling.

It's official hours in the royal audience chamber, you're not allowed to laugh right now.

Ah, Kyoukou-sama approached me at a brisk pace.

"Pottinger-kou!" he said. "You dare to raise your voice against a saint candidate...?!"

"What are you saying, this is just a baker's little brat...!!" Pottinger-

kou yelled. “She’s not even qualified for sainthood! A saint should have come from the highest echelons of nobility!”

“You’re incorrigible!” Kyoukou-sama yelled. “My King, by all means, the saint should be educated in the temple!”

“A duke’s house is suitable! I’ll whip the discipline into this baker’s daughter...!” Pottinger-kou said.

Ou-sama looked at me with a troubled face.

“Do you have anything you wish to do?” he asked. “No, Makoto-sama, you don’t have to raise your hand.”

“Oh, I see~,” I said.

I wonder who the main character’s adoptive noble family was.

I don’t remember much because it’s not related to BL.

I mean, there are a lot of people who don’t like it when the main character or villainess appears in a BL doujin.

Even in the game, there are many episodes of the main character’s parents’ bakery and the apartment above it, but the barony that adopts her is only in the text boxes.

Ah, yes, the baron who adopted Makoto was a scholar.

“Ou-sama, I think it’s good if I go to a scholar’s house and I can study there,” I said.

“A scholar?” Ou-sama asked.

“Then how about House Kimball?” another man said.

Oh, it’s the handsome prime minister who interjected.

The main character’s default name is Makoto Kimball, so that’s a hit.

“Ooh, yes, he is a gentleman and a historian. Makoto-sama will also have a lot to gain from him,” Ou-sama said.

“We’ll arrange for them to meet at a later date.”

Alright, I’ve got a 3rd otou-chan.

But how many new otou-chans will I get in a short time?

Chapter 2

Training in the Baron's House Is Strict

Hello, this is Makoto.

Right now, I was brought to the northwest lower noble district of the royal capital.

The Kimball Residence stands quietly in a back alley a little off the main street.

Although it's a small mansion, well, it's still about twice as big as a common man's house.

The Kimball Barony is a so-called court noble, a noble who does not have a territory and receives a salary for doing work for the country.

By the way, the head of the family, Clark-kyou, is the Director of the Royal Archives.

Will I become a saint in the future?

I wonder if the work to become a couple with historical figures will begin now.

By the way, if you ask me how my manga-making manga skills are as the new Makoto, even though I can't move my arms properly, I think my composition skills are intact and my drawing skills will return after about 3 months of getting my arms accustomed to the movements.

However, how can I say it? in this world, writing instruments and paper have not progressed that well.

You can't draw comics on rough parchment no matter what.

On the other hand, I also want to develop a smoother cellulose-based paper.

No, I know how to make smooth paper thanks to a certain anime, but it's hard work.

I have to make a printing press.

Without one, it seems impossible to propagate the dazzling world of BL to the ladies of the royal palace.

Damn it, damn it.

In the future, when I become a saint and have power, let's develop manuscript paper for comics, metal pens, dark ink, and printing machines under the pretext of printing prayer books, it's a plan.

Let's publish creations myths and BL books, mhmm, mhmm.

While thinking about such things, I get off the carriage and enter the Kimball Residence led by a butler.

When I entered the large drawing room, I saw a kind-looking oji-sama with a beard and a kind-looking bijin-san beside him.

Also, a handsome onii-san with blue hair and blue eyes.

...Who are these?

"Hello, you've arrived, Makoto. I am Clark. Please feel free to call me Otou-sama."

"Oh my, aren't you a dear? I'm Hannah. And you may call me Oka-sama."

"I am Brad, the eldest son of this family. I'm not home much, but I do hope we can get along."

Wow, it's nice that everyone in the Kimball family seems so warm.

For the time being, I practice curtsying.

"Nice to meet you, my name is Makoto, and I will be indebted to you from today. Thank you very much for taking me in."

Both my Otou-sama and Oka-sama's eyebrows rose, as if they were smiling.

My Onii-sama also nodded, like he was trying to go, "Mhm."

Apparently, they liked me.

That matters above all.

The maid will make tea for us.

The tea came with baked sweets, and I took a bite.

Oh, it's not too sweet and it's delicious.

The sweets in this world still contain a lot of sugar and are ridiculously sweet, but this is just right for the mouth of a former Japanese citizen.

"I'm sorry it's not very sweet," Oka-sama said. "Sugar is expensive these days."

What, did Oka-sama make this by herself?

"No, no, it's delicious," I said. "I like this level of sweetness."

"Hey, seems like my new little sister has mature tastes," Brad-onii-sama said. "I also like my mother's seasoning," he said laughing softly.

Well, I'm sure someone will find him quite handsome and attractive.

"What kind of work do you do, Onii-sama?" I asked.

"I belong to the Border Guard Knights, I usually stay in a border fortress, but I heard that I have a new sister, so I came back in a hurry," Brad-onii-sama said.

"You must be doing a wonderful job," I said.

"You're so amazing, Makoto," Brad-onii-sama said. "The way you speak is already that of a mature lady."

"No, no, not yet, not yet," I said.

Ohohoho, I smiled gracefully.

Or rather, I'm sorry I developed this skill through making Japanese doujin.

I used to be able to write in any tone of voice, even a young noble lady's speech, at will.

Ohohohoho.

"Now, Makoto, there are many things to remember and learn in the 3 years before you enter the Royal Magic Academy, so let's work hard together," Otou-sama said, smiling.

“You know, I really wanted a girl like you, Makoto, rather than a boy like Brad. I’m happy that my dream came true in the end, so let’s get along as well,” Oka-sama said.

“Kaa-san, how cruel,” Brad-onii-sama said.

Laughter bloomed in the warm and comfortable living room, and my life as a baron’s daughter began.

The Baron’s Daughter Makoto’s mornings are early.

I lied.

When I was a baker, I used to wake up early, but now that I’m a noble lady, I can sleep in a little longer.

When the sun rises, the maid will wake you up.

Mm, the life of an aristocrat is comfortable and pleasant.

Otou-sama, Oka-sama, and I eat together in the dining room.

A typical Western breakfast consists of bread, a fried egg, ham or sausage, and soup.

It’s a medieval European game made in Japan, so it’s usually quite delicious despite the time period.

If this place was accurately medieval, there would have been a lot of things I couldn’t eat because it wasn’t available.

In the morning, we study manners, the country, history, and dance.

There was no problem with mathematics, and that was with the blessing of my tutor.

It’s not that I’m good at math, but it seems that the standard of Japanese primary education is too high.

It would have been difficult if I had remained Makoto, the baker’s daughter.

I mean, is this what it is?

I wonder if Makoto Takase’s memories were summoned from another world and combined in order to complete Makoto Kimball as the main

character.

If I continue to be the baker girl Makoto, I won't become the game hero Makoto in 3 years.

As it were, am I the soul of the player controlling the game?

Hmmm, hmmm, the mystery only deepens.

Well, whatever.

However, it is the specification of the main character.

It feels like my brain works on several times worth of overclock, and my physical abilities such as dancing have a dozen times higher status than before.

Is this the body of a winner at life?

With such a good memory, studying and exercising should be fun.

It's so wonderful.

My tutors are also praising me, going, "Bravo, bravo."

Brad-onii-sama asked me to practice swordsmanship with him.

He says I'm talented, hehehehe.

By the way, after studying in the morning and after having lunch, I go to the Great Temple by horse-drawn carriage.

In the afternoon, we practice Light magic at the temple.

By the way, the priests of the temple, the Shinkan-sans, are either Water or Earth attributes.

Kyoukou-sama is also of the Water attribute.

Water and Earth also have healing magic, so it seems that the magical medical treatment is done here, at the temple.

But Light's healing power seems overwhelmingly superior.

I learn Light magic from the textbook left by Holy Maria-sama

Honestly, the magic tips are written in an easy-to-understand manner, the illustrations are cute, and Holy Maria-sama was truly amazing.

Without this book, it would have taken me a long time to learn magic.

That's how I study magic, and sometimes I help the nuns, the Ni-sans.

The main deity of the temple is the Goddess of Light.

Do goddesses really exist?

At the time of my death, she didn't give me the cheat ability in that white room.

Still, the temple is very tranquil and tasteful.

In the evening, when you look down on the royal capital from the second floor of this large domed building, it's really beautiful with clouds flowing in the red-dyed sky.

Such a beautiful world must have been created by the Goddess.

I felt an uncharacteristic strong feeling of reverence.

"Makoto-nee, let's play!"

"Let's play, Makoto-onee-chan."

"Alright, alright," I said, "let's play"

There is an orphanage attached to the Great Temple, and when I wander around in it, the orphans find me and force me to play.

The orphans and I play breathlessly until the sun disappears over the horizon.

I taught them things like Japanese games like "Ken, Ken, Pa!"

After playing happily, I bought some bread from Hiyoko-Do at my blood parents' house and went back to the baron's residence.

Hiyoko-Do's bread also seems popular with my adoptive parents.

Then, I have dinner with that set of parents.

Otou-sama tells historical stories, and Oka-sama gossips about the royal capital, and the meals are fun.

At night, take a bath, read a book for a while, and go to bed.

For the most part, I spent my days happily like this.

Hmm, looking back, it wasn't all that hard.

It would be a lie to say that the training was rigorous.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

The baron's family went out to seasonal festivals and events, and we made fun memories.

How can you treat me so well even though I'm not a blood-related child? I asked Otou-sama and Oka-sama that once.

"Hmm, adults raise children and give back to society that way," Otou-sama said. "You should do the same when you have a family and children in the future, Makoto."

"When I had Brad, it was my first child and it was tough to raise him, but now that we have you, Makoto, I'm finally able to relax and enjoy parenting," Oka-sama said. "We're both like each other, so I don't mind."

What saintly answers, both of you!

I wish some duke would follow their example.

"But isn't money a big problem?" I asked.

"We get stipends from the government."

"And also from the temple."

"“It's alright because it's all paid for,”" they both said.

They say you're a kid, so don't worry.

Thank you very much, I'm grateful.

Chapter 3

Three Fun Years Pass By In A Fleeting Moment

Three years had passed by the time I had learned all intermediate Light magic from Holy Maria-sama's textbook, and the day was approaching when I would enter Appleton Magic Academy.

It seems that the advanced magic above this must be studied not from Holy Maria-sama's textbook, but from a book called the Mysterious Arts Scripture. However, it is written in code-like text and no one can decipher it.

Kyoutoku-sama promised to bring it from the Temple Headquarters' Treasury, but I wonder if I can read it.

Well, I don't have a Demon King hounding us right now, so if I'm going to live a school life, I think I'll be fine with Light magic up to the intermediate level.

... What do I learn at the magic academy?

There shouldn't be a Professor of Light Magic there...

No, no, no, school is important, it's something to do with youth and developing friendships and stuff.

Knowing other types of magic is also an experience.

Hahahaha.

But these 3 years were fun, with my barony parents, my baker parents, and the people at the temple were all good.

I studied a lot, so my grades in the Magic Academy Entrance Test were also high.

My manners are perfect, I've gotten better at dancing, and now I'm the main character of an otome game who won't be embarrassed wherever she goes.

I've done it.

The day before I was about to enter school, Clark-otou-sama called me to his study.

Otou-sama is usually all smiles but today, he had a firm and serious face.

“Today, I thought I’d give you a word of caution about your school life, Makoto,” Otou-sama said.

“What about my school life?” I asked.

“It’s a little early, but let’s just talk about politics, shall we?” Otou-sama said.

“Politics, huh?” I said.

“You look as if you don’t think the daughter of a baron won’t get involved in politics,” Otou-sama said.

Well, he’s got a point there, if you go from the usual flow of otome games, the first and second princes will be of concern, and the villainess is also a duke’s daughter, so I might get caught up in politics.

“The princes will be attending Appleton Magic Academy, and you are a saint candidate, Makoto, so there will be all manner of difficulties,” Otou-sama said.

“Yes, I know that,” I said.

“I’m sure there will be times when you run into a daughter of a duke or some other high-ranking aristocrat,” Otou-sama said.

“Yes,” I said.

Right, in the otome games, I used to talk to the first prince and go on dates without hesitation, but this is the real world.

If you get in trouble with Vivian Pottinger-sama, the fiancée of the First Prince, Otou-sama’s feet will also be put to the fire from the scandal.

The other capture targets also have legitimate fiancées, so it’s not good to make waves.

Above all, I’m not interested in falling in love with a handsome guy.

Seen from the outside, things like that are something to be enjoyed by fantasizing about the relationship, and for a fujoshi like myself, it’s not something I want to jump head into and get caught in to get my

heart pounding.

It wasn't talked about much in the game, but I think that Game Makoto being able to capture the prince and whoever else she pleased was probably because the royal family or some other noble families wanted to take in a future saint.

That's why I think Game Makoto was allowed to be quite disrespectful.

If I do my best in this life, I will be able to capture the first prince's heart, become the queen, and ruin the villainess.

However, if a duchy were to fall, there would be a lot of unemployed servants, and people would die from the resulting power vacuum.

I cannot bear such a heavy responsibility. That's the reality of the situation.

I'm a mourning woman who didn't have a single first love in my previous life, so I can't handle that.

"In case that time comes, you know?" Otou-sama said.

"Right," I said.

I'll stay out of political strife, I can't afford to gain the ire of a duchy and cause trouble for my Otou-sama.

It would also be terrible if my Onii-sama was dismissed from his knight order in retaliation.

I'll pull away and stay away as hard as I can.

"Do what you wish, Makoto," Otou-sama said

"Huh?" I asked.

What did Otou-sama just say?

"Makoto, you are a very kind and clever girl. At school, you can do as you please," Otou-sama said.

"Wh-Wh-Wh-Wha-What are you talking about, Otou-sama?!" I yelled. "If I get in trouble with a duchy, our barony will be blown to pieces."

"It doesn't matter, if that's what you believe, Makoto, and act as such,

neither I nor Hannah will think anything of it,”

Otou-sama said.

“Do-Do-Do-Don’t say something so ridiculous!” I yelled. “Ar-Are you saying it’ll be fine to put the fate of House Kimball on the shoulders of a little girl like me?! Survival of the nobility is first and foremost!”

“I’m a historian, Makoto. For a child like you, believing in yourself and taking action is what is ultimately for the best.

I call it the qualities of a hero,” Otou-sama said.

“No, wait, I’m a small citizen I can’t believe I’d be such a hero,” I said.

Otou-sama’s trust is too heavy.

What does he mean, a hero?!

I’m just a high-spirited little girl armed with Light magic, not that much.

Otou-sama laughed softly and smiled gently.

When I saw that face, I couldn’t say anything.

To my Otou-sama, I was not just a girl the king requested he adopts.

I was his daughter, damn our not being blood-related.

This person really believes in me.

My chest felt hot.

Tears are dripping from my eyes and spilling down my skirt.

“Otou-sama...” I said, “I don’t want to go to school, I want to stay like this as I have for the past 3 years, surrounded by kind people, studying and living...”

“You can’t do that, Makoto,” Otou-sama said. “You’ll have to change your residence many times from now on, and each time, it will be because you’ve grown bigger and no longer fit. Leave me and Hannah behind. Makoto, grow as big as you can and fly as high as you can.”

“T’ank y’u so mudge,” I blubbered, full-on crying now. “I’m go’n’ do my besht.”

“Come back when you feel lonely because this is still your home,”
Otou-sama said.

I’m still crying.

I cried like a small child and my Otou-sama gently patted my head.

Forever, forever.

Like a baby, I cried and cried, and after I calmed down a little, I went to bed and sighed.

Otou-sama said that, but I shouldn’t be spoiled.

For the time being, I’ll avoid conflict with the Villainess.

Don’t get too close to the First Prince.

Even if you get close to a black-hearted handsome man, you will do a lot of harm and no good.

Let’s be proactive and snap the flags before they rise.

I don’t even want to get close to becoming queen, such a life seems too busy.

For the time being, if I don’t increase my favorability with any capture target, the game can go on to the Friendship End.

After the heartrending masterpiece “The Elegy of the Losing Maiden” plays, and after the credits roll, I get a CG of Carol-sama and me drinking moonshine apple cider and making a big fuss at a party.

By the way, this Friendship End, it’s the only route in all the routes where the Villainess survives.

As you’d expect Prince Kevin to react to the selfish and free-spirited Vivian-sama, he’d cut her off from his life and slap her back and forth.

There is an event where the main character, Makoto, quietly watches Vivian-sama’s crying like a maid from the shadows.

But since the engagement with the prince hasn’t been officially annulled, I guess she’ll get married anyway.

Hmmm, that’s fine.

For Vivian-sama too, compared to the downfall of the duke family, or a beheading on top of the annulment of the engagement, peace, peace, peace would be fine.

As for me, let's spend a peaceful school life, and after that, as a saint, let's do a suitable job at the temple and live happily.

Do not seek turmoil in the government.

Aim for the Friendship End!

Having happily decided on the Happy School Life Policy, I fixed my pillow and went to bed.

Anyway, let's get up early for tomorrow's entrance ceremony and crush the Meeting Event with First Prince Kevin, let's do that.

Ah, but I'm looking forward to seeing the real-life handsome guys and the real-life Carol-sama.

Ufufufufu.

Chapter 4

If You Go To School Early In The Morning, You'll Get Caught Up In A Different Event **Warning:** Child Kidnapping, Child Sexual Assault, and Rape Victim Blaming. Virginity is extremely important in this pseudo-medieval world as is Violence Against Women, and this story makes no bones about the consequences of losing it, whatever the context.

XIt's not that difficult to dodge the Meeting Event with the First Prince, Kevin.

The 1st event after starting the game "The Light's Blessing To The Sky" is your introduction to Prince Kevin.

When Makoto Kimball oversleeps that morning and runs towards the school while muttering, "I'm late, I'm late~, "

she collides with Prince Kevin at the gates, as he was also on the verge of being late due to getting caught up in his public affairs work.

"So-Sorry, I'm so clumsy..."

"Y-You're the saint candidate..."

A CG of the hero mortified while over the body of the handsome man completes the scenario.

It's like that.

This is Light Sky's 1st Meeting Event.

Yeah, hold on, I know what want to say.

Everyone who has played this game will say the same thing.

"It's Showa-era style...!" [1](#)

For some reason, one of the scenario writers creates events with a strange Showa-era taste, and I sometimes lose my will to go on seeing something so cliched, but well, that unfashionable taste is one of the charms of Light Sky.

Well, if I'm not late, I won't have an encounter with First Prince Kevin, so I'll leave the house early.

“Oh my, Makoto-chan, you’re going out now?” Oka-sama asked. “You still have time.”

“Well early and prompt action is the foundation of our family, Otou-sama, Oka-sama.”

“I see, well be careful, come back home on the weekend,” Otou-sama said.

“Right, I’m heading out now,” I said.

And with that send-off from my adoptive parents, I leave the baron’s residence.

My luggage has been sent to the dormitory, so it’s relatively light traveling.

I walk along the main street of the capital in the morning.

It feels good to wake up early, let’s enter the school early and sit in the auditorium until the entrance ceremony.

I pass by the Great Temple after saying good morning to a Ni-san I know.

I turn right at the crossroads and pass in front of Hiyoko-Do, my blood parents’ house.

“Good morning, Cliff-onii-chan,” I said.

“Oh, Makoto, I almost didn’t recognize you,” Cliff said. “Oh, right, you’re starting school today, yeah?”

“That’s right,” I said.

“I see, Otou-san, Oka-san...!” Cliff yelled.

“What’s the matter, oh, oh, Makoto! Your uniform...!” Otou-san said.

“My, it looks good on you, Makoto,” Oka-san said

Seeing my uniform, my parents praised me, so I’m happy.

“I know, right? Ehehehe,” I said.

“It’s still too early for the entrance ceremony, do you want to eat breakfast?” Otou-san asked.

“I’m fine, I’m fine, I ate at Otou-sama’s house so I’ll show up later once I’m done settling in at the dormitory,” I said.

“I see, I see, well, when I heard that you were going to be adopted by a baron, Makoto, I thought it was a farewell for life, but I’m surprised you keep showing up here from time to time,” Otou-san said.

“I’ve been going to the Great Temple every day, you know, just for fun,” I said. “So, I thought it would be a good idea to get saint’s bread from onii-chan, 4 of them to take home.”

“Oh, understood, come get them later,” Cliff-onii-chan said.

I wave to everyone at my blood parents’ house and start walking towards the school.

From Hiyoko-Do to the school, it’s just right there.

I stop in front of the gates.

Oh yeah, in the game, around here the careless protagonist collides with First Prince Kevin.

After the farce-filled Meeting Event ends, the camera pans across to the sky, a pure white dove flies in the middle and the camera tracks it, we move from the school gate to the distinctive main school building, and then the logo for “The Light’s Blessing To The Sky” appears with a bang.

Then the prelude begins, and a small opening movie is played along with the theme song sung by the heroine’s voice actor.

Ooooo.

It made me realize that I really do exist in Light Sky’s world.

How many times have I seen that opening?

No, well, after I saw it once, I pressed a button and always skipped it.

Now then, let’s go inside the school.

There are quite a few students who walk to school.

The Magic Academy is not only for high-ranking nobles, but there are also many lower-ranking nobles below baronies.

Most of the lower aristocrats don't have a carriage.

Oh, there's a mob girl with round glasses in the background.

Uu-hya-hya, you're surprisingly popular, you know.

She was sometimes drawn in the background of BL manga.

The authors who made Light Sky BL doujins also seemed to find Megane-chan fascinating, so among the BL fanbase, her presence became something of a standard for better works among them.

I wonder if the NPC Megane-chan is from a barony or a knighthood, and I want to get to know her, too.

Moving on, where is the lecture hall?

The flow of people is headed over there.

...

Wait, what?

Why are people gathering?

Something unsettles me.

"Why is there a disgraceful whore like you in this school!?"

Woah, inside that crowd, the Villainess Vivian Pottinger-sama is yelling at someone with her entourage in tow.

She wears a bright red dress, holds a scarlet fan, and her red hair drills are shaking, she looks very angry.

There're blue streaks on her forehead, the veins are throbbing.

I don't want to get involved with real-life Vivian.

"I'm not sure what you're saying, but I passed the entrance exam," a petite girl quietly replies to the furious Vivian-sama.

"It's unsightly to see a filthy woman like you, drop out of the Academy now!" Vivian yelled.

That wording is so harsh, who is she talking to?

A petite physique with curly chestnut hair.

Huh, that voice...

"I will not," the brown-haired girl said. "I have the right to study here."

"You don't deserve to study at this Academy!" Vivian cried. "Caroline Albright! What right does a shameless whore who has lost her innocence have to study at the proud Royal Appleton Academy!?"

Oh, isn't that my (intended) best friend, Carol-sama?!

She's soooo tiny, she's soo cute, uhaa, I can't get enough of her.

The real-life Carol is unbearable!

Wait, Carol lost her virginity? Her, a whore?

Wait, what is with all that?

I don't recall such an episode.

In the game Light Sky, Carol-sama appears a lot.

She's the so-called Best Friend Character in Otome games, and she's someone who can tell you about the Favorability Level of your intended Capture Target and she tells you about date spots in the royal capital.

By the way, their seats in the classroom are next to each other, so Carol-sama will often talk to the main character and you'll get to know her no matter what.

She's the daughter of Earl Albright, and she's talented in alchemy, so she'll give you some of the potions she's made.

In the RPG part, if you don't have enough people in your party, then Carol-sama will automatically join you and fight alongside her Chain Golem.

In the game, she's really helpful, very considerate, and a very good girl.

By the way, in a game magazine's Light Sky Popularity Poll, even though she's a girl, she was ranked 3rd.

For Light Sky fans of all ages and countries, isn't it suspicious to claim that Carol-sama has lost her virginity when she's a soothing beautiful

girl who makes you feel warm and at ease?

I wonder if it was when she was a child and her playing around went a bit unexpected.

With the early awakening of her sexuality and a lolicon gardener in her territory, ahem, ahem.

Kuuuh, unforgivable! Lolicon gardener...!

You'll hang on the walls of the capital! I'll protect Carol-oujou-sama's virginity!

And while I was denouncing the non-existent lolicon gardener in my head, Vivian-sama smiled triumphantly.

"I know that six years ago, you were kidnapped by a villain, and you lost your virginity after being beaten and abused," Vivian said. "It's utterly disgusting. To study at the same school as someone so tainted. I can't stand it, Caroline Albright!!!"

Carol is silent and does not return a word.

Her shoulders were shaking slightly.

.....

A real villain, no, I'm sorry, non-existent lolicon gardener.

But, I see, I see.

I wonder if this was the cut-out tragic backstory for Carol-sama, a Light Sky developer who mentioned it once in an interview.

In the game, Carol is cute and bright, but sometimes she shows a lonely, sad, see-through expression, and that's one of Carol's charms, but that's why she was like that.

Losing her virginity for any reason would be fatal for a noble in this kind of world, and she would have no future as a noble lady in the aristocratic society.

If you get such a reputation, you can't become a wife, no nobleman will want to marry her.

Because nobility is first and foremost about outside appearances and reputation.

In the end, Carol was treated by the aristocracy as a blight and a failure.

That's why.

That's why, in the intro of the game, she kindly called out to the main character, who was born a commoner and was adopted by a barony.

In the game, it looked like Carol was just helping the protagonist, but in reality, Carol must have felt relieved by the protagonist's presence.

Knowing the truth made my chest feel soft and warm.

After all, I like Carol.

"Now that this fact is public, there is no one who will talk to you and no one who'll want to be your friend!" Vivian cried. "You are no use to us in this Academy, so submit your expulsion notice right now! This is an order!"

Aaahh, geeze.

When it comes to dealing with Vivian-sama, both the bakery and the barony will be in danger.

It's best to leave it alone, even in the game, after the entrance ceremony, Carol smiled and called out to the main character in 1st Year, Class A.

I'm sure she managed this event on her own.

So stop being ridiculous, Makoto Kimball.

But, I can't stand it.

I took a step toward the center of the commotion.

It can't be helped, I'm an idiot, to begin with.

I'm in the middle of doing it in a fit of rage, but I won't regret this for the rest of my life.

I put my hand up.

"There's a person here who wants to be your friend! The daughter of Baron Kimball, Makoto, is going to be Caroline-sama's friend!!"

The surroundings froze.

Vivian-sama opened her eyes wide and looked at me.

Carol opened her mouth and looked at me.

“That’s, could that be...”

“The commoner-turned-saint-candidate.....”

“A-Amazing, as expected of a saint candidate, what daring...”

The crowd begins to raise their voices.

Vivian-sama’s face turned bright red and distorted like a demon.

“You’re the rude baker’s daughter that Otou-sama talked about!!!!”

The scream of the Villainess resounded in the square in front of the school’s auditorium.

Footnotes

1. This was the Post WWII reconstruction period of Japan and the height of its economic bubble, according to Wikipedia.

Chapter 5

A Title I Don't Like, And It Arrived With A Bang

Warning: Violent Abuses of Power. I won't be issuing warnings about this nearly as often; but if the idea of powerful people in positions of authority using it to casually and mercilessly beat up innocent people of low economic status bothers you, then know this story has that as an important plot point.

Hello, this is Makoto.

Currently, I'm in the square in front of the auditorium and am facing off against the villainess Vivian-sama.

How did this happen?

Yeah, in order to aim for Friendship End as I decided last night, I planned to thoroughly avoid Vivian-sama. So now where did that decision go, right?

Well, if it's Carol, my important companion for the Friendship End, being bullied, I can cut my original plans, step forward, and confront even Vivian-sama.

For the sake of friendship, I'm the kind of woman who would even throw her life away.

When I go out next to Carol, she smells gentle and good like lavender.

Uuhah, Carol, so small, so cute, with her curly brown hair she's so adorable.

Ah, I just realized I'm drooling.

She's so precious, so moe!

"Uh, umm, Kimball-sama," Carol said, "I appreciate your kindness, but that person is..."

"The duke's daughter, Vivian Pottinger-sama," I replied.

"So you know..." Carol said.

“It’s okay because if I’m at school, I’ll be involved with Vivian-sama no matter what,” I said.

“... So you are indeed Makoto Kimball-sama, the former commoner who became a saint candidate as she possesses the Light attribute...” Vivian-sama said, turning her scarlet fan round and round before she closed it.

Oh, that was cool.

I think she practiced a lot.

Vivian-sama has her gorgeous red hair curled up into drills, a red dress, red high heels, and a red fan. A set of red armor that is only permitted to the Pottinger Duchy.

She was a beautiful woman with a well-proportioned face and slanted eyes, and she was quite tall.

“This must be a joke,” Vivian-sama said. “Even though you call yourself a saint, you deny the importance of chastity.”

“I am a saint candidate, not a saint, Vivian-sama,” I said.

“Who told you that you could answer me?! How rude!” Vivian shot back.

“Because asking for forgiveness is faster, isn’t it?” I said.

“W-Who do you think I am!? I am the daughter of the great Pottinger-kyou, who is connected to the royal family!

Kneel before me! Fear me and tremble! Get down on your knees!!”

“Hey, I’m a commoner and I was rude, please forgive me this time,” I said.

Kiiii! Vivian-sama stomped on the ground and created an ultrasonic wave.

Wow, this is the first time I’ve seen someone stomp that hard.

“You, too, you as well, drop out of school voluntarily!! This is an order!!” Vivian-sama yelled. “I won’t allow a commoner to refuse my commands...!!”

“I don’t want to. Why do we have to do that, again?” I asked.

“Because I don’t want to see commoners or whores!! Everyone should respect the feelings of noble people and they should do so on their own! Cant, you even understand that?”

I thought for a moment.

“I used to be a commoner, but now I’m a baron’s daughter, and Caroline-sama isn’t a whore, you know?”

“Huh, me?” Carol-sama said. “Th-That’s right. I don’t do anything like whoring myself to others.”

She blushed after saying something a little sexual.

Cute, precious, in private, can I have Carol sexually?!

“I am telling you that your very essence is of a commoner and that you are, in effect, a whore! I, the duke’s daughter, have declared so, so it is so!”

“According to school rules,” I said, “students are equal regardless of whether they are rich or poor, but what about this case?”

“I’m sure my words are more important than the silly school rules!! What are you talking about!?” Vivian-sama said.

“... This school is a royal institute, isn’t it?” I said.

“Yes, but what of it?” Vivian-sama said.

“Are your words more important than the king’s words?”

The surroundings froze again, and there was silence.

“You...”

“You are speaking to the duke’s daughter, Vivian Pottinger-sama...”

“Ho-How dare you talk while ignoring the difference in social status, this saint candidate.....”

“But, she’s not wrong...”

“You may be the embodiment of the school’s ideals, but you’re also an idiot who can’t read the room...”

Uu, what’s wrong?

This does not seem good.

I wonder if the teacher or the prince will come.

As expected, there is a fatal difference in social status, so I can't get rid of Vivian-sama.

Judging from how the events are connected, I think Prince Kevin will be coming soon.

Vivian's face turned bright red.

A woman's rage, jealousy, and madness, that's a villainess look right there. 1

Then, as if she had come up with something, she began to grin.

Honestly, she's really scary!

"I've just come up with a plan to expel both Caroline and this baker's daughter at once..." Vivian-sama said.

"Hou?" I asked.

What does she mean?

"Michael! Come here!" Vivian-sama said.

"Miss," a big, handsome guy said as he came out from Vivian's cronies.

I forcibly suppressed the excitement that was about to explode from me.

It's Mike.

Of all people, it was Michael Pickering.

In Curtis-onii-chan's route, he was one of the handsome knights in shining armor.

He's commonly known as Mike or Pick-kun.

One year the senior of the main characters, Mike is a magic knight student who has won the school's swordsmanship tournament every year since he enrolled and is guaranteed to join the Knights of the Royal Guard.

Mike is in charge of the vanguard armed force of the Villainess faction and usually cries after being beaten up by Curtis-onii-chan.

“This is not good...” Carol muttered in a low voice, and with a jarring jerk, a chain fell to the ground.

I wonder if this is part of Carol’s golem, Chain-kun (as he’s popularly known).

“Where were you storing this?” I asked.

“Ah, umm, I mean, un-under my clothes, eh, am, what are you doing?!”

“It’s true, he is lukewarm,” I said, crouching down and touching Chain-kun’s lukewarm parts.

Carol looked embarrassed and troubled.

However, I don’t think this amount of chain will fit under the uniform, but well, it seems nice of you not to point that out.

“From now on, I’m going to have Michael here beat some respect into this baker’s daughter!” Vivian-sama said.

“After all, since he’s dealing with a commoner, he might carelessly overdo it and kill her. If you don’t want this to happen, Caroline, then kneel before me, apologize, and swear you’ll voluntarily drop out of school!!”

“Hahaha, that’s a wonderful idea, Vivian-sama,” Mike said. “I, too, would love to give a fitting punishment to this graceless and presumptuous commoner who has been so rude to you.”

Both mistress and knight grinned.

The chain moves like a snake and makes a crunching sound.

“Is this a duel?” I asked.

“Huh? What are you talking about?” Vivian-sama said. “This is a punishment for you, you cocky little brat.”

“I’m not going to duel with a 1st-year girl, Baker’s-Daughter-kun,” Mike said.

“Let’s have a duel, no matter who falls, no grudges,” I said.

“You shameless...! Are you mocking me?” Mike yelled. “I, I am the winner of last year’s Academy Swordsmanship Tournament! You are before Michael Pickering! Know your worth! Kneel down on the ground and weep for forgiveness!”

“No, Kimball-san, I’ll do it,” Carol said as she grabbed my shoulder, and with that, Chain-kun rattled and jumped up.

Woah, that’s great, so cool, I didn’t expect to see real-life Chain-kun, too.

“Kuh, a chain golem, mmm...” Michael muttered.

“Don’t tell me you can’t beat this whore’s little plaything, Michael,” Vivian-sama said.

“...To be honest, I don’t know if I’ll win or lose against a Lady of Alchemy,” Michael said..” What kind of dreadful drugs are you hiding under your skirt...?”

Ah, I suppose Carol is supposed to be quite strong.

I suppose it’s just right, you’re fighting with a chain golem that’s 2 meters long.

Also, the title Lady of Alchemy is cool.

Nice, nice, I also want a cool title.

“Hmm, well then, let’s do this,” Vivian-sama said with a charming smile. “Baker’s Daughter, I will accept a 1-on-1

duel between you and Michael. That’s why I won’t allow Caroline to participate.”

“Th-That’s so cowardly!” Carol cried.

Oops, when I was touching Chain-kun’ with my hands, my reaction was delayed.

“Okay, a 1-on-1duel is fine, but in exchange, if I win, never ask us to drop out of the Academy ever again,” I said.

“Kimball-san, you can’t do that!” Carol cried.

“It’s okay, it’ll be fine, trust in your friends, Caroline-san. Can I call you just Carol?” I said.

“Eh, um, it, it’s fine, but are you really going to be okay?” Carol said.

“It’ll be alright, don’t worry about me, Carol,” I said.

“Uh, yeah, I can’t believe your words at all, but, I’ll believe in you... Makoto...” Carol said.

“Uhihi, calling me just that makes us like friends, right?” I said.

“Goodness, you’re a strange one,” Carol said, pouting with her cheeks blushing.

She’s really cute.

Fuheheheh.

Mike pulled out his longsword still in its sheath and tied it with a string to keep it from being accidentally drawn.

As expected, he doesn’t seem to seriously fight against a female opponent who’s a year his junior.

But Mike is very large.

Just by facing each other, you feel a lot of pressure.

“I don’t think you can win this, Baker’s Daughter!” Mike said.

“Won’t I win?” I said. “You’re no big deal, Mike.”

“Mike, Mike, wait, are you calling me thaaaattt...?!” Mike yelled, enraged.

“Yes, Mike,” I said.

“I thought I wouldn’t kill you and just injure you, but I won’t forgive you for trampling on my pride as a knight! I’ll beat you to death,” Mike said.

“Try me, Mike,” I said.

Bishiri, and the air of the place was tinged with murderous intent.

Mikeu holds up his longsword.

“As expected of Michael-kyou, he is always alert even when dealing with girls.”

“There’s no way an untrained lady can win, it’s a stupid decision.”

“No, no, the saint candidate is drawing her blade.”

I pulled out the dagger I had behind my back, on my waist.

It’s pure white, and it’s a glittering item.

I told Brad-onii-sama, it’s a gem, buy it for me, buy it for me, tears in my eyes.

“Haha, your stance is full of gaps, Baker’s Daughter,” Mike said.

“I won’t fight with a sword, Mike, I’m a saint candidate, I’ll use magic,” I replied.

“The saint candidate will use magic, so why does she draw a dagger?”

“No, that hilt is like a unicorn horn, does she mean that’s a magic activator?”

Thank you, Audience-Member-san, for your explanation.

This dagger is a magic activator, just like a magic wand is.

It’s something you use to assist the activation of spells and amplify its effects.

The blade types are expensive, though.

Onii-sama wept that his bonus was gone in an instant, but it can’t be helped because it was so cool.

“Fu, what kind of threat is Light magic when it can only heal?” Mike said.

“If that’s what you think, then come at me, Mike!!”

“Don’t mock me, Baker’s Daughter...!!”

Mike suddenly raised his sword skyward.

I understand, he’s the 1st place winner of the yearly tournament, his stance is beautiful and there are no gaps.

Mike closed the distance at walking speed.

I held out my left hand without the dagger.

And then, closing my eyes halfway, I chant.

“Light.”

At that moment, an explosive flash erupts from the other side of my hand, along with a quiet popping sound.

Now the question is, where was Mike looking when he was about to bash me with the scabbard of his longsword?

Yes, it's at me.

And what if a hand is held out in front of you?

No matter what you do, you can't help but focus on the outstretched hand.

What would happen if a Light magic spell with 3 times the usual amount of power collapsed to create a great flash?

“Uguaahhh, my eyes, my eyes!!”

Right, this is what happens.

He's done, he's done. 2

Now then, I dash with all my strength towards Mike who is shielding his eyes and squirming.

The target is his body.

“What the, what is the saint candidate aiming for!”

“A kicking technique? No way, her target is...!!”

It's an organ that I don't have, so I've heard it's painful to get hit there, but I don't know how much it hurts.

I hear it's painful enough to make you faint in agony, so it's a perfect target for sinking Mike in 1 hit.

Aiming at Mike's crotch, I kicked my leg as hard as I could.

Squish.

Then, along with some kind of unpleasant sound, I felt the top of my foot crushing something soft.

“His jewels...?”

“I can’t believe it, in the jewels...?”

“Je-Jewels?”

“It’s, the treasure of a gentleman, it’s, it’s that sort of thing...”

“Even though you’re a saint, you’re aiming for the jewels!”

A screech like a monstrous bird resounded in the square.

Mike holds his crotch and rolls around on the ground.

Eh, is it that painful?

S-S-S-Sorry, Mike.

“GyouGUGAAAAHHH....!”

Mike rolls around with blank white eyes and a wild scream.

“She really kicked him there... this reijou... going for the jewels, bejeweled...” 3

“I can’t believe it, to sink Michael-kyou in a single blow... to the jewels.”

“The jewels... the reijou...”

“Bejeweled, reijou...”

“Exactly, she’s the bejeweled reijou...”

“The Bejeweled Reijou.”

“The Bejeweled Reijou...!”

““The Bejeweled Reijou...!””

“””“THE BEJEWELED REIJOU...!!! THE BEJEWELED REIJOU...!!! THE BEJEWELED REIJOU...!””””

Everyone in the audience gets excited.

The shout of the Bejeweled Reijou resounds in the plaza.

Everyone is in high spirits, launching their fists into the sky, and

singing a big chorus to the Bejeweled Reijou!

No, stop it, what is that embarrassing nickname!?

Don't call me by that title!!

“Ugobububu, gabu, goueh...”

Ugh, Mike is rolling around while throwing up.

“Hiyah, that's disgusting! Michael, what are you doing!!?” Vivian-sama screeched.

Uhahahaha, Mike's vomit splattered on Lady Vivian's red skirt.

Uhihihihi.

“Serves you right,” I said.

“I, I'll remember this, you, Baker's Daughter, and Caroline are now my enemies, I will definitely kick you both out of this Academy!!” Vivian-sama cried.

“If you can do it, then do it,” I said, smiling without a care as I put the dagger back on my waist.

Vivian-sama went into the auditorium angrily.

Mike was carried away by his entourage and disappeared.

Everyone in the audience was also excited and making noise as they flowed toward the auditorium.

“I'm at a loss, of whether I should thank you or scold you,” Carol said, looking at me and sounding astonished.

“You don't have to thank me, Carol.” I said.

“I told you I'm already confused, why are you trying to act so weirdly manly?” Carol asked.

“It's fine, it's fine, let's go. Carol, you're also in Class A, so let's go to the auditorium together,” I said.

“Fuh, well, okay. That was cool, Makoto, thank you.”

Carol reached out her hand.

I grab it back.

Oh, those tiny, smooth, cute hands.

Uehehehe, this could end up being Yuri End with Carol.

I'd love to lick this real-life Carol's bare legs.

"Why are you smiling like a cat enjoying catnip?" Carol asked.

"Hmm, nothing, nothing, nothing, uhehe," I said.

And at that, Carol looked disappointed and pulled her hand back.

Too bad.

Footnotes

1. This was originally referring to the Hannya mask, that's a demonic face and also refers to a woman's rage, but I think that's too obscure to get the point across.

2. This was originally a pop culture reference that's too obscure to get, I feel.

3. This entire sequence is a pun that does not translate well from Japanese. EDIT: I misremembered and googled the correct explanation. "Testicles" is written with the Kanji for "Golden" and "Balls."

Chapter 6

Before The Entrance Ceremony, My Homeroom Teacher Got Really Angry

Hello, this is Makoto.

Luckily, I defeated the villainess, Vivian-sama, and the minion of said villainess, Mike, so I took Carol by the hand and went to the auditorium for the entrance ceremony.

Or, so I thought we would be...

Together with my best friend Carol, I was taken to the student guidance room, asked about the situation, and the staff got really angry at me.

The entrance ceremony will be postponed for 1 hour.

It is Anthony-sensei who is scolding us.

He is a handsome glasses-wearing sensei who is in charge of Class A, which Game Makoto and Carol should belong to.

By the way, he's a Capture Target.

To win his heart, first, you study, second, you study even more.

If you shut yourself up in the library, his affection will grow normally.

Because it is so easy to capture his heart, he was called "the Backup Plan" by Light Sky fans.

He is a warm and good person.

By the way, in the Light Sky popularity poll of game magazines, Anthony-sensei was ranked first.

Ordinary otome game fans like the safe characters.

Unexpectedly, the princes are shunned.

If this becomes the opinion of BL lovers, the favorite character rankings will change again, so the demographics of the fandom are a really strange thing.

“Especially you, Kimball-san,” Antony-sensei said, “why did you kick a man’s most important part? There is no way you can become a fine noble lady doing that.”

“Yeah, well, I had to do that, I was going to get kicked out of the school after being beaten up,” I replied.

“That is true, but you’ve gone too far, if you’ve been insulted, you should have just settled for a slap or something similar.”

“Do you think a Royal Guard Candidate would even flinch from a slap?” I countered. “He was already looking down on me because I was a commoner.”

“That’s, well, you know...” Antony-sensei said.

When it comes to Mike, that’s the only way.

I could have blinded him for life with a 12x collapsing flash of the Light spell.

“I thought Makoto was being much too rough,” Carol said, “but even if I stepped in instead of her, I would have injured Michael-kyou severely with my chain golem, so I don’t think the damage he suffered would have been much different.”

“Even you, Albright-san...” Antony-sensei mumbled. “But, this is still a serious incident. It’s unprecedented for a girl and a boy to fight a duel before the entrance ceremony and then send the boy to the infirmary.”

“I gave my maid a hi-potion, so I think his wounds will heal,” Carol said. “As for his emotional wounds, well, I think it’s a natural consequence for a foolish gentleman who tries to hit a girl.”

“What a surprise, you seem to have become so much braver these days,” a fourth voice said.

The door and a maid with an eyepatch came in and stood behind Carol.

Oh, it’s Anne-san, Carol’s maid.

She really does have an eyepatch over her right eye.

Basically, she probes the favorability level of the capture targets, so it was often mentioned in Light Sky’s chat thread that she might be a combat maid of House Albright or a kind of ninja.

“Thank you, Anne, for delivering that hi-potion,” Carol said.

“Yes, Michael-kyou’s life and male functions seem to be functioning without any significant issues,” Anne-san said.

“That’s the most important thing,” I said.

Reproductive function is important for nobles.

No matter how arrogant they are, nobles are reproductive machines for the survival of the family.

The door opened with a bang, and First Prince Kevin and his escort knight entered. 1

“Well, well, Kevin-sama,” Anthony-sama.

“Please relax, Anthony-sensei,” Kevin said. “No need to stand up, the rest of you.”

Hmm, what are you here for, Ouji-sama?

Do you want to talk to me?

“There’s no need to be so wary,” Kevin-sama said. “I’m here to apologize as Vivian-sama’s fiancé, not as the prince.”

“””””

The royal family, apologizing?

“My fiancé’s recklessness has embarrassed Caroline Albright-sama and Makoto Kimball-sama,” Kevin-sama said.

“This time it was all Vivian’s fault. Please, forgive her.”

And with that, Kevin-sama bowed his head deeply.

We can’t even say a word about the abnormal situation of a royal family member apologizing.

The royal family never apologizes.

Because they are the greatest in the country.

If they say something, even if they are wrong, it will be right.

If they say, “It’s a horse,” the picture of a deer will become a picture

of a horse.

“No, don’t, please raise your head, Kevin-ouji,” I said.

“The apology is accepted,” Carol said.

“Ah, amazing for you to come full circle, Kimball-san,” Anthony-sensei said, upset with me.

Why?

I don’t understand.

The prince sat down on the sofa and put his hand on his forehead.

“Vivian always spends her time in her territory, and she seems to have misunderstood that the actions she did there would also be sanctioned here in the Academy,” Kevin-sama explained.

“... So in her territory, the knights routinely beat the commoners they don’t like on a daily basis, is that right?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s right, it’s most certainly a problem,” Kevin-sama said. “It’s unacceptable to show to you, Kimball-sama, as you were a commoner.”

“There are many nobles who don’t even see the commoners as people, Kevin-ouji,” Carol said, smiling and adding to his words.

What is with this cruelty suddenly popping up?

I wonder if only the commoners of the royal capital, my barony family, and the Great Temple were exceptionally kind residents in this world.

“In principle, all students are equal at the Royal Appleton Academy of Magic,” Kevin-sama said. “If Vivian continues to push you too hard about your social status, talk to me and I’ll take care of the matter.”

Well then, what’s he up to?

Does he want to keep a relationship with Carol’s family, House Albright?

Does he want to hold down his relationship with the Great Temple?

Maybe both.

To the royal family, Albright territory is a major production area for alchemical ingredients and products and is strategically important, and it would be terrible if the Temple took the saint exclusively for themselves.

That's why the prince took the unprecedented action of apologizing to us.

It's probably a plan from Gerald, the Prime Minister's son.

Come to think of it, Kevin-ouji is a hard worker, isn't he?

"Come now, then, the entrance ceremony is about to begin, everyone, let's leave here," Kevin-sama said.

"Understood," Carol said.

"Sorry to bother you, Anthony-sensei," I said.

"Albright-san, you're behaving beautifully, and you, Kimball-san, well, you'll have to do a little better than that,"

Anthony-sensei said.

Huh, did I do something wrong?

I don't understand.

"Ah, well, last but not least..." Kevin-sama said.

What is it, Ouji?

"Be careful of poison," Kevin-sama said.

With a bang, the air in the room froze.

Yes, even in the game, there are frequent poisoning attempts in the latter halves of all routes.

"I have an antidote on me," Carol said, pulling out a test tube with a blue liquid from somewhere. "Do you want to bring one too, Makoto?"

As expected of an alchemist.

"All Light magicians have a constitution that makes them immune to poison, so I'm fine. Also, I can use Cure Poison magic," I explained.

“Is the poison ineffective against the saint? That’s... rather convenient,” Kevin-sama said.

“Very convenient, you say?” I said.

Ah, oh no, I stabbed Ouji-sama with a suspicious remark.

I really shouldn’t have.

Carol smiled wryly, Kevin-ouji looked dumbfounded and then smiled wryly, and Anthony-sensei also smiled wryly.

“Kimball-sama, you truly are a strange one,” Kevin-ouji said, laughing.

Geh, your smile is sparkling.

He’s a handsome man alright.

My, my heart isn’t pounding at all, no.

Fuhn.

In the hallway leading to the auditorium, I wondered where Carol was pulling the chains and test tubes out from, but when I tried to roll up her skirt, she got really angry.

I’m sorry.

By the way, it seems to be an alchemist’s secret.

Is it also an infinite storage bag?

Carol’s underwear caught my attention, they were drawers and they were cute.

The 4 of us enter the auditorium.

We seem to be the last inside, as everyone is sitting on the chairs and looking at me.

“Hey, it’s the Bejeweled Reijou-sama!”

Everyone burst into laughter.

What is it, a Kabuki theater call out?

“Puh, the Bejeweled Reijou-sama, is it?” Kevin-sama snickered.

Shut up, Ouji-sama.

When I glared at him, Kevin-ouji looked away.

When Carol and I took our seats, Kevin-ouji walked forward and stepped onto the stage.

Is he going to read a speech?

“Students, all rise. We will sing the Academy anthem.”

From the live band, the music flows out, and everyone sings the school anthem of Appleton Royal Academy.

By the way, as a game Light Sky was strangely elaborate on the small details, so the school anthem was actually part of the music files.

How nostalgic.

The entrance ceremony was followed by the words of the headmaster, the welcome words of the current students, and the new students’ remarks.

After all, Kevin-ouji gave a speech.

He delivered his words sonorously and concisely, as expected, he had the personality of a prince.

While listening to the speech, I look at the block of chairs for Class A.

Ah, that silver-haired person is Elmer, the Prince of Ice.

Including Kevin-Ouji, there are 3 capture targets for Class A.

The second prince, Lloyd-chan, is in Class B next door.

He’s the shota choice.

There was another prince in the royal family, the third, but he died.

6 years ago in the spring, the engagement between that third prince and Vivian-sama was decided, and then said prince died in the autumn of that year.

And 2 years later, Kevin the First Prince and Vivian-sama’s engagement was announced.

Rumors circulated in the royal capital that Pottinger-kyou's house servants poisoned him because Pottinger-kyou was dissatisfied with his daughter's engagement to the third prince.

So that may be why Kevin-ouji said, "Beware of poison." earlier.

Those who earn the ire of Pottinger-kyou oft die of poison.

Yes, it's a whole mountain's worth of deaths.

From now on, many people will die from poison, and House Pottinger will surely continue to grow when they are gone.

How terrifying.

Footnotes

1. I've had trouble deciding how to describe Prince Kevin in the text, with the specific localization decision to retain Japanese honorifics in this translation. I think "dai-ichi-oji" is just too much for every instance it's used in the original text.

Chapter 7

Dreaming Of The Future I'll Spend In This Classroom

Warning: Return of Slut-Shaming and Rape Victim Blaming.

Since the entrance ceremony is over, everyone from Class A moves to our room.

Hoeh~, the inside of the school is just like in the game.

It's not super extravagant, but it's not simple, it's an elegant building.

The classroom for the 1st years was on the 2nd floor, and Class A was the furthest in the back.

When I entered the classroom, there was a name tag made of parchment on the desks, and I sat where mine was.

Just like in the game, the back seat by the much-desired window.

Carol is usually in the seat next to me.

I stroked the desk with a smile on my face.

I will be living here for the next 3 years.

I'm looking forward to it.

"You're next to me, huh, Makoto, looking forward to being with you this year," Carol said.

"Yeah, I'm looking forward to being with you too this year, Carol," I said.

It's a sight that makes me feel calm like I'm back at my parents' house.

Because of Light Sky I worked so hard to draw manga.

By the way, Class A is the class for those who will focus on their academics.

Only high-achieving students are gathered here, half of them are upper-class nobles, and half are lower-class nobles.

A lower-class noble who can achieve great grades has the life of a castle bureaucrat waiting for them in the future.

Group B is a regular class.

This class is for people who are not good at academics.

Second Prince Lloyd and Curtis-onii-chan are there.

Group C is the so-called “orthodox noble” class.

It’s a place to confine the daughters and sons of upper-class nobility who can’t perform well in academics.

Vivian-sama and her entourage are generally in this class.

Anthony-sensei is at the podium, talking about the curriculum and cautions about future school life and so on.

Hmm, today we will be disbanded in the morning, and we will have a dormitory briefing at 1:00 after lunch, huh?

In the game, the inside of the dormitory was just an animated icon, and there was no detailed depiction.

Once you made your schedule for the week, the bed-shaped icon appeared to rest, and then it was an automatic training mini-animation until Sunday.

Carol’s room leaves a stronger impression than my 4-person room.

I went there every Saturday to check the favorability levels of the capture targets and to ask for dating spots.

“Well then, everyone, please follow the rules and have a fun school life,” Anthony-sensei said, ending the orientation and the 1st homeroom.

Hmm, now to have lunch first.

I don’t know what to do, but I think I’ll go to the lower-class cafeteria because it’s cheap, even though it is rumored to serve terrible food.

The upper-class cafeteria is rumored to serve extremely delicious and ridiculously expensive food, but it bars anyone who’s below the rank of a viscount.

What will Carol do?

“What are you planning for lunch, Carol?” I asked.

“Hmm, what do I do? I heard that there is a delicious bakery near the Academy,” Carol said.

“Oh, that’s probably my blood parents’ house: Hiyoko-Do,” I said.

“I see, so that’s where your blood parents live,” Carol said. “Small world, isn’t it?”

“Isn’t it?” I asked. “If you do go there, I can recommend some bread we have.”

“Shall we?” Carol asked.

That was when Carol stood up.

“Bejeweled~, where is the Bejeweled Reijou-sama?” someone cried as he opened the door to the classroom.

He was a handsome man with short black hair and a large build.

Huh, Curtis-onii-chan, why did you come over from Class B?

The intelligent, glasses-wearing Gerald silently pointed at me, and Curtis-onii-chan headed straight for me.

“Hoh, you, you must be the Bejeweled Reijou-sama, oh, you’re rather beautiful,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“Curtis-sama, Makoto must be surprised to see you,” Caroline said.

“I heard that she was with you, Caroline-sama, and that you became friends, yeah, yeah,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

By the way, Curtis-onii-chan is a senior, so you shouldn’t reply without permission.

It’s troublesome.

“Oops, I’m Curtis Browright. I’m the second son of Margrave Browright,” Curtis-onii-chan said. “But, I don’t care much for honorifics or politeness, so you may speak directly to me.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Browright-sama,” I said.

It's my first time meeting him, so I'll give you the usual courtesies.

"Somehow, you're different from the Bejeweled Reijou-sama I was imagining, aren't you?" Curtis-onii-chan said.

"Don't call me the Bejeweled Reijou-sama," I said, glaring at him.

Curtis-onii-chan burst out laughing.

Carol also burst out laughing.

"Ah, that's right, I was imagining something more like this, alright, alright, I won't," Curtis-onii-chan said.

"You can call me Makoto, Browright-sama," I said.

"Makoto, mm, mm, got it, got it, but you call me just Curtis, as well," Curtis-onii-chan said.

"As you wish, Curtis," I said.

The classroom was silent.

"Amazing, superb, the Bejeweled-Reijou-sama."

"Is she really going to drop honorifics with the margrave's son after they've only just met?"

"I can't take my eyes off Makoto-sama because of all her mischief since this morning. What is it, this throbbing feeling in my chest?"

"It's beyond the realm of rudeness, but I feel something like a mysterious, untamed dignity,"

Ugh, shut up!

Curtis chuckled.

"I like you very much," Curtis said, "it feels destined. Makoto, come to my House as my bride."

Ah, Curtis-onii-chan, here comes the favorite first-meeting proposal.

How many Light Sky fans were fooled by this and ended up drinking moonshine cider with Carol with the Friendship End?

This man proposes at the Meeting Event, is friendly, and is easy to get

along with.

However, in order to trigger his Confession Event, an astonishing amount of combat ability is required.

At first glance, you would inevitably burst into tears, saying, “Oh, Curtis-onii-chan didn’t come to confess his love to me.”

House Browright has been the leader of the royal knights for generations, and Curtis-nii-chan is also a martial arts enthusiast.

Boasting Light Sky’s greatest combat power, he is also very popular in BL as the pairing’s Sao-yaku, the Top.

Anyway, strategy-wise, to capture him you raise both your physical and combat strength.

He’s a difficult man to deal with, who will only come to confess for the first time after you are able to defeat a dragon alone.

However, since it doesn’t feel like he’s truly in love with you as a person, Curtis is not very popular with general Light Sky fans.

He’s like an onii-chan in your neighborhood who’s fun to hang around with, you know?

When he becomes more likable, he shows his blunt kindness, but rather than being heart-pounding, it just ends up being more adorable.

“I’ll think about your marriage proposal,” I said. “So, what do you want?”

It’s still the day of the entrance ceremony, so I haven’t raised a single parameter, so why is this muscle-brained idiot showing up?

“I heard that a girl defeated Michael-kyou, who I was eyeing to defeat myself,” Curtis-onii-chan said. “I wanted to see the Light magic you used to beat him.”

“Fine by me, but I’m moving into my dormitory after eating lunch, so I don’t have time today,” I said.

“Alright then, if you go with me, I’ll treat you to lunch at the upper-class cafeteria,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“I’m in,” I said.

“Alright, alright, quick answer, Caroline-sama, are you going, too?”
Curtis-onii-chan said.

“I’m interested in Makoto’s magic, so let’s go together,” Caroline said.

When the 3 of us were about to leave the classroom, we were blocked by a handsome boy with an icy aura about him.

“Your magic... I also want to see it.,” he said.

Elmer, you too!

You’re a character I wouldn’t be able to get to know unless I raised my magic stat first.

How did this happen?

“Elmer-kyou, magic otaku as you are, I suppose you couldn’t overlook this, come on, come on,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“I appreciate it... Curtis-kyou,” Elmer said.

The four of us walk as a group through the school building.

Ugh, since I’m with two handsome guys, the eyes of the ladies around me are so glaringly sharp.

“My, you’re a baker’s daughter, you’re not worth their presence and yet you’re taking Elmer-sama and Curtis-sama.”

“You’re so confident, even though you’ve got that whore with you.”

“Wherever and whatever you’re planning to do, it must be disgusting.”

Uwah, this area is Class C’s, so it’s a nest of that sort of young lady.

Please don’t let Vivian-sama show up.

If she does, it’s trouble all over again.

While I was thinking that, a lady in a yellow dress stood in front of me.

“Curtis-sama, what do you mean by this, taking a commoner student and that abominable wretch?” she asked.

“Nn, Elsa,” Curtis-onii-chan said, “I was going to have Makoto show

me her magic in the arena.”

“You are a son of the proud Margrave Browright, so you should not associate with such lowly beings,” Elsa said.

This is Elsa-sama, Curtis-onii-chan’s fiancée.

She was a strong-willed beauty and often quarreled with Curtis-onii-chan during the game.

In the second half of the Curtis Rout, she teams up with Mike and comes to stab me to death.

The still image of my stomach being punctured and bleeding profusely from the wound was impressive, I still remember it.

Well, even if a candidate for the Holy Maiden of Light was still vulnerable enough to be stabbed in the vital organs, she can cast healing magic on herself and be completely fine after.

“Caroline is neither abominable nor vulgar, take those words back,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

Elsa-sama clenched her back teeth.

“I, I’m sorry, I’ll take those words back, Caroline-sama,” Elsa said.

“You are forgiven, I’ll think nothing of it, Elsa-sama,” Caroline said.

However, her treatment of Carol is terrible.

This is probably a dark side that is not shown in the game.

It’s just too adult for the age rating.

We passed Elsa-sama in silence.

“Curtis, please be kinder to Elsa-san,” I said.

“... Huh? Did that not seem gentle to you?” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“Did you think that was being gentle?” I asked.

“Eh, what, did it not look like that?” Curtis-onii-chan replied.

What the hell is with this naivete of a Meiji-Era soldier?

“It looked so cold to me, too,” Carol said.

“Curtis-kyou... it looked like you were pressuring her... to me, at least,” Elmer said.

“Even you, Elmer-kyou...!” Curtis-onii-chan cried. “Ah, I thought I was being you know, normal with her...”

“Curtis, you seem like the kind of guy that treats his opponents like crap once he gets his hands on them, you know,” I said.

“Uu,” Curtis-onii-chan moaned.

I’m not sure if I’m right or wrong.

Curtis gripped his chest and lowered his head.

That was no good, Curtis-onii-chan.

“Or rather, even though you have a fiancée, why did you come and ask me to marry you?”

“What he meant was he was asking you to be his concubine,” Carol said.

“So you’re the kind of person who can say such cruel things so openly, huh!!?” I snapped.

That’s just the kind of man you are, Curtis-onii-chan!

Chapter 8

At The Training Ground, Pursuing The Infinite Possibilities Of Magic
There is a training ground in one corner of the Magic Academy's gymnasium.

It's a place to practice magic and martial arts.

When we entered the training ground, the senior students who were practicing magic looked at us.

"Oh, handsome guys, and such beautiful first-year students, so cute."

"Hey, stop it, that's the second son of the Margrave, the eldest son of the Lord of Magic, the disgraced Lady of Alchemy, and the Bejeweled Reijou-sama everyone's been talking about."

"Wh-What kind of combination is this? That's an impressive quartet."

Don't you want to stop calling me the Bejeweled Reijou-sama, senpais?

Also, don't insult Karol, I'll blow you away.

"So, Curtis, what do you want to see?" I asked.

"First of all, the magic that blinded Michael-kyou, what was that?" Curtis-onii-chan said.

"It's Light magic," I said.

"That was just Light?" Curtis-onii-chan asked.

"Light... does not shine that brightly..." Elmer-kyou said. "According to the books, they should be smaller..."

"If it's normal, yeah, but there's a trick to making a Light spell flash that brightly," I said.

Then, I chant and fire off a Light spell.

"Hmm, if it's the Light I read about in the books, I hear that it can only be used as a torch to light the dark," Curtis-onii-chan said.

"Con-Convenience alone..." Elmer-kyou said. "You don't have to carry

a lantern around...”

I doubled the magic power into my Light spell.

Pashyu.

With a noise, the Light spell disintegrated and exploded in a flash.

Uoh, it's too bright to target myself.

“Are you breaking the formula by pouring too much mana into the spell?” Carol asked.

“That's right, Carol is correct, I blasted Mike with a Light spell using 3 times the magic power, but in my experiments, I can go up to 12 times,” I said.

“12 times, how powerfully does it shine?” Carol asked.

“You know, it's bright,” I said. “If it exceeds 6 times, it will blind the opponent, so practical use is between 3-4

times.”

“You're kidding! We can't use this in warfare!” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“But if it's on an adventure, it can be used...” Elmer-kyou said. “Many monsters rely on their sense of sight...”

“How did you come up with the idea of overpowering and disintegrating the spells as they cast?” Carol asked, a puzzled look on her face.

“There was a sister in the temple who was doing something similar, so I developed that technique by imitating her,” I said.

“What did this sister do? Were they collapsing healing magic spells?” Carol asked.

“Fire magic, actually,” I replied, “it causes an explosion and the roar of it scares off thugs and troublemakers.”

“If it's Fire magic, oh, that means can I use it too!” Curtis-onii-chan cried.

Uoh, he's all fired up.

That reminds me, he is a Fire attribute user.

“You do have that element, Curtis, so I think you can do it, just destroy a fireball in progress,” I said.

“Let’s try, let’s try, should I put a lot of magical power into spellcasting?” Curtis asked.

“That’s right,” I said, “but the explosion is dangerous, so try to keep it a little away from your body.”

“Oh, got it,” Curtis-onii-chan said. “Elmer, if a fire breaks out, I’m counting on you to put it out.”

“Uh, understood... um, Curtis...” Elmer-kyou said.

“You know you can drop the honorifics with me too, Elmer,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“Ye-Yeah,” Elmer said, blushing and looking a little happy.

He’s got a communication disorder, after all.

“Fireball.”

Boom!!

Five meters ahead of Curtis, the fireball exploded with a roar.

“What incredible sound!” Curtis-onii-chan cried. “This is good, it doesn’t use much magic power.”

“The power of the explosion itself is small, though,” I said.

“Thank you Makoto, this is good,” Curtis-onii-chan said, “if we use it at the start of a battle, we’ll frighten the enemy.

Very nice.”

Hmm, combining the roar of Fireball with the flash of Light seems like an impromptu stun grenade magic.

Continuing on, Elmer and Karol also tried disintegration techniques, but the Water magic only made a harmless splash, and the earth magic stone just crumbled into dust.

“Seems you can’t really use it on Water and Earth,” I said.

“It would have been better to shoot normal ice bullets... it could have been stronger, what a waste...” Elmer-kyou muttered.

“It looks like it’s better to shoot stone bullets normally with Earth, as well,” Carol said, “little point in making it spread like shot.”

Well, you can’t get good results by destroying just any attribute.

Or rather, the bullets of Earth magic can be used to drop birds.

Ah, that’s right, if it’s Water, that phenomenon can be used, can’t it?

“Elmer, there is a magic that generates a lot of water, isn’t there?” I asked.

“Yeah... **‘Create Water’**...” Elmer-kyou replied, squirting water out of his hand.

“Can you put pressure on the Water when it comes out?” I asked.

“Pressure? Hmm...” Elmer-kyou muttered.

The water coming out of his hand flowed stronger.

Hmm, then in that case:

“Can you make the hole the water goes through very small?” I asked.

“I don’t know... what you mean by that...” Elmer-kyou said, “it doesn’t make... much sense, you know.”

“Imagine the hole of a spout where the Water comes out of, and make it as small as half a hairsbreadth,” I said.

“If I do that...” Elmer-kyou said.

“It might be dangerous, so try shooting at that target scarecrow,” I said.

“Such a thin stream of water...” Elmer-kyou said.

The resulting stream of water cut the scarecrow in half.

“Of, it worked, it worked, it’s a Water Cutter,” I said.

“Ho-How in the?” Curtis-onii-chan muttered.

“Why did it...?” Elmer-kyou muttered.

“It’s just Water, how could you cut with it?!” Carol yelled.

“Water sprayed out at ultra-high pressure cuts through everything,” I said.

It’s the kind of thing you often see in Sci-Fi comics.

Ultra-high-pressure hydraulic cutter.

In my previous life, it should have been used in real-life manufacturing. [1](#)

Elmer cut the scarecrow with a Water Cutter, his eyes seemed to glow with a feverish fire.

“What is this, what is this, it’s amazing, so amazing, it’s the first time I’ve ever used magic like this!! Makoto, you’re amazing!!” Elmer-kyou yelled.

Woah, he’s so excited his words came out fluently in one solid sentence.

With a lively expression, Elmer looks like a 16-year-old boy, so cute.

“Say, about Earth, Makoto, there’s nothing like it for that, is there?” Carol asked.

“Well, you do have Chain-kun already, so there’s that, right?” I asked.

“No, I want to know new and amazing magic, it seems like you know so much about it,” Carol said.

“I’ll think about it...” I muttered.

Wow, people go crazy when it comes to magic.

“How amazing, Makoto is truly the next saint,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“We’ll have to write a paper explaining the theory behind Water magic’s cutting capabilities...” Elmer-kyou muttered.

“Think about Earth magic as well, alright?” Carol asked.

“Yes, yes, let’s all go to the cafeteria. I’m hungry,” I said.

“Ah, that’s right, let’s go together, Elmer’s going to,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“I’d like to... write that paper, but, I’ll go with, Curtis...” Elmer-kyou muttered.

“Off we go then, I’ll treat both Makoto and Caroline,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“Thanks for the meal,” I said.

“You’re amazing in other ways too, Makoto,” Carol said.

The upper-class cafeteria was deserted.

It’s half past 12.

The upper-class cafeteria is on the top floor of the school building, and you can see the townscape of the royal capital from the window.

The interior is also wonderful.

Aristocrats eat lunch in a luxurious environment like a first-class restaurant, don’t they?

Ohoho.

“I’d like a lunch plate A, please,” I said.

“Understood.”

The maids working in the cafeteria are also beautiful.

Everyone seems to have a lunch plate.

You can’t eat a full course in 30 minutes.

Or rather, the upper-class cafeteria that has a full course at lunch is too strange. When the plate arrived, Carol glanced at me as I started eating.

It’s okay, I learned table manners in my previous life, and I learned it in the Baron’s manor and the Great Temple.

Since I was eating cleanly, the other three people somehow felt a sense of relief.

Munch, munch, the hamburger patties are delicious.

As for the bread... Hiyoko-Do’s is better.

Should I recommend Cliff-nii-chan to start a business relationship with this place?

Curtis is drinking a glass of wine.

Elegant, isn't it?

"Now then, let's make a toast to the beginning of the Saint's faction."

Hey, what are you talking about, this Curtis-onii-chan?

"I wasn't listening," I said.

"Because I didn't say anything before," Curtis-onii-chan said. "Elmer, you as well?"

"Mmm... thi-this talent for magic... I feel like it's a shame to let it go... I'll convince my parents..." Elmer-kyou said.

"What are you talking about? I don't want to create a faction," I said.

"Makoto, are you prepared to die with Caroline-sama?" Curtis-onii-chan said.

"D-Die, what do you mean?" I asked.

"You are going to die if the Pottinger faction decides to crush you, won't you?" Curtis-onii-chan said.

"Dy-Dying is such an exaggeration," I said.

"Right now, your backing with the Temple is protecting you," Curtis-onii-chan said. "But the Temple has no troops on campus. That means that in less than a year, someone from the Pottinger faction will come to kill you and Caroline-sama. I'm sure of it."

"Huh...?"

What the hell, that's so scary.

"The Pottinger Duchy was originally from a separate kingdom called the Mengel Kingdom," Curtis-onii-chan said.

"When war broke out with the Appleton Kingdom, House Pottinger was a prominent aristocrat of Mengel and defected to Appleton. As a result of their achievements, they became an earl. After that, over the course of three generations, they steadily progressed in the world,

made inroads into the royal family, and were even promoted to a duchy. And this time, the first prince and the current Duke Pottinger's daughter will be married, so House Pottinger will become the queen's family, which will let their influence engulf the whole country."

Heavy, way too heavy, what is with this giant Civil War Flag?!

"For Duke Pottinger, the people he wants to destroy as soon as possible are House Albright, who have the rights to alchemicals, and you, the saint, who can increase their power with the temple as far as they can. Let's create a faction because it's good for the country," Curtis-onii-chan said.

"You-You're serious?" I asked. "If we keep this quiet, can't we just smile like normal and graduate or something?"

"That's impossible," Curtis-onii-chan said.

"Wh-Wha-What did I do?" I asked.

"You picked a fight with Vivian-sama, you beat and humiliated her prized vassal, Michael-kyou, and you're becoming the most popular girl in school. Did you think there would be no retaliation for any of that?" Curtis-onii-chan said.

We-Well, that's fair enough, but I thought, 'Well, you've gotten in a fight, but he-he—here it's just a child's fight.'

You wouldn't think that your parents are going to retaliate and cause a civil war, right?

I was mistaken.

I misjudged Duke Pottinger's danger.

I see, at the end of the route, the villainess Vivian-sama will be executed.

Vivian-sama rampages out of jealousy for having her fiancée taken away, or rather, was she rushing to enact the Duke's conspiracy to take over the kingdom?

"Leave it to me, if the saint's faction grows bigger, they will falter, and it will be difficult for them to move," Curtis-onii-chan said. "And there's going to be a lot of strong people on the Duke's side for me to face down. That is going to be very fun."

And with that, this battle-hungry idiot grinned.

“I-I’ll be fine...” Elmer-kyou said, “I have also learned from you, Makoto, with that Water Cutter... I’ll help protect you.”

“So even you’ve got a daring side, Elmer,” Curtis-onii-chan said.

“Yeah... I’ll be careful...” Elmer-kyou said.

“I’m sorry, Makoto, I got you into trouble...” Carol muttered.

“Ah, don’t worry about that, Carol,” I said. “I’ll smash a hundred sets of Mike’s jewels if it means protecting you again.”

“Makoto... you’ve ruined such a good mood,” my beloved Carol said, sighing.

What did I say!?

Footnotes

1. It is, such as in aerospace, food processing, and automotive manufacturing.

Chapter 9

I Met Some Interesting Friends At The Dorm

Uuu, the Saint faction is live.

Curtis-onii-chan was aiming for it from the beginning.

Wanting to see my magic was an excuse to find out who I was as a person.

So, when he saw my character, he liked what he saw, and now he asks me to create a faction with him.

Ugghh.

I could say no to the faction because it's annoying, but if I do that, Carol's life will be in danger anyway, and the method of using a new faction to keep our enemies in check is the standard and the best way to go about it.

Fure Arai-san also said that difficult situations should be dealt with as a group.

Also, I have a feeling that Curtis-onii-chan really wants to protect Carol.

It sounds like they're old acquaintances.

I guess he wants to protect someone important to him by using this foolish and too-casual saint candidate as his standard bearer.

Curtis-onii-chan is a terrible person.

Well, if it's to protect Carol, I can't say no.

But a faction?

I'm in trouble, I'm in trouble

Hello, this is Makoto.

After eating lunch at the upper-class cafeteria, I went to the auditorium again for the entrance orientation.

However, they only teach you the rules of dorm life.

After that, I got a paper for my room allocation and we were dismissed.

Easy-peasy.

“Okay, we’re here, see you guys again tomorrow,” I said.

“See you... tomorrow,” Elmer said.

“Thank you for the meal, Curtis, see you later, Elmer,” Carol said.

“Good day to you both,” Curtis said.

We said farewell to the men in front of the boys’ dormitory.

Carol and I enter the girls’ dormitory.

“Well, we’re also here, so see you tomorrow, good luck, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Mm, see you tomorrow, Carol.”

I’m on a different floor than Carol, so I’ll say goodbye at the stairs.

The 1st floor of the women’s dormitory is a multi-purpose hall and dormitory cafeteria, the 2nd to 4th floors are for lower-class nobles, and the 5th to 7th floors are for upper-class nobles.

It seems that the rooms of the upper-class aristocrats are luxurious, like luxury hotel suites.

They come with a shower, bathroom, mini-kitchen, reception room, and two bedrooms.

Carol’s room is a little special, with a special room that has an alchemy cauldron installed.

If a student has a family lineage of alchemists, a supply of chemicals to the infirmary will be expedited to them, so they will be put in a special room for storing and handling it.

See, students get hurt easily, so if you don’t have potions and other such alchemicals, the PTA will be annoyed with how they’re being cared for.

And, for me, my room is for lower-class aristocrats.

A 4-person room with a writing desk and a chest of drawers.

It's the standard double room you'd get from a business hotel when you want to be near the international exhibition hall of Comiket.

Room 205, right here.

I open the door and go inside.

"Hello, my name is Makoto Kimball. I'm looking forward to living with you all," I said.

"..."

Yep, I feel bad.

I ignore it.

There is one girl who is writing something at the desk.

The other two are in their beds.

"Margot, the maid of the earl's daughter Heather Wilkinson-sama," a lady on the bed replied without even opening the curtains of her bunk.

She is a maid?

The maids of the dukes' and marquises' children have their own dormitories, and they live there, but the maids of the earls are forced into the rooms of the lower-class nobles.

By the way, there is no maid for barons and below.

Lower-ranking nobles can't pay the wages of maids for their children and the corresponding rent for their board.

"Nice to meet you, Margot-san," I said.

"The woman who lives in the bed below you is the maid of Melissa Andrea-sama, a viscount's daughter, her name is Karina," Margot said.

"Hold up, Margot, don't introduce me without permission, I don't approve of being with such an eccentric woman, she seems like a failure of a noble lady," Karina said.

“She appears mad, so please be careful,” Margot said.

“Thank you,” I said. “Nice to meet you too, Karina-san.”

“Humph,” Karina huffs.

However, it’s a room with a rather high proportion of maids.

“Shut up, shut up, shut uuu-uppp!! I’m studying, so be quiet!!” the grey-haired girl on the desk yelled, turning toward us.

“Huh, have you been studying since the day of the entrance ceremony?” I asked.

“That’s right, preparation is essential for efficient learning!! So be quiet!”

Ooh, ooh, she’s the famous background NPC, Megane-chan!

I’m happy to share the same room as her.

“This is Corinna Ceverus-sama, the daughter of a baron, and it seems that she had a low ranking in the entrance exam and can only enter Class B,” Margot-san, poking her head out the curtains of her upper bunk.

Unexpectedly, she’s an onee-san. I peg her in her 20’s.

She’s got a sexy face with dark circles under her eyes like she was crying. I get the feeling she loves gossiping.

“Before dinner, I have to prepare for tomorrow’s lesson, so please be quiet,” Corinna-chan said.

“Yes, you heard her, Bejeweled Reijou-sama-san,” Margot said.

“Don’t call me that Bejeweled nonsense,” I said.

“Pardon me then, Bejeweld Reijou-sama-sama,” Margot said.

“Don’t use my title like that,” I said.

“Ufufu, I’m sorry, Makoto Kimball-sama.”

Sticking her tongue out, Margot gave a wink.

Ah, this bitch, she’s a mischievous maid.

For now, I put my luggage in a chest.

“Where is my desk?” I asked.

“A maid doesn’t need a desk, so you can use whatever you want,” Margot said.

“Thank you, Margot-san.”

For now, let’s use the desk next to Corinna-chan.

Corinna-chan is frantically writing on parchment while looking at her textbook.

She’s giving it her all, huh?

Lower-class nobles are desperate because their future is determined by their grades at the Academy.

Now, can I have some tea?

Is the hot water supply in the corridor?

I grabbed a kettle and went to the end of the corridor, where I found a tap and a magic stove.

Fill it with water and then put it on the stove.

Until the water boils, I spend my time leisurely looking out the window and looking at the hubbub on the second floor now that I’ve moved into the dormitory.

There were students who brought a lot of luggage and were crying going, “What do I do, What do I do~?”, and students who introduced themselves to each other in a friendly manner.

How nice, they’re all cute.

The water was boiling, so I took the kettle and went to room 205.

“Let’s have some tea, everyone,” I asked.

“Oh my, will the young noble lady make tea for the maids?” Karina-san asked.

“Hey, we’re not aristocrats, you know,” Margot-san said. “Come now, Karina, let’s get to work.”

“Hmm, you’re not the kind of young lady I thought you’d be,” Karina-san said.

“There’s no way a former baker’s daughter would be a splendid young lady, but I did bring cookies,” I said.

Karina came out from her bunk looking embarrassed.

I take out the pot, put the tea leaves in, and quickly make the tea.

From the chest, I take out cookies for the number of people and arrange them on a plate.

“Oh, Hiyoko-Do’s cookies, you bought a good deal of them, even though it’s really crowded over there,” Margot-san said.

“I’m the daughter of the family who runs the place,” I said.

“Ah, I see, they’re delicious,” Margot-san replied.

“The tea is delicious, it puts us maids to shame,” Karina-san said.

“Corinna-chan, let’s have some tea. If you don’t eat sugar, your brain won’t work right,” I said.

Corinna-chan turned around with a jerk.

“Is it no good if I don’t take sugar?” she asked.

“Yes, there are times when your brain doesn’t work well before noon, and that’s because your brain doesn’t have enough sugar,” I said.

“Well, then I’ll drink some. Thank you,” Corinna-chan said.

The 4 of us in the same room have a peaceful cup of tea.

Corinna-chan is munching on and eating cookies with little nibbles like a squirrel, and it’s really motivating.

“Speaking of Hiyoko-Do, they discovered one of their daughters had Light magic and was sent to the Temple,”

Margot-san said.

“That’ would be me,” I said.

“... You’re going to become a saint, aren’t you?” Margot-san said.

“I’ve become a saint candidate, so, after 3 years of learning manners and courtesy at a baron’s house, and another 3

years of enjoying my youth at this Magic Academy, I heard that they will make me a saint,” I said.

“Heh, so you’re the treasured child of the Temple, huh...?” Karina-san said.

“Stop talking like I’m an investment,” I said.

“I’m just a little relieved you didn’t turn out to be a spoiled noble lady,” Karina-san said.

“What did you think I was?” I asked.

“You know, you’d be stuck up, and you’d say you don’t have words to say to mere maids, you’d go, ohohohoho, and such,” Karina-san replied.

“Humans don’t change that easily,” I said.

“Ahaha, you’re right,” Karina-san said.

After the tea time was over, the maids retreated to their beds.

In the evening, it seems to be an important break time until their ladies call for them.

Corinna-chan clung to her desk again.

She’s a hard worker.

There’s still time until dinner, so maybe I’ll go to Carol’s room.

I keep going up the stairs of the dormitory.

By the way, there’s a magic elevator on the east side of the dormitory, but the gatekeeper won’t let anyone other than high-ranking nobles ride it.

Damn it, overthrow the ruling capitalist class! Waving a red flag in my heart, I went up the stairs.

Carol’s room is at the bottom end of the upper-class aristocrat’s floors, at the west end.

Anne-san, the eyepatch-wearing maid, lifted a chest in her arms and carried it into the room.

Fuoh, there are test tubes, flasks, beakers, and all sorts of alchemical experiment equipment.

“Oh my, Makoto, what happened?” Anne-san asked.

“I came to play because I had some free time, would you like me to help you with something?” I asked.

“Thank you, but, honestly I’m already almost finished, now come in, come in,” Anne-san said before giving me a silent bow.

She didn’t even talk in the game.

Oh, the background of the game is just like that.

She also has an alchemy pot.

It smells like some strange alchemicals.

Wow, it’s Carol’s room.

I sit comfortably on the sofa so as not to get in the way of Carol and Anne-san.

Oh, Anne-san quickly brought me some tea.

Thank you thank you.

I drank tea earlier.

Oh, it’s herbal tea, it smells good.

Oh, I’m calming down.

It feels like home.

Zzz.

Chapter 10

Dinner At The Dormitory Hall Is With All Residents, But Here There Is Another Incident **Warning:** Homophobia. Also, later, very blatant inappropriate homosexual behavior.

“Makoto, wake up.”

“Nfueh? Was I sleeping?” I said.

“You were deep asleep, you must have had a hard time today,” Carol said.

Well, there were a lot of unexpected events.

Today, even though it’s still the first day of school, I got acquainted with 3 of the capture targets.

It’s impossible in the game.

If you raise the relevant stat normally, it’s fine, because if you have a lot of capture targets at once, it will be difficult to manage their flags.

“I heard they’re going to serve some delicious food at the dormitory hall today, as a welcoming party,” Carol said.

“That sounds fun,” I said as I stretched out and stood up.

“You’re like a free-spirited cat, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Huh, but I live my life with so much care for others,” I said.

“Puh, it doesn’t look like that, it looks like you’re doing whatever you want,” Carol said.

I don’t understand.

I’m trying so hard to be polite.

I go down the stairs with Carol and enter the multi-purpose hall.

Oh, this is like that Harry Potter-style boarding school dinner party.

With the flying owls and such.

There are many rows of large, long tables, and there are many dishes lined up on them.

Hyaa, roast beef, meat pies, stews, and other delicious-looking dishes are piled high.

Are they serving non-alcoholic grape juice?

Well, you wouldn't serve wine to a 16-year-old.

As a university student in my previous life, I would like to have beer and chuhai.

"Is there anywhere I can sit here?" I asked.

"Yes, you can sit here, Makoto-sama, the 1st years are gathered around there," a beautiful woman with big boobs who looked like a senpai told me.

"Oh, thank you very much," I said.

The ribbon here is green, so this area looks like a 3rd year table.

I bowed to Oppai-san and went to the first-year table.

It feels like the tables are separated between the upper-class and lower-class nobles.

I wonder if I can safely sit next to Megane-chan here.

"Carol, are you alright with here?" I asked.

"It's no problem, as long as it's near you, Makoto."

"Fuu, I love you Carol," I said.

"Oh stop it, Makoto," Carol said.

And while I was flirting with Carol, an upper-class noble lady gave me a cold look.

"Is that homosexual behavior?"

"That disgraceful noble lady and the baker's daughter are a well-matched couple."

"How utterly shameless."

Damn it, gossip attack.

Bullying is not good.

Also, don't humiliate Carol.

"Now, everyone, take your seats. I'm Estelle, Dormitory Master. Nice to meet you, koneko-chans." 1

Wow, Estelle-senpai is somewhat like a Takarazuka Revue-esque lady.

Some young ladies look at her squealing, "Estelle-sama-aaaa."

I've never seen this lady in the game.

The girls' dormitory master is probably a 3rd-year student, so she probably didn't have any contact with the main character and there was no time to mention her.

However, I thought it was an otome game world, but is this really the game's world?

Where did the huge world-building details not depicted in the game come from?

No matter how you look at it, there are many living people in the Temple and other places that weren't there before.

Even the maids in the same room as me didn't have names in the game, but I think they have definite lives of their own here.

Maybe it's the other way around.

You could say that this world existed from the beginning, and only the necessary data for the game was included.

If this happens to spontaneously enter someone's brain, the amount of data would be too huge.

Or, rather, I don't like it because it's a scary thought.

Either I'm still dreaming on the floor where I collapsed due to Comiket with a nosebleed, or I'm in a coma in a hospital and continuing to dream...

Woah, too scary.

“This feast is a welcome banquet for the West Girls’ Dormitory. Please, do enjoy yourselves,” Estelle said. “And then, in academics, in swordsmanship, in magic, in art, in love, make your potential bloom, and become a wonderful young lady who will carry the future kingdom on your shoulders. This is my earnest wish. Let’s make a toast to everyone’s future!”

All right, cheers.

Uhaha, let’s eat.

The meat pie is delicious~!

This grape juice is sweet~!

The roast beef is delicious~!

“Looks like you’re eating well, Makoto,” Carol said, smiling.

“It’s honestly all delicious, so I wonder if dinner at the dormitory from tomorrow will be this delicious,” I said.

Then, as I feasted on meat-on-the-bone, Megane-chan, rather, Corrinna-chan, turned to me.

“It won’t be,” she said. “This is a meal for upper-class nobles. Starting tomorrow, for lower-class nobles, there will be something drier and tasteless.”

“Seriously~,” I whined, “Corinna-chan, then you have to eat a lot right now, huh?”

“Makoto, who is she?” Carol asked.

“The hard-working Corinna-chan,” I said. “She’s in the same room as me. And this lady is Carol, umm, the earl’s daughter Caroline Albright-sama, my best friend.”

“It’s a little too early to call me your best friend,” Carol said.

“Pl-Pleasure to meet you, Al-Albright-sama,” Corinna said.

“A pleasure as well, Corinna-sama, just Caroline would be fine,” Carol said.

“I, I’m afraid I can’t do that...” Corinna said.

Carol is the daughter of an earl, so if you're a baron's daughter, she might be timid because of the difference in status.

A beautiful maid serves soup to the students.

There's a lot of cold food on the table, so I'm thankful for warm soup...

Hmm?

The soup that was poured into the bowl in front of me...

It smells like gold, doesn't it?

Pii, I shoot a thin beam of light from my hand and analyze it.

It's the Light analysis magic "**Optical Analyze**".

Hmph.

"Carol, did you bring Chain-kun?" I asked.

"What the hell, you just named someone's golem as if it was human without her permission..." Carol grumbled.

"What is it?"

"Can you restrain the maid over there? Discreetly," I said.

I use Optical Analyze on Carol's soup, and Corinna-chan's, too.

"? What are you doing? Magic?" Carol asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Corinna-chan's soup is fine," I said.

I hear the rattle and jerk of chains.

It seems like Chain-kun is crawling underneath the table like a snake.

Around my body, I create a thin ring of light with only one light molecule connecting to another and spread it in the room.

The ring of light is my magical vision.

Objects touched by the nano-sized light particles are projected into my brain as three-dimensional images Intermediate Light magic, "**Field Light Search**."

Originally, it's magic for searching for enemies in the dungeons.

It seems to be magic made by Holy Maria-sama.

This magic is more sci-fi than fantasy.

Is there a backup plan for my attacker?

There's a tall maid behind the curtain.

Muscular, with a bow gun under her skirt.

Wow, do you want to kill the assassin to ensure she keeps her mouth shut?

"The blonde maid?" Carol asked quietly.

"Yeah, blond hair," I said.

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Chain her up so tight she can shoot an arrow, now!" I said.

Chain-kun came out from under the table and restrained the maid.

The appearance of a black chain golem suddenly appearing and attacking a cute blonde maid is just like a horror movie.

The female students noticed Chain-kun and screamed.

Chain-kun wrapped around Maid-san and stopped her movement.

The bow gun was fired from the shadow of the curtain, but the bolt Chain-kun's metal body and then bounced off.

"Light!"

At high speed, I fire it at the shadow of the curtain.

The moment the light ball passes through the curtain, I pour 4 times more magical power into it and collapse it.

With a bang, a bright flash erupted through the bulging curtains.

"Gyaaaah, my eyes, my eyes!!"

The bow gun maid covered her eyes and rolled out.

I fire a ring of light again.

I find someone watching me

There, at the 2nd year table.

She's staring at me with a demonic expression.

I turn around and make eye contact with her.

The 2nd year noble lady looks astonished.

I grinned, got up on my chair, grabbed a bowl of poisoned soup, and gulped it down.

"Wait! Makoto, isn't it poisoned!?" Carol yelled, trying to stop me.

But, there is no need.

"Poison doesn't work on saints!!" I yelled at the 2nd year lady. "Don't waste your time!"

With a look of fear on her face, the young lady shook and fainted, knocking over a plate of food as she did.

"Serves you right," I said.

Dormitory guards came into the scene, the blond maid and the bow gun maid were arrested and taken away, the welcome party was canceled, and the dorm master, Estelle-senpai, got really mad at me.

"Wasn't there a more gentle way, Makoto-kun?" Estelle asked.

"No, I had to secure the blonde maid as soon as possible," I said.

"You knew that how?" Estelle asked.

"The blonde maid was a throwaway pawn," I said. "If someone finds out about the poison and arrests the blonde maid, she'd kill them with the bow gun and shut her up permanently."

"Hmm, but the activation of magic in the dormitory is prohibited by the rules," Estelle said.

"Isn't it better than someone being murdered?" I asked.

"Well, that's right," Estelle said. "It may have been the first time in the

school's history that there was an attempted poisoning...wait, why are you still eating the Monterno-style veal stew?"

"Because the stew is delicious, Estelle-senpai."

"Mmm, you're a troublesome koneko-chan, aren't you?" Estelle said.

I couldn't even eat dinner, as the dormitory guards interviewed me and the others, so please forgive me for this disrespect.

I mean, isn't it a waste to have so much leftover food after dinner?

Munch, munch.

The dormitory guards are inspecting the scene, and in the multipurpose hall, there is only me, Estelle-senpai, Carol, and Oppai-san.

Oppai-san seems to be the supervisor on duty.

Somehow, she's looking at me with charmed, sparkling eyes.

Estelle-senpai looked around and spoke discreetly.

"So, are you trying to say that sophomore who fainted, the viscount's daughter Pamela Gaufre, is the culprit of this poisoning drama?"

"Maybe she is," I said. "When I intimidated her, she thought that the crime had been discovered, and she fainted."

"I need evidence," Estelle said.

"I have none on me, so I can't accuse her formally," I said.

"Fuu, for goodness' sake," Estelle-sama said, closing her eyes and shaking her head.

However, when a Takarazuka-style handsome beauty makes such a gesture, it's just captivating.

"There's a conspiracy swirling around you, Makoto-sama," Oppai-san said. "You're protecting your best friend Caroline-sama by shouldering the enemy's tricks on your delicate shoulders. It's wonderful, it's so wonderful."

"Hey, please don't touch me," I said.

“Yurisha, right now, ah, hold back,” Estelle said.

Yurisha Appleby-senpai pulled me in by the hand then hugged me tightly.

Wow, boobs, my face is wrapped in her boobs.

“I’m telling you, Estelle-sama,” Yurisha said. “I also witnessed with my own eyes the birth of Makoto-sama’s title as the Bejeweled Reijou-sama. She is a noble lady, as pretty, lovely, and slender as a doll, yet in the face of the handsome and large Michael-kyou, she mercilessly kicked an unspeakable part of his body, knocked him unconscious, and won a brilliant victory against a magic knight. And against the vicious assassination plot this time, she heroically swallowed the poisoned soup, and said, ‘Poison doesn’t work on saints!! Don’t waste your time!’ to protect her beloved Caroline-sama, and make the villainous lady faint so pathetically. Aaah~, it’s so lovely~, I’m so touched~, I admire her so much~.”

Stop it, I’m suffocating in your boobs.

“Um, Appleby-sama, Makoto is going to suffocate,” Carol said.

“Oh my, what I did was disrespectful, pardon me,” Yurisha said. “I got so excited.”

Haah, haah, thank you, Carol.

Oh, what is it?

With a sharp scowl, Carol put her arm around my shoulder and hugged my head tightly to her chest.

I’m so happy, I’m so very happy, but I can’t cover my face with your small breasts.

Kukuku, jealousy, because I was surrounded by the plump breasts of Yurisha-senpai’s chest, huh, did this little cutie get jealous?

Gufufu.

“He-Hey, say something, Makoto,” Carol said.

Without saying anything, I gently rubbed my face against Carol’s small tits, and made a sound like, “Hyan.”

So cute, so very cute.

I want to lick Carol's bare breasts.

Sniff, sniff.

"Do-Don't start sniffing me...!" Carol yelled.

After being pushed away by the red-faced Carol, the on-site dormitory guards seemed to have finished their inspection and were now covering their mouths and holding back their laughter.

Oh, oh no, I'm sorry.

"How precious, how precious," Yurisha said.

"You did the same, Yurisha," Estelle said.

Footnotes

1. Lost in translation: Estelle refers to herself with a masculine pronoun, "Boku."

Chapter 11

Let's Spend The 1st Semester Leisurely

Warning: Milder than most, but one of the teenage characters is explicitly described as a “loli” and Makoto gushes over her and acts pervy as usual.

After being thoroughly interrogated by Estelle-senpai and the dormitory guards, Carol and I were released later in the night.

“Come on, everyone, let's go to the bathhouse,” Yurisha-senpai said out of the blue.

“Huh?” I asked.

By the way, the Royal Appleton Academy of Magic is equipped with a bathhouse.

As expected, it's an otome game, so it doesn't seem to have adopted the real medieval style of not taking a bath for your entire life, just wiping your body with hot water. [1](#)

Fine by me, fine by me.

“Well, if Carol is coming with—” I said.

“I'm sorry, Makoto, I'll take a bath in my room,” Carol said.

“Huh?”

Betrayal from Carol.

“Yurisha, your penthouse will also have a bath, there's no need for this,” Estelle-senpai said.

“But I wanted to have some naked skinship with Makoto-sama,” Yurisha-senpai said as she was pulled away by her ear.

Phew, I was able to avoid various dangers.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai is kind of like a very intense lesbian, and it's troublesome.

When I was in Past-Makoto's all girls school, I had a senpai like that.

"Well then, I'm going to take a bath," I said. "Good night Carol, see you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow, Makoto, good night," Carol said.

Alone, I head to the large bath in the basement of the dormitory.

The upper-class aristocrats live in high-class apartment-like rooms equipped with baths, but the pitiful lower-class aristocrats live in business hotel-class rooms and use the underground large public bathhouse.

I open the door and step inside to the steam.

It's late at night, so there's only one other person in there besides me.

There was a single loli in the bathtub.

What the hell, she's such a beautiful loli.

I wondered where this cute girl came from.

I pour hot water over myself, wash my body, and slowly enter the hot water tub.

Phew, the bath is nice.

There are hot springs in this world, right?

On a school trip, let's go to a northern country with hot springs.

"Fu, paradise, paradise," I muttered.

"Makoto? You sound like an old man."

"What the? Corinna-chan?" I asked.

Corinna-chan looked at me with the peculiar gaze of a short-sighted person.

"No way, Corinna-chan, you're really cute without glasses," I said.

"The most important thing for a lower-class aristocrat is to be able to work rather than being cute," Corinna said.

"You'd be fine if you just became someone's wife like usual," I said.

“A poor baron’s daughter won’t get a good marriage proposal,” Corinna said.

“I find that crazy, you know?”

“Unlike you, the easy-going saint candidate, the impoverished nobles have a harder time,” Corinna said.

Everywhere in the world, things are difficult.

When I returned to Room 205 with Corinna-chan after she transformed into someone else, the maids were already asleep.

I’m tired today, I climb the ladder and crawl into the upper bunk.

I change into pajamas on my bed.

Good night.

I was awakened by someone making rustling noises.

When I pulled the privacy curtain aside and looked down, the maids were changing their clothes.

“Sorry for waking you up,” Margot said.

“A maid-san’s morning is really early, isn’t it?” I asked.

“We have to go wake up our young ladies, you girls can sleep for an hour more,” Karina said.

“Thanks, have a nice day,” I said.

“Yes, we’re leaving now,” Margot said.

“I’m going as well,” Karina said.

The pair of maids went to work.

Fuaah, sleepy, sleepy.

When I was dozing off, Corinna changed clothes.

Seeing a loli’s bare skin as she changes clothes~, uhihi.

“What’s with that weird look on your face? you’re going to be late for breakfast,” Corinna said.

What the?

I hurriedly washed my face and changed clothes.

No matter what, it's unbecoming for a lady to get so caught up watching a loli change clothes that she's late for breakfast.

I was the last to leave, so I locked the room and hurried down the corridor.

Phew, in the end, I managed to enter the large dormitory cafeteria.

It's a system where you take breakfast on a tray and eat it at a suitable table.

Today's menu is porridge and a mini salad.

Hmmm.

Open wide.

Porridge is a stew made from rolled barley, and I wonder what it tastes like.

It's salty, like a cornflake that's stretched all over the place.

It tastes really salty.

It's bad, it's bad.

The vegetables in the mini salad are also salty.

"Hmm, the poisoned soup was fine, but this terrible porridge is no good," Corinna said.

"Bad things are bad, Corinna-chan," I said.

"If you don't eat well, you'll collapse, even if it's terrible, eat it all," Corinna said.

"Alright," I said.

Corinna-chan can bite hard but she's surprisingly caring.

But no, this is salty clay or something.

Somehow, I managed to finish the terrible porridge, grab my bag, and head to the school building.

The distance between the school building and the girls' dormitory is about five minutes on foot.

Kepuh, somehow the inside of my mouth tastes like salted porridge.

With a short run, I jump into 1st year, Class A.

Carol had already arrived and was reading an open textbook.

“Good morning, Carol.”

“Good morning, Makoto.”

Hey? Is that a notebook on Carol's desk?

“Do you have a notebook made of plant paper?” I asked.

“Recently, plant-based paper notebooks are popular in the royal capital.”

“Oh, it's expensive, isn't it?”

“It's about three times as much as parchment,” Carol said. “They said it'd become cheaper once they can get mass production going.”

Three times as much as parchment, that's a pretty good price.

But I'll buy it, I'll buy it even if I spend all my pocket money.

I'll buy it even if I have to ask Kyoukou-sama!

If I have smooth plant paper, I can draw BL manga!

Is there a pencil somewhere?

I've already found charcoal and oil paint.

Let's search for art supply stores in the royal capital.

However, my writing materials today are parchment, ink, and fountain pen.

It's thick, heavy, and hard to write, and there's no room for error.

Or rather, if I fail, I have to scratch the surface with a knife.

Anthony-sensei arrives and morning homeroom begins.

I don't mind going outside the school during lunch break, but I have to be back by 1:00.

If you're even one second late, you'll be locked out of the building until evening.

So strict.

I have to be careful when I go to Hiyoko-Do to buy bread.

Anthony-sensei also mentioned the attempted poisoning at the girls' dormitory.

Currently, the dormitory guards are earnestly investigating, so if there is any truth, they will announce it so as not to let speculation and rumors spread.

"And, Makoto Kimball-san," Anthony-sensei said.

"Ah, yes?" I asked.

"Please, act with caution and keep your guard up," Anthony-sensei said.

"Okay," I said.

It's not a terrible thing to say but I can't figure out why I still feel that way.

Then the class started.

The national language, mathematics, history, magic theory, and lectures in the morning.

I'm an otaku, so I'm very good at language and history.

I can speak the history of this country without thinking, and there are many beloved historical power couples.

I've many favorites, but the best is the burning forbidden loves that go beyond the ties of master and servant!

"Forgive me, I can't return your love for the cause, I'll see you again in the afterlife!"

I love it.

Also, burning feelings for a strong enemy, ablaze on the battlefield!

“You are my arch-enemy, but for some reason, my heart only ever beats for you!”

So good, mmm~.

“Makoto, you’re making those weird faces again.”

Leave me alone, Carol.

This made me remember history.

Let’s call it a pairings mnemonic.

As for mathematics, the curriculum at the Magic Academy is about the middle school level in my previous life, so it’s an easy win.

Higher mathematics than this seems to be learned by professional bureaucrats who do surveying.

It seems that it is enough for aristocrats to have a level of being able to read and understand a territory’s ledger.

Magical Theory is also interesting to understand the logic of magic.

It seems that the details are unknown, such as why the magical power is generated, and why the magical power changes into a phenomenon by chanting.

For the time being, it seems that the theory is constructed empirically by experiment after experiment.

I wonder if it’s the same vague theories about brain activity in my previous life.

It’s like we don’t know how the mind is born from the electrical transmission between nerves.

That’s how it feels, long live classroom learning.

Oh, I enjoyed studying~.

Kin-kon-kan-kon, a familiar chime rang, and the morning class ended.

“What are you going do about lunch, Carol?” I asked.

“Let’s go to your parents’ bakery like you said yesterday,” Makoto said.

“Oh, that’s right, let’s go, let’s go,” I said.

Mmm, Elmer-sama, why are you following me?

“I wanted to... go to the bakery with you...” Elmer said.

“Alright, shall we go together then, Elmer-sama?” Carol asked.

“I’ll recommend you some good bread,” I said.

“I’ve never been to a bakery before... I’m looking forward to it,” Elmer said.

And when the 3 of us went out into the hallway, as expected, Curtis-onii-chan came by.

“Oh, what are you doing for lunch today?” he asked.

So, is it confirmed that we will eat together?

“We’re going to Hiyoko-Do, what about you, Curtis?” I asked.

“If that’s the bakery everyone’s been talking about, why don’t you let your maid go buy something for you?” Curtis asked.

“I don’t have a maid,” I replied.

“Ah, that’s right. Because you’re so arrogant, I keep mistaking you for an upper-class noble” Curtis said.

“Leave me alone,” I said.

Curtis-onii-chan is easy to talk to, so I can’t help but talk to him, but a margrave is actually a very important noble, below the duke, on the same level as a marquis, or a little higher.

They are nobles with a vast territory at the edge of the country and defend the border lines.

They’re mainly nobles with a strong military history.

So, when I was casually chatting with Curtis-onii-chan, a lady glared at us as she passed by.

Her gaze is freezing cold.

Well, that's just expected for a saint candidate who came from the commoners.

Ohohohoho.

Chapter 12

Let's Go To Hiyoko-Do Together

While receiving cold gazes from the young noble ladies, I left the school gate with two handsome guys.

They'd later claim that even though Curtis-onii-chan and Elmer had been the ones to come rushing toward us, Carol and I had lured them in with erotic trickery.

I would like to denounce the young ladies, saying that their words are as knotholes: hollow.

It can't be helped, because the gentlemen just approaching me have sent rumor mill spinning.

Goodness.

The four of us walk in the center of the royal capital under the clear blue sky.

"It seems there was another ruckus in the girls' dormitory," Curtis said.

"Well, there was a maid that tried to poison me," I said.

"I heard you stood on the table and drank the poisoned bowl of soup in one go, saying, 'I'm going to drink this poison! I'll protect Caroline-sama!!', and that you made a real impression on the culprit with that," Curtis said.

"... Not quite like that, but you're not wrong, either," I said.

"Me, I don't know if I'd have gone that far, you're amazing, Makoto," Curtis said.

"That was... cool, Makoto," Elmer said.

"That's not what happened!" I yelled.

The two gentlemen were so interested in yesterday's incident, and so I set them straight.

“So did you expect your first-day rampage in the Academy to go that far, Makoto?” Curtis asked.

“It’s not like I wanted to do it,” I said.

“And poison doesn’t work on you... how convenient,” Elmer said.

“Kevin-ouji said the same thing,” I said.

“Poison... well, I’m always wary of poison,” Curtis said. “I’m a little relieved that poison in general doesn’t work on you. Caroline-sama is also an alchemist, so she should always have an antidote on hand,” Curtis said.

“I do have some,” Carol said. “Just in case, Curtis-sama and Elmer-sama, you two should take some, too.”

“Right, I was just thinking that,” Curtis said.

“I’ll take it... thank you, Caroline-sama,” Elmer said.

Carol gave Curtis and Elmer blue test tubes.

“If they know it doesn’t work, they won’t use poison,” Curtis said.

“Because if you aren’t careful with poison, you’re going to affect people who aren’t involved,” I added.

If the liquid spills, it will contaminate what it touches.

By the way, that soup had a concentration of deadly poison that would kill you in 2 hours if you drank a spoonful of it.

If that’s the case, even the gas that evaporates from spilling it will pose a health hazard to the surroundings.

“So, since that poison wouldn’t work... you showed it to their faces... you’re so impressive, Makoto,” Elmer said.

“Hehe, thank you, Elmer,” I said.

“That analysis magic, the area sensing magic, and the Light magic seemed so useful,” Curtis said.

“Right, all of them... so advanced,” Elmer said.

“They were spells devised by Holy Maria-sama,” I said.

“Hmm, was there no offensive magic in the mix?” Curtis asked.

“It seems that there is a forbidden Light art from when Holy Maria-sama defeated the Demon King, but there are almost none up to the intermediate level, only healing magic,” I said.

Well, for that matter, intermediate magic has a super-powerful healing spell that can regrow lost limbs.

“It must be a pain not to even have a simple projectile spell, Light magic suffers when it comes to magic battles,”

Curtis said.

“Why are you three casually talking about such disturbing things while we’re passing through such wonderful scenery?” Carol muttered, amazed.

“Talking about magic... it’s fun,” Elmer said.

And while we were conversing, we arrived in front of Hiyoko-Do.

Wow, it’s really crowded.

About half are lower-class lower noble students and the other half are maids.

“Um, Makoto, what are you doing?” Carol asked.

Oops, Cliff-onii-chan is sorting out the line of customers in front of the store.

“I came here to buy lunch, Cliff-niichan,” I said. “It’s kind of weird to be a customer at my own home.”

“Right, right, you should know the saint’s bread is freshly baked,” Cliff said. “Are those... your friends?”

“Yeah, the friends I made yesterday, Carol, Curtis, and Elmer,” I said.

“Is that so? Please take care of my imouto,” Cliff said.

“Yes, you can count on us, Cliff-san,” Carol said.

“That’s a relief, Carol-san,” Cliff said.

Suddenly, I understood that the atmosphere had grown tense due to

the difference in social status.

The lower-class noble students and the maids lined up have now stopped moving.

“Nii-chan, you shouldn’t use nicknames for nobles you aren’t close with,” I said.

“Oooh, sorry about that,” Cliff said, dropping to his knees without hesitation.

“Caroline is an earl’s daughter,” Curtis said.

“N-No,” Carol said, “Makoto was the one who was at fault, don’t worry about it.”

“Even though I was ignorant, I was still rude, Hakushaku-reijou-sama, forgive me, forgive me~,” Cliff begged.

“Ah, please raise your head, Cliff-san, I’m not offended or anything. Do something about this, Makoto~,” Carol hissed.

“You’re bothering Carol, so raise your head, Onii-san,” I said.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. You’re being so casual with them, Makoto, so I thought they were only around knight’s children.”

“Curtis is the son of a margrave, and Elmer is the son of a marquis,” I said.

“...Makoto, is it alright if Onii-chan starts begging for mercy?”

“Hold on, Onii-chan,” I said.

“So that’s how commoners react, huh?” Curtis said.

“Makoto it’s... entertaining,” Elmer said.

Cliff-onii-chan has become a machine that bows at an angle of 90 degrees.

“Don’t worry too much about it, Cliff-nii,” I said.

“I don’t believe... there was a problem,” Elmer said.

“If there was, you’d have been decapitated by now,” Curtis said.

“Mmm,” Cliff gulped.

“You know what they’re talking about... Cliff-nii,” I said.

Don’t be intimidating, you two upper-class nobles.

“But it’s crowded, Onii-chan,” I said.

“Since it’s the new school year, there will be more word of mouth from students from now on,” Cliff said.

“You do realize that I’ve got the children of high-ranking nobles with me, right?” I said.

“Yeah, they’re people so far above the clouds I didn’t expect them, Onii-chan’s heart is about to explode,” Cliff said.

“That’s why you should give us a special treat and sell us some bread right away,” I said.

At that last part, Cliff-onii-san gave me a bright smile.

“Neither kings nor princes will receive special treatment, that is Hiyoko-Do’s way,” Cliff said.

“Tch,” I went.

By the way, that policy made me remember something I reinvented here, from my time in Comiket.

When I was at the bakery, I used my Comiket-inherited line-organizing skills to control the queue during lunch break.

“We’ll be in line for a while,” I said.

“I don’t mind,” Curtis said.

“A commoner’s bakery... how fascinating,” Elmer said.

“Makoto, you and Cliff-san are so alike,” Carol said. “I wonder if Hiyoko-Do is where all your merry-making comes from.”

Hiyoko-Do is 1/4th of me, the baron house’s etiquette is 1/4th of me, the saint’s education is 1/4th of me, and my past life otaku activities are 1/4th of me.

Or rather, I’m not a particularly interesting person.

I arrived at Hiyokodo relatively early, so even though I had to wait in line, it wasn't that long, and it was a short walk to the glass case where my father was.

"Oh, Makoto, you're here? The saint's bread is freshly baked," Otou-chan said.

"Five saint's bread, an egg sandwich, and some honey bread, please wrap four of the saint's bread separately," I said.

"Got it," Otou-chan said.

"What's delicious here, Makoto?" Curtis said.

"Get some freshly baked saint's bread, the rest is anything else that interests you," I said.

"Hmm, then, Tenshu, saint's bread, and that bacon bread, and the stew bread."

"Yes, understood,"

"For me... saint bread, and mayo-corn bread..."

"Got it."

"Hmm, saint's bread and a ham egg sandwich, please."

"Right, here you go."

I leave the bakery after having my mother do the money counting.

"Makoto, here, to go with," Cliff-onii-chan said, handing me four bottles of soda in a flax bag.

"Thank you, Onii-chan," I said.

He's so nice.

I'm thankful for him.

"It's nice weather out today, so let's eat in the school courtyard," Carol said.

"I feel the same," I said.

"It smells good. I want to eat it right away," Curtis said.

“For the first time... I bought my own bread, it was surprisingly fun...” Elmer said.

Curtis, Elmer, and Carol all have nice smiles.

Carol laid a blanket on the lawn in the courtyard.

Where did it come from?

Carol should be carrying Chain-kun, and should have a lot of alchemicals beside him, too.

Alchemists must be truly ridiculous.

We sit on the lawn, hand out sodas, and bite into the bread.

Hmm, the freshly baked saint's bread is crispy and irresistible.

“Wow, this texture is really sweet and delicious. The skin is crispy, but the inside is moist,” Carol said.

“Wahaha, what is this? There is stew in fried bread. This is interesting and delicious, wahahahaha,” Curtis said, chuckling.

“Mayo-corn... it's a strange texture... but it's so good,” Elmer muttered.

“That's right, that's right,” I said.

The mayonnaise and corn bread and the stew bread are things that I developed with knowledge from another world.

There was corn in this world, but I couldn't get the spices for curry, so I used stew in the fried bread.

I wonder if it's going to be more like a piroshki than curry bread.

I wanted to make a chocolate coronet, but chocolate is expensive in this world.

It's ridiculously expensive for the bakery's menu, so I gave up.

Since there is a Valentine's Day event, maybe Hiyoko-Do will develop a chocolate chip cookie.

It looks like it will sell very well.

I'm proud and happy to see the storm of praise for the bread for everyone, while they're going "sweet" and

"delicious."

"Haa, it was delicious. Let's go buy it again," Curtis said.

"It's really good stuff," Carol said, "let's get Anne to buy some bread for us. Breakfast should also be bread from Hiyoko-do."

"For three meals...mayo-corn bread would be fine," Elmer said.

He wants to eat it again so much.

How much did he like this?

A feeling of relaxation after eating something delicious surrounds us.

The sky is clear and the sun is warm and shining.

A light breeze ruffles Carol's hair.

I could hear the faint voices of the students in the distant school building.

"Now then, in the afternoon, it's a magic practical class," Curtis said.

"We're divided into each attribute, and we'll be in different classes, won't we... What about Makoto?" Elmer asked.

"I wonder what will happen, you're the lone Light magic user, aren't you?" Curtis asked.

"Makoto's... I want to study Light magic," Elmer said.

"Even if it's researched, it's only 1 person in 100 years who can use it, right?" I said.

"That magic... it might bring us closer to its mysterious roots," Elmer said.

Elmer really is a magic otaku.

Chapter 13

Afternoon Practice, Light Magic Is Lonely

1st Year, Class A in the afternoon, it's just me and Anthony-sensei.

"Sensei, what should I do?" I asked.

Ah, Anthony-sensei just averted his eyes.

"No, umm, you're the only one who can use Light magic, Makoto-san," he said.

"Right," I said.

"Therefore, there is no such thing as a Professor of Light Magic," he said.

"Right," I said.

"So we're stuck," he said.

"This is exactly my problem!!" I yelled.

"For the time being, let's do some self-study," Anthony-sensei said.

"That's right, why don't you look up the history of Light magic in the library? Please submit a report on the weekend."

Mnnnn.

"Makoto-san, a young lady doesn't make walnuts underneath her lips," Anthony-sensei said.

Apparently, this is their version of "making umeboshi on your chin" from Japan, the wrinkles that form when you pout.

"Makoto-san, who did you learn Light magic from back in the temple?" Anthony-sensei asked.

"I'm self-taught with Holy Maria-sama's textbook," I replied.

"Is it the same as the one over here?" Anthony-sensei said. "But that doesn't mean there's nothing to do, should you mix with the other attributes during magic practice."

“What will happen to the solo magic practice test and all that?” I asked.

“... You’re effectively an unconditional pass,” Anthony-sensei said.

There is no such thing as competition.

“I wonder if I can go to the temple in the afternoon and play with the orphans,” I said. “Ah, I might even consider registering as an adventurer and delving into a dungeon.”

“That, that would be a problem, don’t leave the school grounds,” Anthony-sensei said.

“I’m in trouble if I don’t have anything to do,” I said.

“Well, for now, go to the library for today, and from tomorrow I’ll think of something,” Anthony-sensei said.

“I’m counting on you, Anthony-sensei,” I said.

For the time being, I went to the library and tried to find literature on Light magic, but all I could find was a children’s picture book called “Holy Maria-sama” and a biographical book called “Saint Bianca, Her Light and Her Darkness”.

Now, what kind of report should I write?

I had no choice, so I read Bianca-sama’s biography.

“Holy Maria-sama” is a book that I read to children at the orphanage, so I can’t bring myself to read it now.

I skimmed through the biography.

Bianca-sama, you were going overboard.

That’s all.

Bianca was originally from the aristocracy of the former Appleton Kingdom, and at first she did good deeds, but later she became arrogant and extravagant, started surrounding herself with handsome, then all her luxury and waste caused the old Appleton Kingdom to fall apart then reform again (under a different royal family, all by selfishly doing what she wanted).

I think Bianca-sama was probably lonely.

Bianca-sama seems to have reached the point of resurrecting the dead with her overflowing talent, so I guess she thought she was a real goddess or something.

Overwhelming healing power, the resurrection of the dead, reduction of aging, those in power won't let go of Bianca-sama.

It's just like Otou-sama's theory that power corrupts.

I have to be careful not to let this happen to me.

When I closed Bianca-sama's book, the chime for the end of the 6th period rang.

When I returned to the class, everyone was talking about their impressions of magic practice, and I felt a sense of alienation.

Damn, damn, everyone is having such a nice time.

"Makoto, how was your Light magic training?" Carol asked.

"It was self-study in the library," I replied.

"Oh, it sounds like you worked hard," Carol said.

"You and Elmer don't have anything to learn in magic training, so what are you two doing there?" I asked.

"Helping out the senseis, maybe," Carol said.

"I'm jealous that you can make yourselves useful," I said.

"You are going to be someone in the future, Makoto... the Light attribute does only appear once in every 100 years,"

Carol said.

"Dark magic appears once every 50 years, right? I wonder what people like that do," I said.

"As for Dark magic, it seems that an old magician will look for disciples and teach them magic techniques," Carol said.

"I will make a textbook in the future..." I said. "But Holy Maria-sama's textbook is well done, so I wonder if there is anything to add to that."

"Unusual attributes are a lot of trouble," Carol said.

“If I don’t think about how to spend my afternoon, I’m wasting too much of my youth,” I said.

The end of homeroom begins.

“Everyone, you all took your first classes today after entering the Academy, how was it? But wait, there is still a lot of work to be done during school, but please don’t let up and keep going with your preparations and reviews.

“Also, there were complaints that some of the female students were flirting with the male students, causing a disturbance in the Academy’s public morals.

“Your sensei does not necessarily deny dating between men and women, but I would like you to moderate yourselves and keep your professionalism in the school.”

Someone must have pointed us out to Anthony-sensei.

It’s troublesome.

“Also, Makoto Kimball-san, please think carefully about your actions and be as careful as possible,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Did you have to call me out by name?!” I yelled.

We stood up, bowed, and today’s class was over.

Somehow, even though this world is generally Western-style, there are some Japanese school flavors mixed in here and there.

Anyway, it’s after school, hooray.

From now on, you will have free time until dinner time at the dormitory.

In a real Western dormitory, getting a permit to go out of school for even a little bit is a lot of work, but at Appleton Academy of Magic, it’s pretty lax.

You can go to the royal capital as much as you want until the dormitory curfew, have dinner outside, and if you have money, you can play around.

“Do you have any club activities, Carol?” I asked.

“No, I’m not planning to, I have to earn money with alchemy activities after school,” Carol said.

“Huh, are you paying your own school fees?” I asked.

“That’s right, our territory is poor, so it’s too painful to spend tax money on me,” Carol said.

“How lovely, you’re like a truly admirable lord,” Carol said.

“Father travels around the country to collect rare alchemy ingredients and is often absent, so I am practically the lord,”

Carol said.

“Since you’re so busy after school, I really wished we could have done club activities together,” I said.

Carol is so reliable, she feels like the noble among nobles.

My best friend is cute, strong, and a great person.

By the way, Carol said that Albright Territory was poor, but that was a complete lie.

It is famous as one of the richest regions in the kingdom for its Albright-branded potions and various high-end medicine trades.

They are poor in the sense that they’re very modest, or maybe it’s because of a sense of responsibility that they want to use their territory’s tax money that’s usually for road maintenance, flood control, and infrastructure development.

Since they have money, Albright territory is very safe and taxes are low.

In the Kingdom of Appleton, Falnegard, the capital of Albright territory, is at the top of the cities I want to live in.

I want to go to Falnegard next time.

“Makoto...if you’re free,” Elmer said.

“What is it, Elmer?” I asked.

“Would you like to... join the Magic Research Club? I’m going to,” Elmer said.

“Magic Research Club, huh, what should I do?” I asked.

“It’ll be fun... perhaps,” Elmer said.

“Wait, Makoto, join the Swordsmanship Club with me,” Curtis said.

Why does Curtis travel to Class A every day?

If you have time like that, take care of your fiancée, Elsa-sama.

“Your current strength only relies on you getting a surprise attack in,” Curtis said, “so let’s improve your skills and have you be able to do frontal combat, too.”

“Swordsmanship huh~?” I asked.

In truth, I’ve trained my dagger arm only to use it as a magical guidance tool.

But that’s a sports club.

I thought it would be tough, but with the physical strength and motor nerves of this winner at life, swordsmanship might be fun.

“Let’s aim to be the strongest in the kingdom together with me,” Curtis said.

“Let’s unravel the abyss of magic... together with me...” Elmer said.

Goodness, they’re going in unison.

Both Curtis and Elmer are in different directions, but they have one thing in common: they are singularly-focused people.

A Sword-Brained Idiot and a Magic-Brained Idiot.

“Is now a good time?”

Oh, Kevin-ouji arrived.

In the distance, the gazes of the noble ladies steadily drop in temperature.

It’s an eternal blizzard.

My heart perishes.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Kimball-sama, does Light magic have any enchanting spells?” Kevin-ouji asked.

“It does not,” I said.

He’s getting kind of heated.

“Vivian-sama has put forward testimony that she saw you, Makoto Kimball-sama, use enchanting magic to captivate Curtis-kyou and Elmer-kyou.”

“It’s groundless,” I said.

“However, Curtis-kyou and Elmer-kyou, who had no interest in schoolgirls when they were in secondary school, are now showing flaunting such disgraceful sides of them to you now, aren’t they?” Kevin said.

“That’s so cruel to Curtis and Elmer,” I said.

“That’s insane, Kevin-ouji,” Curtis said.

“This is unprovoked... unjustified slander,” Elmer said.

“But no matter how you look at it, isn’t this strange?” Kevin said. “Is it possible for a man and a woman to get along like this in just one day? Moreover, the kingdom’s #1 warrior and the kingdom’s #1 magic otaku, it’s natural to suspect something.”

Curtis-onii-chan shook his head.

“I’m afraid, Ouji, that your looking at her as a woman is giving birth to unnecessary suspicions,” Curtis said. “Makoto Kimball-sama is a saint, a descendant of a goddess. In other words, she’s an object of faith, a fascinating angel.”

“Fuah?” I gasped.

“My family the marquis... a family of devout believers of the Sacred Heart... it wouldn’t be strange to get close to the saint. Above all... Makoto is fascinating... as a rare specimen, not as a woman...” Elmer said.

You guys, why are you silently removing the possibility of seeing me as a woman?!

And don’t laugh, Carol!

“Upupupupu,” she snickered, “I’m sorry, Makoto.”

“Then, does that mean there are no feelings between as men and women have?” Kevin asked.

“No way in hell,” Curtis said.

“... She’s a woman, but she’s just a friend,” Elmer said.

“A rare specimen, huh...?” Kevin said.

Shame on all three of you!

And then, Carol covered her mouth and trembled.

“My, my, so that’s what the two of you believe,” I said.

“What the?” Curtis asked.

“What’s wrong... Makoto?” Elmer asked.

“Well, I have an idea about that,” I said.

“Sto-Stop that, Makoto, I’m getting a bad feeling,” Curtis said.

“It-It’s no good... this is, you shouldn’t... be acting like a proper lady?”

Give me a break.

“I, too, was able to enroll in the Magic Academy that I had been dreaming of, and there were situations when I got a little too hot-headed,” I said. “So then, shall I continue acting like a proper lady until graduation?”

Translation: If you don’t apologize, I’ll continue to treat you like this until I graduate.

I’m going to intimidate them with my eyes, then I’m going to smile and curtsy.

“Ah, I’m sorry, I was wrong, I said a little too much, forgive me,” Curtis said.

“I want you to stop... Makoto, that attitude is... it makes me sad.”

“Makoto, are you going to do that to me too?” Carol asked.

“Ah, I don’t want to do that to you, Carol, you are my best friend.”

“What a relief,” Carol said. “I like you the way you usually are, Makoto.”

“In other words, this is all because it’s so rare for Curtis-kyou and Elmer-kyou to take a liking to a girl and talk to her so casually,” Kevin said.

“That’s right,” Curtis said, “this girl, it’s the first time I’ve met her, and yet though I am the son of a margrave, she’s the only person who doesn’t call me that or treat me like it, there’s no one else like her that can do the same.”

“I feel like I’m familiar with her, but…” Elmer said, “it doesn’t bother me because she’s as harmless as an innocent child…”

“Fumu, when you look at the speed at which you guys get along well, it looks like enchanting magic,” Kevin said.

“Albright-sama, you must have met Kimball-sama for the first time yesterday, and now you seem to be best friends, isn’t that too early?”

“I’ve always felt like I’ve been friends with Makoto for a long time, but it’s true, we just met yesterday,” Carol said, chuckling.

I’ve always thought of Carol as a close friend.

No, it’s only after we met in the game.

“But when I was in a lot of trouble yesterday, the only one who helped me was Makoto, Kevin-ouji,” Carol said. “On top of that, Makoto defeated Michael-sama with a single blow and whispered, ‘Serves you right.’ At that moment, my heart trembled. My heart was pounding and I couldn’t stop being excited, and I naturally thought, aah, I want to be friends with this girl.”

After saying that, Carol smiled softly.

Damn, she heard me go “Serves you right!”

Hiii!

I’m so embarrassed.

By the way, I said “Serves you right.” when Mike’s vomit splattered on Vivian-sama’s skirt, but it’s not a big enough mistake to correct.

“Is that so?” Kevin said. “Hmm, it’s a misunderstanding of everyone who saw the rapid deepening of your friendships.

My apologies.”

“Well, it’s just that we get to know each other quickly, and I’m a rare specimen, so I won’t be as sexy and tempting as you think, hence you don’t need to worry, Kevin-ouji,” I said.

“No, don’t sulk, Makoto, I’m sorry,” Curtis said.

“Forgive me... I beg you,” Elmer muttered.

“While I’m already being so rude,” Kevin said, “might I ask about the accusations of you two being homosexuals, Albright-sama and Kimball-sama?”

“Nope, I’m not,” I said.

“... You’ve got it wrong,” Carol said.

I am not gay.

I’m an ordinary fujoshi who loves to appreciate male homosexuals.

Carol’s answer was a little vague.

Does this mean she has feelings for me, or is it something like that?

Ummnn...

Honestly, my chest is beating kind of fast.

My cheeks feel hot.

But if it was with Carol, I would be with Carol.

Sexually, I may be able to do various things.

That kind of thing, this kind of thing.

Ah, Carol must be cute with that expression on his face.

I want to hug her so tight.

I can’t stand it!

“That face makes me think you’re thinking something strange again,”

Carol said.

“That is not a good look for a noble lady,” Curtis said.

“Somehow... that face makes me feel disgusted,” Elmer said.

“... You don’t need enchanting magic, I was all worried, but it seems like I was a fool,” Kevin said.

Fuh, fuh, fuh.

N—No, can’t, can’t do this, I have to restrain myself.

Seeing my expression, somehow, everyone pulled away.

Hold up, I love Carol too much, it feels real funny.

Fuah!

Chapter 14

14 - The People Of The Great Temple Are Here To Improve My Life

The first prince, Kevin, refreshingly said that he was sorry to bother us and left.

Or rather, what kind of authority does that man have to interfere with me?

Even though he's still the student council president.

Well, the first prince will join the student council when he becomes a 2nd-year student.

The secretary is the prime minister's son, Gerald.

If you're aiming for the First Prince Route, it's essential to participate in the student council from the 2nd year on.

Even so, it's troublesome because you can't conquer him unless you raise your stats evenly.

Vivian-sama's attacks are also fiercer than other routes.

With Ouji-sama, pass, pass.

Carol went to her room to work on alchemy, Curtis to the swordsmanship club, and Elmer to the magic club.

What should the lone remaining saint candidate do?

I wonder if I'll look for club activities.

The Magic Academy didn't even have a manga research department.

I also do paint oil paintings in the art club.

When I was participating in the go-home club, my fashion stat would increase, and the second prince, Lloyd-chan, would approach.

Hmmm, I don't really have anything I want to do.

"Hey hey, Seijou-sama, Linda is here for you."

“...Please go back to the Great Temple, Linda-san,” I said.

“My, my, don’t say that, I did have some business with you,” Linda replied.

This person is also a mob NPC who was briefly drawn in the background during the Date Scene in the Great Temple, during the game.

She was Linda Crable, the Third Division Commander of the Holy Lady Knights.

She is a female knight in white and gold heavy armor who says something like “I’m going to kill you.”

She’s my bodyguard at the temple, and she’s kind of like a caretaker, but... she’s pretty annoying.

She’s a caring and nice person, but honestly, her love for me is annoying.

Her love for me as a saint and the faith she puts in me is too heavy.

“Hearing that Seijou-sama crushed the jewels of a 2nd-year thug of a knight and that she was poisoned at the welcome feast of the women’s dormitory, Kyoukou-sama and the rest of the upper echelon were furious,” Linda said.

“Poison doesn’t work on me, so the Great Temple won’t need to intervene,” I said.

“That’s not going to work,” Linda said. “It’s a grave sin in itself to poison the saint, who is the treasure of the temple.

It’s proof that the saint was neglected at a facility of the kingdom. We’ll have to find the culprit and decapitate her.”

“Hey, don’t start beheading people like that,” I said.

“Is it no good? Currently, I have five well-trained holy knights following the man you crushed the jewels of, Michael, and they’re intimidating him to no end,” Linda said.

“Stop that,” I said. “Are you a gang from the slums or holy knights of the temple?”

“You are very kind, Seijou-sama,” Linda said. “Well, for the time

being, the Kyoukou-sama ordered me, Linda, to improve the environment of the women's dormitory."

"I don't have any particular problems with my life," I said.

"Well, well, if I, a professional escort, can see it, there must be some areas for improvement, so let's go, let's go."

Linda and I walked towards the girls' dormitory.

Linda is a good person, but since she was in the Temple all the time, she lacks common sense.

Well, everyone involved in the Temple is like that.

"Hypothetically speaking," I said, "what do you think the Temple would do if I were injured or killed by an upperclass noble like a duke's child?"

"A holy war," Linda replied.

That's scary!!

"First of all, the duke will be excommunicated from the temple by order of Kyoukou-sama, after that, all the temple personnel in the Duke's territory will be withdrawn, and any believers will also be ordered to migrate," Linda said.

"We will slaughter everyone, hang all the officials, sprinkle salt on the land, and make it a territory where not even grass will grow for 500 years. Seijou-sama."

Linda-san something so horrifying with a smile.

Ugh, woah, don't get dizzy.

Fanatical organizations are scary.

Moreover, I know which duke she's speaking about.

"Th-That's all so..." I said.

"Seijou-sama, we have been waiting for you for 20 years since Maria-sama passed away," Linda said. "You want to harm our long-awaited saint? Very well, we'll just put those anti-saint idiots on a cot and stretch their backs out."

By “cot,” she means a torture device where you tie ropes to someone’s limbs and pull, the rack.

Seriously scary, these religious fanatics.

“Ah, and I asked the Academy’s guard knights for information about the poisoner, would you like to hear it?” Linda said.

“Did you find out anything?” I asked.

“It seems that the blond maid Sara received gold coins from her employer, the 2nd-year student and viscount’s daughter Pamela Gaufre, and they conspired to poison both you and Caroline-sama.”

“You found out straight away,” I said.

“It seems they were told that it was a laxative that would cause a bit of intestinal distress, so they did it with the intention of harassment,” Linda said. “Both Sara and Pamela insisted they had no idea it was lethal.”

“Hmm,” I went.

I don’t know if they put deadly poison in it, they didn’t know, it wouldn’t make sense if it was a prank.

“The one who brought the poison was the bow gun-wielding maid, and it seems that they don’t know who she is.”

“So they decided to use poison from someone they didn’t even know?” I asked.

“Hilarious, isn’t it?” Linda said. “Do you want me to kidnap them both and torture them in the temple’s basement?”

“You’re going to get in the way of the investigation, so please don’t do that,” I said.

Linda wants to torture them right away, so I say no to that.

“The bow gun maid is silent, and her identity is unknown. And she died in prison this morning by a stabbing incident.”

“So she’s been silenced,” I said.

“It’s like substituting prison for a school, isn’t it?” Linda said.

“Pamela-sama, did she say who ordered her to act?” I asked.

“She insists that she did it for the purpose of voluntarily playing a prank on the arrogant Seijou-sama and Caroline-sama,” Linda said.

They won’t testify that it was Vivian-sama that ordered her and that she was forced to do it.

“And it’s even more hilarious, but Vivian-sama showed up in the prison and said, ‘I feel so sorry for you because you did it as a prank.’ The dormitory guard protested violently, but she took Pamela and Sara with her.”

“Uwah,” I groaned, “I wonder if this means that Pamela-sama and Maid-san are goners.”

These are the kind of people that will either be found buried somewhere at a later date or just disappear.

This is the world of otome games, isn’t it? It’s not the world of dark crime stories.

“For the time being, I have someone on guard, but it seems that the duke’s family has a lot of skillful people hidden in it,” Linda said. “It seems he’s not undeserving of the title ‘the Duke’s Poison-Keeper.’”

Light Sky’s hidden capture character, the dark magician butler who killed others by poisons.

The strategy with him is always super troublesome.

“That’s why, Seijou-sama, against Duke Pottinger, let’s start a holy war, shall we?” Linda says with a bright smile.

No, we will not.

What is this, smiling while recommending the massacre of millions of people?

Bianca-sama was always destined to fall into corruption if she was surrounded by these kinds of unscrupulous temple staff with so many screws loose.

“Le-Le-Let’s just see how things play out,” I said.

I never thought I would say lines like Komon-sama.

We enter the girls' dormitory, bow to the janitor, and pass through the entrance.

Linda is looking around restlessly.

"No, it's nostalgia, you see? It's the same as when I was here," Linda said.

"Eh, Linda-san, did you come from the Magic Academy?"

"Yes, there are many holy knights who hail from here," Linda said.

"I thought all the holy knights were from the temple's school."

"Even if we're all holy knights, we're from all manner of stripes," Linda said.

We go up the stairs together and enter Room 205.

Margot-san's bed is now covered with a curtain, so I wonder if she's sleeping.

"Uwaa, this is can't be the room where Seijou-sama lives, is it? Is it a maid's room?"

"There are also maid-sans here," I said.

"For the time being, let's move you to an upper-class aristocrat's room, there's no security here," Linda said.

"It's okay, I do not need anything," I said.

The curtains opened and Margot-san showed her face.

Linda-san pulled out the long sword from her waist.

"Even Wilkinson's dog isn't happy," Linda said, glaring at Margot with cold, freezing eyes.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked.

"They are the spy maids of Earl Wilkinson," Linda said. "I will dispose of her now."

"Stop it!" I yelled.

"I thought it was you, Linda Crable, long time no see," Margot said.

“It’s been about five years,” Linda said. “Now please die.”

Linda held up her long sword.

“In the name of the saint, I spare your life,” I said. “Stop it, put it down, put it away.”

“Tch,” Linda clicked her tongue and reluctantly put her long sword back.

“I have to kill spy maids when I find them,” Linda said.

“I. Said. Stop. That,” I said.

“My true identity was discovered by the saint, how sad,” Margot said.

“What do you mean spy maid?” I asked.

“It means she’s a spy who hangs around targets dressed as a maid,” Linda said. “She must have leaked information about you, Makoto-sama, to the earl’s family. By the way, Earl Wilkinson pledges allegiance to Duke Pottinger’s faction.”

“The fact that Linda has appeared means that the temple must be serious, and I will suggest to Master that it would be better to switch his loyalties to the royal family’s faction,” Margot said.

“Either way is fine,” Linda said. “We’re going to kill off the entire faction anyway.”

“People in the Great Temple don’t get jokes, so it’s scary, isn’t it?” Margot said.

What is this? The existence of this spy maid has no shadow or hint in the game.

If Anne-san says she’s like that with Carol, then it must be true.

“Information about Seijou-sama will be leaked to the enemy, so let’s move to a better room,” Linda said. “I will call Kyoukou-sama from the Great Temple.”

“I can’t afford to pay for an upper-class noble’s room because it’s expensive,” I said. “Otou-sama will go bankrupt.”

“The Great Temple will provide because we have quite a bit of unused budget for you, Seijou-sama,” Linda said.

“That way, I can be stationed by your side.”

If I have Linda near me, I'll never stop being annoyed.

“I like this room, so I reject it,” I said.

“There is a spy maid inside with you,” Linda said.

“It wouldn't be a problem if someone found out,” I said.

“I can't protect you,” Linda said.

“I don't want your protection,” I said.

Linda shrugged her shoulders, raised her hands, and shook her head.

“Our saint is such a modest and humble woman, isn't she? No, it's one of the things I love about Seijou-sama,” Linda said.

“Geeze, please go back to the Great Temple,” I said. “Tell Kyoukou-sama that I don't need a luxurious room, a lady-in-waiting, or an escort.”

“Well, it's only this time, next time I hear that the daughter of Duke Pottinger has done something, I'll make my move,” Linda said.

“Yes, yes,” I said.

“Also, if there is any sign that the Duke's hands are approaching the Academy, I will unconditionally station the holy knights here.”

“The Great Temple is overreacting, I'll be there on Saturday afternoon, so say hello to the children for me,” I said.

“All the little children are waiting for you, Seijou-sama, they will be so happy,” Linda said. “Well then, by your wish, I'll be leaving now.”

And Linda did.

I let out a big sigh.

“I wonder if the Great Temple is more vicious than the duke's daughter,” Margot said.

“I can't argue with that,” I said “But the Great Temple is part of my family, so I have to stop them,” I said.

“Seijou-sama is also having a hard time, I see?”

“Candidate for a saint,” I clarified.

“Still not yet?” Margot said.

Margot-san giggled as she was on her bed.

Fuck, you mischievous spy maid.

Chapter 15

15 - Dinner for a Lower-Class Noble Is Incredibly Bad

In a sense, I lost my energy after driving out an opponent who was more tiring than the villainess.

While I was gloomy at my desk, Margot got up from bed and made me a cup of tea.

“Thank you,” I said.

“No, it’s thanks for helping me with Linda,” Margot said.

“So what is your main job, Margot-san? Spy? Maid?”

“While working as a maid, I memorize things that catch my eye and report them to my master, so both are my main jobs,” Margot said.

“Do you fight or infiltrate?” I asked.

“That’s a maid with a different set of duties,” Margot said.

Somehow, my understanding of maids collapsed and I don’t really understand what they are now.

A maid in this world is a job that makes tea and doing the cleaning, and shouldn’t fight with maid-style combat techniques or use maid ninjutsu.

Maybe.

After drinking the tea, I regained my energy.

Let’s go take a bath and freshen up a bit.

“I’m going to take a bath,” I said.

“Take care,” Margot said.

I run down the stairs with a change of underwear and a pouch containing a bath towel.

It’s nice to be able to use the public bath at any time in the girls’ dormitory.

So, in the dressing room, I quickly took off my clothes and went to the bathroom.

Corinna-chan isn't here today, and there are two or three ladies I don't know.

I pour hot water over myself, wash my body briefly, and enter the bathtub.

"Fuwaaaaa," I said.

Fuh, I've come back to life.

After all, baths are lovely.

I'm glad that this isn't really a medieval world.

I relax in the large public bath in the evening.

I get out of the bath and dry myself with a bath towel.

I'm a little dissatisfied with the lack of hair dryers in this world.

But if you make a hair dryer with magic, it will be a combination of Fire magic and Wind magic, so development will be difficult.

When it comes to making a magic tool, I wonder if I should combine magic stones.

It's the domain of alchemy. Let's ask Carol next time.

I want a hair dryer.

I put on my new underwear and change my uniform.

Somehow, my boobs don't grow in this world.

No, even in my previous life, I was small.

Right now, it's just a feeling, I wonder if it's puffy.

I wouldn't say I want to be in Yuri-Yuri-senpai's class, but I want them to be plump to some extent.

When I look in the large mirror, I can see the finest beautiful girl with blond hair in the front, long at the back, and bright blue eyes.

Oh, I'm beautiful.

Or rather, my appearance is also a cheat.

I'm 16 now, so I wonder if I'm mature enough to graduate from school.

How fun, how fun.

When I returned to my room, Corinna-chan had returned.

"Makoto, welcome back, are you going out to eat?" Corinna asked.

"Let's go, Corinna-chan. Are the maids out working?" I asked.

"They're serving staff for their master's dinners," Corinna said.

The two of us get up together and go down the stairs again.

When I went to the dining room, I found that the room was divided into two by a screen.

On one side, there was a group of stylish tables covered with beautiful cloth, and on the other side, a group of unrefined bare tables.

It seems that the more stylish one is the seat for upper-class nobility.

Lower-class aristocratic meals are self-service. It seems that you put the food on the tray yourself at the counter.

You also pour the tea from the kettle into the cup yourself.

Today's lower-class nobility's menu is a chicken stew, black bread, and bean sprout salad.

The menu for the upper-class nobles consisted of beef stew, fried white fish, corn potage soup, marinated salmon salad, white bread, and seasonal fruits.

The difference in treatment between upper-class nobles and lower-class nobles is so amazing that it makes me laugh.

Well, the room charge is high for that amount of service.

"The highest-ranking nobles haven't come to the dining room," I said.

"The people above the clouds have a kitchen in their room, so they have a chef maid cook for them," Corinna said.

“The only people who come to the dormitory cafeteria are those below the rank of an earl,” someone else said.

I wonder if Carol is eating in her room too?

Anne-san does seem to be a good cook.

Now, let’s eat.

Now.

Munch, munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.

“Corinna-chan, the chicken in the stew doesn’t soften no matter how much you chew it,” I said.

“That’s what dormitory meals are like. Just do your best to bear with it, Makoto,” Corinna said.

I’m seriously considering taking an upper-class noble’s room with the temple’s money.

Well, I’d be exhausted if Linda-san is always nearby, so I dismissed it.

However, the taste of this dish is amazing.

It’s the poor quality of the ingredients rather than the cooking skill.

“I’m going to lose weight from this,” I said.

“My older sister was plump before she entered the Magic Academy, but after one year in the dormitory she became slender and surprisingly beautiful, it’s good for beauty!” Corinna said.

It might be good for beauty, but if I lose any more weight, I’ll become a chopping board.

If you eat something bad, your stomach will complain.

The black bread was also sour and hard.

I finished eating somehow.

Whew, I feel like I’ve accomplished something great.

“There’s no way we can eat something so terrible!! This isn’t even livestock feed!!” one of the ladies in a dress yelled as she overturned

her dinner tray.

Food and wooden plates were scattered on the floor with a clattering sound.

“Even if you say so...”

“Karina, go outside the school and buy some bread!” the lady yelled.

It was Karina-san who was cleaning up the stew that had spilled onto the floor.

“What are you looking at!! It’s not a show!” the lady yelled.

Then, in a fit of anger, she stormed out of the dining room.

Karina-san cleared the dishes and walked over here.

“Makoto, is the bakery in town still open at this hour?” she asked.

“It might be too last minute, if they’re all sold out, they’ll close early,” I replied.

“Is that so...?” Karina said.

I kept my voice down.

“If it’s saint bread, I’ve bought it as a souvenir for everyone. Why don’t I give you some?”

“That’ll help,” Karina said.

“Can I have one too?” Corinna asked.

“There’s also something for Corinna-chan.”

Corinna had a bright smile on her face.

After returning the tableware to the return slot, the three of us went up the stairs to room 205.

“Why are nobles with maids eating dinner for the lower nobles?” I asked.

“It’s vanity, just vanity,” Karina said. “They’re viscounts’ daughters, so they can’t get an upper-class room at the last minute, but they’re in a position to have maids serving them.”

“It’s stupid, it’s a waste of money, even though it’s good to pay for the maid’s wages, why not just spend it on the meals?”

Corinna-chan is strict about wasting money.

“Won’t she be ordering upper-class nobles from next month?” Corinna asked. “The viscount does have a soft spot for his youngest daughter.”

“If you’re going to prepare bread from now on, it’s better to have it ready by noon, because it’s usually sold out in the evening,” I said.

“Understood,” Karina said. “Thank goodness we’re in the same room as the baker’s daughter.”

After entering the room, I took out the saint’s bread from the chest and gave it to Karina-san and Corinna-chan.

“You’ve really saved me...” Karina said.

Then, she made a frustrated face.

“I wish I could have eaten it myself.”

“I’ll give you mine, I can eat it at a later date,” I said.

“Are you sure? I’m sorry,” Karina said.

“It’s for my breakfast, so I don’t mind. I’m a baker’s daughter, so I’m tired of eating saint’s bread,” I said.

Or rather, I’m the developer of saint’s bread.

“I owe you a favor, Makoto. You’re a good person,” Karina said.

“Hurry up and take it with you,” I said.

“Okay, leave my bread on my bunk,” Karina said, quickly leaving with the saint bread in tow.

“Yummy! What is this, Makoto?!! This bread is ridiculously delicious!” Corrina said.

“Hehehe, that’s good to hear, let’s have some tea.”

“Thank you~.”

With the saint’s bread in her mouth, Corinna praised me.

After that, Margot came home, so I gave it to her too.

“Wow, Hiyoko-Do’s saint’s bread, this is delicious, isn’t it?”

“Thank you, thank you. Let’s have some tea.”

“Fufu, thank you very much.”

I drank tea while watching the two of them eating the saint’s bread.

Since Karina-san is back, I will serve tea to her as well.

“You were very helpful, Makoto. Even Ojou-sama praised me,” Karina said.

“No, no, I don’t care, I don’t care, we’re all in the same room,” I said.

“If you need anything for cleaning or laundry, just let me know and I’ll pay you back,” Karina said.

Karina is a housemaid.

Her job is to serve, clean, and do the laundry. She doesn’t seem to do anything like combat or espionage.

Karina-san took a bite of the bread and made a noise, saying, “Shaint Bread, sho ghoo.”

Chapter 16

16 - The Viscount's Daughter Melissa Appears With A Lack Of Information It's morning.

Today again, breakfast is terrible porridge.

No more, this is some sort of cruel training.

Terrible, terrible.

Completely terrible.

Corinna-chan, who is sitting across from me, is also frowning.

I was reluctantly eating my porridge when someone sat next to me.

A silver-haired lady in a blue dress looks determined to do something.

"Yesterday, my maid said you were of great help to her, Baker's Daughter-san," she said.

"Oh, this is quite kind of you, I'm humbled," I said, bowing my head to her.

This is Karina-san's employer, Lady Melissa Andrea, the viscount's daughter.

"The bread in your family home is very delicious, I must pass on my compliments," Melissa said.

"Thank you very much," I said. "My family will surely weep in joy from being praised by a viscount's daughter."

"Hmm, that's right, it's so rare for a commoner baker to be personally praised by a viscount's daughter," Melissa said.

Oh, come on. Hiyoko-Do even has a letter from His Majesty the King when he was a student.

"In Hiyoko-Do, it is strictly forbidden to brandish your identity and cut in line," we say.

His Majesty, when he was still crown prince, saw the students of the Academy frequently causing trouble in the store, and thus gave that

decree to us in his handwriting.

Since then, the number of people who use their position to barge into the queue has decreased dramatically.

“Thank you very much,” I said.

“So, I have a little request, but it’s hard to have Karina going outside the Academy every day,” Melissa said. “Can you deliver bread to the dormitory once a day?”

“Yes, it doesn’t matter, if there is any bread you want, I will let my onii know and have it delivered here,” I said.

“I see, you are very considerate, I like you, and I will continue patronizing your store, you have my thanks.”

“Yes, I’m pleased to hear that. Thank you,” I said.

If we create a delivery track record, we might even get orders from the cafeteria in the Academy.

I’m the one who is steadily working on the business of my family’s bakery.

“Seriously, this cafeteria is disgusting and embarrassing. How often do they even serve pig’s slop like this?”

“For commoners, it’s a normal meal,” I said.

Melissa-sama looked at me and smiled as if she looked down on me.

“By the way, there seems to be a saint candidate in this women’s dormitory, do you know anything about her?”

Melissa said.

“... Do, go on?” I asked.

“Poor thing, because she was adopted to become a baron’s child, even though she’s a saint candidate, she’s treated as a lower-class noble, and it seems that she’s even living in a lower-class noble’s room. I’m certain she must be terribly inconvenienced and suffering.”

Corinna-chan’s shoulders are shaking.

Don’t laugh, never laugh at this.

“My family is very religious, so I would like to meet the saint candidate and console her feelings,” Melissa said. “I’m certain she’ll be pleased. Why, she might even want me to become her best friend.”

As a saint candidate, no thank you, Melissa-sama.

“I’m sure the saint candidate is beautiful, kind, and like a goddess. After all, at this school, the classes are boring, the food doesn’t taste good, and there seems to be a violent young lady with, well, a rather obscene title that also attends here” Melissa said.

“Well, is that so, an obscene title you said?” I said stiffly.

“Before the entrance ceremony, there seemed to be a wicked, wicked, devil-like girl who humiliated a splendid 2nd-year gentleman in a humiliating fashion, so be careful not to earn her ire, either,” Melissa said.

“Is that so? How scary,” I said stiffly.

“Even at the welcome dinner party at the girls’ dormitory, I heard that this wicked devil-daughter had gone on a rampage and it had to be canceled halfway through,” Melissa said. “It seems that she rudely yelled at a noble lady and made her faint. Were you there? I was out for dinner with my family, so I didn’t witness it.”

I’m scared of your lack of information, are you okay daughter of Viscount Andrea?

“Somehow, we seem to get along well, Baker’s Dagughter-san,” Melissa said. “If you have the backing of a viscount, even a commoner like you can feel at ease. If I get to know the saint candidate, I can also introduce her to you. This kind of hospitality is normal. Such generosity is usually impossible, so you should be quite grateful.”

“Ah, yes,” I said.

I guess she believes herself tolerant because she’s showing mercy to the lower classes. What a piece of work, this viscount’s daughter.

However, I wonder if Miss Melissa doesn’t have many friends.

“There’s no need for that, Andrea-sama, the saint candidate and the devil-daughter you’re talking about are all about is one and the same, this girl.”

Corinna!!!!

Don't give it away!!

"Huh?"

Melissa-sama was stunned.

Nmhh.

"I haven't introduced myself yet, Andrea-sama," I said. "My name is Makoto, adopted daughter of Baron Kimbal. I am the saint candidate from the commoners, or as some people call me, the Bejeweled Reijou-sama."

Melissa-sama's mouth dropped wide open.

And when she closed her mouth, her face turned bright red.

"Oh, you, you deceived me!!" Melissa cried.

"You were the one to make the mistake first, you can't claim that," I said.

Melissa-sama took out a handkerchief.

Then, she bit down one side, pulled it out, and emitted a squealing ultrasonic wave from her mouth.

What is that series of interesting actions?

"Oh, I'll remember this!! Makoto Kimball-sama!! Um, uhhh, well, you, don't think you've won with this!!"

I guess her approaching me is because she wanted to find a connection to the saint candidate.

Melissa-sama hid her bright red face with her hands and left with a trot, to-to-to-to-to-to-to.

"Andrea-sama, I will pass the bread order to my brother, so please write down the bread you want and give it to Karina-san," I said.

"I-I understand! Idiot, idiot, idiotic saint candidate...!"

She's a child, isn't she?

While thinking that, I saw Melissa-sama off.

Corinna-chan is sitting across from me, eating porridge with a smirk on her face.

“Makoto, the more you hate someone, the more polite your tone,”

“Rather than hate them,” I said, “I’ll be more cautious and polite to people who I feel like I can’t communicate properly with.”

“And the more you like someone, the more carelessly you talk, like with Caroline-sama,” Corinna said.

“That’s right,” I said.

“Say, then, why do you like Curtis-kyou and Elmer-kyou?” Corinna said.

Huh? What are you talking about, Loli-Megane?

It seems that with those two, it’s not a matter of like or dislike.

“Do you mean are those two my friends, or do you mean we have the same disease as each other?” I asked.

“Same disease?” Corinna said.

“Those two are otaku, and I’m an otaku too,” I said.

“... I see, those two are a swordsmanship otaku and a magic otaku, so what kind of otaku are you, Makoto?” Corinna said.

“...”

“Hey hey, what kind of otaku are you?”

“...”

I’m a fujoshi type of otaku who fantasizes about homosexual sex between beautiful boys...

And, I can’t say that.

I’m sorry, I made a mistake.

Corinna talks about my being an otaku with glasses shining in interest.

No, just because of that, I can’t imagine that a girl from another world

would understand my corrupted tastes.

I-I-I'm in trouble here.

"I-I can't say it, because I-I'll be bullied more than I already am," I said.

"...Huh? You mean, an otaku with such terrible tastes... is that so?"

I nodded silently.

Corinna averted her eyes.

I stared at the empty, terrible porridge bowl.

"I, I'm sorry, Makoto."

"Uh, yeah, I'm sorry, too, Corinna-chan."

Somehow, the air became unbearable, so like Melissa-sama, I covered my hot face with both hands.

Uuu, the consequences of my actions.

Chapter 17

17 - There Are Two Wall Newspapers In The Academy

Warning: Mention of Non-Consent/Ambiguous Consent and Sexual Assault. Makoto has some PRETTY wild tastes when it comes to her BL smut. Little wonder she didn't want to tell Corinna about anything specific.

Corinna-chan managed to hit me where it hurts.

Uuu.

But to be honest, I don't know what to say.

In the future, I would like to spread the word to various people and lead the climb up the hill to Fujoshi-dom, but it is still too early.

It's okay, it's okay, there are no girls who don't like homosexual boys.

As a medium-term goal, I wonder if it will be the production of doujinshi.

I've already discovered that plant-based paper is being distributed, and the rest is to manage without a printing press.

Hmmm, it all feels so far away still.

I wonder if I'll make a secret handwritten circulation zine, like Bokuju Itteki.

(Bokuju Itteki: A handwritten circulation magazine published by Shotaro Ishinomori-sensei. By the way, a handwritten circulation zine is a book that binds raw manuscripts to be handed out to readers, and due to its nature, only one volume exists.)

If you put in a hardcore bed scene from the beginning, the young ladies will be overwhelmed, so like this, I'd like to hook them in with romantic feelings that goes one step beyond friendship between men, gradually watching how it goes and leveling it up from there.

The climax is "Chu, chu" [Efn_note]Kisses.[/efn_note] between handsome guys. With this, it's at the scale of making young ladies who don't know anything about the genre get a fever in their chest and

dragging them into this hole with me, yeah.

But what I was drawing when I died was the Curtis-onii-chan x Gerald book.

Hahahaha, I never thought I would meet them in another world.

Sometimes it's nice to see Curtis-onii-chan's face.

As I was walking to school while thinking about such things, there was a crowd on the wall opposite the entrance...

Wait, was there another incident?

I thought, but there is no one in front of the crowd.

A large piece of paper is pasted on the wall.

What the, what the?

“Magic Academy News: This Year's Most Anticipated New Student!! An out-of-control saint candidate who can best that black panther, Michael-kyou, with a single blow! A special feature on the baron's daughter Makoto Kimball, also known as the Bejeweled Reijou-sama!”

Wait a minute, why did you write an article for the wall newspaper without my permission!?

And there's a second one.

Well, if I read it carefully, the second article is different.

This one that says Magic Academy News is exaggerating, but the gist of it is correct. Carol's incident is also blurred out in consideration of privacy. It's a good article with good writing skills.

On the other hand, Noble's New Bulletin, like Melissa-sama this morning, describes me as a demon daughter, a vulgar, depraved false saint, and a conceited homosexual baker's daughter.

Carol's case is also written weirdly as if the villainess came because she seduced her.

The writing is also like an image board like 2chan, and there is no dignity in it.

Fuck, Nobel's New Bulletin, pardon my hastiness.

If that's how you want to play it, then I'm going to call Linda-san to action and put you up against the worst the temple has to offer.

"But why are there two wall newspapers?" I asked.

"The Magic Academy News belongs to the official Newspaper Club, and the Noble's New Bulletin belongs to the high-ranking nobles," a Megane next to me explains, unprompted, proudly, and with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Is that so? Is the Bulletin made by Class C to pass the time?" I asked.

"Fu, what a strange way to say it, Saint Candidate," he said.

I look closely at him and find out it's Gerald.

He looks great in the game, but it's even more awesome when you see him in real life.

"W-What, are you looking at me like you've seen something you don't like? How rude, Kimball-sama!" Gerald yelled.

"Oh, sorry, pardon me," I said.

Oh, that's right, even though I dislike the conniving Megane Gerald in the game, in reality, I haven't even met him yet, so it was rude to stare at him.

This bespectacled bastard [1](#) is named Gerald, and he's one of the capture targets.

When Prince Kevin's favorability rises to some extent, he will approach you on his own.

This guy is, well, only nagging and saying things to annoy you.

Such lines as, "You don't have the dignity to be associating with a prince." or "Aren't you being too comfortable with the prince of this country?"

Among Light Sky fans, the nickname he got was "Insidious Megane."

Even this petulant little motherfucker turns around once you start raising his favorability.

He starts saying things like, "You are as wonderful a person as I imagined." "Ah, I have to say that your kindness is truly saintly.", "To

be honest, I'm envious of you being able to stand next to the prince and laugh with him, aahh, why must I have been the prime minister's son?" and the like.

He's become a completely different person than he was from the start!

When you get into the Gerald Route, he traps the enemy in his favorite work, political warfare and espionage, defeats the enemy overwhelmingly, destroys the duke's family, and sends Vivian-sama to a monastery on a solitary island.

Gerald and the protagonist will be conferred the title of duke, receive the former Pottinger territory as their fief, rebuild it, and continue to devote themselves to the development of the kingdom for a long time. Or so it goes.

Keh.

I never had the confidence of having a happy future with Gerald.

My hands curl into fists around him.

I had friends who said he was tsundere and cute, but I found no such appeal with him.

This is my impression of otome games, and when it comes to the BL genre, he's an intelligent guy, so he's pretty easy to use.

In the doujin of Light Sky in my previous life, Curtis-onii-chan x Gerald was popular.

The intelligent and stoic Gerald is attracted to the wild and unrefined Curtis-onii-chan.

Gerald, who hides his feelings and curses his Curtis-onii-chan for his failures, the latter goes into a frenzy and assaults him.

At first, Gerald rebelled against Curtis who was like a wild beast, but before this storm of sensuality, he felt a secret joy deep in his heart and does his best for Boy's Love...

What I really wanted was, he'd think...

That was the doujin I was in the process of drawing.

I still remember the script, so I can draw it. Somebody, please bring me a computer and Clip Studio EX.

Also, a pen tablet, printer, and a supply of electricity.

“...Ah,” I said, “nice to meet you, my name is Makoto, daughter of Baron Kimball. It’s a pleasure to meet you, MacKnight-sama.”

“Just Gerald is fine, I supposed you don’t use honorifics anyway,” Gerald said.

“... No, I’ll show deference to the son of the marquis, so please don’t be so casual with me,” I said.

“Oh, is that so? Isn’t your language usually quite rude and vulgar?” Gerald said. “Why are you only so polite towards me?”

“Well, as a lady, I can’t speak like that to someone I’ve just met, ohohohoho,” I said.

“You showed no such thing to both Elmer-kyou and Curtis-kyou, cease this farce, and do not lie to me,” Gerald said.

“Oh dear, they’re all staring at us, MacKnight-sama,” I said. “If you raise your voice like that, I’m afraid I might just cry.”

As Gerald and I argued about honorifics, the crowd around us began to turn their attention to us, instead.

“What the, so she can speak politely like a normal noble lady.”

“Suppose she switches depending on the person, yes?”

“When she’s showing her graces, she looks like a wonderful and well-bred young lady thanks to what she is underneath all that.”

Gerald’s wide forehead is now covered with blue vein streaks.

Kekeke.

“Fu, just act like you normally would, Kimball-sama,” Gerald said.

“If I may be so honest with you again, MacKnight-sama?” I asked.

“What is it?” Gerald asked.

“I only keep my sass to myself and only use it on others I know well,” I said. “That’s why I am so polite to you, MacKnight-sama.”

Translation: I have no intention of getting close to you, so shut up.

“Gugu,” Gerald grunts, face turning red with anger.

“Amazing, it just looks like politeness, but she’s still being so rude to him..”

“It’s polite on the surface, nothing is wrong with what she says, but when she explains it like that, it sounds so awful to hear. Truly, the Bejeweled Reijou-sama is a person of wonder.”

Explanations come from the sidelines.

Suddenly, Gerald huffed and relaxed.

“Well, it’s fine, I suppose you’re just going to go on wild rampages like this with the Great Temple backing you and making you on par with a princess of a small country. If you’re a little rude, no one should complain.”

Huh, is that so?

“What is with that look on your face, did you really not realize that?” Gerald said.

“Yeah,” I said.

With a sigh, “Haa.”, Gerald held his head in his hands.

“The Sacred Heart Religion is our country’s national religion. It has a large number of believers, a huge influx of funds, a massive armed forces, including the Temple Knights, and yet more followers, funds, and religious organizations outside this country,” Gerald said. “It’s like another small country within the Kingdom of Appleton. The princess who will stand at the top and reign as queen is you, saint candidate.”

“Oh, is that so? I’m so excited,” I said.

“Looking at you, I can’t tell if you’re stupid or clever,” Gerald said.

“I don’t think I’m very clever, am I?” I said.

Hmm, that’s certainly a novel point of view.

Considering that, I now understand why the higher-class nobles are strangely tolerant of me.

The Great Temple’s backing is such a cheat.

Impressive, Gerald.

I don't admire him but I don't feel much ambivalence, either.

"Hmm, it seems you've taken a bit of a shine to me," Gerald said. "I feel a little pleased that you've valued my advice."

"Is that so?"

"Since you've been acting so naturally if you had been forcing yourself to speak a certain way to attract a man's favor, that would not have come off quite as flattering," Gerald said.

Gerald analyzes in a fluid manner.

As expected, he's the #1 spycraft expert to capture.

He's a political warfare otaku, so to speak.

"Then, please continue the pleasantries, Gerald," I said. "However, please don't get too close to me, if a man from the Royal Faction gets too close to the Saint Faction, the other factions will start to get nervous."

"Hmm, you unexpectedly seem to be able to read the situation," Gerald said "I'm impressed. Fine by me, I'll keep contact with you to a minimum."

"I think it would be better if I let the Royal Faction approach me, as they already keep pestering me, after all," I said.

"Pestering you, Kimball-sama?" Gerald asked. "... Ah! Puh, upuupupuh."

Oh, that's rare, I've never seen Gerald burst out laughing.

He covers his mouth with his hand, his shoulders shake, and he giggles, "Kukuku."

"You are all so disrespectful."

Ah, the first prince, Kevin, came out of the crowd to reprimand me.

Run for it.

"Then I'll head to the classroom, ohohohohoho."

“Goodness, what a free spirit you are, Kimball-sama,” Kevin said.

His exasperated voice trailed behind me but I didn’t pay attention to it.

Footnotes

1. ”Bastard/Jerk Megane” is more accurate considering the translation convention, but I couldn’t resist the alliteration.

Chapter 18

18 - The Saint Candidate Gets Messed With During Martial Arts Class

“Good morning, Carol.”

“Good morning, Makoto.”

Mmm, Carol is cute today, too.

“Did you read the wall newspaper?” I asked.

“I read it, and it seems that the attempted poisoning hasn’t been reported yet,” Carol said.

“The problem is the Noble’s New Bulletin that only writes lies, I want to go to the club room of that biased newspaper, but where is it?”

“They don’t have a club room,” Carol said.

“Well, their hangout then? Where’s this newspaper based?” I asked.

“The Noble’s New Bulletin is a completely anonymous wall newspaper, and it is completely unknown who is making it,” Carol said.

Fuck, it’s totally like 2chan, an anonymous bulletin board.

You cowards.

“I can’t hit back at them like this,” I said.

“You can leave them alone when they’re only doing this much,” Carol said.

She’s like an adult here.

“Today is our first martial arts class, what will you use, Carol?”

“A morning star, what about you, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“A dagger, I’d like to try a long sword too, but it’s too cumbersome to carry around all day,” I said.

This Academy has dungeon training, so girls also have martial arts

classes.

Young ladies usually choose iron fans.

You can bring it in at a night party, and if it's a luxurious item, it won't feel out of place.

An iron fan is, as the name says, a fan made of iron, and when opened, it becomes a shield, and when folded, it becomes a club.

In the final battle of Prince Kevin's route, Vivian-sama used an iron fan.

As expected of a villainess, she was a stronger enemy than a dragon with the strength suitable for the final boss.

Well, when I'm about to lose, Prince Kevin comes to my rescue and defeats her with the power of our love.

By the way, the morning star that Carol said is a blunt weapon with a handle and a ball connected by a chain. Or the one Re:Zero's Rem has.

Isn't it heavy for Carol's physique? That's what I think, but in the game, her style was definitely like this.

I wonder if Chain-kun's animating magic is applied to reduce the weight of handling it.

A girl who wants to become a female knight should use a sword or a spear, and a girl who wants to become a magician should use a wand.

Anyway, school martial arts is only the beginning, so it would be nice to have a sword or a wand.

Moving on, after completing three classes in the morning, the fourth class is martial arts.

I go to the girls' locker room with Carol and change into gym clothes.

Gym clothes are from an otome game, so it's a normal modern-looking jacket and shorts.

If this was a game for men, I'd be wearing bloomers, knock on wood that doesn't happen.

Ah, but I want to see Carol and Corinna in bloomers. But they won't

want to wear them.

While thinking about such things, I glanced sideways at Carol's state of undress and was scolded for my erotic gaze.

Well, isn't that much fine? Isn't it good?

By the way, Carol hasn't worn a bra yet, and neither have I.

I burned Carol's bare breasts into my eyes.

Let's go to town and buy matching little bras while we have a kuku, fufu fun time next time. It's a plan.

.....Somehow, I'm like a TS protagonist, someone who switched genders during the transfer.

No, I was a girl in my previous life, it's true.

The fault is that Carol is too cute.

From the locker room to the training ground, the girls of Class A move one after another.

A refreshing breeze is blowing from the window in the corridor, birds are chirping, and the sun is shining. Now is the best season in the royal capital.

"Ladies of Class A, it's a pleasure to meet you. My name is Battenmeier, your martial arts teacher."

Battenmeier-sensei is a busty martial arts teacher.

Originally, she was a member of the royal knights, but she took an arrow in the knee on the battlefield and quit the service to become a teacher at the Academy.

Among the Light Sky fans, she was called Batten-sensei.

"Some of you in Class A may think that you will become a bureaucrat in the future, so martial arts is useless, or that you will get married immediately after graduation, so it will also be useless," Battenmeier says. "It's not a waste of your time and effort, so let's all do our best. Even if you're attacked by a villain at a night party, knowing how to fight back with an iron fan is a massive difference, and even if you're married to a nobleman, there can be marital disputes as well. At such times, if you remember how to swing your weapon, you can make

your husband regret messing with you.”

A classy laugh arose from the group of young ladies.

Humor is important in speech, it is also written in the Kojiki text.

“Jokes aside, there is dungeon practice from the 2nd year,” Battenmeier said. “When you get lost in a dungeon, the last thing you can rely on is your physical skills. I want you to do your best in martial arts so that you can increase your success rate, so with that said, let’s start the class.”

We bowed while saying to Batten-sensei, onegaishimasu, we’re in your care.

Students are grouped according to the weapon they use, given a wooden training weapon, and first taught how to swing it.

It’s not as bad as the iron fan group, but even in the dagger group, there are a lot of people who feel like they’ve never used a weapon since they were born.

As for the types of weapons, $\frac{1}{2}$ of the class had iron fans, $\frac{1}{4}$ had daggers, and the rest were battlefield arms like long swords and spears.

I thought Carol was the only one in the morning star group, but there was another one.

I’m surprised that there are other people who use such a minority weapon.

Among the rarest weapon types weapons, there were the Sledgehammer Student, the Great Sword Student, and the Katana Student.

I swing the dagger as Onii-sama taught me to, hyun, hyun.

“You’ve got good muscles, Kimball-sama, the sound is nice,” Battenmeier said.

“Thank you, Batten-sensei,” I said.

“It might be good to have a buckler or a parrying dagger in one hand,” Battenmeier said.

The buckler is a mini-sized shield that can be worn on the back of the

hand.

The parrying dagger is a type of defensive blade that can block enemy attacks.

“Am I good for dual swords?” I asked.

“No, both hands would be occupied with twin swords, so you can’t use that amazing Light magic, I guess you could with a buckler on your left hand,” Battenmeier said.

No, I can use Light magic without holding out my hand.

In the Magic Academy News article, it was written that a flash came out as I raised my hand, so maybe that’s their misunderstanding.

Well, isn’t that something I don’t need to correct?

Batten-sensei brought out a buckler about the size of a bowl lid.

It seems to be something that is gripped with the handle on the back and blocks the opponent’s weapon over the front of your fist.

It’s a shield, so it’s a buckler made of real steel.

Heh, it’s not a practice weapon, it’s the live thing. That said, I’m getting nervous about it.

Hold the dagger, hold the buckler, swing.

Yeah, when you’re swinging, the buckler doesn’t contribute anything.

It’s the weight in my left hand.

Suddenly, I felt a presence, so I thrust the buckler sideways for some reason.

GAH-KIN....!

It seems that the young lady who was swinging the wooden sword next to me came over here.

Hmm.

There is a possibility of a missed swing from her first time using it.

“It’s dangerous, so please move away from me,” I said.

“I will not, that was impressive of you, Bejeweled Reijou-sama!”

I see a tall young lady with short black hair and a feeling that she will definitely become a female knight in the future, she swings her wooden sword again.

And seriously, at that.

Gashan!

“That was dangerous, what the hell?” I asked.

Gasshin! Gah-gah-gah, gakyan!

Kuro-kami didn’t even reply and continued to unleash a series of moves.

She’s pretty good at this.

Swing down, close the gap, three quick slashes, take a step back, and round slash up from the bottom.

This is a solid skill that she has cultivated over the years by swinging a longsword with all her might.

I receive all of those attacks with my buckler and deal with them.

Hm, am I, unexpectedly, compatible with a buckler?

“Makoto Kimball!!!” Kuro-kami yelled. “Cattleya, the eldest daughter of Baron Pickering, challenges you to single combat!!”

Shin, the voice cuts through the air and the training ground fell so silent you could hear a drop hit water.

“... Sensei, there’s someone who keeps catching me in her practice swings,” I said.

“Ba-Bastard!” Cattleya yelled. “Are you running away!?”

“No, I’m in class right now,” I said.

“However! A knight does not run away when challenged!” Cattleya yelled.

“Cattleya-san, I’m not a knight,” I said.

“Bu-But, even still! You have the skill of one, that’s it,” Cattleya said.

Batten-sensei came and looked at me and Cattleya-sama.

“You should go ease on her a bit, stop antagonizing Cattleya-san,” Batten-sensei said.

“Huh, am I the one at fault here, I’m the bad guy?” I asked.

Batten-sensei approached me and whispered in my ear.

My ears are tingling.

“Cattleya-san is the younger sister of Michael Pickering-kyou...”

Mike’s little sister huh, she certainly looks a bit like him.

That’s why it’s not a good thing to suddenly attack me during class.

“I, I, Cattleya Pickering, I want to wipe away the shame you brought my older brother with that cowardly victory of yours!! In this place, I hope to have a one-on-one mock battle with swords!!”

“I don’t wanna do it,” I said.

“What the hell are you doing, you bastard, just what do you think, uh, uumm, that’s, co-cowardly, yeah, that’s cowardly!” Cattleya yelled.

“Isn’t it cowardly to strike from behind during class?” I asked.

“Uh, ah, um, that’s it’s just that when I saw you swinging your dagger, I remembered how my dear onii tried to hold back. Oh, it might be a little cowardly when you look at it like that, but it was just a little bad.”

Cattleya-sama lowered her head just a little.

This is a swordsman who swings her sword single-mindedly and acquires wonderful skill, but throws away all social skills in the process, so it’s a very unfortunate thing.

Indeed, she is Mike’s sister.

“I’m just saying, why don’t you give into her a little, Kimball-sama?” Battenmeier said.

“Because Cattleya and I can’t compete on fair ground,” I said.

“Arrogance I’ve come to expect of you, Bejeweled Reijou-sama!”
Cattleya said.

“I’m normal, n-o-r-m-a-l,” I said. “I’ve never properly learned how to use a sword.”

“If that’s true, then you have quite a talent for the sword, Kimball-san,” Battenmeier said.

“And if you haven’t trained, then you couldn’t have kept intercepting all my slashes,” Cattleya said.

“Ah, that’s your misunderstanding, Cattleya-san, that buckler is a magic weapon with an enchantment that automatically defends against enemy attacks.”

What, didn’t I have a talent for bucklers?

“Why are you lending such a treasure to the training ground so casually...?” I asked.

“It’s what the current Headmaster used when he was an adventurer,” Battenmeier said. “He donated it. Surprisingly, there are a lot of fans of this buckler, but of course, it can’t be used in official events.”

It’s a pity that it can’t be used for official events.

But it’s nice to be able to automatically learn the correct way to block with a buckler.

I will love it too.

Chapter 19

19 - A Mock Battle With The Disappointing Lady Swordsman

Warning: This chapter goes into some kinky places. I don't want to spoil them, but yeah, Makoto is very much a freak and has abnormal sexual tastes.

"If it's okay to use magic, we can have that match you want, but then I'll definitely win," I said.

"Hmph, how impertinent, did you think that I wasn't thinking about dealing with that cruel magic of yours?!" Cattleya yelled. "Even If it's under the same conditions as my Aniue, I don't care at all!! It's a fight!!"

She can deal with it, huh?

That magic is a bit brutal, so I was thinking of sealing it in a person-to-person fight..

But it's convenient.

"Then, both of you can use magic, a mock battle with wooden blades, win or lose without any resentment, is there no problem?" Battenmeier said.

"What, I don't want to do it," I whined.

"Bastard, you act so cowardly, but you're still going to be a knight!" Cattleya said.

"I'm a saint candidate," I said. "In terms of classification, I'd say a Light magician, or a monk?"

"Never you mind the details!" Cattleya said.

I think Cattleya-sama is too rough.

She's a muscle-brained lady.

There are two competition fields in the training ground.

Me, Cattleya-sama, and Batten-sensei are on one of them.

The other students are spectators.

“Okay, let’s do it,” I said.

“Before that, Kimball-san, remove the magic buckler,” Battenmeier said.

Tch, did I get found out?

With my mouth open, I handed the buckler to the teacher.

I held the practice dagger in my right hand and faced Cattleya-sama.

Cattleya-sama holds a wooden sword, she visibly has a similar stance to Mike.

It’s the same school of longsword fighting.

Her skill seems a little lower than Mike.

“Makoto, you can do it!” Carol cheered.

So, I smiled and waved with my hand.

Goodness, I really want to make Carol my wife.

“... Is it okay now?” Battenmeier said.

“Oh, I’m sorry, it’s okay now,” I said.

“Well then, let’s begin!!”

Batten-sensei raised her hand and began the mock battle with Cattleya-sama.

Drop your hips, lower your center of gravity, and slowly move.

Extend your left hand slightly forward and slowly step forward.

Her gaze is...

She’s looking at my face.

Fumu.

I try to close my eyes halfway.

Startled, Cattleya-sama closed her eyes.

I see now.

Cattleya-sama hurriedly opened her eyes because there was no flash.

Fufufufu.

“Kuh, an underhanded skill, and underhanded tactics...” Cattleya said.

“Is there something vile and conniving about my magic?” I asked.

Frustrated Cattleya-sama lowered her long sword a little.

“Wind Cutter.”

Along with her chanting, I felt something flying from the tip of her sword.

Sparks flew about 30 centimeters in front of me, and something made a shattering sound.

It was the correct answer to erect a barrier without using a chant.

It's a Wind spell, Wind Cutter launches a vacuum that cuts what it touches.

A vacuum is invisible, so the spell is troublesome.

Certainly, it should be powerful enough to send a kitchen knife flying.

“Bastard, how did you block it...?” Cattleya said.

Shall I show her my hand?

“It's a Light magic barrier, you know?” I said.

“Isn't that intermediate-level Light magic? You have to be kidding me...”

Damn, as expected of Class A, there are many young ladies who are knowledgeable about magic.

Besides, this was the specialty of Holy Maria-sama.

It's a magic spell that even appears in Maria-sama's picture book.

The barrier of Light is a perfect magic barrier that doesn't let anything through.

Its toughness is about the same as the hardened glass of my previous life, and if I hit it with a tremendous amount of force, it will shatter.

It's a crackling photon-force type barrier.

Barriers are made of light, so they can't be seen at all, and bows and arrows can't penetrate.

It's super convenient magic.

Basically, one sheet is stretched in front of you, but depending on the development of the spell, it can be stretched in a rectangular shape or a dome shape.

Since I'm an otaku, I'm forming barriers in a hexagonal grid without any practical meaning.

Speaking of my barrier, it has to be a hexagon pattern.

It would be perfect if it glowed red when an object hit it.

Don't get carried away, don't get carried away, I can't let myself.

Cattleya-sama is super wary of the barrier.

Well then, let's finish it now.

I raised my hips and released the barrier.

And then, walking briskly in a natural fashion, I casually closed the gap with Cattleya-sama.

"Kuh!"

She prepares her wooden sword and is vigilant.

I close my eyes.

Cattleya-sama hurriedly closed her eyes.

"Light."

Bikari. 1

"Wah-hah-hah, your magical flash magic failed!" Cattleya said. "..... Huh?"

"Light." "Light." "Light." "Light." "Light." "Light."

Bika-bika-bika-bika! !

Why would you open your eyes, thinking there was only one flash?

Since it uses only a small amount of magic power, it can be fired repeatedly.

“Ugyaaaah, my eyes, my eyes...!” Cattleya yelled.

Wahaha, go down, go down.

I continuously pulse the flashes.

“Co-Coward!!” Cattleya yelled. “You-You dare do this?!! Sh-Shame on you!”

“Now then, here we gooo, Cattleya-sama!! Prepare yourself!! Uwah-hah-hah-hah!!”

“Sto-Stop it!!” Cattleya squealed.

Wahahahaha, Cattleya-sama got caught just as I expected, so my tension rises, my tension rises.

Come on, let’s go, let’s go!!

I sneaked up to Cattleya-sama’s back and put my hand between her legs.

“Wha-What are you doing!!?” Cattleya yelled. “Stop doing obscene things!!”

“Shut up,” I said.

I put my other hand behind her neck and kicked her knees out to break her balance.

“Huh, what, what is she doing?” the spectators asked.

“Wha-What is that, it’s so shameless.”

As it was, I put Cattley’s back on both my shoulders and hold her neck firmly.

“A throwing, technique, maybe?”

No, Carol, not a throw.

I have a small physique, so the tall Cattleya-sama is heavy, heavy, and it looks like I might collapse.

However, this is another world.

There is the wonder of magic in another world.

I mean physical strengthening magic!

Pour magical power into your waist, back, and legs to strengthen them!

Now, with the power of an industrial crane, I hoist Cattleya-sama up on my back and place her on my shoulders.

Canadian Backbreaker is complete!!

“Wha-Wha-Wha-What is she doing?! What kind of state is she planning to put her in?!”

“She put Cattleya-sama’s body on her shoulders, and she’s shaking her gently and powerfully!”

“Stop it, it’s embarrassing, it hurts, my back hurts! Kuh, just kill me!” Cattleya yelled.

Cattleya-sama, I got your permission, I’m going to enjoy this, thank you very much.

“Uuohn! I’m like a human power plant!!” I yelled.

“I-I don’t know what you mean, but it seems like a very powerful word.”

“Human power plant, it will remain in my heart.”

Ah, Cattleya-sama’s belly on my right hand is so warm and soft.

Uh-hih-hih.

“Ki-Kimball-san, what is that technique?” Battenmeier asked.

“It’s a kind of joint-based grapple,” I said.

I slow down a little.

“Ouch, ouch! It hurts!! I’m going to die!!” Cattleya yelled.

“Who taught you a technique that’s this cruel...?” Battenmeier asked.
“It’s the temple knights, isn’t it?”

“That’s a secret,” I said.

I learned this trick in the old pro-wrestling manga, Giant Typhoon.

The reprint version was sold at a convenience store, so I read it happily.

Fujoshi also needs research on professional wrestling techniques.

Also, Baba-san x Bruno Sammartino is the only one I can’t give up on.

“Surrender, Cattleya-sama.”

Shake, shake.

“Ridiculous, there’s no such thing as surrender in House Pickering, ow, my back is breaking!”

Fuuck, when the beautiful girl on my shoulders cries out in pain, I feel a joy that I shouldn’t feel, it swells up from my lower abdomen.

I feel that this vulgar joy is something that a lady shouldn’t cultivate too much.

Bastard, stubborn bitch, just hurry up and surrender.

What if I awaken sadistic tendencies inside me?

Shake, shake.

“That noble lady’s arm is between Cattleya-sama’s legs...”

“Cattleya-sama looks like she’s in pain, but somehow, that, the atmosphere that seems to be very pleasurable, kyah, at least to me.”

“As expected of a noble lady, you have no mercy against those who oppose you. How heroic she looks, standing with Cattleya-sama helpless on her shoulders.”

“Guwaah, how embarrassing, just kill me-, uwaah, Aniue, help meee! Uu, uuuu, UUUUWAAAAHNN!”

“... Cattleya-sama is already in tears, so please forgive her, Kimball-san.”

“Agreed,” I said.

When I took Cattleya-sama off my shoulders, she crouched down in the arena and cried like a little girl.

Wah-hah-hah.

“Serves you right,” I said.

“Mock battle winner: Makoto Kimball-san!”

“Hooray!”

The ladies in gym clothes cheered.

However, about a third of the ladies were also looking at me with cold eyes.

“Also, the techniques that Kimball-san used are dangerous to anyone other than those who have undergone special training, so please don’t imitate them. All good now,” Battenmeier said.

Well, professional wrestling is dangerous because many kids get into accidents every year trying to copy them.

Just then the closing bell rang.

“Well then, it’s time to disperse today, and the next class is the day after tomorrow,” Battenmeier said. “If you’re a beginner in martial arts, please review your swings so that you can swing properly by the next class. Now then, dismissed.”

“””Thank you very much.”””

The crying Cattleya-sama was taken to the infirmary by Batten-sensei in a princess carry.

“Hey, I won, Carol, praise me, praise me,” I said.

“Uh, yeah, that was amazing, Makoto.”

Carol blushed and looked away.

“What is it?”

“No, I think it’s an amazing technique. How did you come up with the idea of carrying someone on your shoulders as an attack? That

technique isn't supposed to be shown to the public, isn't it?"

Oh, Carol has good intuition.

As expected, there is no concept of showing martial arts to the audience in this world.

"Well, I wonder what it feels like to be captured by this technique, does it hurt?"

"It seems that your spine will ache terribly, that's right, let's give it a go, Carol," I said.

Carol's physique is that of a small child, so she'll be easier to lift than Cattleya-sama.

"Huh? Tha-That's..."

Carol's cheeks dyed bright red and her gaze swam.

Ah, but when I touch Carol's belly, it's like, um, it's smooth.

Oh, my face is getting hot too.

"We-Well, then... ah, we can't, never mind, forget I said anything," Carol said.

"What, it's fine, just a little bit, just a little bit is fine, right, right?" I said.

"It-It's embarrassing, it'll be bad if I end up peeing on you while I'm on top of you, Makoto... what, why are you suddenly crouching!?" Carol yelled.

I thought of a scene in which I carelessly lifted Carol with that technique and she accidentally pissed on my shoulder.

A small amount of liquid dripped from Carol's crotch, warmth soaked my shoulders, and I smelled a bit of pee...

Funyan, and the strength leaves my hips and I squat.

I covered my face with both hands.

This is so erotic...

"You're too erotic, Carol," I said.

“Hey, no matter what you say, it’s more so when you crouch after whatever you’re imagining!” Carol said.

For a while, the two of us cursed at each other.

Oh, how happy I am.

Just kill me now.

From the Author: Makoto thinks it’s a Canadian Backbreaker, but it’s actually an Argentinian Backbreaker. The Argentinian Backbreaker is displayed more prominently in doujin, so it seems she made the mistake while making her BL doujins.

Footnotes

1. Flash of light, like a camera.

Chapter 20

20 - Because The Saint Faction Begins To Move In Earnest

Since it was lunch break, the usual four of us went out and bought bread at Hioyko-Do.

We had lunch at a gazebo in a natural park near the school.

“Hmm, to summarize, Makoto likes to be peed on, and Caroline-sama likes pain, is that right?” Curtis asked.

“It’s not right!” I yelled. “What kind of rumors did you hear, Curtis!!”

“Th-Tha-Tha-That’s not right at all, I, I don’t like being hurt, not at all...!!” Carol said.

“I see... I don’t get it,” Elmer muttered as he put his second mayo-corn bread into his mouth.

Ah, so you truly are idiots in the prime of puberty!

You won’t understand even one millimeter of the maiden’s hidden, exciting spirit of adventure!

“Or rather, how do you know about the girls’ martial arts class, Curtis?” I asked.

“House Browright’s family’s spies are excellent,” Curtis said.

“Spies? Who are they?” I asked.

“There would be no point in being a spy if they’re uncovered, Makoto, stop being stupid,” Curtis said.

“Kuuuuu, even you, Curtis,” I said.

“Rather than that, show me the technique they keep talking about, the human power plant,” Curtis said.

“I-I’ll not let you demonstrate that on me!! Makoto!!” Carol yelled.

“Uh, yeah, that’s right...” I said.

Or rather, it’s not a technique that can be used on girls in their

uniforms.

Oh, no, no, I can't imagine it, I'm drooling.

Prime numbers, count prime numbers.

Hi-hi-fuu.

"Then grab me instead," Curtis said.

"Hey, Curtis-san," I said, "this technique requires you to put your hand by your opponent's crotch, and when you do that, your delicate parts will fall flat on my upper arm."

"So, did you use such a shameless technique on a young lady?" Curtis asked.

"A young lady doesn't have a vital point that can be struck to fell them in a single blow," I said.

"Makoto... has no mercy," Elmer said.

"Then, I'll use it on Elmer, so tell me how you do it," Curtis said.

"I'm feeling reluctant..., but, well, alright..." Elmer said.

We went out onto the lawn and I taught Curtis-onii-chan how to do the Canadian Backbreaker.

As expected of the muscle-brained Curtis, he quickly learned the trick and picked up Elmer.

"Wahahaha, what is this technique, it's not practical at all, wahaha, but it sure is fun!!"

"Ow... you're killing me..." Elmer groaned.

Elmer also wanted to try it, so I explained it to him, too.

You're surprisingly powerful, Elmer.

"Oh... this is the human power plant... it's too hard to hold up..." Elmer said.

"Oooh, it hurts more than I thought, Elmer, I yield, I yield...!" Curtis cried.

“The boys look stupid but they’re having fun, which is nice,” Carol said, smiling as she brought some saint’s bread to her mouth.

Elmer gently shook Curtis until he was satisfied then put him back down on the lawn.

“Ow, ow, ow, you were shaking me too much, Elmer!” Curtis said.

“I’m sorry..., halfway through, it got kind of fun...”

“Where does it hurt?” I asked.

I cast “Heal” on Curtis’s waist.

“Oh, as expected of Light magic, the pain goes away in an instant,” Curtis said.

“Makoto... it’s the first time I’ve seen something saint-like from you...” Elmer said.

“The hell are you talking about? Geeze,” I said. “Come on, Elmer, offer me your waist, too.”

I cast Heal on Elmer’s waist, too.

Carol smiled and sipped her soda while looking at us covered in grass.

Somehow, it’s fun to play and look like idiots with the boys under the sun.

“When I’m with you, Makoto... I can experience a lot of new and fun things...” Elmer said.

“Oh, it is kind of fun, I wonder how long it’s been since you wrestled with someone,” Curtis said.

“For me... it’s the first time,” Elmer said.

Curtis looked away.

Elmer smiled innocently.

I wiped off the grass on the clothes of the roughhousing boys and returned to the pavilion.

“Well, let’s start the second regular meeting of the Saint’s Faction,” Curtis said.

“Have you made any progress?” I asked.

“In front of the wall newspaper this morning, some lower nobles who knew about the Saint’s Faction asked to join in,”

Curtis said. “It was a wonderful publicity stunt, Makoto.”

“I just got involved with MacKnight-sama,” I said.

“It was important that Gerald-kyou gave you his seal of approval, saying the saint is like the princess of a small country,” Curtis said.

“My father also said that he could move from the Royal Faction to the Saint’s Faction...” Elmer said.

“House Clayton doesn’t get involved in politics much,” Curtis said.
“But even still, they’re a marquis, so just being here is going to be a huge help to our rise, Elmer.”

“Leave it to me...” Elmer said.

“Also, it’s a big shot, Duke Appleby from the south has asked to join in,” Curtis said.

“Huh, it’s one of the three major duke houses, aren’t they a faction of their own?” I asked.

“House Appleby doesn’t really want to form factions, so until now they’ve been with the Royal Faction, I don’t know why they’re trying to join us, but it might be because they’re still affiliated with the Royal Faction?” Curtis said.

“I don’t know what reason they would have,” I said.

“Makoto, Duke Appleby is Yurisha-senpai’s family,” Carol said.

“Ah, that Oppai-senpai, you meant,” I said.

“What do you use to remember people by?” Carol asked.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai?

I wonder if Yuri will be forced to join the faction.

But, thank goodness.

“One duke, one marquis, one margrave, one count, one saint

candidate, quite a faction, isn't it?" Carol asked.

"Because of Makoto's constant antics, a fan base for the saint candidate is forming, and I think the faction will soon reach the size we had envisioned," Curtis said.

"Factional conflict... it's my first time participating, so it's very fresh," Elmer said.

"Let's organize the current situation," Curtis said. "The factions currently dividing the Academy into two are the Royal Faction which follows the king, and Pottinger-kyous's Faction, which is centered on the upper-class nobility. I want to bring three factions into a three-corner deadlock, and if we do that, Pottinger-kyou's Faction won't just stand idly by."

"For the faction... I want someone who is good at managing..." Elmer said.

"I would like to take in Sir Gerald, but doing so would drastically reduce the power of the Royal Faction," I said.

"Balance is important," Carol said.

If possible, I'd like to cut down the nobles of Pottinger-kyou's faction, but there's also the fear of being subdued by pretending to support our faction once they join us.

It's a difficult place.

Somehow, I want to save the noble lady that tried to poison me, the viscount's daughter Pamela Gaufre, and bring her here.

Hmmm.

Maybe I'll get help from the temple's intelligence unit.

"Can't the soldiers of the Great Temple be stationed inside the school?" I asked.

"You could, it's allowed, but those people are scary," Carol said.

"Then Linda Crable-sama is coming from the Great Temple," I said.

"Uuuha, she's going to be trouble," Carol said.

"Normally, she's a nice person, but the thing is, her thinking is way

too radical.”

“Please introduce me next time, I would like to meet with the Mad Angel of the Great Temple once,” Curtis said.

Geeze, this battle maniac.

He can’t help but get excited over a strong enemy he hasn’t met yet.

“Also, go visit the daughter of Appleby-kyou, even after school,” Curtis said.

“Understood,” I said.

“I will send a letter to visit Yurisha-sama and make a promise,” Carol said.

“Thank you, that’s very helpful,” I said.

“It’s alright, don’t think about it, you don’t even have a maid or a butler, Makoto,” Carol said.

“I wonder if I should hire a spy maid as well,” I said.

I admire the ninja maids.

“Let’s find out what Vivian-sama is doing.”

“Hahaah.”

Something like that.

“Well, I don’t know, you can’t put a maid in your room, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Some of the temple’s attendant priestesses have knowledge of espionage, but I don’t think they need it, and Elmer doesn’t have one either,” Curtis said.

“At the Lord of Magic’s house... we don’t need spies,” Elmer said.
“Political struggles... if we had the time for that, might as well put it into research.”

“In the future, Makoto may need to use an agent as a saint, so it’s a good idea to get used to it at school,” Curtis said.

“What should I do?” I asked.

“Well, think about it yourself, then let’s disband the second Saint Faction’s meeting,” Curtis said.

“As always, thank you, Chairman Curtis,” I said.

“No problem, leave it to me,” Curtis said.

And with that, he smiled broadly.

He’s totally dependable.

As a capture target, it’s not very moe though.

However, when I was playing the game, I didn’t realize there was such a complicated and intense political struggle going on behind the scenes.

A lot of people worked to make Vivian-sama a queen.

Society is complicated.

Alright, after school, I can say hello to Yurisha-senpai.

Hmm, hmm.

But I guess there will be a magic class this afternoon.

Again, it’s hard for me.

Chapter 21

21 - Afternoon Class With Elmer's Dad. They Experiment On Me Like Crazy The bell for the 5th period rang, and Class A's students disappeared like the tide was ebbing, and I was alone.

Gnnghh, is this going to be the same as yesterday?

Just when I thought that a smiling Anthony-sensei came.

"Kimball-san, please go to the magic laboratory. I heard that a high-ranking wizard from the Ministry of Magic will teach you various things. That's good, isn't it?"

"Is that so? Understood, I'll head there," I said.

"Take care," Anthony said.

Alright, alright, I don't know what they're going to teach me, but for now, it's a lecture.

The Ministry of Magic is a government office housed in a giant tower to the east of the royal capital.

The tower is so big that it can be seen even from the Academy.

In that tower, mages are researching magic day and night.

Thank you very much for your hard work.

In Japan, it's like the National Institute of Science.

For the time being, someone came from such a great government office, so I'm sure they'll teach me something useful.

"Hello, I'm Makoto from House Kimball," I said as I opened the door.

But, inside the room was Elmer and an older man who looked a lot like Elmer.

"Hello, hello, good day, Makoto-sama, it's a pleasure to meet you, my name is Clayton," the man said. "Jean-Paul Clayton. I'm the Secretary of the Ministry of Magic. Feel free to call me Jean-oji-san."

"I, I see, Clayton-kyou, what is this all about?"

“Oh, you’re different from what Elmer told me,” Clayton said. “I was looking forward to seeing you in person, Makoto-sama, considering all the rumors surrounding you.”

“I can’t believe someone can be this rude in this world,” I said.

For the time being, I also keep TPO in mind.

I might be a little off, though.

“It’s a shame, I wish you would have called me casually as Jean-oji-san,” Clayton said.

“Tou-san.. we’re getting off-topic,” Elmer said.

“Oh, that’s right, thank you, Elmer,” Clayton said.

“Anthony-sensei told me that today I would be having a lecture by a high-ranking official from the Ministry of Magic,” I said.

“Mhm, the Secretary of the Ministry of Magic is the highest official. Hence, I’m the one who summoned you,”

Clayton said.

“Is that so? Then, please give me the lecture,” I said.

Elmer’s father shook his head, I had a feeling he was disappointed.

“What are you talking about, Makoto-sama? Even the Secretary of the Ministry of Magic can’t give a lecture on Light magic, because we can’t use it,” Clayton said.

“Then why did you call me here?” I asked.

“Recently, Elmer has been talking about you a lot, and he seems quite happy to talk about the girls in the same class as him,” Clayton said.

“Tou-san...” Elmer said, looking bitter.

“And, even I, who had been a Water magician for many years, learned you taught him a Water magic spell that had low cost and high output which I could never have imagined,” Clayton said. “You can be certain I’ll be interested.

Right?”

“Right?”, is not the thing to say here.

Elmer's Father.

“I asked about it, I heard that you don't have a Light magic instructor, so you looked lonely in the afternoon magic practice,” Clayton said. “It's a waste for such a rare magical attribute, so this is what thought of doing instead.”

“Do you have this much free time, Elmer-no-Otou-san?” I asked.

“I don't have free time, no free time at all, I'm the Secretary of the Ministry of Magic, so I'm very busy, but I'm interested in Light magic. That's just it,” Clayton said.

“Right,” I said.

“It's an experiment,” Clayton continued. “Let's actually see Light magic being used, collect various data, and study it.

That's the kind of action that's worthy of a magician's happiness.”

“To put it bluntly, did you mean to experiment with me as the subject instead of being left with free time, is that what you're saying?” I asked.

“Together with you, Makoto... we'll unravel the secrets of Light magic...” Elmer said.

“Elmer, are you okay with your magic practice?” I said.

“There are no more Water magic spells I can learn at the Academy... I'm bored,” he said.

In the end, he can't teach me, but he can experiment with me.

Mm, well, it's better than just reading a book in the library.

“Can you help us?” Clayton asked.

“It's fine, I'm also interested in the research methods of mages, so it's better than having some free time on my hands,” I said.

“Oh, thank you, Makoto-sama,” Clayton said.

“Thank you... Makoto,” Elmer said.

The magic-brained idiot parent and child eagerly took out the experimental equipment from a shelf and set it up.

There are magic meters, space conduction meters, thermometers, vibration measuring instruments, and various other types of measuring instruments.

“Then, please activate it from the basic Light spell,” Clayton said.

“Right, ‘Light’,” I said.

It shines like an LED lamp in the laboratory.

“Hou-hoh, it shines beautifully, and the amount of magical power consumed is, ooh, so small, I wonder if the conversion rate from raw magic is rather high,” Clayton said.

“The four major magic attributes...” Elmer said, “basic projectile magic... takes four to five steps of generation, conversion, maintenance, and projection... but in the case of Light magic, the number of steps to activate may be smaller.”

“That’s right, but ‘Light’ has almost no attack power, so it might not be a basic projectile magic,” Clayton said.

“The Light ball... its magic is lost, or undeveloped... maybe,” Elmer said.

Yeah, these guys are magic otakus.

After that, the magic otakus never run out of interest, such as throwing out a lot of Light spells, collapsing it into a flash, and trying to heal and cure poison.

“Fascinating, fascinating,” Clayton said, “after all, Light magic is quite different from the four major attributes of magic, I would like to find out what they have in common with Dark magic, another rare magic attribute.”

“Tomorrow... I’ll bring Dark magic materials for a comparative experiment...” Elmer said.

“Indeed, Elmer,” Clayton said.

The 5th-period chime rang.

“Hmm, the time limit is over, but we’ll continue...” Elmer said.

“Let’s have some tea and rest,” I said.

“No, I’d rather not,” Clayton said.

“Let’s have some tea,” I insisted.

“Ye-Yes,” Clayton said.

If you hurry an otaku, they won’t have time to rest, and they’ll get a nosebleed and collapse.

I know from firsthand experience.

I used the magic laboratory stove to make tea.

I arrange the Hiyoko-Do cookies on a plate.

“Ah, how nostalgic, Hiyoko-Do cookies,” Clayton said.

“Is Clayton-kyou a graduate of the school too?” I asked.

“That’s right, all the magicians in the Tower are from here,” Clayton said. “Hmm, as delicious as ever.”

Well, it’s the Royal Academy of Magic, so the only people in the Magic Tower are graduates.

“What does the Ministry of Magic’s research facilities look like?” I asked.

“I don’t mind if you come to visit, you can just go there instead of the Great Temple and come over to our home,”

Clayton said.

“I’ll think about it,” I said.

It sounds like it would be interesting to advance to a magic researcher position.

By the way, magical spells are divided into components, so you can create new magic spells by combining the formulas for existing ones.

However, an advanced and highly efficient spell cannot be completed without a skilled magician.

“Hahaha, more than 1,000 mages are happily researching magic in

that tower,” Clayton said. “From wide-area attack magic, Life magic, sewage flood control magic, Healing magic, all 300 years of the Appleton Kingdom’s research is packed in that tower.”

“Then, the Light magic materials left by Holy Bianca-sama and Holy Maria-sama are also there, right?” I said.

“Ah, no, it’s a pity that the temple guarded the saints and didn’t let them get involved with the Ministry of Magic, I suppose you’ll just have to go to them, it was rather a terrible shame.”

Huh, I can’t use the Ministry of Magic.

I have no choice but to expect a position in the Temple of the Sacred Heart’s headquarters in the Republic of Vitali.

The bell for the 6th period rang, so the experiment resumed.

We put a barrier and Elmer tried to break it with a hammer.

The experiment continued with that momentum, covering all the Light magic I happened to know then.

“Yes, it was a worthwhile experiment,” Clayton said. “From now on until the weekend. I’ll have you come by every afternoon.”

“Well, I’m free in the afternoon, so it doesn’t matter,” I said.

“So many things... I understand now,” Elmer said.

I don’t know what exactly he understood from all these tests.

“Also, about the Saint’s Faction, please leave it to me to organize the adults in the faction,” Clayton said.

“Huh, I’m sorry, but is it okay?” I asked.

“Yeah, recently, Elmer seems to be having fun,” Clayton said. “It’s the first time I’ve seen him so lively, and as a parent, I’m happy, and I can’t thank you enough, Makoto-sama, for being so kind to him.”

“Thank you very much,” I said, “Elmer has been a great friend to me, too.”

“My thanks as well, Elmer is a researcher and not very social, so please continue to take care of him,” Clayton said.

“I wish you all the best in the future...” I said.

Elmer, are you a magical monster?

While everyone was putting away the lab equipment, the bell for the end of the 6th period rang.

“Well then, Makoto-sama, see you tomorrow.”

“Yes, see you tomorrow, Jean-oji-san,” I said.

“Fufufu, how nice, how nice of you,” Clayton said, leaving with a chuckle.

Despite being the Secretary of the Ministry of Magic, he was a friendly person.

I wonder if Elmer will be able to speak fluently like that when he grows up.

“Now then, let’s go back to Class A,” I said.

“Agreed.....” Elmer said.

“What happened to you?” I asked.

“For an acquaintance..., to be able to see my parents like this... is this embarrassing...” Elmer said.

“Ahaha, what are you saying, he was a good otou-san,” I said.

“I suppose so.....” Elmer said.

Elmer smiles with relief, and we both walk toward Class A.

22 - Ordering At Hiyoko-Do With The Viscount’s Daughterafter 22

Anthony-sensei’s homeroom is over.

We stand up and bow.

Ue~ii, it’s finally after school~.

“See you later, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Later,” I said.

It seems that Carol will write a letter to arrange a meeting with

Yurisha-senpai.

Elmer goes to the Magic Club.

Curtis must be in the Swordsmanship club.

When I was wondering what to do, Melissa-sama was peeking at me through the gap in the classroom door.

Her gaze is fixed on me.

When I meet her eyes, she looks to the side.

I wonder what's going on?

"What do you need, Andrea-sama?" I asked.

"..."

When I called out to her, she timidly approached me.

Is she a cat?

"Um, uh, um, the thing is..." Melissa said.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"You know, that," Melissa said.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"I have come to apologize to you, Kimball-sama, for my misunderstanding," Melissa said.

"I accept your apology."

That's it, let's go home and relax now.

"..."

"..."

"Ah, thank you very much, and, um, ah, I'm embarrassed," Melissa said.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Kimball-sama, um, um, uh, I wish I could be friends with you, um,

please be friends with me!”

Wow, it’s hard to refuse if you say it outright.

“Fine by me.”

“Uwaa, are you serious?!” Melissa said. “Thank you so much, I, I’ve admired the Seijou-sama for a long time, and I’ve always wanted to be friends with the Seijou-sama of this generation, oh, I’m so happy.”

“Is that so?” I said.

“We can chat together after school, and we can go shopping together in the city, it’s such a trivial thing, but I think I can give you things that you can’t get in the temple,” Melissa said.

I don’t think so.

I’ll do it with Carol, that sort of thing.

Also, even at the temple, we had warm exchanges, such as chatting with the nuns and going shopping with the children at the orphanage.

Somehow, in Melissa-sama’s imagination, the image of the poor and lonely saint candidate seems to loom large.

“Is that so?” I said.

“The saint candidate doesn’t have many friends, doesn’t she? If you talk to your friends more cheerfully, your friendships will deepen.”

“Is that so? It’s just as you said, Andrea-sama,” I said.

I smile politely.

“Ah, that’s right, which faction does your family belong to, Andrea-sama?”

“Umm, if you’re talking about my family, it’s Pottinger-kyous’s Faction I believe?

“Ah, I’m so sorry,” I said flatly. “I got into trouble with Pottinger-sama, and if things continue like this, you might be bullied by your faction, Andrea-sama.”

“Huuh?!! You’ve got to be kidding,” Melissa said.

“Faction conflicts are terrifying,” I said. “It would so pain me for you to suffer because of associating with me, Andrea-sama, so right now let’s just forget about us being friends.

Let’s do that.

“It’s a misunderstanding, Kimball-san,” Melissa said. “Vivian-sama is a good and wonderful person. You guys are misunderstanding each other. That’s right, I’ll act as a bridge between you, Kimball-sama, and Vivian-sama. If you talk to each other, I’m sure we’ll clear up any misunderstandings.”

I don’t think it’s possible to clear up the misunderstanding of someone who says that the baker’s daughter is an eyesore and should leave the school.

“Such things cannot be decided by first-year students alone,” I said. “I think you should consult with your faction leaders and officials first.”

“You’re absolutely right,” Melissa said. “As expected of the saint candidate. I’m going to talk to the executives now.”

“In that case, I’m putting the matter of being your friend on hold,” I said.

“I will do my best,” Melissa said.

Go ahead and get scolded that she can’t reconcile with the baker’s daughter.

“Ah, that’s right, Melissa-san, would you like some bread?” I asked.

“Oh, you’ve already called me by my first name, I wonder if it’s okay for me to be so casual as well, Makoto-sama?”

Melissa said, smiling happily.

“Oh, I beg your pardon for my rudeness,” I said.

“It’s all good, I’m quite happy about it,” Melissa said. “Yes, the bread, um, the bread I received yesterday was very delicious, but I don’t know what other types of bread are available.”

I wonder if I should make a bread menu flier for student distribution.

Well, it’s fine if it’s not today.

“Then, why don’t we go to the bakery together, and you can see and choose for yourself?” I asked.

“A commoner’s bakery... isn’t it a place for maids to run to?” I asked.

“No, no, Hiyoko-Do is a shop that even senior aristocrats walk into, and His Majesty the King used to go there when he was a student,” I said.

“Well, if His Majesty came, it must be a very storied restaurant,” Melissa said.

“You’re right, so please come shopping in town with me,” I said.

“Well, it’s a bit embarrassing that getting bread is the first thing we’ll do, but I’m happy to regardless,” Melissa said.

Umu, the sales activities of the bakery are important.

I go out of the school with Melissa-sama.

The young lady doesn’t have many opportunities to walk, so she walks with a wobbling gait.

She’s holding something like a parasol.

Though Appleton Academy has uniforms you’d call “standard clothes,” you can wear plain clothes aside from that and Melissa-sama uses dresses.

That’s why upper-class aristocrats spend their school days wearing gorgeous dresses that they would wear to an evening party.

Isn’t it hard to do laundry?

There aren’t many Dress-sans in Class A, but most of the Dress-sans are in Class C.

“Fu, I haven’t been walking lately, so I’m sweating a lot. As a lady, it’s embarrassing,” Melissa said.

“There will be dungeon training in the second year, what will you do then?” I asked.

I wonder if she’ll wear an armored dress like Saber. [1](#)

“Ohoho, ladies don’t go to barbaric places like dungeons. I’ll take a

rest from that,” Melissa said.

“Is that so?” I asked.

Then there’s no point in being in the Academy.

Hang out at home, for goodness’ sake.

Well, a young lady is like that, and it seems that the idea of leisure is deeply rooted in her, and the more she is free, the more elegant she is.

If you work, you lose, and they feel like a NEET.

A diligent daughter like Carol or Corinna seems to be rarer.

We arrived at Hiyoko-Do.

It’s after school, so it’s not so crowded.

“Oro, what’s up, Makoto?” Cliff-nii-chan said, visibly nervous.

“I’ve been guiding a customer here,” I said. “It’s my friend, the viscount’s daughter Melissa Andrea.”

“Fuu, is that so?” Cliff-nii-chan said.

“Wait, why are you so relieved?” I asked.

“No, sorry about that, the friends Makoto has been introducing so far have been above the clouds like the children of a marquis, a margrave, and an earl,” Cliff said.

“Well, we’re not as good as a marquis, but even a viscount is an aristocrat, you know,” Melissa said.

“Right, please excuse me,” Cliff said.

“Well, the thing is, you’re Makoto-sama’s onii-sama, so I don’t mind pardoning you for your rudeness.”

“Thank you very much.”

Ah, Melissa-sama, you blushed a little.

Cliff-nii-chan is also quite handsome.

Well, it doesn’t matter what happens because of the difference in status.

I enter the store with Melissa-sama.

“My, it’s full of delicious-looking bread, isn’t it? So this is how bread is sold,” Melissa said, fascinated.

It’s her first experience at a bakery, I wonder how much she was sheltered.

“Onii-chan, is it possible to deliver to the girls’ dormitory once a day according to Melissa-sama’s order?” I asked.

“Well, that’s right, there shouldn’t be a problem if it’s just one time, but if there are a lot of them, or if you bring them in and sell them on campus, Zunft Bakery might start complaining,” Cliff said.

“Are they the ones in charge of selling bread in the Academy?” I asked.

“They’re under Meigetsu-Do,” Cliff said.

“It’s a top-notch purveyor to the royal family,” Melissa said, “the bread for the lower nobles at the girl’s dormitory was terrible, though.”

“Ah, Meigetsu-Do proper is only in the upper-class restaurants, the others are run by Meigetsu-Do affiliated bakeries,”

Cliff said.

“I see, what are the odds that we can enter that market?” I said.

“You won’t be able to enter without the help of the royal family or upper-class nobles,” Cliff said.

“They also won’t allow you to do business that way,” Melissa said.

“I don’t want them to order too many, because I can’t bake all that bread,” Cliff said.

“I see, so that’s why?” I said.

Even if you place an order with planning, you cannot make it in time.

Large orders are coming in regularly from the Great Temple.

“Give me this bread, this bread, and saint’s bread,” Melissa said.

It seems she's made up her mind.

"Thank you very much for your patronage," Cliff said.

Ah, that's right.

"Nii-chan, do you have an empty cookie box?" I asked.

"I do, what are you going to use it for?" Cliff asked.

"I just got an idea," I said.

I choose eight popular types of bread and divide each into four equal parts with a kitchen knife.

I arrange the eight slices of bread in a wooden cookie box using cloth dividers so that they don't stick together.

I write the name of the bread on ribbons and place it on top.

"Oh, samples of our bread?" Cliff asked.

"Yeah, yeah, there's something about bread that you can't understand until you try it," I said.

"Well, it's beautiful," Melissa said.

I put a lid on it and handed it over to Melissa-sama.

"For me? I'm so happy, Makoto-sama," Melissa said, smiling softly.

"It's in small portions, so you can try a lot of bread at once, I wonder if it will sell," Cliff murmured to himself.

"I will buy it, please sell it," Melissa said.

And now, seeing this young lady buying a bread sample box, the other maids and wives in the store were asking for it, too.

"I wanted to try different types of bread, but Hiyoko-Do's bread is a little too big so it fills the stomach quickly. This way, we can enjoy it during tea time."

"This alone looks like it could be lunch and dinner. It looks delicious."

"My ojou-sama doesn't know the types of bread, so she only eats saint's bread. With this, she has a chance to try different kinds and

expand her palette.”

It’s about the size of two loaves of bread in total.

It might be just right for a woman who eats small meals.

“Yes, please line up, I will make it now,” Cliff said. “Makoto, please make write the names on the ribbons”

“Understood, Melissa-sama, can you help me?” I asked.

“I will do it, it looks like it will be fun,” Melissa said.

I made a bread sample box together with Melissa-sama for about an hour.

“Thank you, Andrea-sama, this is a thank you cookie, please eat it,” Cliff said.

“Well, thank you very much. It was a lot of fun,” Melissa said.

That’s good to hear.

After taking a box of bread in a cookie box as a gift for Yurisha-sama, we left Hiyoko-Do.

“Thank you very much, if you have time, please go to Hiyoko-Do directly, we can sit around a while, too,” I said.

“Yeah, it’s nice to take a walk like this,” Melissa said.

In the warm sunshine, I return to school with Melissa-sama.

The weather is lovely today, isn’t it?

Footnotes

1. Also known as Artoria Pendragon from Fate Stay/Night.

Chapter 23

23 - Carol's Room Has Turned Into An Alchemy Shop

I return to the girls' dormitory with Melissa-sama.

We say our farewells at the top of the stairs.

"I had a good time today, now I will definitely persuade the officials to let me become friends with you, Makoto-sama.

Well then, good day to you, Makoto-sama," Melissa said.

"Good luck with that, good day," I said.

I would bet her room is a double on the 4th floor.

However, I don't think Melissa-sama will be able to persuade her faction heads.

I hope she doesn't get bullied for this.

When I entered room 205, Margot-san's bed was covered with a curtain.

This person is always sleeping.

Is she out at night doing espionage?

There was a note on my desk,

"I received a reply from Yurisha-sama. Come to my room. By Caroline."

Is what it said.

I seem to have already received a reply, you act fast, Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

I put some of the bread I bought in the chest and left Room 205.

I go up the stairs.

As I expected, going up to the 5th floor on your own is tiring.

On the 5th floor, when I walked toward the west end, the window shutter next to Carol's room was open, and Anne-san was sitting on

the other side of a counter.

“Hello Anne-san, are you acting as the shopkeeper?” I asked.

“Yes, Makoto-sama, I’m selling potions from today,” Anne said.

Huh, they sell potions, antidotes, magic activators, and more.

They’re cheaper than the market price.

“Can’t the boys buy from you?” I asked.

“The men’s dormitory also has a sales facility like this, so we wholesale from here,” Anne replied.

“Work hard, then,” I said.

“Right,” Anne said.

And while I was talking with Anne-san, a female knight-like person came and bought a potion.

Is she an upperclassman who goes out for dungeon practice?

When I opened the door, I saw Carol stirring the contents of her alchemy pot.

“Welcome, Makoto, just wait a minute,” Carol said.

As the smoke billowed up, the contents of the cauldron changed to a transparent green color.

“Huh, that’s how potions are made, are they?” I said.

“Yes, do you want to try next time, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“Wait, can I do it with Light magic?”

“Since it’s just adding Earth Heal of Earth Magic to medicinal herb soup, you can make a potion by adding Light Heal,” Carol said.

“It’s surprisingly easy, isn’t it?” I said.

“The principle is to make it high quality, so take the time to purify the water, cut the ingredients properly, and so on,”

Carol said.

“Hmm, sounds interesting, let’s do it next time,” I said.

“Yes, by all means, I’m looking forward to seeing what kind of effect the potion can have with you working on it,”

Carol said.

I sit on the soft sofa of the reception furniture set.

Anne-san gave me herbal tea, today it tastes like peppermint.

“Ah, this is a souvenir, please eat it,” I said, handing over the box.

“Huh? What is it?” Carol asked.

“I just made a bread sample set,” I said.

“Wow, it’s beautiful, and each piece is so little, you can probably try various types of bread at once,” Carol said.

“You should eat it later with Anne-san,” I said.

“We’ll have it at dinner, thank you, Makoto,” Anne said.

We eat Carol’s stick cookies with the tea, and I find it familiar, it’s a Bourbon Rubella Biscuit.

It seems to be a luxury item, and the taste is different from the Rubellas of my previous life.

Delicious, delicious.

“I got a reply from Yurisha-senpai right away,” Carol said.

“She acts fast, Yuri-Yuri-senpai,” I said.

“She’ll be waiting for you at 8:00 this evening in the Deputy House Master’s room, so you know,” Carol said.

“...I feel like my chastity is in danger,” I said.

“I-I don’t think that’s the case,” Carol said. “Me and Anne-san will go together with you.”

“Well then, I wonder if it’ll be fine then, let’s take a bath and put on new drawers before that,” I said.

“Why would we do that?” Carol asked.

“Yeah, I’ll be in trouble if something happens,” I said.

“I don’t think this is going the way you’re thinking,” Carol said.

“Just humor me this time,” I said.

“Well, if you want to, Makoto,” Carol said.

The bell at the sales office rang incessantly, and Anne-san was summoned to sell potions and the like.

“The store is doing well for itself,” I said.

“Because they’re cheaper than the market price, 2nd-year students are coming in, what with their dungeon training starting tomorrow,” Carol said.

“Oh, it looks fun, I want to be a 2nd year already”, I said.

“You’re a strange one, Makoto,” Carol said.

“I don’t know about that, the dungeons are so exciting, you’ll get rich quick, so collect all the treasure can!” I said.

“We’re not going into dungeons that are that lucrative,” Carol said.

“Is that so? Tch,” I grunted.

“Shall we form a party and go together when we become 2nd years?” Carol said.

“We should, let’s invite Curtis and Elmer too! A knight, magician, saint candidate, and alchemist, it’s a pretty good balance.”

“Curtis-sama will be in trouble with just him at the front,” Carol said.

“The saint and Chain-kun will be there with him,” I said.

“A saint shouldn’t be in front,” Carol said.

“I want a thief or a scout,” I said, “finding enemies is important.”

“Shall we look for someone by the time we become sophomores?” Carol asked.

“Yeah yeah, I’m looking forward to it from now on,” I said.

Dungeon Attack with your friends is setting my excitement alight.

By the 2nd year, let's find a thief.

By the way, in the game, you go into the dungeons with the capture target most fond of you.

I think it's a Dungeon Date, but the capture targets are always high stats characters, and normal dungeon monsters don't come out much, so it's not that hard.

If you don't want to increase your likability with the capture target, or if you don't have enough likability to invite them to the dungeon, Carol will automatically say, "Let's go together." and come with Chain-kun.

Carol and Chain-kun are surprisingly strong.

I was always indebted to them, trying to fill out the gallery of CGs.

Because there are CGs that only activate when the favorability is low.

"That's right, Makoto, would you like to go to the Adventurer's Guild tomorrow afternoon?" Carol asked.

"Adventure, adventure, you say, let's go, I want to fight," I said.

"No, I'm going to the Adventurer's Guild to request medicinal herbs. I'm running out of materials," Carol said.

"Well, how about making an adventurer card while you're at it, Carol?" I said.

"I already have," Carol said, taking a copper-colored card from her uniform's breast pocket and showing it to me.

"How do you already have a copper card?" I asked.

"Because I registered for a card in my territory and I took down a lot of things with my golem," Carol said.

"Somehow, I ranked up.

Adventurers have ranks based on their achievements.

Initially, it's Iron, then Copper as you gain experience, Silver when you graduate to a full-fledged adventurer, Gold when you become a first-class veteran, Platinum when you reach the level of the guild masters, and finally Mithril when you become a legend.

By the way, there aren't even 5 mithril adventurers on the continent.

By the time we graduate from school, I feel like we should at least be at silver cards.

For the Curtis Route, it's essential you're a Gold card, but he's a nii-chan who likes strong girls.

Now then, it's time to leave Carol's room and take a bath.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai might hug me.

"Well, see you later," I said.

"Come at half past 7," Carol said.

"Roger, will do," I said.

Well now, bath time, bath time.

At this level of civilization development, it's normally impossible to keep sustaining a bath for 24 hours in terms of energy efficiency.

But here it's okay, it's okay because magic stones are ridiculous.

Anything can be solved with magic.

I go back to my room and go down the stairs with a brand-new set of drawers and a bag of dirty laundry.

I go to the laundry next to the public bath on the basement floor and pay them a copper coin to do my laundry.

I was told to wash my underwear myself, but I'm sorry, it's impossible because it takes skill to wash your underwear properly.

A lower-class noble student without a maid would ask the laundry staff like this.

The laundry room is filled with the smell of steam and irons.

I feel like it smells like a working woman.

Washerwomen and maids are running around.

I enter the public bath, take off my clothes and go to the locker.

I tied the key to my wrist and went to the bathroom.

Since it is still early in the evening, the bath is empty.

I roughly wash my body and soak in the bathtub.

“Kuhaa, paradise, paradise,” I sighed.

A naked young lady in the distance is whispering.

“Kimball-sama is kind of old-fashioned...”

“That’s one of Kimball-sama’s moe points. You don’t get it, do you?”

How annoying.

I come out at once, wash my body properly, and shampoo and rinse.

Of course, since it’s an otome game, there’s plenty of shampoo and conditioner.

The realistic medieval feeling that burdens a lady is off-limits.

It’s hard not to be able to use the shampoo and conditioner that’s a staple of otherworld money-making, big sales and big profits.

Back to the bathtub, yes, I love baths.

After enjoying plenty of hot water, I get up and wipe off my body and hair with a towel in the dressing room.

Of course, there are towels in this world (short ones).

For the time being, you can think of it as the Middle Ages of shoujo manga.

Any reality or realism that makes girls feel miserable is omitted as much as possible.

I wonder why only the societal structure is realistic, even though the events are stress-free.

There are all kinds of malice in real life, and there are many vices.

I wonder if the workings of the human heart are what decides.

Just like Japan in my previous life, there are good people and there are bad people.

But there are no hair dryers in this world.

Fuck, damn it.

It's difficult to dry hair.

Chapter 24

24 - Having A Discussion With Corinna-chan Over A Disgusting Dinner

“The food for the lower nobles is terrible again today too, isn’t it?” I said.

“It feels like they’re letting the daughters below viscounts eat garbage,” Corinna said.

“Even though they say it’s pork stew, there are no pieces of meat,” I said.

“The meat is in our hearts,” Corinna said.

“Are thinking if you compliment it, the stew will be delicious, Corinna-chan?” I asked.

“Oh shut up, just eat the stew, Makoto,” Corinna said.

Mossho, mossho, mossho, mossho, mossho.

Hello, this is Makoto.

Currently, I’m in the cafeteria, Corinna-chan is thinking positively, and I am undergoing training to endure the bad food.

Mossho, mossho, mossho, mossho, mossho.

“Melissa-sama hasn’t come to the dining room,” Corinna said.

“She bought a lot of bread for lunch, so I guess she’s eating bread?” I said.

“The number of 1st-year students who come to the cafeteria has decreased, and there are almost no 2nd or 3rd-year students,” Corinna said. “What if there’s a real dormitory cafeteria with great food and everyone feasts there?”

“Stop the delusions, Corinna-chan. The truth is in this awful stew,” I said.

“Kukuku, it’s awful, isn’t it? This is really bad,” Corinna said.

“If so, why are you patiently eating such a bad meal?” I said.

“Makoto, the room fee for the girls’ dormitory includes breakfast and dinner,” Corinna said.

“Umu, it’s profiteering,” I said.

“It’s a meal that was forced out of the poor finances of my lower-class noble house. If you don’t eat it, you feel like you’ve just wasted your money,” Corinna said.

“It’s a sad story,” I said.

However, as expected, it’s getting harder to eat bad food.

This is a management technique that would surprise even Masayoshi Son, such as serving unusually bad food in the cafeteria, causing students to drop out, diverting the surplus, and saving the cooking manpower.

I wonder if I’ll eat at my blood parent’s bakery from tomorrow.

Ah, but I don’t think I’ll be able to get home by the 7 o’clock curfew.

Hmm, is there no Tabasco sauce in this world?

Pour it on and fool your tongue with the spiciness.

“Can’t you cook for yourself?” I asked.

“Don’t be stupid, Makoto, noble daughters don’t cook,” Corinna said.
“That’s a chef’s job.”

“Isn’t there a young lady whose hobby is cooking?” I asked.

“I’ve never heard of one,” Corinna said.

Raise your femininity more, daughters of another world.

By the way, the people called noble ladies don’t clean or do laundry, and if she does such a thing, she will take away the maid’s jobs.

The daughters of Class C will be absent from dungeon classes.

Camping is absolutely impossible for them.

It seems that the daughters who belong to Class A wanted high grades at the Academy and will bring maids to the dungeon one after another.

It is said that many maids are martyred in the dungeon every year.

My prayers.

Ah, I see, battle maids and intelligence maids are there for that purpose.

Is that so how it was?

They can certainly do well for themselves in the world.

That means, wouldn't it be better to take Carol's maid Anne-san to scout?

That person looks like an intelligence agent.

Wow, the party is almost finished.

We no longer need to look for mercenaries.

It's a happily ever after.

Well, a future dungeon capture party is fine.

The problem in front of you is the bad food.

I wonder what happened with this.

It's fine to lose weight by eating bad food, but I'm already a skinny loli.

You can see my ribs floating.

When a woman loses weight, she loses weight starting with her breasts, and her upper arms are the last thing that shrinks.

I don't want to lose any more of them because there are already small.

A loli body is not cute without a certain amount of meat.

A gariloli has a feeling of being a tragic refugee.

Mmm.

Well, if you eat bad food, your stomach will swell.

I finally finished my dinner.

“Thank you for the meal,” I said.

“It was terrible,” Corinna said.

“I’m with you on that,” I said.

Ooh, it was so bad.

When I returned to Room 205 with Corinna-chan and prepared for tomorrow’s class, it was nearly 7:30.

Now then, shall we brace for our meeting with Yuriyuri-senpai?

I walk down the corridor with an assortment of high-quality cookies as a gift for Yurisha-senpai.

“Makoto-san, if you will be my pet, I can join your faction.”

I’m in trouble if she says that.

Uum, I already have Carol.

However, it is also hard to throw away the chance of being drowned in Yuriyuri-senpai’s missile boobs.

It’s a confusing place.

“Makoto! Maybe I have tiny tits, but I love you.”

Yeah, Carol would never say such a thing.

A playful delusion.

I should be more realistic about this.

But what underpins the realism of creation is the power to think of a lot of unnecessary things.

As soon as I banged the knocker in Carol’s room, Anne-san came out.

She whispered, “Go ahead,” and let me through.

“You’re here, Makoto, let’s go,” Carol said.

“Yeah, if Yuriyuri-senpai is about to attack me, please save me,” I said.

“It’s not going to be like that,” Carol said.

Well, just for the sake of precautions.

“Hmm, Carol, are you wearing makeup?” I asked.

Carol’s faint blush and faint lipstick are very cute.

She’s fashionable.

“Yeah, just in case, Makoto won’t you wear it, too?” Carol asked.

“I don’t have cosmetics,” I said.

Since the saint candidate believes in being clean and simple, the temple believes I don’t look good with makeup.

“Next time, I’ll give you lipstick and blush, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Wow, thank you Carol!”

I’m looking forward to this.

“You don’t seem to need milk lotion or anything like that. Your skin is like a baby’s,” Carol said, nudging me on the cheek.

Uhihihi, things are getting spicy.

“When you’re constantly casting Heal on yourself, your skin becomes smoother, so I don’t need basic cosmetics,” I said.

“Being the Saint-sama is convenient.”

Now then, let’s go to Yuriyuri-senpai.

“Where is Senpai’s room?” I asked.

“The top of the girls’ dormitory, the penthouse on the roof,” Carol said.

“Geeh,” I groaned.

It’s troublesome to go up the stairs.

“Let’s use the elevator,” Carol said.

“Ah, I see, you are with me, Carol,” I said.

“I’m just an earl’s daughter,” Carol said.

“In the territory, Ojou-sama is more loved as the lord than the Earl himself,” Anne said.

“That, that’s not true, Otou-sama is loved too,” Carol said.

“Hakushaku-sama does not do any of the work,” Anne said.

“An alchemist’s job is to collect materials,” Carol said.

“Is your Otou-san not home that much?” I asked.

“He files off all year round,” Carol said.

“What about your Okaa-san?” I asked.

“She died when I was 10. Of illness, you see,” Carol said.

Hmm, what a pity, if we had known each other earlier, we might have been able to cure Carol’s mother’s illness.

Well, I became able to use light magic at the age of 13 from the Magic Appraisal Ceremony, so it can’t be helped.

Does that mean that Carol has been acting as the lord since she was 10 years old?

What a filial daughter.

We ask the gatekeeper of the elevator to open the door and go inside.

It’s a normal elevator from my previous life.

However, it’s not the button that determines the number of floors, but the heavy iron lever.

Anne-san pulled it with a “gashya-kon” sound and moved the lever all the way to the right.

I feel us rising with a loud sound.

It’s been a while, this feeling.

A bell rings and the door opens.

A little cold outside air came in.

When I got out of the elevator, the full moon was shining brilliantly in the sky.

“Fuah, what a good night view,” I said.

“The scenery from here is beautiful,” Carol said.

There are no lights on the school facilities, but you can see the colorful lights on the royal capital side, and it’s as beautiful as the night views of my previous life.

To the east is the men’s dormitory, where the lights are on and the shadows pass by from time to time.

There are two large glass greenhouses and two penthouses on the large rooftop site.

One is the room of Estelle-sama, the Dormitory Master.

It’s quite large, one building seems to be about the size of Hiyoko-Do’s site.

If I become a dormitory master, will I get such a spacious room, or rather, a house?

Nice, I wonder if I’ll be a dormitory master when I’m in the 3rd year.

Naturally, the deputy dormitory master is Carol.

Mhmm, mhmm.

Ah, but it’s a lot of work, so I’d rather Carol be the dormitory master and I would be the deputy.

Yeah, yeah.

“What is that greenhouse?”

“The Botany Department grows foliage plants and such.

Can I borrow it for a fee?

For a moment, I thought about cultivating cacao here and lowering the price of chocolate, but I rejected it because it would be troublesome.

I receive a small amount of pocket money from House Kimball, the Great Temple, and also from Hiyoko-Do, but somehow it’s not enough.

Hmmm, I need to do something.

It's enough money for normal student life, but it's not enough for eating out every day, going out at night, and doing unreasonable things.

I have to do something for the sake of an enjoyable student life.

When I was playing otome games, I often wondered how you would have the money to go on dates every week, but that was definitely because you were courting upper-class aristocrats.

Going to the theater, horseback riding, eating at a restaurant, we could go on dates every week.

By the way, in the game, when I got a Date Appointment, it was a meeting in front of the location.

Well, I can't help it because of the nature of Events, but I thought there wouldn't be a meeting in front of the ski resort in winter.

A date is a date, including traveling to and from. At least I thought so.

As I'm aiming for a Friendship End, I need to somehow earn money myself.

I wonder if I'll be a steady adventurer after school.

Chapter 25

25 - Yuri-Yuri-Senpai Talks Passionately About National Affairs

Anne-san banged on the penthouse door knocker.

“Yee-s, you may come in, please make yourselves welcome.”

It was a really cute, puni-puni little maid girl who took care of us.

Wow, so this is the house of an Omawari-san.

When I learn this is Yuriyuri-senpai’s maid, it smells like a transcendental crime.

I hope she’s not keeping this little girl prisoner.

“Makoto, it’s okay, she’s a halfling maid,” Carol said.

I must have been looking at the little girl maid with such a strange face, so Carol explained.

Halflings are a legal loli/shota race who look like children even when they grow up.

I saw them for the first time.

“Oh no, oh no, I was just about to call the dorm knight-sans,” I said.

“Ahaha, they’ve already been called here before,” the maid said.

“No surprise about that,” I said.

We entered the drawing room led by the little girl maid who walked with a toddle.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai was there.

“Welcome, Makoto-sama, Caroline-sama, I am very happy to have you come to my residence,” Yurisha said.

“Likewise, thank you very much for considering joining my faction,” I said.

“Oh my, I should be thanking you as well, it’s a great turn of events

for us as well,” Yurisha said.

“Is that so? I thought it was because you liked me,” I said.

“I do like you Makoto-sama, but if I act as duke’s daughter must, that reason alone is weak,” Yurisha said.

And at that, Yuri-Yuri-senpai smiled.

Certainly, if you join a faction as a duke, there’s no reason for you to act just because you like me.

Participating in a faction is a problem for the entire clan, and the head of the family, the Koushaku-sama, may also be affected by these decisions...

So why did the daughter of Duke Appleby want to join the Saint’s Faction?

“May I ask why?” I asked.

“The main reason is that the 2nd Duke of Pottinger, James Pottinger, passed away last year,” Yurisha said.

“???”

“This is going to be a little long, but would you like to hear the story of the rare hero, James Pottinger-koushaku?”

Yurisha said.

I was wondering if that greasy old man’s dad was that amazing, but it was certainly the achievement of a hero.

When he was a student, James-kimi started his own faction from scratch, even though he was the son of an earl, and was very active in fighting, studying, sports, martial arts, and magic! It seems that he was just a badass, a masculine man’s man, and an attractive guy, too.

He’s an Oda Nobunaga or a Cao Cao, an ambitious character, like an owl-type hero.

Naturally, he was very popular with the young ladies, and he had a harem full of embracing and parting, embracing and parting, and in the end, he persuaded a princess to marry him and take her on as a first wife.

It seems that he was a hero who felt like a Harlequin protagonist who was forcibly advancing, or the hero of an otome game.

It seems that House Pottinger's rise from earl to marquis, and from marquis to duke, is mostly thanks to James-okina.

If you achieve great results in wars with neighboring countries, marry a princess, kick out your rivals, add your allies to your family line, and expand your faction, you would keep going up in the world.

You know, a natural cheat character that seems to be loved by the heavens.

It's the kind of character Otou-sama would have loved, but one year after his death, he still hasn't become a part of history within the framework of politics.

The Pottinger Royal Line was born, and the current royal family was terrified, but it seems that one day the movement for James-okina to take over the throne stopped.

It is said that around that time, his dying wife admonished him against aiming for the throne, or he had realized that ascending to the throne at that age would give him too little time to rule.

After that, he took care of his granddaughter Vivian, and the Duke of Pottinger became a maternal relative, changing his policy toward swallowing up the royal family.

I wonder if the king decided it was impossible with the current Duke Pottinger's greasy aura.

I wish I could have met you, James-okina, you must have been a cool old man.

"What do you think of Vivian-sama's father and Vivian-sama herself?" I asked.

"I hear that Doland-sama, the current head of the house, is several steps below James-sama," Yurisha said. "And Vivian-sama's grades are not good, and neither is her magical skills."

Vivian-sama is talented in martial arts and has the impressive fighting ability, but the aristocratic evaluation points are academic grades and magic.

“What about Vivian-sama’s political power?” I asked.

“Ohoho, just before the entrance ceremony, I can’t expect political power or charisma from those who try to force a saint candidate to drop out of school just because they are an eyesore,” Yurisha said. “If things had worked out, it would have been fine for her, but you, Makoto-sama, turned the tables on her.”

Ah, so the troublesome incident before entering school became Vivian-sama’s big mistake, and it became my big gold star.

“The attempted poisoning in the girls’ dormitory was also a bad move,” Yurisha said. “Why did she launch a lethal attack on the same day, and at that, if she was going for lethal, she should have aimed for instant death. There is also no excuse for not investigating if poison will work on saints beforehand.”

I see, political power is basically useless unless you win.

No, I guess it’s okay to fail, but I guess it’s part of my ability to lose well and do well on the back foot.

“By committing two poorly thought-out blunders in a row, the nobles of the Royal Faction who were afraid of House Pottinger began to move, thinking they may now be able to crush the frightening, terrifying Pottinger-kyou or worse, reduce their power as a whole. That’s why the Saint’s Faction was such a stroke of luck.”

“It’s a coincidence, or rather, it’s a defensive organization,” I said.

“Defensive, it really is the ideal faction motivation,” Yurisha said. “I can only say it’s a blessing in disguise.”

“Does that mean that since the Royal Faction will attack, the Saint’s Faction should take all the enemy attacks?”

“That’s not true, the Saint’s Faction took on the enemy’s plot and repelled it, and took advantage of that gap to form another faction, a coalition of the Royal Faction and the weaker nobles. However, they will attack while you’re shaking hands.”

Uwah, how nasty, are you going to siege and annihilate the Saint’s Faction as a decoy?

This is what a faction struggle is like, a battle without honor and ethics.

They're moving with the intention of completely ruining the duke's house.

James-okina must have been so scared of it.

"Perhaps there will be another attack of some kind," Yurisha said. "If we can survive it, we'll be fine for the year."

"Really?"

One more thing.

"Right now, Pottinger-kyou's undercover forces at the Academy are, so to speak, reserve soldiers, and if they make yet one more blunder, they will be punished," Yurisha said. "Then we'll be safe a year from now on, because then I'll be leaving."

"Oh, yes, Appleby-sama will be graduating," I said.

"So, Makoto-sama, Caroline-sama, please raise your faction firmly within this year," Yurisha said.

"I understand. Thank you very much," I said.

A year from now, a secret military unit raised by the former James Pottinger-kyou will come, led by the hidden character, the Butler of Poison.

Does that mean that the power of our faction should be increased by then?

I see, it's a behind-the-scenes story that can't be understood in a conversation-based otome game.

When the protagonist becomes a sophomore, the number of Attack Events suddenly increases.

In the game, it was an impossible move for the Duke of Pottinger family to miraculously self-destruct if the characters were in love.

No wonder, compared to other otome games, the bullying means of this villainess were nothing but violent: poisoning and assassination.

Also, I misunderstood Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

I thought she was more of a character with flowers growing in her head, but she has high analytical skills and is a very sharp person.

“Actually,” I said, “if you had moved the children of aristocrats, wouldn’t it be necessary for the entire House of Appleby to move?”

“Ufufufu, I’m honestly a little angry,” Yurisha said. “Vivian-sama is mocking the West Girls’ Dormitory by poisoning an event I and Estelle were supervising. And as Appleby doesn’t involve themselves much in politics, I will take it upon myself, and I wanted to tell her that because of these actions, she’d sold out the old aristocracy, too. Ohoho.”

It’s nice, it’s nice and quite conniving.

It’s fantastic.

Her serious gachi-yuri tendencies are a bit too much of a flaw, though.

I’m the leader of the Saint’s Faction, but House Appleby seems to be a big supporter.

Chapter 26

26 - I Begged Carol For It, But She Resists

Warning: Provided you're still here, the chapter gets back to the strange kinks of the characters and some legal and ethical gray areas like legal lolis/adult characters who only look underaged, and teenaged characters exploring and being upfront about their sexuality and what sexual things they're into.

The little girl maid pushed a wagon of tea.

"Now, let's end the outrageous things from here," Yurisha said. "Let's talk about something fun now."

"I agree....." I said.

The little girl maid distributed tea and sweets.

It's probably a signal that the serious talk is over.

.....Why did Yuri-Yuri-senpai pick up that little girl maid and put her on her lap?

"Misha is my pet, so don't worry about it," Yurisha said.

Even if you tell me not to worry about it...

This, this lady is groping the ass of a little girl maid, Omawari-san, Omawari-san!!

Somebody, please bring a Japanese police officer right now!

Woah, I lost a lot of my admiration for Yuri-Yuri-senpai!

This person is definitely a criminal!

Carol's expression has completely turned blank.

She's looking at the duke's daughter like she's looking at garbage.

"So, Makoto-sama, Caroline-sama, how far have you two gone?" Yurisha asked.

Wow, straight to the point.

“No, um, we’re not like that,” I said.

“Ma-Makoto and I are good friends, we’re not lovers,” Carol said.

“Well, it’s adorable,” Yurisha said. “Hohoho, love begins with a strong denial, the more stubborn you are, the stronger the emotion. It’s so beautiful and precious.

What.

I looked at Carol.

Love, it’s not it, right?

I can’t say for sure.

We have a strong friendship.

I want to lick Carol’s bare feet, but it’s within the scope of friendship.

It’s alright, it’s alright.

I listen to Yuri-Yuri-senpai’s various stories about the girls’ dormitory.

It seems that there were big fights involving the whole dorm and injuries caused by knives due to love and hate.

The ladies from another world have a strong taste for blood.

You stole my fiancée, so I take your life, I understand the motivation, but I feel like it’s dangerous to kill each other in a fight between ladies.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai is good at talking, so I listen intently.

“By the way, Makoto-sama, are you not interested in such things?”
Yurisha said. “I can arrange it for you.”

Yuri-Yuri-senpai handed me a bag of something in a low voice.

.....

.....

.....!

Aren't these sex toys?!!

Rotors, dildos, wow, I've never seen anything like this in my previous life.

Eh, are you going to use magic power in this?

Oh, the switch is magical!

So this is how it works fantasy, huh?

Wawah, the vibration is pretty strong.

Woah, woah, woah.

The material is not plastic, what is it made of, it's kind of smooth.

Heh-heh-heh.

"A-Appleby-sama, please don't show Makoto anything strange," Carol said. "This girl takes an interest in everything, so it's not good for her education."

Is Carol my mom now?

"This is a vibrating treatment device that can relieve stiff shoulders, it's not used for any improper purpose, and when it's delivered, it's labeled under the name of carriage parts," Yurisha said. 1

Uuu, my cheeks are hot.

With the last bit of self-control, I pushed the bag of tools back toward Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

"We-Well, I think it's still too early for us," I said. "I don't even have stiff shoulders or anything like it."

"Ohoho, I beg your pardon about this," Yurisha said.

Carol's eyes are cold when she looks at me.

So scary.

Somehow, the atmosphere became unbearable, so I decided to leave, though reluctantly.

I give the little girl maid an assortment of high-quality cookies as a

souvenir.

“Oh wow-wow, it’s Hiyoko-Do’s cookies, thank you so, so much,” Misha said.

“... How old are you, Misha-san?” I asked quietly.

If she says 6 years old, I’m running down the stairs to the dormitory knights.

Misha looked at my face and made a gesture asking me to lend her my ear.

“I’m 23 years old, so don’t worry about it. Thank you for your concern,” Misha whispered.

Ah, so the innocent way of talking was also a little girl’s roleplay, I’m glad. 2

I was relieved, there was no poor loli being toyed with by a gachi-yuri.

“Please come anytime. You’re always welcome here,” Yurisha said. “Also, Makoto-sama, take this.”

Yuri-Yuri-senpai gave me a memo with the store name and address written on it.

“It’s a carriage parts shop,” she said.

“Y-You shouldn’t have,” I said, putting the note in the pocket of my uniform.

No-No, come on, I’ll feel terrible if I just litter on the dormitory’s roof.

Carol looks at me with cold eyes that are truly dumbfounded.

What did I do, what did I do?

Yuri-Yuri-senpai is looking at us with a sticky smile.

I know that look, that’s how we fujoshi look at gay men couples.

Fuck, damn it, Yuri Yuri-senpai’s gender preference is reversed, but she’s the same as us.

Those are the eyes of a lady with a deep passion, a real pervert.

We leave the penthouse behind.

Anne-san pressed the elevator switch.

The door opens.

I got into the elevator and waved goodbye to Yuri-Yuri-senpai and Misha-san.

The door closed.

“Anne, take us to the 2nd floor,” Carol said.

Anne-san lowered the floor lever with a gya-kon.

Ca-Carol-san, you live on the 5th floor, right?

“Eh, um, why is that Carol?” I asked.

“Nothing,” Carol said.

Aeiiii.

A curtain of silence fell on the descending elevator.

Awkward.

Or rather, she’s going to take that memo away from me.

No, don’t, I’m just going to the shop to scout, and um, buy the cheapest and smallest one, um, yes, as a reference.

It’s research material, research material, I’m secretly experimenting with how different the healing of stiff shoulders is with Light magic Heal and the vibration of a small massage wand.

I don’t even have the slightest desire to put it in the wrong place.

Yeah.

Chin.

The elevator reached the 2nd floor.

The door opens.

I run away with a dash!

“Anne, catch her,” Carol said.

“Of course,” Anne said.

Hii, Anne-san moved at high speed and grabbed me by the shoulder.

While the lady knight-san in charge of the elevator gave us a strange look, I was made to walk while Anne-san gripped my shoulder.

Anne-san has a strong grip.

I don’t think I can win against her.

“Makoto, give me the note.”

“No.”

“I’m getting angry.”

Getting angry, she says, she already is angry.

“No, stooppp...” I whined.

Wah-wah, Carol is groping in my pockets.

Oh, oh no.

“Things like that are unclean because they’re made in the spare time of unskilled alchemists, so your vital parts will get sick,” Carol said.

“So things like that are made by alchemists,” I said.

“Magic tools production is an alchemist’s domain,” Carol said.

“Then in that case, do you make them as well, Carol?” I asked.

“W-Wh-What are you talking about, I-I don’t make them, right, Anne?” Carol asked.

Anne silently averted her eyes.

Oh, there it is.

She absolutely does.

“How cunning, Carol, it’s just for me,” I said.

“Even if you say I’m being cunning, um, I just made it as a test at

work, and I haven't used it," Carol said.

"Give it to me, give it to me, if it's made by you, Carol, then that thing would be safe, secure, and clean, so there's no problem, so give it to me," I said.

I hugged Carol tightly around her waist while begging her to give me one.

Now then, Carol, forget about the note with my sudden sexual harassment attack.

Ushishi, I can feel Carol's ass through her skirt and drawers~.

Momi-momi-momi.

"N-No, stop that!"

"I won't stop rubbing your butt until you give me something like that."

Kure-kure-kure.

"... Makoto, please calm down."

Wow, a cold voice about below-freezing temperature came from Carol.

She seems to be serious.

I brushed aside the hand that was wrapped around her waist, and Carol circled behind me.

Heh?

Wa-Wait, from behind, my crotch, crotch, she's got a hand on my crotch!

"Iyaah," I squealed, "are you going to do something nasty to me, like an erotic doujin~?!"

"What's an erotic doujin?" Carol asked.

Carol picked me up from behind.

You're kidding me, is this a Canadian Backbreaker?!

"Guwawa, it hurts, it hurts," I whined.

“I saw the boys doing it to each other in the daytime and wanted to try it myself,” Carol said.

“As expected of you, Ojou-sama, what a wonderful human power plant,” Anne said.

“Ahaha, this is kind of fun, isn’t it?” Carol said.

Uhah, can you learn it just by looking at it? What a high-spec close-quarters combat savant!

And on that note, my back hurts more than I thought.

Ow-owowwowowowowowow.

“Oh, quiet out there, what are you making such a fuss about, Makoto...”

The door swung open and Corinna-chan showed her face.

Then, she looked expressionlessly at me, while was on Carol’s shoulders like a scarf and freaking out about it.

“...”

Corinna-chan silently closed the door.

“...”

Slow down, slow down.

“It hurts when you shake me, put me down, I’m going to pee myself,” I said.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Makoto. Please refrain from peeing yourself,” Carol said.

After that, Carol took the memo about the shop.

Fuck, damn it, at least give me some naughty tools made by you, Carol.

Footnotes

1. If you know the history of Hitachi Magic Massage Wands, this gets even funnier.

2. Translation conventions. I find it difficult to have to translate for very young characters with the ways they mispronounce words or drop certain parts unique to Japanese grammar. So, I don't do it most of the time.

Chapter 27

27 - Getting Ready For The Morning And Going To School In Good Spirits Today!

It's morning.

I can't remember what happened yesterday.

Damn you, Carol.

I climb down the bunk ladder and take the bread out of my chest.

Uhihi, I'm graduating from the bad porridge.

"Oh, how cunning, I didn't think you'd betray me, Makoto," Corinna cursed as she poked her head out of her bed.

"Fufufu, I don't eat that bad porridge anymore," I said.

"We promised that we'd both eat that bad porridge together every day until graduation," Corinna said.

"I have not made such a promise," I said. "But, if you'll make some tea, I'd be happy to share my bread, Corinna-chan."

"I'm on it!" Corinna said.

She ran out of room 205 with a kettle.

The maids' beds are empty, and they have already gone to work.

I make tea with the hot water that Corinna-chan has boiled.

"Corinna-chan, which do you prefer, saint's bread or mayo-corn?"

"I've never eaten mayo-corn bread," Corinna said.

"Then, have that one," I said.

The two of us munched on them together.

Ah, saint's bread is good.

"Yummy, it's so delicious it makes me cry," Corinna said.

“Honestly, I have to do something about that lower-class noble’s food,” I said.

“It’s not something nobles eat, that stuff,” Corinna said.

“It feels like a prison meal,” I said.

“It must be that,” Corinna said.

Eating something delicious in the morning puts you in a good mood.

Let’s go to school.

I’m heading to class with Corinna-chan.

It’s sunny again today and I feel good.

Spring in the royal capital region is mild with little rainfall.

By the way, the climate of the Kingdom of Appleton is normally the same as that of Japan.

There is spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and there is also a rainy season.

Well, it’s an otome game, and it’s a different world, so it’s probably because it’s hard to get a feel for the dry season and the rainy season.

It’s probably hard for game players to imagine a climate they’ve never lived in.

When I entered the school, there was another wall newspaper pasted at the front of the school.

What is it, what is it?

“Another Massive Incident! At the Girl’s Dormitory, an attempt to poison a saint candidate took place!! What is the secret of the Bejeweled Reijou-sama who swallows the poisoned bowl and roars to a standing ovation?!!”

Umu, well, there’s some exaggeration, but in general, the Magic Academy News is an article based on the facts.

It’s easy to read with a consistent style.

The problem is with Noble’s New Bulletin, as it is doing its best to fabricate, bias, and insult.

The arrogant and vicious saint candidate got puffed up and high off her position, accused the waitress of poisoning, and yelled at a 2nd-year senpai who got in the way and forced her to leave the school, making her faint.

Ignoring the dead Bowgun Maid, huh?

Also, it is written that Curtis and Elmer were charmed by the poisonous saint and fell head over heels for her in a love affair trap.

“Is that so?” Curtis said. “It seems I’ve had a very bad fall from grace.”

Before I knew it, Curtis and Elmer were standing next to me.

“If it’s a physical relationship... you have to eat more... Makoto’s body needs to grow a little more... hard for me to imagine right now...” Elmer said.

“I know what you mean, you have to have breasts, hips, and such,” Curtis said.

“Oh shut up, you two,” I said.

Such erotically-charged boys!

It’s sexual harassment.

Even Corinna-chan can’t hold back her laughter.

“Honestly, Kimball-san... it’s troubling me.”

Woah, somehow suddenly, a beautiful second-year girl with a blue ribbon around her neck and short hair called out to me.

Wait, who?

She just called herself by male pronouns. 1

“Ah, my apologies, I am Heather from the Earl of Wilkinson. Please, feel free to just call me Heather.”

“Ah, I see, so you’d be Heather-senpai?” I asked.

Heather-senpai grinned. “You’re doing fascinating things every day, so Margot’s reports are getting long and she’s in a bad mood about it, it’s becoming trouble for me.”

Oh, is this the ojou-sama Margot-san served?

“I was wondering why you happened to have Albright-sama do the Human Power Plant on you in the hallways last night, I couldn’t sleep because I was quite troubled about it,” Heather said.

Somehow, even though the official name of that technique is the Canadian Backbreaker, it’s becoming the Human Power Plant.

By the way, there are no power plants in this world, so the syntax is something like “a person who is like a fortress that creates lightning.”

“Why were you doing that, Makoto?” Heather asked.

“That technique... even though it’s so difficult...” Elmer said.

“No, um, that was a trivial misunderstanding, and I got into a fight with Carol,” I said.

“You really are quite interesting, aren’t you, Kimball-sama?” Heather said. “There are a lot of middle-ranking aristocrats who are involved in intelligence gathering, but even at those meetings, you’re monopolizing the conversation.”

Middle-ranking aristocrats with territories that have no key product export seem to turn to intelligence work, instead.

It seems that they will do their best to keep the family going by collecting information and looking for momentum and someone to latch onto who can propel them onward.

However, the intelligence-gathering aristocrats seem to be black-hearted, aren’t they?

I don’t want to get too close to them.

Heather-senpai came up to me,

“My family, the Earl of Wilkinson, belongs to Pottinger-kyou’s faction, but they are currently planning to transfer to the Royal Faction. I’m not on your side but I’m not your enemy, either, so I’ll just eagerly sit back and watch your exploits.”

Heather-senpai whispered this into my ear with a smile and left.

Even in Pottinger-kyou’s faction, it feels like the nobles who are newer are trying to evacuate to the Royal Faction on a wait-and-see basis.

Even among the nobles that make up the faction, there are high and low loyalties, so it seems that the lower nobles have begun to waver.

“Hmm, the wind is blowing in our favor,” Curtis said.

“A tailwind... I can feel it,” Elmer said.

“I hope you didn’t plan anything today,” Curtis said.

“I have, I can’t go,” I said.

“I’m sure... there’s something that’s going to happen...” Elmer said.

Nuu, it’s unreasonable.

Well, I’m going to the adventurer’s guild with Carol after school, so there must be something going on there too.

Light Sky’s Events are all over the place.

In the game, there were three events involving bald macho adventurers.

Such as,

“The adventurer’s guild is not a place for little brats”

With that said the bald macho man loses when he gets involved with the protagonists.

Knowing that it was Prince Lloyd, he knelt on the ground, was beaten by Curtis, and was preached to by Gerald.

Depending on your choices, the main character can defeat them, but it’s a good deal if you say “Save me.” to the capture targets, as their favorability will increase.

The four of us go up the stairs to the second floor and pass through Class C in front of the densely populated crowd of fancy dresses, I say goodbye to Curtis and Corinna-chan in Class B, and Elmer and I head to Class A.

When I opened the door, Carol was reading a textbook.

Umu, it’s the usual scene.

“Good morning, Carol,” I said.

“Morning.....” Elmer said.

“Good morning, Makoto. Good morning, Elmer-sama.”

Is Carol not mad anymore?

Is she still mad?

Perhaps sensing my timid gaze, Carol smiled.

“If you ever talk about that thing ever again, it’s the human power plant for you, no questions asked,” Carol said.

“Un-Understood,” I said.

Let’s hide from Carol and find the shop in downtown.

Ah, but I’d rather have something like that from Carol.

I’d like to have safe, secure, and clean erotic tools made by Carol.

Hey, it’s something my best friend made.

Won’t you be super excited with that sense of immorality?

Uhehehehe.

“You’re thinking of something bad again,” Carol said.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I said.

Anthony-sensei came and started homeroom.

There was a notice of a school event in the 1st semester.

First of all, in the first half of May, there is a welcome dance party for new students.

It’s the first dance party that happens once a semester.

Participation is free for the time being.

In the game, everyone’s favorability is low at this time, so it was difficult to find someone to escort when participating.

Everyone usually has a fiancé or fiancée to go with them.

From the middle of April, 1st-year boys and girls who don’t have

fiancées should desperately search for an escort partner.

So, it seems that it's not uncommon for people to get married to the first person they invited to the 1st dance.

During the game, I always wondered why Carol wasn't at the dance party, but after reincarnating in this world and learning about Carol's circumstances, I'm convinced I know.

I want to do something about Carol before the graduation dance party.

I want to wear a beautiful dress together and go to a ball together.

Well, when the welcome dance is over, it's golden week.

Yeah, it's Golden Week, I have a sense of déjà vu.

There is a midterm exam in the second half of May.

An excursion in June. 1st-year students seem to take a hike in a small mountain on the outskirts of the royal capital.

In July, there will be a martial arts tournament, and after the final exams, it will be summer vacation.

It's a surprisingly packed schedule.

Footnotes

1. Lost in translation. English has no equivalents to get across the nuances of “Watashi,” “Atashi,” “Boku,”

“Ore,” and the like, which all mean “Me/I.”

Chapter 28

28 - I Sense Dangerous Air, So I Jump From A Second Floor Window

Kin-kon-kan-kon, the morning lecture ended with the familiar bell ringing.

Classroom life is good, it's easy.

I thought that if I let my guard down too much, I would stumble in the 2nd or 3rd year, but from looking at the textbook in the library, it seems that I have mastered the subjects up to the end of the 3rd year curriculum.

After that, you can review it, so the lectures are good as passed.

I do so love having a high-spec brain.

Uhahahaha.

Huh?

Feeling something was off in the corner of my eyes, I look beyond the window.

What is that?

What are they doing?

"Makoto, you want to go to Hiyoko-Do again for lunch?" Carol asked.
"Makoto?"

Near the pond, there's a lady in a colorful dress...

Ah, someone is... huh, was she pushed down?

At that moment, I realized who had fallen, and with a "zaaaaaah," the blood rushed to my head.

"What's wrong, Makoto?" Carol asked. "Makoto, what are you doing!!?"

"Melissa-sama was pushed into the pond! Carol, go find Sensei and tell him!"

“Huh?! Right! Wait, that’s dangerous!”

Ignoring Karol’s screams, I jumped out of the window from the second floor.

I hear the wind whistling past me and feel the ground getting closer.

I activate a Barrier beneath my body.

Barin!

The barrier cracks with a loud noise, and it breaks my fall’s momentum.

On the lawn in the courtyard, while suppressing the shock, I turned around like a cat.

The moment my feet touch the ground, I cast body-strengthening magic on my legs and start running.

“You bitches!! What are you doooiinnggg?!!!”

Melissa-sama in the pond is floundering, I wonder if she can’t swim.

The young ladies in splendid dresses looked at her with cold eyes and smiled.

No one is trying to help.

“So you’ve come after all, False Saint.”

“It’s going according to plan.”

“Wh-What are you doing...?”

I threw off my uniform so fast that I tore off the buttons, kicked off my shoes, and jumped into the pond with only a pair of drawers on me.

Dapoon!

“I’m coming, Melissa...!” I yelled.

“Ma, Makoto-sama...!”

It’s a school pond, but it’s pretty deep.

I can’t stand in it.

“Calm down, you’ll float naturally,” I said.

“O-Okayyy...” Melissa says, her expression distorted from crying.

If I hug her, we’ll both drown, so I approach her from behind and support her head.

“Calm down and take a deep breath,” I said.

“Haa, haa, haa.”

I support Melissa-sama’s neck and pull us toward the shore.

The ladies in colorful dresses stand in front of the shore with grins on their faces.

“Get out of there!!” I yelled.

“I’d love to help you,” one of them said. “But my hands might slip, ohohoho.”

Bitch...!!

Shall we blind them all with a 12x Light flash, these guys?

I wonder if I can create a Barrier underwater.

Alright, I made one.

I create two Barriers underwater in a staircase pattern.

I hold Miss Melissa in a princess carry, use the Barrier as a foothold, climb up, and enhance my upper half with body-strengthening magic!!

I stepped on the shoulders of the strongest-looking lady, launched myself higher, and jumped over the group of young ladies.

“You-You just used me as a stepping stone!”

Hahaha, I couldn’t resist.

I’m cold.

As I held Melissa-sama’s body against my chest, she felt warm.

“Ohohoho, you’re a barbarian who stripped naked to save a girl like that.”

“Don’t you have any modesty as a lady? How shameless!”

“You’re getting naked in front of the gentlemen, aren’t you so used to it?”

Let’s knock these ladies over with Barriers and throw them into the pond.

You’ll know how dangerous it is to wear clothes in water.

I have to shove my feet back into my shoes.

I can’t put on the rest of my clothes with Melissa-sama already in my arms.

I’m not wearing a bra, so you can see my boobs.

“Makoto, you just, woah,” Curtis gasped as he came running in.

He seemed to realize I was in my drawers and started blushing and panicking.

While averting his eyes, he pulled off his jacket and held it out.

Oh, Curtis-onii-chan, you are a true gentleman and a likable one at that.

“That helps,” I said.

“Makoto, are you okay?” Carol said.

She saw both my hands were occupied with Melissa-sama, so she snatched Curtis’s jacket and threw it over my shoulders.

“These ladies... did they do it?” Elmer asked, looking furious as he glared at them.

“You can bother with them later,” I said, “if we can’t change Melissa-sama’s clothes now, we’ll have to go to the girls’ dormitory, so can I ask you to stay here, Curtis?”

“Okay, leave it to me, hurry up and get there,” Curtis said.

Melissa-sama is trembling with purple lips.

Even though it is spring, the outdoor temperature is still low.

I need to hurry up and get her in a bath.

The moment I was about to start walking, I saw Kevin-ouji coming this way.

“And here you go again, Makoto Kimball-sama!!” Kevin cried.

“... Please move out of the way,” I said.

“What are you saying, I can’t move from here until I hear an explanation...” Kevin started.

“I’m telling you to get out of here!!” I yelled. “If there’s anything you want to ask, ask the dress-wearing ladies crowding over there!!”

“Oh, such disrespect to the prince, to the royal family,” Kevin said.

“Kevin-ouji! Please let her go, the girl in Makoto’s arms is in danger,” Curtis said.

And Curtis-onii-chan with the rescue boat.

“Oh, I, I see, sorry,” Kevin said.

Fuck’s sake, your eyes are knotholes.

I poured magical strength into my legs and kicked off into a run.

Uu, Curtis-onii-chan’s jacket is just hanging over my shoulders, so it looks like it might fall off.

I don’t even wear a bra, so it’s all wrong.

The wind is coooold.

The students who come and go look at me with questioning expressions, but I don’t care about them.

I don’t have time for shame play.

Do-do-do, run, and jump into the girls’ dormitory.

Phew, it’s okay to be half-naked here.

“Makoto-sama, Makoto-sama~,” Melissa whimpers.

She’s crying.

“Don’t cry, it’s okay now,” I said.

I go down the stairs and head to the public bath.

The 24-hour bath was very helpful.

On the way, I stop by the laundry room.

“Oh, oh my, what happened?” the laundry lady asks.

“She fell into the pond, do you have any spare clothes?” I asked.

“If it’s your size, I’ve got some underwear,”

Ah, underwear doesn’t help.

I had the bag of it hooked on my wrist.

“Ojou-sama, ojou-sama, wh-what’s wrong, Makoto?”

“Karina-san, what a relief, you go get Melissa-sama some spare clothes,” I said.

“Ah, aah, understood, I’ll get it right now, but what happened?”
Karina asked.

“It looks like she was pushed into the pond. I don’t know the details either,” I said.

“What the hell, what the hell did Ojou-sama do, why would they have reason to push her into the pond?” Karina said.

“It, it’s my fault, Karina,” Melissa said. “The Onee-samas got angry because I mentioned Makoto-sama’s name, which offended them.”

Damn it, for fuck’s sake.

I didn’t understand the stupidity of Pottinger-kyou’s faction.

Was it all bunch of vile idiots who were all willing to go to such lengths?

It’s my fault for stirring up Melissa-sama.

“I’ll ask about the details in the bath, Karina-san, I’m counting on you,” I said.

“Understood, you’ve done a great deed for me, thank you, Makoto,”

Karina said, also crying now.

Fuck you all, you idiotic Ojou-samas of Pottinger-kyou's Faction.

I will definitely retaliate and make a mess of them, too.

I carried Miss Melissa to the dressing room.

"Can you stand up?" I asked.

"Yes, thank you very much, Makoto-sama, you saved my life," Melissa said.

"No, it wasn't a big deal, ehehehe," I chuckled.

"I, I'm really happy that you helped me by jumping into the pond even if you had to get na-naked," Melissa said.

And now she's bursting into tears again.

"It's alright, don't worry about it. Come on, let's take a bath," I said.

"..... Umm," Melissa said.

"Hmm?" I asked.

"My-My clothes, I don't have anyone to take them off..." Melissa said.

Ah, ah.

A real young lady can't even take off her clothes.

Leave everything to the maid.

The real thing about the noble lady is that she has too little responsibility.

"It's embarrassing and painful to make you act as my maid, Makoto-sama..."

"Well, leave it to me," I said.

Even so, it's hard to take off this complicated dress style.

I untie the string that crosses her back, ah, it's wet with water and it's hard to untie.

Why aren't you wearing a uniform?

Hii, Karina-san, please come quickly.

After some trial and error, I managed to remove the wet dress, and Meliss-sama is now naked.

I also take off my drawers and I'm naked now, too.

"Makoto-sama, you're beautiful..."

Stop that, don't stare at my body.

"Come on, let's take a bath and freshen up," I said.

"Ye-Yes, umm, I, I suppose this is what a wedding night feels like," Melissa said. "Kyaa, I'm getting so excited."

Yeah, things are going well as usual.

Good, good.

Pour hot water over your body and enter the bathtub.

It's lunch break time, so it's reserved for us.

Fuwaa, it's warming.

Melissa-sama's expression softened as well.

Alright, alright.

The bath is an oasis of life.

Let's forget all the painful things and sad things in the hot water.

Chapter 29

29 - Curtis's Perspective: Makoto Is An Idiot, So I Can't Leave Her Alone (1) Curtis's Perspective

Dowah-to, suddenly a loud sound echoed from Class A next door.

Did Makoto do something wrong again?

Makoto's roommate, the bespectacled Kounago, clung to the window.
1

I look outside, too.

I saw Makoto running through the courtyard with tremendous force.

Beyond that, I could see many young young ladies wearing dresses and a girl drowning in a pond.

What the, what's going on?

Well, there's no point in thinking about it, let's run there.

Thinking while running is what a knight is supposed to do.

"Oh, wait, Curtis-sama."

Kounago is saying something, but her family is just a baron, so I can't give her a straight answer.

I'll pretend she didn't ask.

I ignored her and ran out of the Class B room.

When I went out into the hallway, I almost collided with Caroline, who was running, too.

"What happened, Caroline-sama?" I asked as we ran.

"Makoto jumped out the window. She's trying to save the girl drowning in the pond," Caroline replied.

Caroline runs down the hallway while still looking like a noble lady, it's an abnormal situation so we gather surprised gazes as we fly down the halls.

“Can Makoto swim?” I asked.

“No, I don’t know. I’m going to the staff room, Curtis, you go to the pond,” Caroline said.

“Understood,” I said.

“Wait for me...” Elmer said from behind us.

He runs slow.

For exercise, he should run 4 kilometers every morning.

Kounago is also following along.

“Elmer, take it easy, and Kounago, get a towel ready.”

“Understood.....”

“I-I’m...” Kounago started.

“I will not tolerate any talk back, you are not Makoto,” I said.

I have to be very clear about where we stand.

Yesterday, there was a misunderstanding and a viscount’s daughter who spoke ill of me, so I lectured her and made her cry.

From the start, I was a stubborn, misogynistic knight.

.....Hmm, looking at my recent attitude towards Makoto, I certainly looks like a spoiling and corrupted man.

But it can’t be helped, Makoto is an idiot, so I can’t leave her alone.

I run down the stairs and jump out through the corridor window.

I can’t use the door here, you know!

I run through the courtyard.

However, Makoto’s speed earlier uses physical strengthening magic.

Are you already using the magic that’s part of the 2nd year curriculum?

Strengthening the body is also important as a knight.

Will I learn it before the martial arts tournament too?

As I was thinking about that, a naked Makoto walked towards me with a girl carried to her chest.

“Makoto, you just, woah,” I said.

She was not naked, but barely clothed.

She wears underwear, socks and shoes.

The rest of her is naked.

A lady is naked in the school courtyard.

Her tits and ass are flat, but, well, she’s naked.

A lot of sticky sensations like sweet and sour jam welled up in my chest, it became hard to breathe, and I turned away from Makoto’s nakedness.

What the hell.

What the hell.

My cheeks are hot.

However, there was nothing erotic about Makoto at all, she was radiating anger and stood proudly without being embarrassed at all.

Divine, like a goddess from a mythical age.

Except without the fine tits and ass.

Unconsciously, I took off my uniform jacket and held it out to Makoto.

Her hands are blocked by a girl who looked like a wet mouse, so it would be perfect if I gently draped it over her shoulders, but then Makoto’s nakedness would be in my eyes.

It is troublesome, I can’t say why, but it is very troublesome.

“That helps,” Makoto said as Caroline snatched my jacket.

“Makoto, are you okay?” Caroline said as she hung it on Makoto.

I’m saved.

Thank you Caroline.

You have always been a kind person.

Elmer has arrived.

“These ladies... did they do it?”

Seeing the group of young ladies, Elmer let out a chilling voice.

Yeah, this guy is naturally such a cold and inhospitable guy.

Why, in front of Makoto, is he giving off an atmosphere like a younger brother who has grown up only in body?

Makoto has a lot of oddities about her, including her relationship with Caroline.

Is she unconsciously activating her mesmerizing abilities?

Or is this the charisma of a hero?

“You can bother with them later,” Makoto said, “if we can’t change Melissa-sama’s clothes now, we’ll have to go to the girls’ dormitory, so can I ask you to stay here, Curtis?”

“Okay, leave it to me, hurry up and get there,” I said.

Shall we start by taking down that group of vicious young ladies?

Most of them are daughters of barons or viscounts, and there is only one woman who wears a dress of the rank of an earl.

It’s convenient that you can tell Class C’s stupid ladies’ ranks apart by the quality of their dresses.

“And here you go again, Makoto Kimball-sama!!”

“... Please move out of the way.”

Oh, fuck, I missed Kevin-ouji approaching from the other side.

It looks like Ouji is blocking her path.

Makoto would be naked and cold.

“What are you saying, I can’t move from here until I hear an explanation...” Kevin started.

“I’m telling you to get out of here!!” Makoto yelled. “If there’s anything you want to ask, ask the dress-wearing ladies crowding over there!!”

Hey, hold up, Makoto, it’s wrong to yell at the Ouji.

Even you are doing too much.

No, I understand it’s cold, and I understand how you feel.

“Oh, such disrespect to the prince, to the royal family,” Kevin said.

Blue streaks are throbbing on Ouji’s forehead.

As expected of a prince, it must have been the first time he was yelled at by a naked Baron’s daughter.

Crap.

Crap.

“Kevin-ouji! Please let her go, the girl in Makoto’s arms is in danger.”

For the time being, I sent out a rescue boat.

Ouji was taken aback.

He seems to have noticed Makoto’s situation now.

It’s also bad for the prince of a country to stand in front of a naked girl.

“Oh, I, I see, sorry,” Kevin said.

The prince gave way to Makoto more obediently than expected.

Makoto rushed towards the girls’ dormitory at the speed of a horse.

I hope my jacket doesn’t fall off.

Well, that jacket is still the best of a bad situation.

“What happened, can you explain, Curtis?” Kevin asked.

“I’ve just arrived, and I’m trying to figure out the situation. Shouldn’t you ask the woman with the monocle?” I said.

“Hmm, can you explain to me, Lady Deborah of Earl Wyeth?” Kevin

asked.

“I am very honored to see you remembered my name, Kevin-ouji-sama.”

“Deborah Wyeth... an earl’s daughter...” I said. “Wasn’t she Countess Chicken-and-Egg?”

When I said that, Miss Deborah’s eyebrows went up.

Chicken breeding is popular in this girl’s territory, and she is ridiculed as Countess Chicken-and-Egg by the hostile factions.

By the way, she is a hard-core faction leader who is an intelligence aristocrat and has Pottinger-kyou as a relative.

“I want you to tell me what happened,” Kevin said.

“Yes, while we were chatting by the pond, Andrea-sama slipped and fell into the pond. The baker’s daughter-san ran up in anger for some reason, took off her clothes and went into the pond to help Andrea-sama, but she made a pointless accusation that we had thrown Andrea-sama in the pond and prevented her from helping her.”

“So you’re claiming that Makoto Kimball-sama misunderstood the situation, Deborah-sama?” Kevin asked.

“You said you tried to help, but there was no rope, and it didn’t look like you were calling anyone, either,” I said.

“The suddenness of it all sent us into a panic, in dresses like these, we don’t know what would happen if we fell into the water,” Deborah said.

Well, if I jump into a pond with a dress, you’ll probably drown, right?

It looks like the pond is deeper than I thought.

“Why do you have footprints on your shoulders?” Kevin asked.

“I was stepped on by the Bejeweled Reijou-sama.”

“And how did that come to pass?” Kevin asked.

“The Bejeweled Reijou-sama jumped out of the pond, said that we were in the way, and jumped off on me like a stepping stone.”

She was a tall young lady in a bright orange dress.

His face was rough and stern, and her well-developed muscles made the dress rest high.

I wonder why this girl is not a female knight, but a noble lady.

“Be silent, Marilyn.”

“Yes, Deborah-sama.”

Ah, I just remembered, the daughter of Baron Gogol.

She had an older brother in the Royal Knights who looks just like her.

Or rather, why didn’t House Gogol raise her as a lady knight?

It’s a waste of her qualities.

“Cu-Curtis-sama is giving me such a passionate gaze... kyaah,” Marilyn squealed.

I want you, Marilyn, no matter how you look at it.

Militarily, that is.

Oops, Kounago came with a towel.

We don’t need it anymore.

She’s got bad timing.

“Thank you, Kounago,” I said, “but I don’t need the towel anymore.”

“Ah, Curtis-sama, I am...”

“Silence, no talking back,” I said.

Kounago closed her mouth and fell silent.

It is also rude for a lowly person to show a dissatisfied expression to her superiors.

Even though she’s Makoto’s friend, she doesn’t have good manners.

Footnotes

Curtis is incorrectly recalling Corinna’s first name, and instead thinks

it's "Kounago," AKA the Japanese sand lance. I suppose the misunderstanding is easier in Japanese where the syllables sound and look more similar.

Chapter 30

30 - Curtis's Perspective: Makoto Is An Idiot, So I Can't Leave Her Alone (2) *Curtis's Perspective*

"Then it was an accident," Kevin said.

"Yes, it was an unfortunate accident while we were having fun chatting with our friends," Deborah said.

Fuck, if they say that, can't we pursue it any further?

Pushed, or not pushed, it will be a watered-down argument with no evidence.

"Rather than that, we can't overlook the abusive language towards you, Kevin-ouji-sama, by that noble lady earlier.

You should sue her for blasphemy," Deborah said.

Oh, crap, that would be a real problem.

It's a problem that could cause Makoto to be expelled from school if things go wrong.

It's dangerous.

I have to do something.

"Ah, about that..." I started.

Kevin interrupted me when I was about to make excuses.

"That is my decision to make," Kevin said.

"It's not just a decision for you, Kevin-ouji-sama, it's an insult to the whole nation and the respect due to the royal family. It's a crime against the government," Deborah said.

"Please stop doing that," Kevin said.

What the, where is this conversation going?

"Why do you say that? As a citizen, I cannot allow Ouji-sama to be insulted by a baker's daughter!" Deborah yelled.

“She may have come from a bakery, but now she’s a saint.”

“She’s not a saint yet, just a candidate,” Deborah countered.

“In the 100 years since the birth of Holy Mary-sama, not a single person who can use Light magic has been born. In the future, Kimball-sama will surely reign as the temple’s saint,” Kevin said. “Deborah-sama, how much damage do you think you’ll suffer if your relationship deteriorates?”

Kevin-ouji says it all with a sorrowful look.

Deborah-sama doesn’t seem convinced.

“That may be true, but... but the right saint candidate may appear from now on, right?” Deborah said. “She is not suitable for a saint.”

“Deborah-sama, in history, there have never been multiple alive people who can both use Light magic,” Kevin said.

“You can’t have a saint and another saint, a hero and a saint, or a hero and another hero at the same time.”

Is that how it was? I didn’t know that.

Even in history books and fairy tales, the heroes and saints always appear alone, and in my childish mind, I wondered,

“Why they didn’t join forces and fight?” But was it just because there were only ever 1 of 1 every 100 years?

I thought it would be bad if she was accused of blasphemy, but Kevin-ouji did a good job.

That was a relief.

I’ll have to take care of Makoto later.

If I don’t show her the minimum courtesies, my heart won’t be able to take it.

A tall female student walked leisurely from the direction of the school building.

The ribbon of her uniform is green, so she’s a 3rd-year student.

“Oh my, oh my,” she said, “even though a friend within their faction

fell into the pond, no one cared, the daughters of Pottinger-kyou's faction are heartless."

Hmm? Who is this woman with huge breasts?

"Yurisha-sama!" Caroline said.

"Good day, Caroline-sama."

So this is the Senpai of Oppai Makoto was talking about, I understand now, she has amazing tits.

But what is she doing here?

Her waist is also firm, which makes her an interesting young lady.

"I-I'm about to leave, but first, I thought I'd report the situation to Kevin-ouji-sama first," Deborah said.

"Deborah-sama, aren't you taking the situation a little too lightly?" Yurisha asked.

Somehow, even though she's smiling, this senpai's pressure is amazing.

I feel like she's used to getting into trouble.

An amazing person has joined the Saint's Faction.

"Wh-what do you mean by that, I, I'm going to visit Melissa-sama from now on," Deborah said.

"Even though a young lady from your own faction was drowning, you stood still without doing anything and the leader of an opposing faction had to rescue her," Yurisha said. "You didn't even thank her for that, did you?"

"Sh-She's the daughter of that bakery," Deborah said, "no matter what the future holds, she's a baron's daughter and is of low social status."

"Oh dear, I wonder if all the daughters of the Royal Appleton Magic Academy are arrogant people who can't even say a single thank you to those of lower social status than them," Yurisha said.

"She-She's was from a rival faction, we didn't even ask for it, but she helped us of her own volition," Deborah said."

“It doesn’t matter, a favor is a favor. I have to wonder if the people of Pottinger-kyou’s faction are rude people who don’t understand such basic things, you know?” Yurisha said.

She’s so righteous and hard on them.

“The-Then I’ll be sure to send a thank-you note to the Bejeweled Reijou-sama, is that fine?” Deborah said.

The Senpai of Oppai gave her a dark smile.

Yikes, something is scary about this senpai.

“Deborah-sama, you thought you set a trap and ended up owing that person a big debt,” Yurisha said. said.

“N-No, I did not,” Deborah said.

“And Pottinger-kyou’s Faction has made a terrible display of themselves, when they are displeased, they will push their fellow ladies into a pond and leave them to drown.”

“Tha-That’s not true, that is not true at all!” Deborah said. “Th-This has nothing to do with the Deputy Dormitory Master of the Girl’s Dorm, Yurisha-sama!”

Now, Oppai-senpai has made a face like her prey was caught in a trap.

“You’ve been rather slow in gathering information, Deborah-sama, I joined the Saints’ Faction yesterday,” Yurisha said.

“Wh-What did you just say-?!”

Oh, was she officially joining us?

No, what am I saying? I have to feel relieved.

Oppai-senpai seems to have a faction interpersonal special attack. 1

Hearing that a daughter from the three great dukes had joined the Sanit’s Faction, the group of young ladies turned pale.

Even Kevin-ouiji is amazed.

It’s also a good time to disclose information.

Only Marilyn is smiling.

She doesn't seem to have any intelligence skills or political understanding.

You should study a little, Marilyn.

"Melissa-sama's family, House Andrea, makes excellent wine," Yurisha said. "I'm going to ask Otou-sama to make relatives of House Andrea."

"Y-You're bluffing, a viscount family is no match for a duke family..." Deborah said.

"In factional warfare, you aren't just mean to your enemies, you show your allies your gratitude, Deborah-sama,"

Yurisha said.

Amazing, is there a viscount family that will refuse to become related to a duke family?

Moreover, it is not the emerging House Pottinger, but the venerable House Appleby, which already has a connection to the royal family.

With this, Pottinger-kyou's faction has a bad reputation for harassing their comrades, while the Saint's faction can appeal to the size of their influence, and how they will even treat their enemies well.

It's an admirable way of pushing people.

"I-I have nothing to do with this factional conflict, excuse me," Deborah said, frowning as she left with the ladies.

All that was left was us and Kevin-ouji.

"Kevin-sama," Yurisha said.

"Wh-Wh-What is it, Yurisha-sama?" Kevin stammered.

"It's time to throw away your neutrality, now is the time to pin blame," Yurisha said.

"Ev-Even so, Vivian is my fiancée," Kevin said.

"In all honestly, you hate her, don't you?" Yurisha said.

"I feel no such thing, Yuri-nee!" Kevin cried.

"If you're still taking it so easy, while you're still a sophomore, you'll

have more deaths than you can count on your hands,” Yurisha said.

“I still think it’ll work out, now that James-okina is gone,” Kevin said.

“You’re an idiot, Kevin, it’s not the loss of their hero that makes them dangerous,” Yurisha said.

“N-No, that can’t be...” Kevin said.

“I will support the saint for one year, so you too should make a choice that will not bring shame to you and the royal family as their son,” Yurisha said.

“Understood... Thank you, Yuri-nee...”

Kevin-ouji dropped his shoulders and left for the school building.

Oppai-senpai is the Ouji’s cousin?

Well, I suppose they were a duke’s house, to begin with.

“Well, then it’s about time, why don’t we all go out for lunch?” Yurisha said.

“Fine by me, but I have afternoon classes,” I said.

“Let’s skip that, where is Makoto?” Yurisha asked.

“I think she went to the girls’ dormitory and is taking a bath with Melissa-sama?” I offered.

“Myyyyy, please hurry up and tell me something like that, I want to join them, too...!” Yurisha squealed.

“Hu-Huh?” I gasped.

What?

What are you talking about, Nee-chan?

Wow, she broke off into a run.

Everyone else starts to leave, too.

“Yurisha-senpai is a successful and amazing person,” Caroline said as she walks by my side.

“Oh, yeah,” I said.

“She is a duke’s daughter, and she is also the deputy dormitory master of the girls’ dormitory, so she’s also quite keen about factional warfare,” Caroline said.

“She’s really good at what she does, huh?” I asked.

“She’s gentle and considerate, so among the girls, she’s an admired onee-sama on par with Estelle-sama,” Caroline said.

“I wonder if it will also be a countermeasure against the ladies of other factions, she seems invincible,” I said.

“But, she’s just as crazy as Makoto,” Caroline finished.

“...”

That’s probably just right, Caroline.

Although she is super talented, she has a difficult personality which means we can’t leave her alone like Makoto.

Are you okay, Saint’s Faction?

“Um, Curtis-sama?”

“What is it? you speak so casually, Kounago,” I said.

“My name is Corinna,” she said.

“...”

“I am Corinna,” she repeated.

“Don’t say it again, okay, Kounago is a nickname I gave you,” I said.
“A cute little fish like you which you could catch off the coast of my family’s territory. It’s my favorite food, so feel honored, Kounago.”

“The only syllables that match are the Co- and -na,” Kounago said.

“Shut up, that’s what class differences are all about,” I said.

“... Acting just like an Ore-sama...” Kounago muttered.

“Did you say something?”

“No, nothing.”

How should I put it, you’re a cheeky baron’s daughter, Kounago.

“Curtis-sama, you hate actually hate kounagos, don’t you? Even when we served them at our home, you ignored them,” Carolines aid.

“Caroline-sama, you shut up, too,” I said.

A woman who knew me from childhood is a nuisance.

I don’t like fish because they have a lot of small bones.

Also, I can’t stand the fishy smell.

“Kounago is... delicious when fried...” Elmer said. “Pleasure to meet you, Corinna-sama.”

“Yes, thank you very much, Clayton-sama,” Kounago said.

Kisama! To Elmer, you’re smiling and polite, but you change your attitude to others, you outrageous baron’s daughter?

I’m sure this girl is also a mediocre daughter trying to climb over the place, thinking only about love and romance and sticky things.

It’s not worth it for me to keep an eye on her.

Well, we’re in the same faction, so it’s okay to be a little kinder.

You should be grateful, Kounago.

Footnotes

1. Originally “Musou Attack,” from the Warriors video game franchise.

Chapter 31

31 - In The Bath With Melissa-Sama, Having “Kyaa-kyaa, Ufufufu” Time Now that our whole bodies are warmed up, let’s wash our bodies.

We were in pond water, and so our hair smells like a tropical fish tank.

When I go to the washing area, Melissa-sama comes with me.

She doesn’t move when I’m lathering myself with a soaped-up sponge.

.....

“Umm, ah, aah,” Melissa stammered.

“What, can’t you wash your body?” I asked.

“Ye-Yes, i-it’s always Karina I count on...” Melissa said.

“Hmm, I’ll wash you, show me your back,” I said.

“O-Okay, um, I’m sorry,” Melissa said.

“It’s okay, it’s alright,” I said.

While washing my own body, I wash Melissa-sama’s back.

Woah, she has fine skin.

And she has bigger boobs than me.

It’s not as big as what you’d call “big breasts,” but it’s a good size, and she has cherry-colored nipples.

Ueh-hihihi.

.....

After this.

I have to wash the front of Melissa’s body.

Oh, no, I’m in trouble.

Before that happens.

Karina-san, why don't you come soon?

"Would you like me to help you?"

Oops, Anne-san, Karol's eyepatch-wearing maid, was by my side before I knew it.

"Can I leave it to you?" I asked.

"Please, leave it to me," Anne said.

"Oh, thank you very much," I said.

Anne-san skillfully began to wash Melissa-sama.

She's used to it.

I wonder if Karol is being washed by someone else, too.

"I brought a spare of Ojou-sama's uniform for you, Makoto-sama," Anne said. "It is in the dressing room."

"That's a real help," I said.

Karol and I are similar in height, so it should fit.

I was just thinking about how to get from the bathroom to room 205.

As expected of a noble lady, I thought it would be wrong to go through the dormitory hallway with just drawers on.

It must be Karol's instructions, she's really smart.

I take shampoo in my hand and wash my head.

Mossha-mosha.

"I've also grabbed Makoto-sama's uniform and brought it here," Anne continued. "The buttons are missing, so we will repair it, wash it, and deliver it to your room later. Browright-sama's jacket will also be handed over after it is washed, as well."

"Thank you for everything," I said.

"No, it's my job, so you don't need to thank me," Anne said.

“From me as well, you have my thanks, Anne-san,” Melissa said.

“You’re welcome”

Anne-san is cool and admirable.

I admire you so much.

I apply the conditioner to my hair and rinse it off in the shower.

Fuu, I wish I had a hair dryer.

Once again, when I was warming up in the bathtub with Melissa-sama, Karina-san came and told me that she had readied the change of clothes.

When I went out of the bath to the dressing room, I found my room key, my wallet, and a handkerchief on top of my uniform.

She must have taken it out of the uniform I tossed in the courtyard and brought them back to me.

“Thank you, Anne-san, that was very helpful,” I said.

“Rather than that, can I help you change clothes?” Anne said.

“It’s okay, it’s just a uniform.”

“So I see.....” Anne muttered.

Why do you look sad, Anne-san?

Wearing freshly laundered drawers and wearing a school uniform, it’s the return of Makoto-sama the noble lady.

Melissa-sama is also wearing a new dress, and her loveliness is back.

“You feel refreshed after taking a bath, right?” I said

“Yes, thank you very much. If you weren’t there, Makoto-sama, I might have drowned,” Melissa said.

“Nn, geez, don’t cry, don’t cry,” I said.

“Okay,” Melissa said.

And then with a BANG, the door to the dressing room opened, and Yur-Yuri-senpai came in, breathing heavily with heaving shoulders.

“Aah, you’re already changing clothes...” Yurisha said.

What do you mean by that, Yuri-Yuri-senpai?

“I also wanted to take a bath with you, Makoto-sama,” she said. “Say, you can go in again, right, right?”

“Uuh, it’s almost the end of lunch,” I said.

Ah, the bell rang.

No lunch, but well, I’m doing an experiment with Elmer and Jean-oji-san.

Let’s have cookies during break time.

For some reason, Yuri-Yuri-senpai was biting her handkerchief.

Karol popped her head out from behind her.

“Makoto, are you okay?” she asked.

“Hehehehe, I borrowed your uniform, and we’ve got the same body type, so it was perfect,” I said.

“I’m glad it was useful,” Karol said.

“Lending and borrowing uniforms is so precious,” Yurisha said.

Shut up, Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

“Well then, I’m really indebted to you, I will be leaving now,” Melissa said.

“Are you okay? Why don’t you sleep in the infirmary first?” I said.

Anyway, Class C probably doesn’t have any decent academics, to begin with.

“Melissa-sama, please wait,” Yurisha said.

“Ye-Yes, what is it, Appleby-sama?” Melissa asked.

“From now on, we are planning to go out and have lunch with everyone from the Saint’s Faction. You should also join us, Melissa-sama,” Yurisha said.

“I, I belong to Pottinger-kyou’s faction.....so, I can’t yet,” Melissa

said.

“You should leave that heartless faction that won’t even try to help a drowning friend,” Yurisha said.

“B-But, when I leave the faction, I’ll be an isolated noble...” Melissa said.

“Wouldn’t it be better to join the Saint’s Faction?” Yurisha asked.

Melissa-sama seems to have joined the faction already, so don’t go glancing at me.

“It’s fine, it’s no problem,” I said. “Melissa-sama, after that incident, it’ll be hard for you to face the members of Pottinger-kyou’s faction, right?”

“That’s right, but I have to consult with my Chicihi as well,” Melissa said.

“House Andrea, isn’t it?” Yurisha said. “The wine from your territory is delicious.”

“Ah, thank you very much, the people are working hard to make it,” Melissa said. “I will bring you a bottle next time, Appleby-sama.”

Wine is a specialty of Melissa-san’s territory.

It looks delicious.

Let’s drink now.

In this world, wine is a substitute for water, so students drink it too.

At the dormitory welcome party for new students, we drank grape juice to keep things orderly while still festive.

“Is Melissas-sama’s Otou-sama a stubborn person?” Yurisha asked.

“N-No, he’s a kind and gentle Otou-sama,” Melissa said.

“Then tell him that House Appleby wants to take in House Andrea as relatives,” Yurisha said.

“Huh?” Melissa asked.

Ah, Melissa-san, you’re stuck.

Does Yuri-Yuri-senpai want to drink wine that much?

I think she needs help with a drinking problem.

“Um, ah, uh, pl-please please stop joking, it-it-it-it-it-it’s unprecedented for a viscount to become a parasite on a duke, s-so, we can’t be related,” Melissa said.

“House Appleby family had almost no faction movements, so there are a lot of open slots for a yoriko,” Yurisha said.

“I’m sure your Otou-sama won’t be reluctant to switch allegiances.”

“We-We-Well, I don’t think he would disagree, um, uh, I might faint,” Melissa said.

Ah, that’s what it means to be a parochial parent, there’s no viscount who says no to a duke wanting to become their yoroshi.

In a nutshell, the Yoriko-Yoroshi system is something like a parent-child system for aristocrats.

The Yoroshi gives the Yoriko financial assistance, technical assistance, lending arms, etc., and the Yoriko contributes to the Yoroshi in terms of human resources, or, in layman’s terms, the provision of military power.

It’s like the aristocracy shrinking the relationship between the royal family and the nobility.

“Yurisha-sama, does your family lack that many yorikos?” I asked.

“Completely empty, we only have blood relatives,” Yurisha said. “So, they’ll be given to the Houses wishing to join the Saint’s Faction.”

I wonder if it’s a good idea to give away so many connections to a duke.

I see, there will be almost no vacancies for Pottinger-kyou’s Faction, which has emerged and grown rapidly.

Therefore, about half of the factions are houses that are not related as yorikos.

You can cut down the hostile faction as much as you want.

That’s amazing, the duke’s house is amazing.

“Is it okay for you to do so much?” I asked.

“I don’t mind, I’ll do anything for the sake of the love between my cute dormitory students Makoto-sama and Caroline-sama,” Yurisha said.

Uheh, I wonder if the gachi-yuri is what occupies the gears in her head.

Thank you, but that’s too sad.

Ah, that’s right, I’m going to visit the temple in Appleby Territory as a token of my gratitude.

“Ojou-sama, what good fortune this is, Dan’na-sama will jump for joy to be a duke’s yoriko,” Karina said.

“Indeed, Karina, I’ll be attending the Saint Faction’s meeting, so Karina, tell Otou-sama about the news,” Karina said.

“Understood, I’ll let him know as fast as I can,” Karina said.

Then, she ran out of the dressing room.

“Well, Makoto-sama,, let’s go out too,” Yurisha said.

“Where are we going?” I said.

“There’s a restaurant I frequent that serves Fuyou dishes, so let’s go there,” Yurisha said.

Fuyou cuisine!!

To put it bluntly, it’s Chinese food.

Woah, even in Baron Kimball’s house, I’ve only been there once so far.

By the way, there are Japanese restaurants in this world, and it’s called Horai cuisine.

“We’re keeping Curtis-sama and Elmer-sama waiting, let’s go quickly, Makoto,” Caroline said.

“If we’re already holding them up, then let’s hurry,” I said.

We left the dressing room behind.

So, I went up the stairs to the laundry room next door to ask them to take care of Melissa-sama's water-logged dress and my drawers.

Chapter 32

32 - The Tension Explodes At The Rotating Table Of A Chinese Restaurant

Warning: Mentions of the bloodiness and evil of aristocratic conflicts. Yurisha is no stranger to just how extreme the nobles can get.

We arrived at the Fuyou Chinese restaurant in two black luxury carriages.

Wow, it's China, it's China, the receptionist is wearing Chinese clothes and has black hair.

The storefront has a high-class feeling, seems the people responsible for this background went to Yokohama Chinatown for research.

I think the model is Manchinro or a Chongqing Hotel.

When you go inside, it's very bright.

It seems that Yuri-Yuri-senpai had made a reservation for us, so we were sent to a private room.

Oh, it comes with a serving platform that rotates around the table.

Wow, I rea~ally feel like I'm in Chinatown.

Let's sit next to Carol, next to her is Melissa-sama, and next to her is Corinna-chan.

Or rather, why did you follow us, Corinna-chan?

"Why are you looking so confused, Makoto?" Corinna asked.

"Why did you come with us?" I asked.

"Curtis-sama didn't let me go," Corinna said.

"Didn't you want to join the Saint's Faction, Kounago?" Curtis said.

"Who's Kounago?" I said.

He can't mean this girl?

“It seems to be my nickname given to me by Curtis-sama,” Corinna said.

“Omae, you’re not supposed to say that,” Curtis said.

“Ahaha, I’m sorry about Curtis, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“But about magic class in the afternoon, ueehn,” Corinna whined.

“Don’t cry if you lose a day, you can still make it back,” Yurisha said.

“Corinna-sama’s attribute was Earth, right?” Carol said.

“Yes, it was Earth, Albright-sama,” Corinna said.

“Then, as an apology, I’ll let teach you what I know later,” Carol said.
“We’re truly sorry.”

“You-You don’t have to, Albright-sama. That’s too much,” Corinna said.

Corinna-chan is a small-time citizen.

Did Curtis mistake her wanting to join the faction and forcefully pulled her along?

It was a disaster, right?

A dignified gentleman who seems to be the manager of the shop came to our table.

“Welcome, Appleby-sama, what would you like for today?” he said.

“It’s lunchtime, isn’t it? Please bring us the lunch course,” Yurisha said.

“Understood, what would you be having to drink?” the manager said.

“Put in a bottle of aged Shaoxing wine, please,” Yurisha said.

“Understood.”

Drinking in the daytime?

I’m still underage, so tea is fine.

Zhu-zhu-zhu.

Oh, Jasmine tea.

“It’s a tea with a... strange taste...” Elmer muttered.

“Is this your first time having Fuyou cuisine, Elmer?” I asked.

“Yeah, it’s my first time... I’m not really... interested in, fine dining,” Elmer said.

“There are many delicious things in the royal capital,” Yurisha said.

“For me... as long as I have that mayo-corn bread... I don’t need the rest,” Elmer said.

“How much do you like mayo-corn bread?” I asked.

“That... was the Truth,” Elmer said.

A waiter in Chinese clothes brought a plate of appetizers.

Wow, the char siu, jellyfish, shrimp, etc. are all beautifully arranged.

“Makoto-sama, would you like some alcohol?” Yurisha asked.

“No, I’ll have tea,” I said.

“Well, I’m feeling lonely, how about you, Caroline-sama?” Yurisha said.

“Sorry, I’ll have to pass as well,” Carol said.

“You’re still in your 1st year, so I thought you’d like to get a little used to drinking since they’ll be in night parties from now on,” Yurisha said.

The alcohol served at evening parties is pretty strong, like wine and cocktails.

Hmmh? So, what will happen to alcohol if the saint’s natural poison nullification activates?

Is psychological harm a trigger condition?

If it’s fully automatic, I can’t even drink potions, let alone alcohol.

Ah, Melissa-sama and Corinna-chan got some Shaoxing wine.

That’s a pretty strong drink.

If it's beer or shochu highball, I'll go drinking with someone for a while.

"Please give it to the gentlemen as well," I said.

"Understood," Yurisha said.

She gave Melissa-sama and Corinna-chan a drink, but we have to get the boys like Curtis and Elmer some, too.

As expected, Yuri-Yuri-senpai is the one who doesn't waver.

Let's have an appetizer.

Mogyu, mogyu.

Yeah, it's the same as what I ate in Yokohama Chinatown.

The food there is quite Japanized.

It's really weird.

Course dishes are brought one after another.

Shrimp chili.

Mabo tofu.

Crab balls.

Bone-in beef stew.

Fried chicken.

Shrimp fried rice.

Chinese steamed dumplings.

Corn soup.

Ah, nostalgic, nostalgic.

I feel like crying while eating.

Also, I wonder if they have ramen and gyoza.

They do not have it.

It is a luxury store.

“It’s a strange taste, but it’s very delicious, Appleby-sama,” Melissa said.

“I’m pleased to hear that,” Yurisha said. “Please, enjoy the best Fuyou cuisine in the royal capital.”

“Yes, thank you very much,” Melissa said.

Melissa-sama feels like she’s become enamored with Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

Corinna-chan is silently eating.

“Makoto, you’re good at using chopsticks, aren’t you?” Carol said.

“Leave them to me,” I said.

Everyone was given chopsticks, but I’m the only one using them.

The others are using knives and forks.

“Makoto-sama, how do you use chopsticks?” Melissa asked.

“Watch me for a moment, Melissa-san,” I said.

I teach Melissa-sama how to use chopsticks and enjoy the meal.

“Fuyou cuisine has a strange taste, but it’s delicious, right, Elmer-sama?” Yurisha asked.

“Yes... it is. I mean... eating together, with everyone... is fresh, fun, and delicious,” Elmer said.

“I agree wholeheartedly, Fuyou cuisine is served on a round table, and it’s fun to share and eat dishes from the same plate,” Yurisha said.

“Indeed,” Carol said, nodding.

I see, there are many aristocrats who generally eat alone.

I guess Carol is also lonely eating the food Anne-san cooked alone in her room.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai clapped her hands with a bang when we had eaten most of the food.

“Now then, everyone, we have some leftover spots for House

Appleby's yorikos, let's get some suggestions," Yurisha said.

"I don't really know who to put up," I said.

If I had to mention someone, it would be Mike's younger sister, Cattleya-sama, but if I put his younger sister in, her brother will follow without exception, so sorry, we have to pass.

"I want Marilyn Gogol," Curtis said.

"Are you... out of your mind, Curtis?" Elmer said, his eyes peeled back as he stared at Curtis.

I mean, who is Marilyn?

"I'm serious, Elmer, she has talent," Curtis replied, "if you take her into the Saint's Faction and train her, she'll become an excellent addition to our military force."

"Ah, so that's why," I said.

"As you might have already imagined, I don't want her to just be another noble lady," Curtis said. "Also, Kounago, you should join the Saint's Faction."

"I don't want to," Corinna said.

"Tch, you calculating bitch. Alright, I'm going to make House Ceverus a yoriko of House Browright, so there shouldn't be any problems there," Curtis said.

"I'd rather not," Corinna said.

Curtis stared at Corinna-chan in astonishment, as if lightning had struck him.

"Wait, what?" Elmer said.

He and Carol were also shocked.

For a baron's daughter to refuse an invitation from the margrave's son to become the latter's yoriko is probably an exceptional case.

"Oh dear, then let's have you become House Appleby yoriko, then?" Yurisha said.

"Ah, that excessive generosity hurts me, but I have to study hard, so I

don't have time for faction conflicts," Corinna said.

"Studying? Kounago, aren't you in Class B?" Curtis said. "No matter how much you study, you know how far that's going to take you."

"During the entrance exam, I got sick and my test scores were terrible!" Corinna said. "That's why, I'm going to study hard during my 1st year, get into Class A next year, and then get the top ranks so that I can join the Finance Office of the royal government!!"

Woah, that's some serious upward mobility.

The royal government's executive branches are the highest rank for civil servants.

Good on you, Corinna-chan.

"It's respectable... quite the dream, Corinna-chan... I'll support you," Elmer said.

"Thank you, Clayton-sama."

"That's cheeky, Kounago," Curtis grumbled.

It's cute.

"Corinna-sama, you should join the Saint's Faction," Yurisha said.

"I hate to be throwing your words back at you, Appleby-sama, but I..." Corinna started.

"I can't just sit back and watch the cute Corinna-sama be murdered," Yurisha said.

"Wh-Why is someone going to try and kill me...?" Corinna asked.

"You're Makoto-sama's roommate and friend, if you can't join the faction you're a prime target," Yurisha said.

"Ah....."

"If it were me, well, I'd put pressure on Corinna-sama's house, so I'd invite you into my faction as a spy," Yurisha said.

"Ah—"

Woah, factional conflicts are nasty.

“If it was a lesser conspirator just a few steps below me, they’d kidnap you, Corinna-sama, and threaten Makoto-sama using you as a bargaining chip. They’d mail her your severed finger, or something,” Yurisha said.

“Hihih,” Corinna squealed.

That’s terrifying, don’t say scary things!

“It doesn’t matter what the threat is about, and even if you stay quiet. And if it’s to scare Makoto-sama, they might just send your severed head in a box of salt.”

“””Scary!!”””

“If they go this far, the Temple will not hesitate to initiate a holy war, which is a terrible move, but it’s hard to consider that if you’re an idiotic mastermind who can only think of what will happen if they succeed and have no contingency for the opposite,” Yurisha said.

Corinna-chan is sweating profusely.

Or rather, when I think about the lethal poisoning at the dormitory’s welcome party and how that was possible, this is also possible, so I hate it.

“Corinna-chan, don’t die,” I said.

“Wawawah, I don’t want to d-d-d-die, Makoto.”

“That’s why I’m offering to make you a yoriko in my house, Kounago, you just don’t understand how small you are,”

Curtis said.

No, Curtis, I didn’t understand it earlier, did I?

Chapter 33

33 - Corinna-chan's Choice For A Yoroshi Is Unexpected

"My family... also has room for a yoriko," Elmer said.

"A duke's house, a marquis's house, a margrave's house, and so on, take your pick, Kounago," Curtis said.

"Gununu," Corinna grumbled, troubled.

"I think the saint candidate's backing means we can use the Temple, but I have to consult with Kyoukou-sama," I said.

"This is quite amazing, Corinna-sama," Melissa said cheerfully.

"Gununu," she continued.

"For the time being, if you don't get under someone's protection, your family will be in danger," Yurisha said.

"As a poor aristocrat, Otou-san would be overjoyed no matter whose yoriko I become..." Corinna muttered.

The Yoriko-Yoroshi system is can't be forged so easily because it's a burden on the yoroshi.

About half of the lower nobles don't have yorikos.

Of course, having a yoroshi increases the burden of seasonal greetings, ceremonial occasions, and so on, so it seems that many houses don't want to tie up with upper aristocrats.

In fact, it seems that House Ceverus, a family of civil servants, did not have a yoroshi.

Since they're lower-class nobles, you could say they never needed it.

"I'll be the one to decide," Corinna said.

"Then you should pick someplace you like, Corinna-chan," Yurisha said.

"Then, I want to become a yoriko of House Albright," Corinna said.

“Me?” Carol asked, dumbfounded.

Why Carol’s house?

“Appleby-sama, Clayton-sama, and Browright-sama are not yet the heads of their houses, but the de facto head of House Albright is Caroline Albright-sama,” Corinna said.

“Fumu, it’s true, I’m the second son, so I can’t become the head of the house,” Curtis said.

“I... will be able to become the head of the family, but I still have a long way to go...” Elmer muttered.

“I’ll be removed by the time I get married,” Yurisha said.

“I hate to say it but Makoto will be indebted to the Great Temple,” Carol said.

“Don’t worry about it,” I said.

“If I become Albright-sama’s yoriko,” Corinna continued, “she’ll be able to help me with my civil service duties.”

“You have a strong sense of duty, so if you join the Saint’s Faction, you don’t have to worry about your contribution as a yoriko,” Carol said.

“No, that’s not it, I can learn more about Albright-sama’s territorial skills rather than from anyone else,” Corinna said,

“and for someone like me who wants to become a civil official, someone who has had practical experience with the work is extremely useful.”

I see, the other people will not become heads of their houses, so the practical work of territory management never falls to them.

If you become Carol’s yoriko, she will be able to help with your work and study in the future, so you can kill two birds with one stone.

Corinna-chan is quite prudent.

“Kounago, you’re more amazing than I thought, I have to reconsider what I thought about you,” Curtis said.

“After graduation... if Corinna-sama fails the royal palace employment

exam, House Clayton family will hire her instead, please remember..." Elmer said.

"Carol, what's your decision?" I asked.

"Indeed," Carol said, chuckling softly. "Corinna-sama, I have a condition, if you agree, then House Albright will back House Ceverus."

"Ye-Yes, what is it?" Corinna asked.

"Call me Carol, just like you do with Makoto, and please speak to me casually," Carol said.

"Huuuuuhhhhh, I-I-I can't do that, no way at all...!" Corinna cried.

"It's okay, Corinna, I don't have many friends, so I was a little lonely," Carol said.

"Auh, ouh, umm, I-I-I'll put in the effort, Ca-Carol," Corinna stammered.

How nice, how nice.

Carol played it well.

My chest felt soft and warm.

Carol and Corinna-chan smiled at each other and shook hands.

"Then Corinna-chan should join the Saint's Faction, too," Yurisha said.

"I have no other choice, I want to keep my neck on my shoulders," Corinna said.

"I don't want to see your severed head, either, I'm sure I'd be trapped in bed for over a week after I do," I said.

"Please don't imagine something so terrifying," Corinna said, turning pale.

Sorry about that.

"With this, Kounago's neck is safe," Curtis said. "After that, Melissa-sama, you should move from Class C to Class B."

"Uh, um, can I do that, Curtis-sama?" Melissa asked.

“It’s possible,” he said, “moving from Class B to Class A depends on your grades, and only when your grade goes up, but if you’re from going Class C to Class B, as long as you tell the teacher about the situation, there won’t be a problem. A few people move every year due to factional disputes.”

Well, Class C is a place to confine a young lady who doesn’t study.

“If it’s Class B, I can keep an eye on you, and I can protect you. You’ll have no worries,” Curtis said.

“Cu-Curtis-samaaa...” Melissa swoons.

Ah, Melissa-sama’s eyes are hearts.

“In the future... it would be better if everyone was in Class A...” Elmer muttered.

“Um, I don’t have confidence in getting into Class A... I-I’m not good at studying...” Melissa said.

“Let’s have a study group in the Saint’s Faction, we do have people like Elmer and Carol who have great grades,” I said.

“You also have good grades, don’t you, Makoto?” Carol asked.

E-hee-hee, not by much, you know.

“Tch, I’ll study too, though it’ll cut into my swordsmanship practice,” Curtis said.

“Students... their job is to study, Curtis,” Elmer said.

“Well, the study group looks like it will be fun,” Yurisha said.

But where should the study group be held?

Where does our faction meet?

If it’s only girls, I can get into Yuri-Yuri-senpai’s penthouse, but boys aren’t allowed in the girls’ dormitory.

By the way, women are not allowed in the men’s dormitory either.

I wonder if I can borrow something like a club room.

“Also, let’s invite Curtis’ fiancée, Elsa-sama, to our faction.” I said.

“Huuh?” Curtis went.

“No, it’s not what you think, Curtis, I just don’t want to get even more infamy for seducing guys,” I said.

“She’s not someone who can contribute anything to our group, and above all, I feel uncomfortable when she’s around,” Curtis said.

“I don’t know about that, Curtis,” I said, “I am trying to invite her properly.”

“Do I have to?” Curtis said.

Curtis looks unhappy.

Why is he so reluctant to be with his future wife?

That’s why Elsa-san is always in a bad mood.

“Who is Elmer’s fiancée?” I asked.

“My fiance... is named Priscilla... she’s going to enter the Academy, next year,” Elmer said.

“I’m looking forward to that,” I said.

Elmer’s fiancée, Priscilla-sama, is the daughter of a house of magic researchers, a petite girl with twin tails, an imouto character.

In the game, Vivian-sama has a lot to say about her and she is at odds with the main character.

The final battle will be a flashy magic battle.

When Elmer tells him that he can only think of Priscilla-sama as his younger sister, in despair, she summons a high-ranking demon from the Demon World to kill the protagonist.

A big storm covers the entire royal capital, and in the heavy rain, a fierce battle takes place with Vivian-sama’s forces coming in, and the protagonist’s party is in a huge crisis.

Kevin-ouji will move the Royal Knights.

In the midst of this, Elmer deciphers the secret scriptures left behind by Holy Maria-sama, and the main character burns up the demons with ultimate Light magic, and in the aftermath, Priscilla-sama

disappears and Vivian-sama goes insane.

When I was playing the game, I thought “Where did Vivian’s forces come from?”, but this was in fact the appearance of Pottinger-kyou’s execution squads.

Now I do know.

In games, there is no bird’s-eye view information such as political viewpoints, so it’s hard to understand civil war flags.

Basically, it’s a game where you just enjoy watching handsome guys wooing you.

Knowing true love, Elmer proposes to the protagonist, and the two live happily ever after, studying magic in the Magic Tower.

That’s the Elmer End.

I don’t want to have to deal with a summoned high-ranking demon, so I have to do something about Priscilla-sama.

I think that the respective fiancée of a capture target should stop trying to kill me, but as their fiancée, they can’t tolerate a thieving bitch.

Among Light Sky’s capture targets, the only one who doesn’t have a fiancée is Gerald, who is busy with work and doesn’t have time for matchmaking, and everyone else has a fiancée.

In terms of the game, I understand that love burns passionately in times of difficulty, but it’s a form of stealing other people’s betrothed, so there’s going to be a fight.

Then, the mango pudding came out for dessert, and the lunch course was over.

Oh, I ate it, I ate it, it was delicious.

“It was delicious, wasn’t it, Corinna-chan?” I said.

“I ate so much Fuyou cuisine, it was so good,” Corinna said.

“Let’s remember this place, I want to come again,” Melissa said.

“I’m glad you liked it,” Yurisha said.

“Thank you for taking me to this delicious restaurant, Yurisha-senpai,” I said.

“Oh don’t be so formal, Makoto-sama,” Yurisha said.

By the way, should I go home?

“Since we’re already out in the city, I want to stop by the adventurer’s guild,” Carol said.

“Shall we go together, Carol?” I asked.

“I’m going to ask Sensei to move class from Class C to Class B together with Melissa-sama,” Yurisha said.

“I’m counting on you, Yurisha-senpai,” I said.

“Oh, thank you very much,” Melissa said, shyly thanking her.

“You don’t need to thank me, isn’t it a relationship between a yoroshi and a yoriko?” Yurisha said. “Let Onee-sama take care of you.”

“Ah, um, is it okay if I call you Yurisha-onee-sama?” Melissa said.

“You’re welcome to, Melissa-sama.”

“Please call me just Melissa, Yurisha-onee-sama~,” Melissa swooned.

“My, my, what a good girl, Melissa, I love you~,” Yurisha said.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai looks really happy.

Well, if it’s okay with the two of them, there’s no problem.

Chapter 34

34 - If You Go To The Adventurer's Guild, It's Inevitable To Get Entangled With A Bald Macho Man I go to the capital with Carol.

We enjoy ourselves in the good weather.

By the way, Curtis and Elmer are going to club activities, so they went back with Yuri-Yuri-senpai and the others.

I also invited Corinna-chan, but she doesn't have the slightest interest in the adventurer's guild, so she says she'll go home and study.

That's why I'm going on a royal capital date with my best friend Carol.

So exciting.

"So where is the adventurer's guild?" I asked.

"It's in the back alley, turn here, and it's right there," Carol said.

Oops, there was a shabby building in the background of the game.

By the way, in the game, going to the adventurer's guild is also treated as a date.

Curtis-onii-chan and Elmer like the adventurer's guild, but the other characters made disgusted faces when they went there

"There are some people who are a little rude, but are you okay with that, Makoto?" Carol said.

"Oh, I'm fine with it," I said.

"Then let's go in," Carol said.

When I opened the double doors and went inside, there were table seats like a bar, and rough-looking guys were drinking.

There is an old counter in the back, and a beautiful onee-san is sitting there.

It looks like that's the reception.

As for the background of the game, I guess they drew it a little further inside.

My impression is different.

They didn't want to draw the rough fellows drinking, so half of the guild hall is missing.

Well, the important thing in the game is the receptionist.

Immediately, a bald macho man came from the bar.

"Hey, hey, this isn't a place for brats like you girls, go home...!" he yelled.

Woah, it's so strict to the template it's impressive.

I don't know the voice actor and the voice.

Come to think of it, Carol's voice, Curtis's, and Elmer's all sound exactly like the voices of the voice actors.

If you think about it, it's weird.

"I'm scared, help me, Carol," I said stiffly.

"Huh? Why?" Carol said.

"Yeah, I really can't handle this bald macho guy," I said.

"You say all that with a big smile on your face," Carol said.

"Don't be silly," I said.

Come on, Carol's affection rating should increase steadily.

Kyari-kyari-kyarinn, a large number of chains fell from Carol's skirt.

I really do wonder where it all goes, huh.

"Wh-what the hell, you school-age brats, just because you pull out some chains... chains?" the bald macho man did a double-take at the chains under Carol's feet.

"HIIIIYAAAHHHHH...!" the receptionist screamed as she jumped the counter and rushed over. "We're sorry, we're sorry!"

It's kind of scary.

The receptionist threw herself on the ground at Carol's feet.

Wh-What is this?

When I looked at Carol, she also had wide eyes.

"Albright-sama, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, so sorry about our Guild Master, I'm sorry!! What are you doing, Guild Master?"

Get on your knees! What are you going to do when Albright-sama gets so angry she stops supplying us potions...?!!!"

"Ah, no, are you Caroline Albright?" the bald macho man said as he knelt, too. "Excuse me, my name is Allen Edmonds, the Guild Master. I'm sorry, please don't stop supplying this guild with potions."

"Yo-You're Guild Master-san?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Allen said.

"The Guild Master has a bad habit of confronting students from the Magic Academy," the receptionist replied.

"They'd say things like, 'You're just a commoner.' and he'd go, 'Fufun, I may look like this, but I'm a count.' and he

would remind them there are no noble's ranks in the adventurer's guild. I had admonished him so strongly not to keep doing this because eventually, he'd anger someone who was of higher rank than him."

What the hell have you been doing, Bald Macho Guild Master?

"No, it's not like that, but I do remember all the faces of the Academy students who are above counts," Allen said.

In the Game Events, I went with Ouji, Elmer, and Curtis.

Ah, just like this time, maybe it's because I walked in first ahead of them.

"Umm, I won't stop the supply of potions, so please stand up," Carol said.

"Ah, is that so? We're humbled, please excuse our behavior, Albright-sama," Allen said.

“Honestly, you should be sorry you’re such an idiot, Guild Master,” the receptionist said.

Are you okay, Adventurer’s Guild Royal Capital Branch?

“What is it, you look so amazed?” Allen said. “Fuhn, this is not a place for a young lady like you to come into.”

Ah, now the Guild Master is confronting me.

“What are you talking about, you commoner!?” I said, playing along.

The Guild Master laughed happily. “Hehn, I’m actually a count, you know,” he growled, scowling then putting on a thuggish smile.

“Guild Master, don’t do it...” the receptionist said.

“Uaaaaah, OMAE, Guild Master!! Kisama!! Don’t you know who that person is?!” someone shouted furiously.

A knight-like man wearing silver armor dashed with all his might from the back of the bar.

Ah, oh crap, there’s a distinct Sacred Heart Temple symbol engraved on the breastplate.

He’s part of the Great Temple.

Uh, wh-what is it, Silas, do you know this pretty girl?” Allen said.

“Guild Master!” Silas yelled. Kisama-aaaaa! This woman is the Saint, you know, were you not aware of that...?!”

“Hiiiiii...!”

Once again, the Guild Master, the receptionist, and Silas-san, who seems to be related to the Temple, decided to perform dogezas before me.

“Let’s stop this,” I said.

“That is unacceptable!!” Silas yelled. “The foolish Guild Master should not intimidate the Saint who is the treasure of our Great Temple! It’s outrageous! I, Silas, will be the one to strike him for his insolence! I beg your decree!”

“It’s fine, it’s just a joke. Calm down, Silas-san,” I said.

“Oh, it’s an honor to have you remember my name, and what compassionate words, truly befitting of the saint!” Silas said, overwhelmed and beginning to cry.

Aah, geeze, this is exactly why I hate getting involved with the people of the Great Temple.

Their love for the saint is just too heavy.

Carol and I met each other’s eyes and exchanged bitter smiles.

“Geeze, it’s okay, I want to finish our errands,” I said.

“It’s just like Makoto said,” Carol said.

“Yes, please come this way,” the receptionist said. “Guild Master, you’re in the way, so please leave and go somewhere else.”

“Eh?” Allen cried.

Dissatisfied with him, the bald macho Guild Master was chased away by his receptionist.

Now then, let’s head to the counter, we did have something to do...

“Why is Silas-san standing behind us?” I asked.

“We can’t leave the Saint and her friend alone in such a squalid place as this,” Silas replied. “I will protect them.”

“It’s okay, you have something else to do, right, Silas-san?”

“No, I just finished one monster extermination request and was drinking, so there’s no need to worry about it,” Silas said.

“Do the Temple Knights also act like adventurers?” I asked.

“Yes,” Silas said, “we Temple Knights have been told by Commander Linda that when we are off duty, we should take on requests from the Adventurer’s Guild, defeat monsters, reassure the people, and develop our instincts for live combat. ”

Temple Knights don’t often go to war, so maybe it’s because of that they never have a chance to face live battle.

Training alone won’t make you stronger.

Geeze, let's leave Silas-san alone.

"Then, Albright-sama, the request for collecting medicinal herbs is for 100 bundles, and the delivery time is one month," the receptionist said.

"Thank you very much," Carol said. "My maid will come to pick up the medicinal herbs as usual."

"Yes, we've accepted it," the receptionist said. "I'll post it right away. Thank you as always."

Do alchemists send out requests to gather medicinal herbs here in the royal capital?

The children of the temple orphanage were working to earn pocket money.

Instead of being an escort, I often went with them and picked medicinal herbs, too.

The medicinal herbs I picked went around the markets and were turned into potions by Carol's hands.

After receiving the request form signed by Carol, the receptionist turned to me.

"Now then, how about the Saint?" she asked.

"I'm here to register as an adventurer," I said.

"Thank you very much for your interest," she said. "Well then, please fill out the necessary information on this form."

I write my name, address, contact information, etc. on the parchment paper that the receptionist gave me.

"Yes, thank you," the receptionist said. "This is your guild card, please put a drop of blood here on the square."

I prick my index finger with a silver pin and drip a drop of blood onto my guild card.

A soft light flickered from the card, and the registration of the card was completed.

With this, even if you go outside the walls of the royal capital, you

won't have to pay a toll when you enter again.

"You are now at the first rank, Iron, and if you complete a few requests, you can move up to Copper, so please do your best," the receptionist said.

"Yes, I'll give it my all," I said.

The receptionist gave me some warnings.

I see, we have a lot of things to remember.

If you lose your guild card, it will cost 5,000 Dolancs to reissue it.

That's a lot.

Now, with this, I can receive requests and earn money.

Though while I'm Iron rank, there aren't many very lucrative jobs.

I want to raise it to Copper as soon as possible.

Adventure requests are posted on the bulletin board between the bar and reception.

I take a peek at the request from behind the receptionist as she is posting the request form for medicinal herb collection.

It's past noon, so it's not too crowded.

"New requests will be posted at 9 o'clock in the morning, so students may not get good requests on weekdays," the receptionist said.

"Students are not professional adventurers, so it can't be helped," I said.

Their livelihoods rely on these, so they have to be serious about it, right?

The remaining Iron level requests are for things like collecting medicinal herbs, subjugating slimes, and cleaning the city.

I wonder if I'll do something like collecting medicinal herbs next time.

"Saint-sama, when you go on an adventure, please feel free to order me," Silas said, "I will protect you even if it means throwing away my life."

“I’ll think about it. Thank you, Silas-san,” I said.

“I’m grateful for your kind words,” Silas said.

Or rather, it’s safe to take a Temple Knight-san on an adventure, but it’s annoying, so I don’t want to.

Just considering it, I definitely won’t take Silas-san with me.

Chapter 35

35 - Karina-chan Goes Overboard In Thanking Me, And I'm Embarrassed On the way back to the academy, Carol told me about a stationery store that sells plant paper notebooks.

But, it was expensive.

Perhaps because they are still making each sheet by hand, the price is tremendous.

This is because one sheet of plant paper is three times thinner than parchment paper, and since it's thinner than parchment, the price seems fair.

I want it, but I can't afford it.

"Oh, gosh, it's too expensive, isn't it?" I said.

"It's expensive, but it's thin and light, so it's still popular, hence I'm sure it'll be cheaper in the future," Carol said.

Yeah, I'm sure in the distant future you can buy it for about 100 dolancs.

Right now, it's an aggressive price of 10,000 dolancs.

No matter how much I am who I am, I can't draw BL manga in a million dolanc notebook.

I wonder how much the price will go down by the time I graduate.

I have high hopes for the future.

With that in mind, I left the stationery store.

As I walked with my shoulders down, Carol patted me on the back and comforted me.

Uooohn, Carol~.

"Why are you writing in such a ridiculously expensive notebook, Carol?" I asked.

"I just wanted to try out the usability of plant paper," Carol said. "It's

light and thin and very easy to read afterward.”

I know, I used it a lot in my previous life.

The brand of choice was Tsubame Note, which does not show through even when written on with a fountain pen.

If you can still write on parchment, you might think that it's fine, but it's naive.

Parchment is difficult to carry around, and it's stored rolled up, like a scroll.

So it's bulky and hard to read back through it.

Furthermore, since it is not bundled, it is difficult to find one because you could lose something in the shuffle.

Well, better than bamboo strips.

I'm glad I didn't reincarnate in Ancient China.

Or rather, someone should develop a personal computer, preferably a laptop.

Now that I think about it, we're just about in Hiyoko-Do's area.

I say hello to Cliff-nii-chan and buy bread for tomorrow morning.

Carol also bought bread that she hadn't tried before, perhaps because of the sample bread box's effect.

If you pass Hiyoko-Do, the school is right there.

I can hear the echoes of the voices of distant students, unique to the atmosphere of after-school.

“It's just been three days, hasn't it?” Carol said.

“Hmm, what has?” I asked.

“Ever since I met you, Makoto,” Carol said. “I feel like we've been friends for much, much longer.”

“Right?” I said.

She's an old friend of mine.

Carol from the game, though.

But Carol in action in real life is cuter.

She's surprisingly mischievous and scary, but Carol is good after all.

I want to brag about my previous life to the million Carol fans all over the country.

I'm friends with the Real-Life Carol.

When I thought about it, I felt an unexpected sense of happiness.

Ufufu.

"What is it, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"No, it's just that, I'm so happy," I said.

"Fufufu, you're so strange, Makoto," Carol said.

We entered the girls' dormitory, separated by the stairs, and I went to room 205.

Oh, there's only Corinna-chan inside.

I wonder if the maid pair are out for work.

"Welcome back," Corinna said.

"I'm home, Corinna-chan," I said. "Sorry to get you roped into the faction war."

"Well, it can't be helped, it's not your fault either, Makoto," Corinna said.

Corinna-chan was flipping something like an abacus made of red pebbles.

"What is that?" I asked.

"An abacus, it's an aid for mathematical calculations," Corinna said.

Hmm, I guess it was like an abacus, you put it vertically and distribute the stones to the left and right.

Corinna-chan's fingers are rhythmically going paku-paku-paku-paku, she flips the stones quite quickly and writes down the result on the

parchment.

“So, what are you doing?” I asked.

“I went to Albright-sama’s... rather, Ca-Carol’s room and got the alchemy store’s ledger from the eyepatch maid, and now I’m doing their bookkeeping and accounting,” Corinna said.

“Are you already serving as a yoriko, a capable civil official?” I asked.

“There is no rest in the work of a civil official, you have to be on the move all the time,” Corinna said.

A great civil official looks for work and finishes it before being ordered to.

How wonderful.

“I wonder if I’ll make some tea, Corinna-chan, would you like to drink it too?” I asked.

“If you are, add cookies, too,” Corinna said.

“On it,” I said.

I take the kettle from our room and go to the sink in the hallway.

Before I knew it, a small chair was placed in front of the magic stove.

Someone put it there.

I sit back and wait for the water to boil.

If there is someone who can use Fire magic, I can easily boil water in the room.

Conversely, if there are people who can use Water magic, they can cool drinks.

Thinking about it like this, Light magic is just good for making things bright.

I don’t know what to do with it.

Making glowing toys, maybe?

A toy?

Umm, I'm going to give Light magic to that kind of thing that was delivered under the label of "carriage parts," and make it shine like this...

Hmm, it doesn't make any sense.

Children seem to be happy when toys light up on their own.

When I was thinking about stupid things like that, the water boiled.

I go back to our room and make some tea.

I remove the cookies from the chest and arrange them on a plate.

"Tea is ready," I said.

"Hmm, wait a minute, a little more, yeah, I'm done counting," Corinna said.

The numbers on the ledger seem to match.

After writing the results on the parchment, Corinna-chan came to the tea table.

Corinna-chan crunches cookies like a squirrel and is, after all, very moe.

The door opened and Karina came in with my uniform.

"Ah, Makoto, you're back, are you, was Ojou-sama with you?" Karina asked.

"Melissa-san said that she was going to change classes with Yurisha-senpai's help, they're at the staff room," I said.

"I see, I see, here is your uniform, I fixed the buttons and washed it," Karina said.

"Wow, thank you," I said. "Huh? But, Anne-san said she'd wash it for me."

"I begged Anne-san to give it to me because I can only repay you like this," Karina said as she put my dry uniform on the balcony.

Curtis's jacket was hung next to my clothes.

It seems that both have been washed.

“You don’t have to worry about repaying the favor,” I said.

“That’s not true, Ojou-sama might have drowned, you saved her life,” Karina said. “And when Appleby-sama said she would make yorikos of House Andrea, Dan’na-sama jumped for joy. It’s all thanks to you.”

“I did no such thing, Yurisha-senpai is the one in charge of yorikos, so I’m not alone,” I said.

Karina-san looked at me and shrugged her shoulders as if to say, “Good grief.”

“You’re the great one here, I’m a person with little faith, and maybe there is a goddess somewhere, but it though I’m just an ordinary human, even without what the people around you and the Temple say, even I can understand that you’re a saint, Makoto. You’re special.”

“N-No, it’s not like that, I’m normal,” I said.

“Isn’t that foolish?” Karina said. “Is it not a saint who will get naked and jump into a pond to save a lady she is not even allied with or likes? Everyone would call a person who can do that a saint, regardless of their magic or backing of the Temple.”

No, let’s stop, I’m easily carried away with things, you know.

I will become so high and mighty.

I’m going to get really smug.

“Well, Makoto isn’t normal, is she?” Corinna said. “If Light magic or something like that comes out at the magic appraisal ceremony, a commoner then meets the king and even becomes a noble herself, she should become arrogant and boast more. Besides, such an eager-to-trust idiot isn’t normal.”

“No doubt,” Karina said.

They both laughed happily.

Geeze, even Corinna-chan, stop using those compliments that I can’t tell if you’re praising me or putting me down.

“My Melissa-oujou-sama is spoiled and selfish, but she really is a good and honest girl underneath,” Karina said.

“Please take good care of her. I’m sure she’ll be at ease in your faction, Makoto.”

“Yeah, I think it would be nice if we could get along well,” I said.

Fuu, I’m not used to being praised, so I get embarrassed when I get praised this directly.

There was a knock, so I said go ahead and Anne-san came in.

“Ceverus-sama, I will pass on a message from Caroline-oujou-sama,” Anne said.

“Oh, it’s for me? Okay, okay,” Corinna replied as she cleaned up her abacus.

“Ojou-sama would to give greetings to the Head of House Ceverus for their appointment as a yoriko, so please tell me a convenient date and time to do so,” Anne said.

“Ah, it’s better to do it early, I’m going to go to my parents’ manor now and ask,” Corinna said.

“Thank you very much,” Anne said.

When the faction moves, thank you letters and greetings will occur frequently.

I also have to meet Marilyn Gogol, whom Curtis wants to recruit to the group.

I’m sure she’s a lovely young lady.

After all, she’s named Marilyn.

“Ah, Anne-san, this book has been completed,” Corinna said. “Take it and show it to Carol.”

“Is it already done? That was quick, wasn’t it?” Anne said.

“I just changed the calculation and the notation,” Corinna said.

Anne-san turned over the parchment and confirmed it.

“Certainly, this will make it easier to see and reduce mistakes. Very impressive,” Anne said.

“Since House Ceverus are low-ranking officials of the Royal Capital Sewerage Bureau, you can leave the paperwork to me,” Corinna said.

“Thank you very much, I will show it to Ojou-sama immediately,” Anne said.

House Ceverus sounds like a warrior retainer family with a bite like they were wild wolves, but are they working on the royal capital’s sewers?

Anne-san turned to face me.

“Makoto-sama, please entrust Ojou-sama’s uniform to me.”

“Eh, I can’t do it if haven’t washed it yet,” I said.

“Anne-san, I will wash and deliver it,” Karina interrupted.

“No, that would be too much...” I said.

“It’s okay, you get mochi at a mochi shop, I’ll show you the work of a housemaid,” Karina said.

“Thank you, Karina-san,” I said.

“Don’t thank me, I want to help you, Makoto,” Karina said.

Anne-san smiled softly.

“Well then, I gladly leave it to you,” Anne said.

Hmm, I wonder if housemaids are better at domestic duties than intelligence maids.

I can’t tell the difference, though.

The ways of the maid run deep.

Chapter 36

36 - Terrible Food Makes The Dormitory Masters Furious

I want to go take a bath, but unfortunately, I don't have a pair of clean drawers.

The drawers are bigger than the panties of my previous life, so I can't put a lot of them in my wardrobe.

I used the one freshly washed today.

Was the bath I took today alright? The one I had over lunch.

Corinna-chan's parent's house is close to the academy, so she came back in less than an hour.

"I hope you ate at your parent's house," I said

"I was going to do that, but I was kicked out because they didn't make anything for me," Corinna said.

"That's tough," I said.

"That's what a low-ranking official's house is like," Corinna replied, shaking her head.

"Did they accept the yoriko offer?" I asked.

"They were perplexed," Corinna said. "The nobles of the vestments swear allegiance to the royal family, and they don't do much with the yorikos and yoroshis."

Or rather, they're simple officials in the royal palace's administrative bureaus, so you could say the royal family is like their yoroshi.

"Then, you're in a pinch Corinna-chan, will I find you in a box of salt?"

"Don't bring that up every time there's a problem," Corinna said.

"When I was told I was in danger because of being involved with you, you agreed to shelter me. With that, you should do all of the yoriko duties."

Well, if you're a government official, you can't really send out soldiers

of your family.

“Or rather, does House Ceveres have knights?” I asked.

“You don’t need a knight to work in the sewers,” Corinna said. “We don’t have a single one.”

A noble who doesn’t own territory doesn’t have any subordinates.

Otou-sama hired no knights, either.

By the way, Carol’s family, House Albright, seems to have a super-strong knight order.

I wonder if it’s okay because knights cost money, but Albright Territory is the richest territory in the kingdom.

Alchemy pays, for sure.

When it comes to how great the Earl rank is, it’s roughly at the level of a prefectural governor.

A viscount at the level of a city mayor, a baron at the level of a town mayor?

It’s a feudal system, so it’s an area conversion that you rule.

Then Karol is practically the prefectural governor!

It sounds great when you hear it.

The marquis is the head of the region that binds the prefecture, and the margrave is like the head of the region that compasses the border.

Dukes are a bit special, they have to be relatives of the royal family, so they have to marry a prince or princess, or the king’s brother has to start a house of his own.

In the Kingdom of Appleton, there are only three ducal families.

Appleby, Appleyard, and Pottinger.

As you can see from the “Apple” attached, two of the ducal families separated from the royal family a long time ago.

It’s like the Tokugawa Gosanke.

Aside from all that, I also enjoy spending time chatting with my friends in my room.

I like Corinna-chan next to Karol.

Well, Carol is my wife.

... What am I doing in the world of otome games?

No, it can't be helped because Carol is more motivating than the Ikemen.

I have no choice.

I went to the cafeteria with Corinna-chan for dinner.

Somehow, the number of people who come to the cafeteria decreases with each passing day.

Today's menu is sautéed chicken.

I will be in for a tough time again.

"Surprise," the onee-san behind the counter said.

"Understood," another said.

They started pulling out the plates of sauteed chicken that were already on offer.

What are they doing?

When I looked behind the line, there was Yuri-Yuri-senpai, Estelle-senpai, and Melissa-chan.

Dormitory Master-san and Deputy Dormitory Master-san are at the counter for lower-ranking aristocrats' food...

"Hey, I'll replace your chicken, too," the onee-san said. "Here, get one freshly made, okay?"

"... No, this is fine," I said, keeping my already served tray.

Evidence preservation, you know.

I quickly put the salad and bread on the tray and bring it to the table so that the onee-san won't take it away.

When I sat down with Corinna-chan and had some tea, Yuri-Yuri-senpai, Estelle-sama, and Melissa-chan came to the same table.

“Makoto-sama, good evening, may we sit with you?” Melissa asked.

“Fine by me, let’s eat together. If Yurisha-senpai and Estelle-senpai don’t mind, let’s all eat together,” I said.

“Thank you very much,” Yurisha said. “We’ll take you on your offer.”

“It’s a pleasure, Makoto-kun,” Estelle said.

“I’m also preserving the evidence here, so let’s eat and compare it with the ones who have the surprise countermeasures,” I said.

“You’re smart, Makoto-kun,” Estelle said.

“As I’ve come to expect of you, Makoto-sama,” Yurisha said.

Both of them had nasty grins on their faces.

Yeah, the sautéed chicken that the senpais have is obviously different in quality.

“They were idiots, they’re just admitting that they’ve been cheating us,” Corinna said, looking at me.

“People who perform crimes are pretty idealistic about their odds,” I said, exchanging black smiles with her.

I took the strangely colored sautéed bird, divided it into three parts, and placed it on Estelle-senpai’s and Yuri-Yuri-senpai’s plates.

In turn, they cut up a nice brown sautéed chicken and put it on my plate.

“Oh, I want to compare eating them, too,” Melissa said.

“Melissa, I’ll give you some of mine,” Corinna said, cutting up her chicken and putting it on Melissa-san’s plate.

Melissa cut her bird in half and placed it on Corinna’s plate, instead.

“Well then, Neko-chans, let’s start with the bad ones,” Estelle said.

“Roger will do,” I said.

The five of us put the sautéed chicken in our mouths all at once.

Moh-kyu-moh-kyu-moh-kyu-moh-kyu-moh-kyu.

“This is no good,” Estelle said, taking out a handkerchief and spitting out her chicken.

“I can’t swallow this,” Yurisha said, also giving up.

“Uegh, it’s so bad,” Melissa said, spitting it out on her plate

Moh-kyu-moh-kyu-moh-kyu-moh-kyu-gobuhn.

The two poor people swallowed it up.

The trick is to chew it well.

Because it won’t taste good anyway.

“This was more than I imagined,” Estelle said.

“The morning porridge is bad, too,” Corinna said.

“It’s salty mud,” I said.

“That bad?” Estelle asked.

We put the delicious chicken into our mouths.

“Yummy,” I said.

“It tastes like the ones from the welcoming party, so good, so good,” Corinna said.

Oops, the bread is different too.

I break my own bread and put it on Estelle-senpai’s and Yuri-Yuri-senpai’s trays.

“It’s so hard, It’s more like you’re eating shoe soles than bread,” Yurisha said.

“This is terrible, I thought it could not be helped to some extent, but if it continues like this, some of the students will start getting sick,” Estelle said.

“What are you going to do, yell into the kitchen?” I asked.

Estelle-senpai smiled gracefully.

“I won’t do that, I’ll just report it to the principal, and I think the dormitory cafeteria will start to taste better.”

“At this point, it might be better to change suppliers,” Yurisha said.

“The food of senior aristocrats is delicious, though?” I said.

“As someone who has to eat lower-ranking noble food, it would be helpful if it tasted better,” Melissa said.

“Indeed, there are many houses that are struggling to pay the tuition due to their poor household finances,” Estelle said. “My apologies for making this so horrible for all of you.”

“No, it’s not Estelle-sama’s fault, so I don’t need an apology,” I said.

“Since I and Yurisha are the Dormitory Masters, we are responsible for all the painful and tragic things that happened in this girls’ dormitory,” Estelle said.

What a saint.

Corinna-chan also has an impressive smile.

From the kitchen, a middle-aged woman came to our table.

“Um, E-Estelle-sama, it, it seems that there was some kind of mistake,” the woman said.

“... Did I ask you for your opinion?” Estelle said.

She was always smiling but she looked at the women with cold eyes like the air of Alaska, the voice that accompanied it was below freezing.

“But, that’s...” the cafeteria lady said.

“Do you know what kind of status my family holds?” Estelle countered.

“It-It is a Koushaku-sama’s house, bu-but,” the cafeteria lady says.

“I don’t remember allowing you to answer directly, please step back,” Estelle said.

Uuhaaa, the noble's wrath is here.

The woman is trembling while clutching her toque hat.

Her face turned red and her expression contorted with anger.

"You've never suffered from hunger, a noble daughter will never understand my feelings...!!"

The woman grabbed the cook's cap and slammed the table where we were sitting.

“””” ... ”””””

As if it was a ripple disturbing the water's surface, the cafeteria fell silent with a "shin."

Woaahh, a commoner yelled at the daughter of a marquis.

It's a serious crime, you could even be hanged for it.

Estelle-senpai snapped her fingers.

Dormitory knights arrived without a sound and grabbed the woman's shoulders.

"She looks tired, let her rest somewhere quiet," Estelle said.

"Right," the knights said.

"I, even I wanted to make the best product possible!! I wanted you to say it's delicious!!" the woman cried as she dragged away.

I wonder if there's a reason for all this.

Oops, I made eye contact with her.

"You, you're a saint!! Help me!! Save me!!"

Heh, is it up to me?

I have no reason to help someone who makes bad porridge.

I shook my head slightly.

I don't know what it was about that betrayed expression.

The woman was whisked from the dining room.

“What an idiot,” Estelle said, “this confirms the change of ingredients supplier, even though she was a chef who could make delicious dishes.”

“I’m sorry, we won’t be able to serve breakfast tomorrow,” Yurisha said.

“It’s impossible to arrange for a contractor from now on,” Estelle said.

Tomorrow’s breakfast will be canceled.

I’ve bought some bread, so that’s good.

Hmm, but, speaking of that:

Although there are few, there are some students who are forced to eat the lower-ranking noble’s food.

“Whatever happens next, I’ll take care of it,” I said.

“Huh? Aren’t you a saint candidate?” Estelle said.

“I’m also a baker’s daughter,” I replied.

“”Ah,”” everyone went.

Corinna frowned.

“Makoto’s making porridge, huh... will it be sweet?”

“You can make it sweet if you boil it in milk,” I said.

“I like porridge with honey,” Yurisha said.

“Yurisha-senpai, it depends on the materials I have to work with,” I said.

“I-I’d like nuts, please put nuts in mine, Makoto-sama,” Melissa said.

“Yeah, I don’t take individual orders,” Is aid.

I’m not your mom.

“My apologies for foisting this on you, but could I task you with tomorrow’s breakfast, Makoto-kun?” Estelle said.

“It’s okay, if you don’t eat breakfast, you won’t be able to study well,” I said.

“Breakfast made by a saint candidate, yeah, I’m really looking forward to it,” Estelle said, smiling.

By the way, will I get paid?

Wages, wages, I do so love wages.

Uhehe.

Chapter 37

37 - All Manner Of Things Come Out When You Investigate The Current State Of The Cafeteria For now, let's grasp the current situation of the girls' dormitory cafeteria.

After I was finished eating, I took my used tableware to the return slot.

There was an onee-san at the counter who said she wanted to replace the sautéed chicken earlier, so I called out to her.

"Onee-san, what's your name? I'm Makoto Kimball," I said.

"Ma-Marissa, Kimball-sama," Marissa replied. "Mo-More importantly than that, what will happen to Ilda-san?"

"Is Ilda-san the cook earlier?"

"Yes, wh-what will happen since she yelled at Estelle-sama?"

"Estelle-senpai is kind, so I don't think it will be that cruel," I said.

Marissa-san breathed a sigh of relief.

It seems that she was genuinely worried about Ilda-san.

"More importantly, are you okay with cooking tomorrow morning?" I asked. "Do you have enough hands?"

"It-It's okay, we can serve the usual dishes with the remaining people," Marissa said.

The usual salty and mud-like porridge.

I looked at Corinna-chan and exchanged frowns.

"Estelle-senpai asked me to supervise the cafeteria for a while, so could you explain the workflow?" I asked.

"This is not a place for an ojou-sama to enter," Marissa said.

"It's okay, I used to be the daughter of a baker, so I'm in the same business," I said.

“Are bakers and chefs in the same business?” Corinna asked.

“We both make things that go into people’s mouths, so we’re in the same business, Corinna-chan,” I said.

After forcibly insisting, I enter the kitchen.

For some reason, Corinna-chan also entered with me.

The kitchen of the women’s dormitory cafeteria, which was about 12 tatami mats in size, was polished to a bright shine and was very clean.

It’s a little surprising.

I was imagining a slightly rougher scene.

“Excuse me, please lend me a three-point headscarf and an apron,” I said.

“Ah, yes here,” Marissa said.

Hygiene is important after all.

I gave Corinna a three-point headscarf and an apron, too.

“Wearing this makes me feel like a chef,” she said.

“It suits you, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“I wonder if you’re used to it, Makoto,” Corinna said.

A large pot, magic stone cold and hot water supply equipment, a large magic stove, a magic refrigerator, heh, they have all the top-notch equipment, as expected of a royal facility.

“There’s even a bread oven, but it doesn’t seem to be used,” I said.

“The-The bread will be brought in by the supplier,” Marissa said.

“By the way, who was making the porridge that morning?” Corinna asked Marissa.

Well, she came because she wanted to solve the mystery of the awful salty porridge.

“It-It’s me, I-I beg your pardon...” Marissa said.

It was you...!

“How can you make it so bad? Was it on purpose?” I asked.

“No, um, the thing is... you have to do that, otherwise, it’s inedible,” Marissa said.

“Well, even now it’s too salty to eat,” I said.

“The-There’s more to it,” Marissa said.

“Huh?” I asked.

Marissa took us to the storage room.

There was rolled barley in straw bags.

It’s kind of brown.

I take a little scoop and try to smell it.

It smelled kind of musty and rotten.

“Th-This rolled barley must be seasoned with strong salt, otherwise it will stink and be inedible,” Marissa said.

“Was it already like this?” I asked.

“Ye-Yes...” Marissa said.

“Isn’t this for fodder for animals?”

“N-No, I don’t think so...” Marissa replied.

Because the base material is terrible, is that why the porridge is the way it is?

“This rolled barely is barely even dried,” someone else said.

“Yurisha-senpai!” I yelled.

“Hohoho, my family’s territory is in the southern breadbasket, so I can say something about grains,” Yurisha said.

“No, when you enter the kitchen, please wear a three-point headscarf and an apron,” I said.

“Oh, that’s right, but I’m...” Yurisha said.

“You’re no exception,” I said.

“Okay.....” Yurisha muttered.

Seriously, what would you do if you got hair in the food?

Contamination is a food server’s nightmare.

I also gave Yuri-Yuri-senpai a three-point headscarf and an apron.

No matter what you put on a beautiful woman, she will look like a pretty picture, so it’s unfair.

The front of the apron is bulging from her chest.

Damn it.

“Is the rolled barley being sold cheaply?” Corinna said.

“It won’t sell, Corinna-sama, either throw it away or use it as fodder,” Yurisha said.

“In other words, you got the grain for nothing and they put the difference in their pockets, huh?” Corinna said.

“Embezzlement, is it? Yet they have cooks who can make such delicious food,” Yurisha said.

“It’s a misunderstanding, Ilda-san wouldn’t do that!!” Marissa said.

“Eh, but,” I said.

“This rolled barley was forced on us by the traders who came and went!” Marissa yelled.

“Why do you have to change the supplier to do such a thing?” Yurisha asked.

“That’s, umm...”

My teeth give me the sense something awful is up.

“Ilda-san’s house runs a restaurant called the Ecliptic Pavilion the downtown area of the royal capital,” Marissa said.

“Ecliptic Pavilion is a top-notch restaurant, isn’t it?” Yurisha asked.

“Now I understand why the taste is similar.”

Ecliptic Pavilion was also in the dating options in the game.

If you bring Kevin-ouji or Lloyd-ouji, both will be quite pleased.

“Since her brother will take over the main branch, Ilda-san took over the cafeteria of the Magic Academy girls’

dormitory as a foil to set up another shop...” Marissa said.

Yeah, if you look at the taste of the welcome party, if it’s Ilda-san, no matter where she opens her new shop, it will be a thriving success.

“The aristocrats who acted as an intermediary with the Academy said, umm, to buy from the supplier they introduced at the price they told us to pay for...”

“Aaah.”

“Aaah.”

“Ilda-san also resisted, but if she didn’t do as they said, the Ecliptic Pavilion will be in trouble,” Marissa said.

“Then you won’t make any profit, so why didn’t you consult with the previous year’s dormitory master?” Yurisha asked.

“Um, the previous dormitory master also, um, tacitly demanded a bribe...” Marissa said, biting her lip and spilling frustrated tears.

“Ah, that’s right, she was a person who constantly had bad rumors circling around her,” Yurisha said.

“Ilda-san said that doing business with aristocrats is like this,” Marissa said, “and though she felt sorry for the students of the lower aristocracy, she couldn’t do anything about it, she just had to do the best she could with the skills she had as a chef...”

..... Oh, this is bad.

I poke my head out of the counter where the food was served.

“Anne-saaan, or Margot-sa~aaan, are any of you here?” I asked.

Those two are intelligence maids, so if you call them, they might come.

“And if we are, Makoto-sama?”

“What the hell?” I said.

They came when I called them both.

Intelligence maids are amazing.

Where have they been hiding?

“It looks like we’ve put the blame on the wrong place, the dormitory knights put Ilda-san from the girls’ dormitory cafeteria in their guard station, so I need you to look after her so she doesn’t talk,” I said.

“Understood,” Margot said.

“Ah, Anne-san, are you okay with Carol’s work?” I asked.

“It’s okay because Ojou-sama has told me to listen to whatever Makoto-sama asks of me,” Anne replied.

Nnn-mou, I wonder how much Carol cares.

I’ll give her a peck next time as a thank you.

Uu-shi-shi.

“It’s okay if just Anne goes,” Margot said, pouting.

“Yeah, I’m sorry for having called you, too,” I said.

“No, Margot, you should go, as well,” Heather-senpai said to Margot, as she poked her head through the other side of the window.

This person also appears and disappears at a moment’s notice.

“Acknowledged, Ojou-sama. Let’s go, Anne, we can’t drag our feet,” Margot said.

“Fuh, impertinent as ever, aren’t you, Margot?” Ann said.

Are they on good terms? These intelligence maids.

“Now then, I want to hear what’s been going on at the cafeteria, too,” Heather said.

“You really want to know everything, don’t you?” I said.

“Because I’m an intelligence noble,” Heather said.

“It would be nice if you could wear a three-point headscarf and apron as well,” I said.

“I would like to hear from you as the dormitory master, so please get one for me, too,” Estelle said.

“Estelle-senpai, too?” I said.

For the time being, I equip the two Takarazuka Ojou-samas who have similar fashion styles and behaviors with headscarves and aprons.

And now Melissa was about to enter with me with a three-point headscarf bandage and an apron, too.

So then, let’s resume the hearing.

When I returned to the kitchen, Corinna worked out something with her abacus and copied it on parchment.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m writing down a rough estimate of how much money the unscrupulous nobles took out of the cafeteria,” Corinna said.

“As I thought, Corinna-sama is amazing, why don’t you come work for House Appleby after graduation?” Yurisha asked.

“I. Don’t. Want. To,” Corinna said slowly.

A baron’s daughter who can refuse an invitation from a duke is also rare.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai explained to Estelle-senpai and Heather-senpai while showing the numbers Corinna-chan gave.

Estelle-senpai and Heather-senpai in headscarves and aprons look strangely cute.

Melissa-san is cute like a normal town girl.

“The price of bread is also considerably higher than the market price,” Estelle said.

“And yet here, the lower aristocrats were the ones who suffered,” Heather said.

They speak so quickly after the other, it’s hard to tell who’s speaking what.

“With Ilda-san, why didn’t she try to lower the quality of the food of

the upper nobility and raise the level of the food of the lower nobility?" I asked.

"That is, umm, she did not want to lower the quality of the food that the high-ranking ojou-samas put into their mouths," Marissa said. "Ilda-san was already trying to make up for the shortfall herself..."

"Idiot, why didn't she consult with me or the headmaster?" Estelle asked regretfully.

"I don't think Ilda-san knew who she could trust anymore," Marissa said. "Yesterday she said she might have to turn to the saint for help."

"If she's going to ask for help, I'd have liked her to approach me properly," I said. "It would be worse if she asked me to save her out of the blue."

"I'm sorry, Ilda-san was in such a tight spot," Marissa said.

Ah, for fuck's sake.

What a troubled chef.

If you get involved with a corrupt nobleman, consult with a higher person, and if that doesn't work, better call on the divine.

If she had gone up to Yuri-Yuri-senpai, she would have been able to avoid sidestepping the issue as she had and genuinely improved things.

Chapter 38

38 - Considering Miracles Beyond Just The Heal Spell

So, is there only this forgotten, old rolled barley in the cafeteria?

“Do you have any other rolled barley?” I asked Marissa.

“There is only a small amount for the upper-class aristocrats to eat,” Marissa replied.

I hold my head at that.

I can't serve breakfast like this.

No, I can make the salty mud porridge, but come on.

As expected, it's not something you can show to others.

“Are you sure you don't have rolled barley at your home, Yurisha-onee-sama?” Melissa asked Yurisha.

Thank you, that's what I wanted to hear.

“Townhouses are not warehouses,” Yurisha said, “you can get them by contacting a grain merchant we know of, but not at this time of day.”

That's right, even though their territory is in the breadbasket, the duke's family doesn't stockpile grain in their royal capital residence.

“It's no good, Makoto, let's get some bread baked at Hiyoko-Do,” Corinna said.

“It's not like my family stockpiles grain, either,” I said.

In the end, it would be nice if the stored barley could be eaten properly.

I opened the vault door.

Sure enough, the amount is large, it seems there are three giant sacks in there.

“We-We have enough to make a month's worth of porridge,” Marissa said.

“Goodness’ sake, what a shameless seller,” I said, taking a bowlful of rolled barley from the sacks.

By the way, changing the subject, I think the Light magic version of Heal is not regeneration, exactly. I have my doubts.

Compared to the Healing Water of Water magic and the Earth Mend of Earth magic, the power is too strong and the rate is too fast.

I wondered if Light magic’s Heal was actually a different type of spell than regeneration.

I cast Heal on the bowl of rolled barley.

“Heal.”

“”” ...?””””

“Makoto, rotting in storage isn’t an injury, so it can’t be cured,” Corinna said.

“Though roughly speaking, rolled barley is a plant,” I said. “Recovery magic is applied to another living thing, human bodies.”

The remnants of the Heal spell glittered and disappeared.

Like I thought.

Light magic Heal is not a recovery or regeneration magic.

It’s space-time magic.

The bowl I was holding was full of rolled barley, which had turned back into the familiar cream color.

“Marissa-san,” I said, “please try making porridge with this, make it sweet if you can.”

“Huh, what, this, this is good rolled barley, not the rotten stuff we have,” Marissa said.

“I tried to treat the rot, and it seems to have worked,” I said.

“It-It’s a miracle,” Marissa said.

“It’s amazing, as expected of the future Great Saint,” Heather said.

“You can’t be serious? Even elves can’t heal plant matter,” Estelle said.

So Light magic Heal isn’t regenerating the damaged area, it’s reversing time for the living matter in the area of effect.

It’s like a time warp.

Therefore, it is fast and powerful.

Well, since it’s turning back time and making the injury disappear, its power is different from other healing magics.

Maybe it’s limited to living things.

Rolled barley and other grains are probably still living matter, even though they have been processed.

... But where does “living matter” begin, and where does “inert matter” begin?

Making porridge is easy after that.

Marrisa-san’s porridge (rather, rolled barley porridge) was completed with the same amount of time and effort as making instant ramen in my previous life.

There’s a soft and milky scent.

“Since you wanted sweet porridge, I tried making milk porridge,” Marissa said.

“Don’t you have honey?” Yurisha said.

“Nuts, please put nuts in,” Melissa said.

Both are trying to get toppings from Marissa-san.

At that time, I brought a small spoonful of milk porridge to my mouth.

“Sweet and delicious~~~~,” I whined.

The rolled barley melts in your mouth, and the soft sweetness spreads throughout.

As expected of a professional chef, Marissa is good at cooking.

“This is delicious, how wonderful,” Corinna said.

“I’m an intelligence aristocrat and a foodie myself, but this is worth 5 stars,” Heather said.

“This, this is, this the porridge I’ve been waiting for, can I have a second serving?” Melissa asked.

“It’s delicious,” Yurisha said.

“It is good,” Estelle agreed.

Marissa-san started crying while holding the ladle.

“Th-Then, as long as we have proper ingredients... Ilda-san’s porridge is even more delicious,” Marissa said.

“I want to eat Ilda-san’s porridge~,” Corinna whined.

“Right~?” Melissa said. “I think I can forgive her for trying to cheat us~, this is delicious...”

“Well, everyone is weak when it comes to delicious food,” Estelle said. “I don’t think Ilda-san can totally escape responsibility for this crime, but circumstances are circumstances, so we will also work to make the punishment lighter.”

“Ah, thank you very much, thank you so, so much,” Marissa said.

Hmmm, I think I’ll settle things down somehow.

“Also, the main culprit is the powerful nobleman, but do you know his name?” Estelle asked.

“N-No, but Ilda-san knows,” Marissa said.

“If it’s among the great nobles, there’s currently a lady who eats the high-ranking noble food in the cafeteria and is related to the former dormitory master,” Heather said. “So, that narrows things down. We could go the other direction through the suppliers, though.”

“Heather-kun, I wonder if you would like to investigate this?” Estelle said.

“I wouldn’t know,” Heather said, “my family and our house both have a tradition of never working for free, you know?”

“What do you want? Backing from my family?” Estelle asked.

“I also hear Appleby is in the process of giving away its prized yoriko slots, you know,” Heather said, making a terrible expression and smiling.

However, it’s kind of cute because she’s wearing a triangular headscarf and an apron.

“Makoto-chan’s breakfast porridge, I wonder if I’ll just take it for the next five days and call it at that,” Heather said.

“Is that what you want?” Estelle said. “Then the decision will be quick.”

“I was shown something interesting this time too, so if I get any greedier, I won’t be able to make a good profit,”

Heather said. “Moderation is the family motto, after all.”

“Then, I’m counting on you,” Estelle said.

Having an acquaintance with an intelligence-related aristocrat makes things all the more convenient.

Let’s continue to build a friendly relationship with Heather-senpai.

Now that that’s settled.

I cast Heal on a sack full of rolled barley for tomorrow’s breakfast.

I also cast Heal on the chicken that was going bad, too.

I thought the bird might come back to life, but it looks like it’s just getting closer and closer to freshly slaughtered as possible.

Since there are Resurrection spells, I guess the wall of life and death cannot be overcome with just Heal.

But well, it turned out to be very fresh chicken, so let’s just call it a day there.

“Then, starting tomorrow morning, I will enter the kitchen, what time will preparations start?” I asked Marissa.

“From 6 o’clock, but are you fine with it, Holy Saint-sama?” Marissa asked.

“It’s okay, I used to get up earlier when I was working as a baker’s

daughter,” I said.

“B-But is it okay, even though you’re now a noble?” Marissa said.

“There is no problem, in exchange, please teach me various dishes, Marissa-san,” I said.

“Yes, from tomorrow, I leave it to you, Makoto-sama,” Marissa said.

“In terms of position, I will be a supervisor, but since I am the most junior person here, just Makoto is fine,” I said.

“Oh, I can’t possibly do that,” Marissa said.

“Don’t worry about it, I’ll see you tomorrow,” I said.

Alright, now I can enter the cafeteria kitchen as much as I want.

I’m going to get some yeast from my parent’s house and bake some bread.

I’m getting excited.

We split up with the dormitory master group heading to the penthouse, the upper aristocrats to the elevator, and the lower floor staircase for me, Corinna-chan, and Melissa-san.

“It helps to be able to eat delicious porridge in the morning,” Corinna said.

“I’ll do my best to make it, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“The dinner will be delicious too, won’t it, Makoto-sama?” Melissa asked.

“Leave it to me, Melissa-san,” I said.

At that, Melissa-san made a sad face and lowered her gaze.

“Honestly... you’re amazing, Makoto-sama,” Melissa said.

“I’m nothing like that,” I said.

“When you accepted me into the Saint’s Faction, I felt so happy that I could ascend to the heavens, and now, seeing you with fresh eyes, I now realize how little I knew, and how small I was,” Melissa continued.

“Is that so?” I asked.

“Yes, I can’t study, I don’t have courage, I’m a really useless child, and on the contrary, the people who are in the saint’s faction are so brilliant like stars, and I’m embarrassed to be among you,” Melissa said.

“Don’t worry, I’m in the same boat as you,” Corinna said.

“Corinna-sama is also amazing! This is the first time I’ve seen a lady like that who wants to study and become a civil servant and do what she can to get ahead in life,” Melissa said. “And you calculate so quickly and think so maturely and decisively... compared to me, I can’t do anything, and I’m just causing trouble...”

I stopped on the staircase landing and hugged Melissa.

“Ma-Makoto-sama?”

“You’re great too, Melissa-san,” I said. “Today there were a lot of scary things and a lot of sad things, but now you’re walking on your own two feet and you’ve already noticed so much.”

“Th-that’s, just...”

Melissa’s eyes are watery.

Her voice trembles too.

“Melissa-san, let’s grow up together with everyone in the faction,” I said. “Let’s study hard so that we can see what we can’t see. Let’s train our bodies so that we won’t get tired no matter how far we walk. Our school life has just begun, it’s fine to learn and grow from now on. It’s okay, Melissa-san, you can do it.”

“Yes.....”

Melissa-san cried into my chest.

Yeah, today was scary, sad, and painful.

It’s okay to cry a lot.

“Because of this kind of thing, Makoto, even though you’re still a candidate, people are going to start calling you a saint already, for goodness sake,” Corinna said.

“Umu, Corinna-chan, thank you for spewing your usual venom,” I said.

“Fuhn,” Corinna huffed.

After a while, Melissa-san stopped crying, so we held hands together and went up to the second floor.

Yeah, it’s not a faction that grows by attacking another group, but a faction that grows together with everyone, that’s kind of positive and good.

The Saint Faction wants to aim for such a place.

Chapter 39

39 - Two Women Together, In The Alchemy Room At Night, Nothing Is Supposed To Happen I enter room 205, think a moment, then leave.

“Where are you going, Makoto?” Corinna asked.

“I have to tell Carol that I asked Anne-san to do a job for me,” I said.

“Ah, I see,” Corinna said.

It’s still past 8 o’clock, so Carol should be awake.

In this world where there is no television, no internet, and no smartphones, the nights are early.

There’s nothing to do even if you stay awake, the light source is dim with a magic stone lamp, and there’s nothing good about staying up late.

Everyone is asleep at 10 o’clock.

Hence, the mornings are early, but most people wake up when the sun rises.

I walk up to the 5th floor, skipping a step each bound.

Wasse, wasse, here we go.

I don’t dislike going through the corridors of the girls’ dormitory at night.

The atmosphere of walking down a quiet corridor with only the sound of your footsteps is not bad.

It feels like school at night in my previous life.

I’m in front of Carol’s room.

I bang on the knocker.

No reply.

I try again.

“Oh, I’m sorry, please wait a minute,” Carol said, her voice soft and distant.

There’s the faint sound of water, and the sound of the faucet shutting tightly.

Gachya-gachya-gaycha...!!

“Wa-Wait a minute, I’m changing clothes right now,” Carol said.

“I don’t mind, I’ll open the door right now,” I said.

GACHYA-GACHYA-GACHYA...!!

“Makoto? I care, so please don’t rattle the doorknob,” Carol said.

“I’m not rattling it! You’re just imagining it!!” I yelled.

“Wait a minute, wait a minute, geeze, you’re so impatient.”

I can’t wait! A nude Carol is calling me.

I wonder what would have happened if Anne-san accidentally forgot to lock the door behind her.

It’s a great opportunity for lucky lewdness.

Gachayri.

“Sorry for the wait,” Carol said. “Why-Why do you look so frustrated?”

“I’m not frustrated at all,” I said.

It’s fine because I could see Carol’s face and pajamas after taking a bath.

It’s really okay!

The pajamas are cute, and the soap smells good.

Ah, I just missed seeing Carol naked.

It’s frustrating, it’s frustrating.

“What’s wrong? Just come in,” Carol said. “It’s the first time I’ve had a friend visit me at night,” she continued, smiling as she was in her pajamas.

I'm tempted and laugh softly. "I'm sure there will be many more in the future."

"Yeah, maybe," Carol said.

Carol invited me into the room, it smelled of flowers.

It smells good, does it smell like her shampoo?

I sat down on the sofa in the alchemy room.

Carol made tea with the kettle that was on the magic stove.

There's a nice soft scent from it.

"Chamomile, it's good for a good night's sleep," Carol said.

"It's delicious," I said.

"You'll have to enjoy just the tea," Carol said, "Anne hid the tea cakes because she said eating them at night would make me fat."

"It's okay, just the tea is delicious," I said.

I think Carol should gain a little more weight.

Right now, she has the body type of a fearless loli.

Ah, chamomile tea is delicious.

.....

Wait, this isn't right, I didn't come here for tea.

"I just asked Anne-san to do a job for me, so she might not come back tonight," I said.

"Oh my, I see, I thought she was late today, what happened?" Carol asked.

I gave a brief account of what happened in the cafeteria.

"I see, there were rumors that the food for the lower aristocrats was terrible, but that's what it was like," Carol said.

"I used Anne-san without permission, so I came to report," I said.

"It's fine, but think of her as your maid and ask her anything," Carol

said.

“Thank you, Carol, that’s very kind of you,” I said.

But, I also want my own intelligence maid.

I don’t need domestic maids and battle maids.

Where can I hire an intelligence maid?

“Where did you hire Anne, Carol?” I asked.

“Eh, um, ah, we’ve been together since we were kids,” Carol said.

“When did she become an intelligence maid?” I asked.

“She said it was for me, so she went to the Maid Village to train as an intelligence agent,” Carol said.

There it is!! A Maid Village!!

I wonder if the maids are training in throwing knives, martial arts, listening, and observing.

Somehow, isn’t that a normal ninja village?

“When I first met her, her tone was rather rough with me, but when she came back from the maid village, I was surprised to find that she had become a proper maid,” Carol said.

I wonder what sort of place the Maid Village is to behold.

Shall we go scout at the Maid Village?

But there is no place for a maid, even if I got one.

I don’t mind getting a double room, but I’m also attached to room 205.

Gununu.

“So tomorrow, when we go to the cafeteria, we’ll be able to eat the porridge that you made, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Eh, ah, yeah, that’s right,” I said.

“I’m going to eat it, it sounds delicious,” Carol said.

“Well, I wonder what will happen to those who don’t eat at the lower-class nobles regularly, there might be an extra charge, you know?” I asked.

“How much does it cost to make?”

“If I divide it by the day, is it about 500 dolancs?”

“I’ll bring you a little silver coin,” Carol said.

If a lot of paying customers come for porridge, will the rolled barley be prepared in time?

“By the way, do you like it sweet? Do you like it salty?” I asked.

“I like it salty. It would be great if it came with sausage and eggs,” Carol said.

“If it’s salty, then yes, there are side dishes,” I said.

I need to consult with Marissa-san tomorrow.

The door flung open and Anne came in.

“I’m back now, Ojou-sama. Oh, Makoto-sama? Welcome,” Anne said.

“I came to report that I borrowed your help, Anne-san,” I said.

“Thank you for your hard work,” Carol said.

“Anne, how is the scene?” I asked.

Anne took a fixed position directly behind Carol.

“Yes, Margot and I will be watching for three hours,” Anne said. “The escort target has been interrogated and is now in the holding cell of the dormitory knights’ barracks.”

“I see, if it’s Heather-sama’s maid watching her, she’s safe,” I said.

“Is the enemy likely to move?” Carol asked.

“Since this embezzlement is a different case from the earlier poisoning, I don’t think we have to fear an immediate assassination,” Anne said.

The great noble of this embezzlement scheme is many steps lower

than the second army of Pottinger-kyou's Faction.

"However, you shouldn't let your guard down, it might be better to hide Ilda-san somewhere for a while," Anne said.

"Fumu, a safe place to hide... Oh, there's one, a fairly solid place," I said.

"Ah, I see, if it's Makoto's connection, it should be the Great Temple, it might be good, so let's move her after school tomorrow," Carol said.

"If she's deep in the Great Temple, they won't be able to get their hands on her unless they're very skilled. Good idea, Makoto-sama," Anne said.

Finding a daredevil who would willingly rush into where Linda-san is lying in wait is very unlikely.

And no matter what kind of enemy comes, Linda-san will smile and cut them down.

Regardless of her humanity, Linda-san is one of the top 5 swordsmen in this country.

It's a great place to hide people, the Great Temple.

"Anne-san, where is the Maid Village?" I asked.

"It's a mountainous area in the north, but why do you ask?" Carol asked.

In the mountains in the north, it takes time to move.

In this world, there are no airships that individuals can ride on, so travel will be by horse or carriage.

It takes about 2 months to go to the mountainous areas in the north.

"Well, I was thinking of going scouting for an intelligence maid of my own," I said.

"You can use Anne freely," Carol said.

"But you only have one maid, Carol, isn't that bad?" I asked.

"You're always so brazen, but sometimes you're humble, aren't you, Makoto?" Carol said.

“I’m not brazen.”

Fumu, Anne-san nodded.

“The Maid Village is a school for maids, and so a freshly graduated intelligence maid is useless,” Anne said.

“I see. If you don’t have any field experience, they’re useless after all—” I started.

“I heard that one of my contemporaries went to the Great Temple, however,” Anne continued.

“Is that an intelligence-type maid?” I asked.

I don’t want to keep anyone related to the Great Temple near me, for how intense their love of the Saints is.

But, well, maybe I’ll ask Linda-san when I transfer Ilda-san tomorrow.

“That was helpful, Anne-san, thank you,” I said.

“You really don’t need to hold back,” Carol said. “You can think of Anne as a maid for the two of us.”

“Yeah, I understand, thank you too, Carol,” I said.

I’m happy with Carol’s consideration, but I don’t want to spoil her too much.

Why don’t I try looking into the Great Temple a bit?

Chapter 40

40 - From The Morning, I And Corinna-chan Are Busy With Work

It's morning.

I wake up with the signs the maids are waking up.

I have to wake up, too.

Hmm, the replacement uniform was in the chest.

Last night, Karina-san took the uniform that Carol lent me.

They wash it, iron it, and return it to Anne.

Sorry for the bother.

When I opened the bed curtain on my bunk, the maids were in the middle of changing their clothes.

Margot-san has some big boobs.

Karina-san also has surprisingly large breasts.

"Good morning, Makoto, are you awake?" Karina said.

"Good morning, Karina-san, Margot-san," I said.

"Good morning, sleepy head," Margot said.

"You look sleepy all the time," I said.

"There are many things that can happen to an adult woman," Margot said.

I'm sorry Margot, I've added extra work.

"Makoto, I've ironed your uniform, then I put it in your chest," Karina said. "The man's jacket is there with it."

"Thank you, Karina-san, I'm sorry for the trouble," I said.

"What are you talking about?" Karina said. "If you have any underwear to wash, please take it out."

“Thanks, will do,” I said.

Last night, I signed a contract with Karina to do my laundry until I graduated.

It’s a little embarrassing to have it washed by someone I know.

I wish I didn’t have to be so indebted.

While I was changing into my uniform, Corinna-chan got up and started changing as well.

“Corinna-chan, it’s early, did you wake up?” I asked.

“I’m going to the dining room too because you’re going to need my help, Makoto,” she said.

“Eh, sorry for asking, but you can’t cook, can you, Corinna-chan?” I asked.

“Hmph, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Corinna said. “Take me with you for now, then you’ll understand.”

Hmm? I wonder what it is.

Well, it’s reassuring to have a companion at a new job.

Come on, let’s go to the cafeteria together with Corinna-chan.

We’re going to school from the cafeteria, so I’ll take my bag with me.

After descending the stairs, the first floor had the cafeteria’s locker room.

When I opened the door, there was Marissa-san and four other staff members.

“Good morning, I’m Makoto Kimball, the cafeteria manager and your subordinate from today. Nice to meet you,” I said.

“Go-Good morning,” Marissa said.

“...” the rest went in silence.

Well, to the staff, I’m a mysterious female student.

I wonder if I’ll be in trouble if I’m suddenly called the person in

charge.

“What happened to Ilda-san? Did she get beheaded?” one of the staff asked.

“Why are you suddenly the manager, who even are you?” another went.

“What about our salary?” a third went. “You’ll pay us, I should hope?”

“I don’t want to worry about an amateur in the kitchen,” the last went.

Don’t say it all at once, you guys.

“Oh, shut up!!” I yelled and BANG, I slam my hand on the table, too.

“The basics of the restaurant business is to say your greetings first!! Say our hellos, and then speak your minds!!”

The staff went silent.

“”Ni-Nice to meet you”””””

“Now after the greetings, introduce yourselves!” I said. “I’m Makoto, the adopted daughter of Baron Kimball. Before that, I was working as a baker’s daughter.”

“I’m Gioia, and I’m the stove keeper. Kimball-sama, since you were from a bakery, you’re no amateur at all, are you?”

Gioai-san is a timid and easily frightened woman.

As the stove keeper, she does baking and deep-fried food.

“It’s Edra, the soup keeper. You must be the daughter of Hiyoko-Do’s owners, I hear you’re a saint candidate, too.”

Edra-san is a fat, strong-looking woman.

She’s mainly in charge of soups and stews.

“That’s right, I was asked to be in charge of the cafeteria for a while by Estelle-senpai, the dormitory master, but since it’s my first time working in the kitchen, I’ll be doing menial work at the site,” I said.

The four of them raised their eyebrows as if they were amused.

“Solene. Sauce keeper. How much is our salary? I have payments to make, and I don’t want to be late.”

Solene-san is a thin, tall, middle-aged woman.

The sauce keeper makes the sauces and hors d’oeuvres which are the decisive factor of flavor.

“I’ll be in charge of that, Corinna Ceverus, baron’s daughter and an aspiring civil official,” Corinna said.

“A civil official?”

I see now, she is helpful.

Corinna is great.

“Mare. I’m a pastry chef. If you’re a baker’s daughter, you can bake bread, wouldn’t it make the students happy to have freshly baked bread with your meal?”

Mare-san has narrow eyes like slits and looks like she is always smiling.

A pastry chef is who makes the desserts.

Desserts are always included in dinners for upper aristocrats.

Nothing is attached to the food of the lower aristocrats.

“Let’s bake some bread later,” I said.

I can’t bake bread unless I go to my parent’s house and get some yeast, so I’ll put that off for later.

“Please do, the attitude of that bakery supplier is so terrible,” Mare said.

“The attitude of the other suppliers is also terrible, and the goods aren’t any good, either,” Edra said.

“We’ll fix that, too,” I said.

Marissa-san stepped forward. “I’m Marissa, the sous chef,” she said.

So she was the sous chef, I’m convinced of her talent thanks to that porridge.

Corinna-chan appeared in front of Marissa-san.

“I want you to take out the cafeteria’s ledgers, and also the key to the safe, and the employment contracts of everyone,” Corinna said. “I will check and recalculate the numbers. I will check the contents of the safe and see if I can pay for our purchases and your wages. I have classes, too, so, I want to do it quickly, and if I have leftover work, I’ll come back after school.”

“I-I understand, thank you very much, Corinna-sama,” Marissa said.

“Thank you, Corinna-chan, you were very helpful in coming here,” I said.

“Fu, now we’ll see from here,” Corinna said.

“Huh?”

Are there still problems for civil servants from now on?

“First of all, please give me and Corinna a three-point headscarf and an apron each,” I said.

Marissa-san brought them out quickly.

I’ll clean myself up and dress Corinna-chan as well.

“Let’s prepare breakfast. The upper-class noble’s meals are according to the menu Ilda-san has decided,” I said.

“””””Understood.”””””

“Lower-class noble’s food is porridge,” I said. “You can make two kinds, one sweet, one savory, and serve according to the student’s preference.”

“Ah, it’s impossible to have sweet porridge, the rolled barley is...” Edra said.

“Edra, the ingredients have become good quality,” Marissa said.

“Are you serious, Marissa-san? Let me see,” Edra said.

The porridge is handled by Edra, the soup keeper, and Marisa, the sous chef.

“For sweetness, please add honey or nut toppings to those who want

them,” I said. “For salty foods, add sausage and eggs as a side dish.”

“Even though it’s a lower-class noble’s food, it’s so extravagant,” Solene said.

“If you pay 500 dolancs at a street restaurant, that’s about what you can get normally,” Corinna said. “What are you going to do if the cafeteria of the noble women’s dormitory serves a poorer meal than the commoner’s dining halls?”

“I suppose you have a point, you’re right, pardon me, Corinna-sama,” Solene said.

“Forget what you used to do, Makoto’s goal is to serve decent and valuable meals in the girls’ dormitory cafeteria,”

Corinna said.

“Thank you, Corinna-chan,” I said.

She is a serious help.

Corinna-chan is a real angel.

“Dormitory Master Estelle and Deputy Dormitory Master Yurisha are also coming to eat porridge since they plan to eat the lower-class nobles’ food, so please do your best to make it,” I said.

“What are you saying, a duke’s daughter and a marquis’s daughter are coming to eat, too? We have to make these very good.”

“Is about 50 meals enough?” Marissa asked.

“100 meals, more depending on the number of guests,” Corinna said.

“Eh, so much? Corinna-chan,” I said.

“You’re an idiot Makoto, it’s a porridge made by a saint candidate,” Corinna said. There are a lot of people who want to try it. Don’t underestimate how quickly rumors spread in the women’s dormitory.”

“What should I do if a young lady who eats the upper-class noble’s meals wants to eat the porridge?” someone asked.

“Those who haven’t paid for the lower-class noble’s meals already, be it a margrave’s or a marquis’s daughter, paying in cash is the least hassle,” Corinna said. “I’ll handle transactions at the counter.”

This is the part where I am sure she's got it all figured out.

I didn't even think about customers paying cash and the hassle of collecting them.

As expected of Corinna-chan.

That's my girl.

"Come on, let's get to work!" I said.

""""""Yes""""""

The cafeteria staff gave a good answer and scattered to their stations in the kitchen.

Well, I'll work for my wages too!

Wages, wages, I'll do anything for wages.

Chapter 41

41 - The Unpleasant Bakery's Name Is Hangetsu-Do

"This is good rolled barley, isn't it expensive?" Edra said.

She's stirring a large pot of rolled barley in a good mood.

"It was that rotten old barley," Marissa said.

"Wait, you mean the same stuff we had no choice but to salt heavily? How?"

"Saint Candidate-sama cured it," Marissa said.

"That's amazing, turning that awful rolled barley into this," Edra said.

Let's stop, don't praise me, let's just smile through it.

"There is a legend in my hometown that Saint Bianca healed a silo full of rotten wheat during a famine," Solene said as she made the sauce for the upper-class noble's food.

Bianca-sama didn't just do bad things either.

Certainly, it might be a good tool for emergency use in times of famine.

"A real saint candidate, is that what she is?" Solene said earnestly.

By the way, as a genuine saint candidate, I am in the middle of washing dishes.

Yesterday, Ilda-san was arrested, so it seems that they didn't clean up after dinner.

Jyubu, jyubu, goes the sink.

"For the time being, the salty porridge is cooked, Makoto-san, Corinna-san, please eat it first," Marissa said.

"Right away," I said.

"Salty porridge, I have nothing but bad memories," Corinna said.

“It’s okay, it’s alright,” I said. “it’s different from yesterday’s porridge that was so salty that only three or four people could finish it.”

I think Corinna-chan and I were the only two who could finish the meal.

I had the porridge laid out in a bowl and ate it in the corner of the kitchen.

Food, food.

Pakuri, oooooohhh.

“”Delicious!”” we both yelled.

Salty but delicious.

The faint use of salt and chicken stock soup are good seasonings.

“This can’t be ridiculed for its salty taste,” I said.

“Yeah, my spoon won’t stop moving,” Corinna said.

“I see, I see, aah, I’m happy to hear that it’s delicious in the end,” Edra muttered with deep emotion.

That’s right, I know because my family owns a bakery.

“Hey, you bitches!! Hurry up and get out here!!” a vulgar yell came from the locker room.

A man? Even though it’s a girls’ dormitory?

Marissa-san trotted to the locker room.

“What was that?” I asked.

“Oh, that’s the idiot from Hangetsu-Tei,” Edra said.

“Does he yell at customers?” I asked.

“Yeah, I did say he was an idiot,” Edra said.

“What do you mean you don’t need anything from tomorrow!! Don’t mock me!! BITCH...!!”

I’ve heard only yelling so far.

I can't bear to hear that.

I put down my bowl of porridge and stood up.

Corinna-chan pointed her thumb skyward, saying, "Let's do it."

"Makoto-san, you shouldn't go," Gioia said.

"Thank you, Gioia-san, but I'm the one in charge, so I have the duty to fight first," I said.

"You're good at fighting, you're an amazing saint candidate," Solene said with a smile.

"Just leave it to me," I said as I opened the locker room door. Then, I yelled, "So noisy! Who the hell is making all that fuss?!"

There was a back door in the locker room, and a big red-haired man was raging there.

"Who are you, you bitches?!" the man yelled. "Why are students here?!!"

"And who are you?" I countered. "What's a man doing in the girl's dormitory, I'll call the dormitory knights, you know!"

"Ah, no, I'm allowed to enter up to the back door," the man said.

"Hey, Marissa, you've got no business with me, call for Ilda, get me Ilda!!"

"Ilda-san won't be back for a while," I said.

"Aaahn?" the man snapped. "Then Marissa is the one in charge now, you ugly bitch."

"The person in charge is me. Makoto Kimball, the baron's daughter," I said.

Hearing "baron's daughter" made the man shudder.

"Ah, is-is that so? Ah, are you the one in charge?"

"Yes, and who are you?" I asked.

"I, I'm Hans from Ha-Hangetsu-do... Th-This woman, you know, is joking about saying she won't need our bread from tomorrow?" Hans said.

“Your bread isn’t worth buying, just leave today’s bread delivery and go home,” I said.

“What the hell are you saying!!?” Hans yelled. “Bitch! You’re making fun of our bread!!”

“The idiot baker who delivers stale black bread for 3 times over the market price should be replaced, you’re the one who’s mocking us,” I said.

Hans’ face contorted with hatred and his skin turned red and black.

“I don’t care if you’re a baron’s daughter or what! There’s a contract!!” Hans yelled. “It’s Hangetsu-Do that puts bread in the cafeteria of the girls’ dormitory!!”

“Don’t go into the locker room!” I yelled back. “Even the back door!”

“Don’t fuck with me, bitch, you’re just a little girl!!”

Haha, you thug, when I provoked you a bit, you grabbed me, you idiot.

As soon as I tried to use Flash magic, Hans stopped.

Huh, did you have self-control in your impertinence?

No, it’s not what I thought, someone was firmly holding Hans’ neck.

“Hey, bastard, did you try to grab my precious Saint-sama just now?”

Why-Why is Linda-san here?

Scary, scary, Linda-san is smiling while letting out a terrifying aura of bloodlust, you can see it going “GO-GO-GO.”

“S-Saint-sama?” Hans stammered.

Linda threw Hans’ head against the doorway.

The women’s dormitory shook a little as there was a tremendously loud sound.

GHAN!!

GHAN!!

GHAN!!

Again and again, with eyes like glass balls, Linda slams Hans' head against the door with all her might.

"Hey, stop, stop, he's going to die, Linda-san, Hans!"

"Huh? Isn't it fine, even if this bastard dies?" Linda asked.

"I'll be in trouble if he dies! Or rather, what did you come here for?" I asked.

"I heard that you can eat Saint-sama's homemade porridge, so I ran from the Great Temple," Linda said.

Don't you dare! And don't run in full armor!

"Geeze, I'll feed you later, so let go of that guy," I said.

"Hooray," Linda cheered.

Even if you say it's cute, it's ruined because she has a bloodied man hanging from her hand.

"Are you alright?" I asked.

I thought about casting Heal, but this seems to be a job for High Heal.

I cast a High Heal on Hans, who was in shock and trembling.

"Haa, haa," he panted, "what the, what the hell is this bitch?"

"Aah?" Linda growled.

"Waaa," Hans squealed, "I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it! I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

"Don't be intimidating," I said.

"Tehe," Linda said, faking ignorance.

It's not cute at all.

"Saint...?" Hans said. "You, you're from Hiyoko-Do, you bitch..."

"Huh? What was that about a bitch?" Linda asked.

Also, Linda-san let out a murderous intent so intense you could see it.

“Hiiiiii,” Hans squealed again.

“Stop it, the conversation won’t progress,” I said.

“Alright,” Linda said.

Well, just an answer would be nice.

I turned to Hans.

“Hans, tell the owner of Hangetsu-Do that he doesn’t deserve to call himself a baker because he makes the students eat rotting black bread at 3 times the market price,” I said. “Your secret’s already out. Your shop is done for, so pack your bags and flee the royal capital. Alright?”

Hans nodded, trembling with fear.

“Are you going to have us Temple Knights Destroy Hangetsu-Do?” Linda said. “Like, ‘salt the earth’ level of destruction.”

“Stop it,” I said.

When Linda says it, it doesn’t sound like a joke at all.

“Hans, leave. Don’t forget to pass on the message,” I said.

Hans screamed and ran away as fast as he could.

It might be a good idea to make Meigetsu-Do take responsibility for not being able to stop Hangetsu-Do’s outrage and stealing about half their clients.

But Meigetsu-Do’s a purveyor to the royal family, so it’s really delicious.

I wonder if the far ends start to rot when the business gets too big.

When I felt the gaze and turned around, the cafeteria staff was peering through the doorway with a look of fear on their face.

Yeah, yeah, Linda-san is scary.

“It’s okay, Linda-san will obey my orders, so don’t be afraid,” I said.

“I will listen to whatever Saint-sama asks of me,” Linda said.

After that, all the staff was taken aback.

“Aah, geeze, wait here and I’ll make you some porridge,” I said.

“It’s been a while since I’ve eaten at the cafeteria,” Linda said.

“You’re an outsider, and I won’t make porridge for you to eat inside the cafeteria,” I said.

“I’ll wait then,” Linda said.

That was fast.

“Would you like it sweet? Do you like it salty?”

“Sweet is better.”

“Do you want honey or nuts?”

“Both.”

Linda-san smiled broadly.

In this way, she’s a normal beautiful, cute onee-chan.

She’s physically scary when she gets angry.

While Edra-san and Marissa-san taught me how to make sweet porridge, I made porridge in a small pot.

I see, the secret to the deliciousness is the timing of adding rolled barley and the heat.

Corinna has returned.

“Hey, Makoto, who was that crazy dog?” she asked.

“Linda-san, full name Linda Crable-san,” I said.

“Is that the Mad Angel of the Great Temple?” Corinna asked. “She’s so scary.”

Edra-san also came up. “She’s a scary woman, but I was refreshed when she beat the crap out of that idiot Hans.”

“Right?” Solene said as she came over. “He’s an idiot, he can only deliver packages, yet he’s so overbearing.”

Or rather, they didn't come up, it's too narrow here and we're all moving about.

The finished porridge was placed in bowls and sprinkled with honey and nuts.

Put it on a tray and take it to the locker room.

"Here it is," I said.

"Oh, it smells good. When I was in school, porridge in the girls' dormitory was a specialty," Linda said. "Even the upper-class nobility went out of their way to eat the lower-class noble's food."

A lot has changed since then.

I don't know the old days, so I put up with the food in the dormitory, from the salty porridge and everything else, thinking that's just the way things were.

"Be careful because it's hot."

"Yes, itadakimasu, I thank the Goddess for my daily bread," Linda said, saying grace before eating.

"It's delicious, it's delicious, Saint-sama," Linda said afterward. "Oh, it tastes somewhat like Okaa-sama's porridge."

How sweet and nostalgic."

Linda sighs as she eats.

Really, other than getting angry for my sake all the time, she's a pretty good-natured person.

Please don't get angry for my sake and always stay calm.

Chapter 42

42 - Breakfast Customers Are Earnestly Starting To Come Into The Girl's Dormitory's Cafeteria Since the two types of porridge have finished boiling, I'm teaming up with Corinna-chan to work at the counter.

Corinna-chan is in charge of checking the lower-class noble's food tokens, and I pour out the porridge the diner chooses and hand them over.

Lower-class nobility meals are paid together with the dormitory fee once a month.

A token medal is lent out as proof of paying for the food, and you show it when you receive the meal.

April's token is blue, and next month, May is yellow.

Immediately, the first students of the morning came.

It's a trio of sophomores, maybe in the same room.

"Ah, porridge again, is it?"

"It's a waste because you can't even eat half of it."

"But you paid for the food."

"Come on, show me your token," Corinna said.

The trio raised their eyebrows.

"You didn't check the token before, did you?"

"Wait, are you, a student? A part-time job?"

"Uh, where's my token? Oh, it's in my wallet."

"Since the person in charge has changed, many things have changed, Senpai," Corinna said.

"Eh, but that porridge must be salty, anyway."

"It's really delicious now."

“No way.””

Our senpais don't believe us.

All three gave their tokens, so I asked them for their orders.

“Salty porridge or sweet porridge. Which would you like?” I asked.

“Ah, it's Bejeweled-san. Then, I'll have mine sweet.”

“I, I think I'll take mine salty.”

“Sweet, sweet, make it sweet, please.”

Two sweet and one salty.

“You can add nuts or honey for the sweet porridge, what do you prefer?”

“I, I'd like nuts, and this place is like a real restaurant.”

No, the girls' dormitory cafeteria is a real restaurant.

“Huh, no toppings with the savory one?”

“Sausage and egg will be served as a side dish,” I said.

A small plate of sausage and eggs was placed next to the bowl of salty porridge.

“Oh, that looks good, but I like them sweet, full of honey.”

I arrange the requested meals on the counter.

Also three salads.

They are also crisp and crunchy fresh by using Heal on the shriveled and wilted vegetables.

“Wow, the salad is so fresh, it's the first time I've seen it.”

“Oh, it smells delicious, let's eat it quickly.”

“Yeah, yeah, right, right”

Even when the tea was served, the senpais sat down impatiently.

Then they each took a bite and cheered,

““““Yummy!!!””””

“What’s this, what’s this, it’s as delicious as a real restaurant!”

“Wow, even though it’s salty porridge, it’s not that salty!”

“Sweet, it’s delicious, so sweet.”

Kah, kah, kah, all three of them are eating with great momentum.

Mmm, mm.

“It was delicious! Let’s eat the salty ones tomorrow.”

“Even the salad was delicious, did the girls’ dormitory cafeteria finally change their minds!?”

“Let’s eat sweet again tomorrow, the sweet stuff.”

The three seniors put their trays at the dish drop-off window.

“Bejeweled-san, it was delicious. Will it be delicious tomorrow as well?”

“Please stop talking calling me Bejeweled-san, Senpai, I’m Makoto. It’s going to be delicious for a while.”

“I see, I see, Makoto-san, see you tomorrow.”

“It was delicious, I’ll order something sweet tomorrow.”

“Yes, thank you for your patronage,” I said.

“Today’s sweetness was good sweetness. I’ll be having sweet tomorrow, see you tomorrow, Makoto-san.”

“Yes, we’ll be waiting,” I said, bowing deeply to the three senpais who were leaving.

Nuts-senpai, Salty-senpai, and Sweet-senpai.

They all remembered my name is Makoto.

“Yeah, I’m kind of happy when someone says it’s delicious. Is this the real pleasure of the restaurant business?”

Corinna said.

“That’s right, Corinna-san, why don’t you join the restaurant industry in the future?” I asked.

“Mm, I’ll think about it,” Corinna said.

Corinna-chan also seems to have awakened to the joy of the restaurant business.

Mm, mm.

When the three seniors left the cafeteria, students came in one after another.

I thought everyone was early, but it seems like the people who go to the morning practice for club activities.

Everyone shouts, “It’s delicious!”

Yeah, yeah, nice, nice.

After all, sweet porridge seems to be popular, maybe it’s the impression of the too-salty porridge from yesterday, but the salty porridge is slow to take off.

Meanwhile, a first-year student with black hair in a bob chose the salty porridge and was now pouring a large amount of salt from the salt shakers on the table.

“That’s one of the Four Heavenly Kings of Salty Porridge,” I said.

“Then two of the Four heavenly kings are me and you, Makoto...” Corinna said.

“That’s right, Corinna-san,” I said.

“That girl really likes her salt, doesn’t she?” Corinna said.

But if you take too much salt, you will get sick.

I’m worried about Okappa-san because she’s so short.

“She’s from the northern region,” Corinna said.

“Is that so?” I asked.

“In the north, they don’t have many vegetables, so they eat vegetables that have been salt-preserved over the winter,”

Corinna said.

“The north sounds terrible,” I said.

Okappa-san finished the salt porridge and brought the tray to the return slot.

“It was delicious, aye, did you change the rolled barley?” Okappa asked.

She has a beautiful Northern accent.

“Yes, we changed it from today,” I said.

“It will be delicious tomorrow too, aye? I’ll be so happy-happy,” Okappa said.

“You put a lot of salt in it, didn’t you?” I asked.

“Sorry, aye, I’m from the poor regions, so I used to eat rotten rolled barley with salt, see?” Okappa said. “That’s why I don’t feel like eating porridge without all that salt, mm.”

Was it a northern custom to make rotten rolled barley extremely salty so you could still eat it?

Marissa-san or Edra-san may be from the north.

“We also have sweet porridge, so please try it next,” I said.

“If it’s sweet, my family doesn’t have a habit of eating sweets in the morning, see. So, I’m looking forward to salt porridge tomorrow, aye,” Okappa said, smiling before she left.

Food culture varies from home to home and from region to region.

The dining room was noisy, so when I looked, Estelle-senpai, Yurisha-senpai, and Melissa-san were all there.

“Welcome, please present your lower-class noble’s food token,” Corinna said.

“Don’t have it,” Estelle said.

“I don’t have one,” Yurisha said.

“Yes, here’s my token, Corinna-san,” Melissa said.

“Melissa-san, please place an order with Makoto,” Corinna said.

“I see you’ve got nuts in the end, Makoto-sama, please put some nuts in the sweet porridge,” Melissa said.

“Melissa-san, you like nuts, don’t you?” I said.

“I love Hiyoko-Do’s bread, and I like the nutty donuts the most,” Melissa said.

“Right, it contains nuts, and it’s hot, so eat slowly,” I said.

“Yes!” Melissa said, happily grabbing her tray and heading to a table.

“People who don’t have tokens will pay in cash, and it will be 500 dolancs each,” Corinna said.

“Here, Corinna-kun,” Estelle said.

“Thank you, Estelle-senpai,” Corinna said.

“Do you have salty porridge? I think I’ll go with salty,” Estelle said.

Seems she’s choosing because she had sweet porridge yesterday.

“Oh, I don’t have my wallet,” Yurisha said

“Here it is, Ojou-sama,” Misha said, handing Yuri-Yuri-senpai her wallet.

Yuriyuri-senpai took out five small silver coins from her wallet and gave them to Corinna-chan.

“Right, Estelle-senpai’s having salty and Yurisha-senpai’s sweet porridge has honey,” I said.

“Oh, it comes with sausage and eggs, does it?” Estelle said. “That’s nice.”

“It looks delicious,” Yurisha said.

“What about you, Misha-san?” I asked.

“Huh? I’m just a maid,” Misha said.

“Oh, I forgot, this is for Misha,” Yurisha said, handing 500 dolancs to Corinna-chan.

“Thank you very much,” Corinna said.

“Ojou-sama, the maid cannot abandon her job in the middle of the day,” Misha said.

“Today is a special day,” Yurisha said, “it’s handmade by the saint candidate, it’s good luck.”

No, I didn’t make it personally.

But I won’t say it.

“Hooray, I’m so happy., well then, I’d like some salt porridge, please,” Misha said.

“Yes, thank you for your patronage,” I said, handing it over.

Having salty porridge makes you more mature than you look, Misha-san.

The senpais brought their own porridge to the table and began to eat.

“It’s delicious, Ojou-sama,” Misha said.

“Yeah, it is good, Misha,” Yurisha said.

“It seems like yesterday’s bad porridge didn’t even exist,” Estelle said.

“Yeah, it tastes so good,” Melissa said.

It seems to be well received.

Good, you can expect good wages out of this.

Wages, wages.

Margot was standing in line.

When I looked, Heather-san was in the upper-class nobles’ seating, smiling and waving at me.

“An order of sweet porridge, please,” Heather said.

“As for Heather-senpai, I’ll pay for hers,” I said, giving Corinna 500 dolancs from my wallet.

“You’re all good,” Corinna said.

“Would you like to eat some too, Margot?” I asked. “I’ll pay for you, too.”

“Really? Then, I’ll have it after serving Ojou-sama,” Margot said.

After serving Heather-senpai eagerly, Margot-san ordered sweet porridge with honey and ate it up.

“It was delicious, is it okay to have it again tomorrow?” Margot said.

“I will treat you for five days under the same conditions as Heather-senpai,” I said.

“You’re so generous Makoto, I love that about you,” Margot said, blowing me a kiss before she left.

Margot-san is a mischievous person even though she’s an intelligence maid.

“Makoto, Corinna, morning,” Carol said.

“You’re here, Carol,” I said.

Carol brought Anne-san with her.

Hey, it looks like flowers have popped up all over the place.

Carol is cute.

“Since you have no tokens, it’s 500 dolancs each, Ca-Carol,” Corinna said.

She isn’t used to dropping all the formalities yet.

“There’s also Anne’s share, so it’s 1,000 dolancs,” Carol said.

“Ojou-sama.....” Anne said.

“It’s fine, it’s a lucky charm because it’s a saint’s porridge,” Carol said.

Well, I didn’t make it.

And of course, I’m not saying it.

Carol took out a large silver coin from her wallet and gave it to Corinna-chan.

“Yours is salty, right, Carol?” I asked.

“You made me salty porridge, wow, it comes with a sausage and egg, it’s a bargain.”

“Well, it seems like a normal price, what will you be having, Anne-san?” I said.

“Ah, I like it sweet, so please put some nuts in it,” Anne said.

“Right-o,” I said.

Carol and Anne-san’s portions are prepared and placed on the counter.

Perhaps unaccustomed to it, Carol observes the behavior of the people around her and follows them with their tea.

“It’s delicious, Anne.”

“Yes, Ojou-sama, the sweet ones are also delicious.”

Carol seems to like it, too.

Breakfast is the source of energy for the day.

Let’s eat well.

“It was delicious, Makoto, I’ll be back tomorrow,” Carol said.

“Yeah, I’ll be waiting,” I said.

“Thank you for the meal,” Anne said.

She gathered the dishes and placed them in the return window.

“See you later, in the classroom,” Carol said.

“Yeah, see you later,” I said.

Carol and Anne left the dining room.

I’m glad they left happy.

Around 7:30, the number of customers increased.

This time seems to be the peak time for breakfast.

Breakfast time is until 8 o’clock, so it’s 30 minutes later.

Busy, busy.

The sweet porridge is getting lower and lower still.

“Edra-san, make more sweet porridge, umm,” I started.

“About 30 servings,” Corinna said.

“Understood, good gracious, how long has it been since breakfast was so crowded?” Edra said, filling a large pot with milk and then putting it on the stove.

“It’s like this today, but tomorrow it will be even more crowded,” Corinna said.

“Even more?” I said.

“That salty porridge has gotten so good, word will get out and more will come to try it,” Corinna said.

“Make that 50 servings more,” I said.

“50 sweet, 20 salty, it’s safer to add a total of 70 meals,” Corinna said.

“So much,” I said.

Corinna-chan’s customer analysis shined brilliantly.

Chapter 43

43 - Every Time, The Wall Newspapers Annoy Me

“It’s over!” I cried.

“Good work today,” Corinna said.

The current time is 8 o’clock in the morning, and I have just handed over the sweet porridge to the last customer.

2 hours work from 6 o’clock, I’m pretty tired.

“Thank you, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“It’s no problem, check this account book and money just in case.”

“Roger that,” I said.

I did a quick count of the money, and the ledger and the money matched exactly.

Put it in the safe and you’re done!

“After that, we’ll take over, so the two of you should go to class,” Marissa said.

“Thank you, what time will the next supplier come?” I asked.

“They usually come at noon,” Marissa said. “May I ask you to meet them, Makoto-san?”

“Understood, I’ll meet them and fight.”

“You keep assuming there’s going to be a fight,” Marissa said.

“It’s the supplier who brought in all that rotten rolled barley, then, of course, we have to fight,” I said.

“If it’s a fight, you need me, too,” Linda said.

Linda-san, are you still here?

“Linda-san, please return to the Great Temple,” I said.

“Huh? But it seems you have worries still, Saint-sama,” Linda said.

“Shut up, go home!” I yelled.

“Tch,” Linda went.

If Linda-san is at the scene of the fight, I can’t let it get bloody.

I think she should learn to use gentle threats and intimidation that don’t leave a trail.

“Well then, we’re heading out,” I said.

“See you,” Marissa said.

I’m going to school with Corinna-chan.

We leave the girls’ dormitory and in 5 minutes you’ll be at the school building.

“There’s another wall bulletin,” Corinna said.

“The Newspaper Club must be having hard times every day, don’t they?” I said.

“I think it’s mostly your fault, Makoto,” Corinna said.

“Th-That’s not true,” I said.

Now then, what about today’s article?

“Credit To The Bejeweled Reijou-sama!! Completely naked as she rescued a young lady who fell into the pond at the back gardens!!”

I wasn’t naked....!!

I was wearing drawers....!!

As usual, the Magic Academy News was somewhat neutral, and after accurately tracing the outline of yesterday’s rescue of Melissa-san, they closed the article by questioning whether it was a conflict between factions.

The Noble’s New Bulletin is still a vulgar tabloid full of prejudice.

It was an unfortunate accident that Melissa-san fell into the pond, and when her companion noble ladies were trembling, a fake saint

candidate, who was a mass of self-aggrandizement, shamelessly stripped naked and jumped in without permission to rescue Melissa-san. After that, she criticized her noble lady friends, saying, “You pushed her in and didn’t even try to save her.” and also verbally criticized Kevin-ouji when he intervened.

That’s about it.

“Goodness, the Noble’s New Bullet is getting quite lax, isn’t it? No matter how rude a noble lady is, there’s no way she would rant against the first prince, would she?”

What are you doing here, Gerald, don’t just suddenly speak out of nowhere.

“I just yelled at him because he was a nuisance,” I said.

“... So, it was true...”

Seriously, he was a nuisance.

“For-For the time being, I’ll have more respect for the royal family,” I said.

“Ouh,” Gerald went, lowering his eyes sadly.

I don’t understand.

When we entered Class A, Carol smiled and waved at us.

“Good morning, Carol,” I said.

“Good morning Makoto, this morning’s meal was delicious.”

“Come again tomorrow, if you don’t mind, tonight’s dinner, as well,” I said.

“Are you going to make dinner too? That’s amazing.”

“No, I’m actually in charge of the cafeteria, so I don’t cook. Basically, I wash dishes and work at the counter,” I said.

“So I see, but it’s still amazing,” Carol said.

Even if Carol comes to dinner, I can only see her eating from afar from the counter, which is boring.

Is there some way I can have a meal with Carol?

Even if I ask her to cook with me in the kitchen, I'm sure Carol will refuse because she's a reserved person.

Ummn.

Anthony-sensei comes and homeroom begins.

The pond in the back garden is deep and dangerous, he says, so be careful not to approach it.

A fence will be erected around the pond in the near future.

Right, it would be more dangerous if it wasn't fenced in.

From the 1st to the 3rd period, I made it through without any problems.

Academics are easy.

I don't mind sitting in classrooms all day.

Also, history and history classes are interesting.

As one would expect from teachers at the Royal Appleton Academy of Magic.

They capture the key points in the flow of history and insert interesting episodes here and there.

Nice, nice, I love to talk about history.

I like it as much as my wages.

Then, the problem is 4th period, the martial arts class every other day.

I hate seeing Cattleya-sama.

I walk slowly into the girls' locker room with Carol.

But even at a time like this, I can't stop watching Carol's undressing.

Uehihi.

"Wait, Makoto, you look kind of disgusting," Carol said.

"I don't what you're talking about," I said stiffly. We're both girls,

aren't we?"

"Sometimes I wonder if you're a boy inside, Makoto," Carol said.

"You want to go check my crotch~?"

"I don't want to see it."

Carol got angry~.

Hmm.

As I was pretending to cry, Carol pulled the hem of my gym clothes.

"Come on, let's go."

"Wait, you're going to stretch the hem," I said.

When we arrived at the training ground, mock weapons were lined up on the table.

I take a dagger and the magic buckler.

Carol takes a wooden morning star.

It's kind of weird to simulate a melee weapon like it.

It's a weapon that relies on its weight to do damage, so I don't think there's much difference between wood and iron.

"Morning, aye."

"Oh my."

Isn't that Okappa-chan with the super salty porridge?

So she was from Class A.

"Koishi Kominvitch, aye, Viscount's daughter~, " Okappa said.

"I'm Makoto, of House Kimball," I said.

"Mnn, nice to meet you, aye, Kimball-sama." Okappa said.

"Just Makoto is fine, Kominvitch-sama," I said.

"Just Makoto it is then, mm. I'm fine with you calling me just Koishi too, aye," Koishi said.

“Thank you very much, Koishi-sama,” I said.

“I’m fine with you getting more casual, so you know, Makoto-san.”

“Mmm, thanks, Koishi-chan,” I said.

Koishi-chan looks like a kokeshi doll.

She took the wooden sword from the selection.

“You’re using a sword, huh?” I asked.

“My House’s treasure is a sword handed down from the east, aye,” Koishi said.

“I wonder if it came from Horai,” I said.

“That’s right, aye, my grandfather came from Horai,” Koishi said.

Huh, did people from Horai come all the way to pseudo-France?

So Koishi-chan has black hair and black eyes.

I want to go to the pseudo-Japan, Horai.

Is it the Edo period right now? The Meiji period?

Koishi lightly waved her hand goodbye and left.

I also stand in the same position as last time.

Geh, Cattleya-sama is next to me, she’s glaring at me.

Batten-sensei came, and after a lighthearted introduction, we did the same as last time.

Well, it’s still the second class, so they’re still just young ladies who can’t swing properly.

I can do front slashes, but I’m not confident that I can fight properly with a dagger.

For now, swing, swing, swing.

“Goodness, an attention-seeking upstart is no ugly and embarrassing.”

Oh shut up, Cattleya-sama.

“Is there any point in saving a girl who fell into the pond by accident, even if she’s completely naked? What a shameless pervert.”

“Shut up, I was wearing drawers,” I said while still practicing.

“Aren’t you ashamed of being completely naked? Is a noble lady not supposed to be modest?

“If you go into the water with your clothes on, you will drown,” I said.

“.....Huh?”

Cattleya-sama stopped swinging.

“You have a uniform, so imagine wearing it in the bath.”

“O-Oh...”

“Your skirt will absorb water, it will add weight, and you will get trapped and drown.”

“Is it going to be that heavy?” Cattleya said.

“The weight will be on your waist, so if you strengthen your body it will be a little different, but it’s quicker to take it off,” I said.

“We-Well then, the drowning girl should have...”

“Sunk after a while,” I finished.

Cattleya-sama was silent as she resumed her swing.

“Was it an emergency?” Cattleya said.

“Yes.”

The residents of this world’s royal capitals, whether they’re nobles or commoners, can’t swim.

The river is dirty and the sea is far away.

I can swim because I had a pool class in my previous life.

“So they didn’t do anything about their faction mate’s accident...”

“From where I was looking, they pushed her in,” I said.

“Im-Impossible...” Cattleya said, wide-eyed as she stared at me.

“They probably didn’t know how dangerous the water was, because they just looked at her with a smile without helping her.”

“That can’t be, it’s impossible...”

“Don’t talk among yourselves, keep practicing,” Battenmeier said as she came over.

“What’s wrong, Pickering-san, it feels like your heart isn’t in your sword?” she asked after a moment.

“Sensei, um, if you go into the water wearing a skirt, will you definitely drown?” Cattleya asked.

“... Ah, this is about yesterday...” Battenmeier said, looking at me.

“There was the flooding of the Larga River about 5 years ago, right?” I said. “You know, the one where there was a tragic flash flood right in the middle of an evening party, and Sensei was one of the guards there?”

“Ye-Yes?” Cattleya said.

“All the ladies who were wearing dresses drowned,” Battenmeier said. “The few who survived were the first to forsake their clothes.”

“...”

“Everyone will find Kimball-san’s behavior strange yesterday, but that was the correct answer. When two people in clothes enter the pond, they will just end up grabbing each other’s clothes instead and both drown. All the teachers in the staff room were quite impressed. Thank you, Kimball-san”

“No, no,” I said.

The ladies who were listening on the sidelines started to raise a fuss.

“As expected of the Bejeweled Reijou-sama, you are very bold,” Battenmeier said.

“I’m ashamed for even thinking that your nudity was some sort of dubious hobby,” Cattleya said.

“You have to be completely naked when you jump into the pond,” I said, “I was so embarrassed I almost didn’t take it off.”

No, it's rare for a young lady to jump into a pond, to begin with.

Chapter 44

44 - Defense Training With Carol

“Well then, that’s all for swinging practice,” Battenmeier said. “Next, we’re going to do defense training, so please pair up with someone you like.”

Someone you like, she said?

Somehow my body naturally walked sideways and ended up next to Carol.

Yes, because I love her.

“Carol, let’s pair up,” I said.

“Huh, I’m using a morning star,” Carol complained.

“Well I plan to fight with various weapons in the future,” I said.

“I don’t feel like saints are supposed to be fighting all the time,” Carol said. “Well, I suppose it’s fine, I think you can handle a bump or two, Makoto.”

“My defense is perfect,” I said, putting my magic buckler forward.

“No, even if you get hurt, there’s healing magic,” Carol said.

“Yeah, I’ll heal the injuries~,” I said.

That’s the way.

“Try alternately attacking and defending,” Carol said. “If you don’t understand defensive actions, ask Sensei to teach you.”

I prepared to fight Carol.

Hmm, a loli body in gym clothes and holding a morning star ignites the passion.

“Please attack first,” Carol said.

“Yes, here I go,” I said.

Aiming at Carol's neck, I swung my dagger.

Djarin.

Carol held the chain in front of her with both hands to block the attack.

Ah, that's how she defends herself.

"I'll be next, ei," Carol cried.

Carol used her whole body to swing the morning star around.

She's shockingly fast.

Gakkin.

The magic buckler automatically defended me.

It's quite an impact.

If I got hit directly, that would have been an unavoidable injury.

"Okay, let's take turns," I said.

"Yes, understood," Carol said.

Jarin.

Gakkin.

Jari-jarin.

Kahn.

Carol swings her morning star from all directions.

She's fast and good at attacking.

But the buckler is an automatic defense, so it won't be easy to hit me.

"You're good at parrying," Carol said.

"It's automatic with magic, so you're the one better at defense," I said.

"Because I'm used to it," Carol said.

Oh, right, she had been hunting and already was a Copper rank

adventurer.

Well done, Carol.

That's my girl.

"Come on, Makoto, let's speed it up," Carol said

"Bring it on," I said.

As if it was getting fun, the corners of Carol's lips rose and she started twirling the morning star.

Yeah, I'm having fun too.

"Hai."

"Ouh."

Ghan.

"Bottom cut."

"Mmn."

Jyarin.

"Continuous strikes."

"Roger."

Ga-ga-gang.

"Round down, round up slash."

"Understood."

Jyari-jyarin.

Yeah, this is fun, fun.

Carol's forehead was sweaty and her cheeks were flushed.

Cute, and fun.

Sweat is running down my face.

I enjoy moving my body.

And just like that, when we were speeding up to the limit and we were doing it hard, Batten-sensei came by.

“Come on, it’s defensive training, your sparring is lagging,” she said.

“Huh?” I asked.

“S-Sorry, it was getting rather fun,” Carol said.

“Albright-san’s handling of the morning star is good, and it has some incredible speed. Are you using magic to assist it?” Battenmeier said.

“Since I have a golem core, I can manipulate any chain-like object,” Carol said, showing off the golem core attached to her waist.

“I see, I thought the swing was so light for a reason, that’s convenient,” Battenmeier said.

The golem core is about the size of an egg and looks like a dark red jewel. It’s blinking.

I see, it’s Chain-kun’s control app.

“Kimball-san, you’re getting better with the dagger, have you practiced?” Battenmeier said.

“No, I’m just swinging by instinct,” I said.

“It’s talent, then, it was a good move,” Battenmeier said.

Hooray, I was praised by my sensei.

After that, Carol and I went back to the “kan-kan” and did our defense training leisurely.

Cattleya-sama isn’t feeling well.

She’s an annoying lady when she’s in good spirits, but when she’s not in good spirits, I’m still worried about her.

“Would you like to spar with her?” Carol asked.

“Huh? She’s Mike’s little sister, you know,” I said.

“It’s fine, you’re curious, aren’t you, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“Then I suppose it can’t be helped,” I said.

I parted from Carol and went to Cattleya-sama.

“Shall we change partners?” I asked Cattleya’s partner.

“Huh, but,” Cattleya said.

She’s got a long sword, she looks pretty good, and maybe she’s aspiring to be a knight.

“Would you like to do defense training with me?” Carol asked.

“Ye-Yes, Albright-sama,” Cattleya’s partner said.

Carol took her away.

“Do you not want to spar, Cattleya-san?” I asked.

“... Gununu, mock battle!” Cattleya said. “I’m petitioning for a one-on-one mock battle with Kimball!! No magic!!”

“Huh?” I asked.

“I can’t allow mock battles with the same person in a row,” Batten-sensei said as she came up.

Cattleya-sama made a face of despair from the bottom of her heart.

“Is it okay if it’s not the same person?” Cattleya said.

“Well, that’s fine, but there aren’t many students who are skilled enough to have a mock battle with you, Pickering-san,” Battenmeier said.

“Mock battle~,” Cattleya trilled.

How much do you like mock battles, Cattleya-sama?

Koishi came over.

“I want to try it with Pickering-san, aye,” Koishi said.

“Oh, yes, it might be a good match with Kominvitch-san,” Battenmeier said.

“Horai sword arts, huh? ... How interesting!! I’m eager to fight you!” Cattleya said.

Yeah, you look like you’re feeling better.

By moving your body, you can forget your suspicions and feelings of distrust toward your faction comrades.

We students went to the spectator seats in the stadium, and Koishi-chan, Cattleya-sama, and Sensei went up to the stadium.

I wonder if Koishi-chan is pretty strong, or is Cattleya-sama stronger?

Confronting Cattleya-sama's unique stance, Koishi-chan put a wooden sword to her eyes.

"Mock battle, Cattleya Pickering vs. Koishi Kominvitch, single match, no magic, let's begin!" Battenmeier cried.

Koishi drops her waist and starts stepping out.

The stance is neat and cool.

You're pretty strong, Koishi-chan.

On the other hand, Cattleya-sama is more of an upper-body stance.

It's big and bold.

The two gradually closed the gap.

Little by little, they get close enough to strike.

Koishi-chan's wooden sword is longer, but Cattleya-sama is taller.

Half a step more and both of them are within reach to strike.

Koishi-chan entered the space with a half-step.

At that moment, Cattleya-sama's slash is swung straight down.

Koishi-chan advances diagonally to Cattleya-sama's side by moving her center of gravity and then cuts sideways.

The speed is amazing.

Koishi-chan cuts at a speed of 2 to 3 times that of Cattleya-sama.

Somehow, Cattleya-sama manages to parry it with the tip of her sword, but two or three more blows fly out after that.

"Woah."

“It’s fast, and she’s got good footwork,” Carol said.

Is Carol an expert observer?

Koishi-chan keeps her center of gravity down, moves left and right with her swaying feet at high speed, and does not stay in one place. It’s like watching a Japanese dance performance.

Cattleya-sama is desperately blocking it, but she can’t attack at all.

She’s gradually being worn down.

Cattleya-sama managed to find an opening and make a slash down from the top, but Koishi-chan didn’t avoid it, she blocks it sliding her wooden sword against it, shifting its angle, and letting it cut down the length of Cattleya’s sword.

Gatchin.

“Guaah!”

“Oh, sorry, it went in too deep,” Koishi said.

I couldn’t see the trajectory that hit Cattleya-sama’s hand, but it seems that Koishi-chan’s wooden sword struck her thumb.

In a real fight, her thumb would be cut off and she would be incapacitated.

“Oh no, we have to hurry to the infirmary,” Battenmeier said.

“No need,” I said, getting up.

“Ah, Makoto, potion,” Carol said, taking a bottle out from somewhere.

“No need, Carol, I am the Hi-Potion,” I said.

“Oh, that’s right.”

The exchange just now is so cool.

It must have stabbed Carol’s chest with a “zukin.”

Uhahahaha.

“Kimball-san, you can do healing magic, right?” Battenmeier said.

“Yes, Sensei, leave it to me,” I said.

Batten-sensei welcomed my stepping into the arena.

Cattleya-sama hunched her back and groaned as she endured the pain.

Koishi-chan is flustered.

“Put out your hand, and I’ll fix it right away, ‘Heal’,” I said.

Cattleya-sama’s breathing quieted visibly as her thumb was enveloped in blue light.

But she still can’t stop crying.

“Still feeling pain, yeah?” Koishi asked.

Cattleya-sama silently shook her head. “I, I lost twice in a row, and I, I’m a useless knight...”

“What are you talking about!?!” I yelled.

I patted Cattleya-sama’s back.

“If a knight loses twice or thrice, he will cry, train hard, and fight again,” I said.

“Uuuuu,” Cattleya whimpered.

“Or what is this, a Knight of Pickering can only fight against opponents they can beat?” I asked. “The value of a knight is not how many times he has fought against enemies he can’t win against, it is how many times he has risen from defeat.”

“Makoto-shyan’s got some good points, aye,” Koishi said.

“The value of a knight...” Cattleya-said.

“Horai-jutsu has a lot of attacks from directions that are not found in your longsword-jutsu, yeah?” Koishi said.

Cattleya-sama wiped her eyes with her fist and stood up.

“I, I’m sorry for showing you an unsightly side of me,” Cattleya-said.

“No worries,” I said.

“Pickering-shyan was strong, aye, I want to fight you again,” Koishi said.

“I see... Kominvitch-san, yes?”

“Just Koishi is fine, aye,” Koishi said.

“Ko-Koishi-san, um, wo-would you be friends with me? This is the first time I’ve met a girl with such a strong sword arm, I thought I could become stronger if we became friends and trained together,” Cattleya said.

“I-I’m from the North, and I talk funny, yeah?” Koishi said.

“That’s not true, Koishi-san, you’re cute. Just Cattleya is fine for me, too,” Cattleya said.

“Ca-Cattleya-shyan, I didn’t have any friends either, so I’m very happy, aye,” Koishi said.

Nyo-nyo.

The scene where friendship is born makes my heart warm.

You guys are so cute!

Chapter 45

45 - Curtis Is Surprisingly Prickly With His Sexual Harassment Charlatan Moves T/N: Minor point, but looking back on translations, Koishi actually uses “-shyan” not “-jyan” as an honorific.

Also, if you haven't read the title, there's going to be some sexual harassment and emotional manipulation of women by a man here, courtesy of Curtis using his popularity with martial-arts-minded ladies to the Faction's advantage.

Cattleya-sama and Koishi-chan hit it off and flirted in the changing room.

“Hey, Kimball, why don't you join the fencing club with us?” Cattleya said.

Shut up, I'm busy watching Carol change clothes right now.

“Why ask this again?” I asked.

“You have talent with the sword, aye, Makoto-shyan,” Koishi said.

“The three of us will work together to win the Swordsmanship Tournament,” Cattleya said.

No, the Swordsmanship Tournament is individual match-ups, not team match-ups.

“We could win, right, but, we already have Curtis in the Swordsmanship Club, you know?” I said.

“What!?!” Cattleya said. “Curtis-sama is in the Swordsmanship Club?”

“Cu-Cu-Cu-Curtis-shyama,” Koishi stammered.

As soon as I mentioned Curtis-onii-chan's name, their eyes turned pink.

This is the hue of a maiden struck by love.

“Why is Curtis so popular?” I asked.

“What are you talking about?!?”

“What are you talking about, yeah?!!”

Woah, the two of them were closing in on me with great force.

“You don’t realize how lucky you are to have Curtis-sama on good terms with you!” Cattleya said.

“Curtis-shyama is manly, cool, and the ideal knight, aye,” Koishi said.

“Hu-Huh,” I went.

“If you join the Swordsmanship Club, you might catch Curtis-sama’s attention,” Cattleya said.

“Ah, I yearn for that, aye,” Koishi said.

“Hey, you know he has a fiancée?” I said.

“Impossible...!” Cattleya cried. “Then he can’t call me his wife...!!”

“A concubine, yeah, a mistress, aye,” Koishi said.

“If there is a possibility that I might become pregnant with Curtis-sama’s child, whether it’s a concubine or as a mistress, or if it’s only for one night!!” Cattleya said.

“Oh, Curtis-shyama,” Koishi swooned.

I see, if he was strangely popular with girls like this, I can’t help but think this is why Curtis hates women.

“Not just you, Cattleya-san, but if you also talk to Curtis, Koishi-chan, he’ll have you both join our faction, because he loves strong girls,” I said.

“Wh-Wha-What, I’m no good, nay!” Koishi said.

“And I’m in Potinger-kyou’s Faction,” Cattleya said.

“Ah,” I went.

I completely forgot about this unfortunate swordswoman’s allegiance.

“We-We’re in the north, so there’s no way I’d be tempted by a faction, yeah,” Koishi said.

“Huh? Why?” I asked.

“The northern region is an occupied territory that just entered the kingdom thirty years ago, aye,” Koishi said. “Me, I only belong to a faction composed of northern nobles, aye.”

Ah, most of the northern part was taken from a neighboring country in the previous war, right?

Is there a line drawn between the nobility there, from a foreign nation, and the nobility born in the kingdom?

“I don’t mind that kind of thing,” Cattleya said, “on the contrary, you might say we found a gold vein with Makoto.”

“Are you sure, yeah?” Koishi said.

“It’s nice, it’s nice, it’s nice to be invited by Curtis-sama,” Cattleya said.

“I wish we can if we could, aye,” Koishi said.

“Well, don’t expect anything, just wait,” I said.

It’s fine to invite Cattleya-sama to join the Saint’s Faction, but it would be nicer to have Mike come with her.

(Let’s take a closer look.)

(Ha, I’m an old man in the brain.)

Ah, Carol finished changing clothes while I wasn’t looking.

“Why do you look like your world has been destroyed, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“I’m doing no such thing,” I said.

Chieh.

I walked back to Class A alongside Carol.

In the background, Cattleya-sama and Koishi-chan are having a lively discussion about swordsmanship.

“Makoto, what are you doing for lunch?” Carol asked.

“Hmm? Corinna-chan and I have to go to the cafeteria in the girls’ dormitory to witness a supplier coming in,” I said.

"I see, can I go too?" Carol said.

"It would be helpful if you came, Carol," I said.

What about Curtis and Elmer? The boys should go anywhere and eat properly.

When I returned to the classroom and threw my gym clothes and other things in the lockers, Curtis came to Class A again. He has a big smile.

"You found a gold vein, Makoto, the north was a blind spot, and you swallowed it up," Curtis said.

"Who's your intelligence agent?" I asked.

Also, information about the locker room talk is leaked to Curtis.

There's an agent for him among the girls in Class A.

"It's a secret, hey, Kokeshi, why don't you join the Saint's Faction? I want you," Curtis said.

"Curtis, you don't really remember girls' names, do you?" I said.

Koishi-chan turned red and panicked when Curtis called out to her.

Cattleya-sama seems to feel regretful it wasn't her.

"She's Koishi-chan," I said.

"Kokeshi is the nickname I gave her, referring to Horai's adorable wooden carved dolls," I said.

"I'm going to change my name to Ko- Kokeshi, aye," Koishi said.

"Alright, alright, she's a good girl. I'll wait until her body grows up a little more, so someday in the future, I'll take her in my arms and impregnate her," Curtis said, patting her on the head.

"Fuwaaiii, I'm sooo happy, aye," Koishi said.

What is this dirty sexual harassment man move?

I'll hit you from behind.

"I'll be your yoroshi, so go talk to your Chichi," Curtis said.

"I, I understand, aye, I'll do whatever Curtis-sama says, yeah," Koishi said.

Cattleya-sama looks very remorseful.

"I want to take Cattleya as my wife, but there are still faction troubles to think about," Curtis said.

"S-Sa-Say-Say it isn't so, that's such a shame! It's an unexpected pleasure just to hear from you!" Cattleya said.

"If I pull out even Michael-kyou, it will be an act of war, so just hold on for a little while, and when the time comes, I'll pull you both out," Curtis said.

"Ye-Ye-Ye-Yes, I'll be waiting for you!!" Cattleya said.

If there are two levels' worth of social status difference, can you embrace as many girls as you want, and do all you can with a harem? That's amazing.

If you allow them to be a concubine, you can impregnate as many girls as you want, what kind of eroge element is this?

"Makoto... Let's go to Hiyoko-Do again..." Elmer said after he put his gym clothes in his locker and came over.

"That's right, Kokeshi will also join the faction, so we'll have a welcome party instead," Curtis said.

"I'm sorry, I'm going to the girls' dormitory cafeteria for lunch," I said.

"Ah, she became the person in charge of the girls' dormitory cafeteria," Carol said. "Makoto does something every day."

"Somehow troubles are coming from the other side, and I'm the one who has to clean up," I said.

"That's... I'm sorry to hear that," Elmer said.

I'm sorry, too, Elmer.

"Okay, then let's go to a high-class restaurant. I'll treat Kokeshi and Cattleya to commemorate our friendship," Curtis said.

"Y-You-You-You're serious, yeah?" Koishi said.

“Uuuuu, I’m happy to be friends with you, Curtis-sama,” Cattleya said.

“It can’t be helped... can it?” Elmer sighed.

“Curtis, you should also call Elsa-san,” I said.

“Eh, what, I’m having a fun meal with my future concubine candidates, why do you want me to call Elsa?”

“Elsa-san will be pleased,” I said.

“Yeah, that’s true, but is there any profit for me?” Curtis said.

“You won’t profit, but the faction will benefit plenty,” I said.

“Gnggh,” Curtis grumbled.

“Don’t tell me... you haven’t asked Elsa-sama to join the faction yet, Curtis?” I asked.

“Not yet,” Curtis said. “What a pain in the ass...”

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-sama are all smiles, but well, that’s how the world works.

Becoming a concubine or a mistress establishes a way to get along well with a man’s legal wife.

“Okay, see you later,” I said.

“Ou, see you soon,” Curtis said.

“In the afternoon again... Let’s experiment with Light magic, Chichi is here again,” Elmer said.

“Understood, Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san, see you later, too.”

“Thank you, yeah,” Koishi said.

“See you later, Makoto, Caroline,” Elmer said.

“See you later, everyone,” Carol said.

We say our goodbyes and I leave with Carol.

“Now then, I have to change the supplier of the cafeteria,” I said.

“I see, do you have any help?” Carol said.

“I can call a contractor who goes in and out of the Great Temple, but hmm,” I mutter.

“We have contacts in our territory, too,” Carol said.

“For the time being, let’s get into a fight and kick out the current contractor,” I said.

“So it’s a fight straight out the gate, is it?” Carol said.

I left the school building and walked towards the girls’ dormitory.

I wonder if Corinna has already gone there.

I wave my hand at the dormitory knights guarding the place and enter.

I walk down the corridor and open the locker room door in the cafeteria to enter.

“Makoto-san, thank you for coming,” Marissa said.

“You’re here, Makoto, Carol.”

“Hello, Corinna,” I said.

“Heyo.”

“Makoto is on the loose.”

“Did Albright-sama come too?”

Marissa-san opened the kitchen door.

“For one more meal, Albright-sama will be coming with,” I said.

“Understood,” Marissa said.

“Does that bother you?” I asked.

“No, that’s not true, rather, I was thinking of serving lunch as a thank you for your help, Makoto-san and Corinna-san, so I added Albright-sama a portion, it’s all fine,” Marissa said.

“Wow, we’re going to have a full meal, hooray,” I said.

“Yes, we serve it to the staff who come in for lunch,” Marissa said.

The cafeteria in the girls' dormitory basically doesn't serve lunch, but they make lunch for a fee for students who aren't feeling well and are resting.

Also, after school, there is also a cafe space that serves tea and sweets.

The maids drink tea there, and students who find it difficult to study in their rooms use it.

"I feel kind of bad, Carol said.

"It's okay, it's okay, just the presence of someone who has the status of an earl's daughter will scare off commoners, so it's a status fee," Marissa said.

"We don't serve anything that extravagant, so don't worry about it," Gioia said as they brought us lunch.

Oh, rather, it's the pork stew from the day before yesterday.

And a salad and white bread, is there?

"From the day before yesterday? I asked.

"Well, please eat it," Gioia said.

When I put a bite of stew in my mouth, the taste of delicious meat juice spread.

"I remade it with leftover meat from the upper noble's food," Gioia said.

"This is delicious, it's supposed to taste like this," I said.

"If the ingredients are bad, there's nothing you can do about the end product," Carol said.

"There's meat in it, I'm so happy," Corinna said.

"There was no meat the day before yesterday, right?" I said.

"If you cut off the rotten parts from the meat we've had so far, you'll really only get meat-flavored juice," Gioia explained.

"Was it that bad? Ah, this is delicious," Carol said, her eyes widening as she ate the stew.

After never having to eat terrible food, Carol can't understand us.

Chapter 46

46 - Intimidation By Evil Suppliers

I finished my meal, and after a while, I opened the back door and a young man entered.

He seems kind of shifty.

“I’m here to make a delivery, oh my, isn’t Ilda-san in today?” he said.

“She’s not here today,” Marissa said.

“Is that so?” the man said, hesitating. “Then Marissa-san, please sign the slip.”

“While Ilda-san is absent, this girl, Makoto-sama, daughter of Baron Kimball, will be in charge,” Marissa said.

“...Are the students in charge?” he said. “I-Isn’t that unusual, no, rather surprising. I’m Kain, you’re rather cute, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Please check the items first, Marissa-san,” I said.

“Right,” Marissa said.

“Huh, you usually don’t check, no, please sign the slip and pay as soon as possible, hahaha,” Kain said, laughing.

“As usual, half of the items are good for the upper-class nobles, and the ones for the lower-class nobles are...”

Marissa said.

“No, it’s the same rolled barley as usual, and you can still eat the meat, don’t worry,” Kain said.

“Then you should eat it yourself,” I said quietly.

Kain stopped moving.

The boring exterior disappears, and something scary begins to mix in his eyes.

Corinna-chan put a bowl of porridge on the table, made from rotten rolled barley and drowned in salt.

“If you can eat it, eat it, and if you finish it, we’ll pay you your money for your trouble,” Corinna said.

“...”

Kain glares at me.

He’s more of a thug than Hans.

“Carol, Chain-kun,” I said.

“Right, right,” Carol said.

Jyari-jyari-jyarin, Chain-kun stood up and blocked the back door.

The two-meter giant chain is truly intimidating.

“O-Omae, you dare do this...” Kain said.

“Who dares to do what? I’d love to know who you’re working for. Kain-kun,” I said.

Kain fell silent when I asked.

“Everything has been found out, the dormitory knights have found out, the dormitory masters have found out, and the headmaster has found out,” I said. “Someone has been caught leeching the budget of the girls’ dormitory cafeteria.

Now then, who are you working for?”

“B-But the headmaster is on o-our side...” Kain said.

“Heh,” I said. “Then I’ll take this incident to Kevin-ouji, no matter what, the royal family won’t be on your side.”

Kain began to tremble.

“Even if you don’t tell me, I will find out the name of the person you’re protecting,” I said. “That person will drown you to maintain your silence. No matter what happens to you, who cares? I’m not even interested.”

“Oh, I’m... I’m...”

“First say your name, after that eat the porridge I gave you, then weep and beg us to hide you as a witness so that you don’t have to pay for this rotten delivery, that’s all you can do, Kain-kun,” I said.

“Y-You’re going to screw me out of money?!” Kain yelled.

“So far, you’ve made many times more than what you’ve purchased, haven’t you?” I asked. “Or what is it, do you value money more than your life, you merchant?”

Kain’s internal pressure rose with a sharp sound.

His eyes looked at me and saw Chain-kun blocking the back door.

Then he gritted his teeth and slumped his shoulders as if he stepped down because he couldn’t win.

“You’re a baron’s daughter against that person, huh? There’s no chance of winning, you know?” Kain said.

“Are they higher than a baron? Because Carol is the daughter of a count.”

Kain’s eyebrows rose slightly.

“Is the mastermind an earl?” I asked.

“Kuh, tha-that person is an expert in shadow warfare...”

“Huh, so stealing money from the girls’ dormitory cafeteria is the job of a shadow warfare expert,” I said.

“... Gu-Gustav Mahler-sama, he’s a count,” Carol said.

I look at her.

“The Venomous Spiders of House Mahler,” Carol said. “They’re the shadow warfare experts of Pottinger-kyou’s Faction.”

“A big shot?” I asked.

“They’re the subterfuge experts from our ancestors’ time, they’re quite a formidable opponent,” Carol said.

“That’s interesting, isn’t it?” I said.

“Makoto, you keep picking fights with people you shouldn’t have

touched the ire of,” Carol said.

“Just leave it to me,” I said.

“That was not a compliment,” Carol said.

“Th-That’ enough!” Kain stammered. “I’m going to be a witness! That’s why you should hide me, my wife, and my children.”

“Go home and go to the Great Temple with your family, show them this and they will protect you like a jewel in their pockets,” I said, giving him a signed piece of parchment with the order written in it.

“What is this thing going to be worth to me?!!” Kain yelled. “Will the Great Temple move from a baron’s daughter’s signature?!!”

“They’ll move, because I’m a saint candidate,” I said.

Kain stared at me in astonishment. “S-Saint-sama, is that so?”

“That’s right,” I said.

Kain crumpled up and started crying. “I’m saved, my family and I are saved.”

He knelt down and started praying for me.

“Thank you, Saint-sama, I will go to the Great Temple with my family immediately.”

“Hey, Kain, I’ll let you go after you’ve finished eating the porridge,” I said.

“Huh?”

Huh, he thought it was going to be that easy, did he?

Because of him, everyone suffered from the terribly salty porridge, so I go ahead and punish him.

After Kain finished the bowl of salty porridge, tears running down his eyes the whole time, I sent him off with a deep sigh of relief.

“Somehow, I was scared because you looked like a thug, Makoto,” Carol said.

“What? Anyone could have done that,” I said.

“You’re the only one, you’re cute, Makoto, so once you start threatening people, you’ll be even more compelling and terrifying,” Carol said.

“That’s right, ehehehe,” I chuckled.

“I didn’t say that to compliment you,” Carol said.

Marissa is writing down the items Kain brought on parchment.

“They took a portion of the ingredients, didn’t they?” I asked.

“It’s tiny compared to the money they plundered,” Marissa said.

For the time being, I’ll put Heal spells on the rotten rolled barley, rotten beef, and wilted vegetables that they delivered.

“Having the Saint-sama is very convenient, isn’t it?” Marissa said.

“With this, we can serve both high-ranking and low-ranking nobles a delicious dinner.”

“I have to think about the supplier, the men’s dormitory cafeteria wasn’t serviced by Kain, was it?” I asked.

“Yes, they use someone different,,” Marissa said.

“Then please go and ask if you can purchase from them and how much it is, roughly,” I said.

“Understood,” Marissa said.

“Maybe with the money Kain saved us, they’ll deliver better supplies,” Corinna said.

“Yes, that’s for certain, Corinna-sama,” Marissa said, smiling softly.

“Bread is next, isn’t it?” I asked.

“Why don’t you buy from Hiyoko-Do?” Corinna asked.

“Recently, there have been a lot of temple-related orders, and our ovens are all full,” I said.

“I see,” Corinna replied.

Hiyoko-do could build a factory or hire more people, but my dad won’t tolerate it as he wants to make his own bread.

Because my father is stubborn, Hiyoko-Do stops at a hidden famous store.

Well, that's the charm of it.

"We have a bread oven, so I'd rather bake here," I said.

"Freshly baked bread is delicious, isn't it?" Corinna said.

"Carol, Corinna-chan, can you help me?" I asked.

"It sounds fun, let me help you," Carol said.

"I don't even want to imitate being a baker, it's just for the sake of delicious food," Corinna said.

"If we can bake our own bread, the cafeteria's operating costs will go down," I said.

"Mmm, that's enticing," Corinna said.

Well then, let's analyze the current enemy.

"Who is the daughter of House Mahler, the one eating in the girls' dormitory cafeteria?" I asked.

Carol clapped her hands twice.

Like magic, Anne-san opened the locker room door and showed her face.

"You called, Ojou-sama?" she said.

She's a ninja, or rather, an intelligence maid is a ninja.

"Do you know the name of House Mahler's daughter?" Carol asked.

"Hilda Mahler, currently a 2nd-year student within Pottinger-kyou's Faction, but she hasn't made any noticeable moves," Anne replied.

"So she's going to be the heir to the shadow warfare division?" I asked.

"Yes, the current Head Shadow Operative of Pottinger-kyou's Faction is Grave, the butler of the 3rd year marquis' son, Bacchus Ridley."

Is the butler a second-tier shadow operative?

But why isn't the child of the shadow warfare house joining their faction's shadow warfare division?

"Deborah Wyeth, the daughter of Countess Wyeth, is the Head of Intelligence for Pottinger-kyou's Faction in the school, isn't she?" Carol said.

"Rumor has it that Hilda-sama is not on good terms with Vivian-sama," Anne added.

"Does the shadow warfare house do espionage as well?" I asked.

"There is a dedicated house for espionage, but the shadow warfare house is a combination of both espionage and sabotage," Anne said. "They're upwardly compatible."

"There's so many things going on, this is a world that has nothing to do with the nobles of the vestments," Corinna said.

"Corinna-chan is going to get ahead in the administration, so you have to remember these things," I said.

"Huh? I don't want to," Corinna said.

"Hilda Mahler-sama is also known as the Venomous Spider Lady," Anne said.

Hyah, that's intimidating.

Hilda-san smells like a formidable enemy.

But why is such a dangerous house involved in petty embezzlement?

I don't think it's the evil deeds that a shadow warfare house does.

It's childish and beneath them.

It wouldn't be very profitable to suck up the sales of the cafeteria.

What a mystery.

Chapter 47

47 - As Usual, There's Nothing To Do In The Afternoon, And It's Painful After I had completed the stocking for the girls' dormitory cafeteria, I stopped by room 205 and took the jacket I had borrowed from Curtis, then returned to the school building.

I found Curtis-onii-chan and the others in the hallway, so I called out to them.

“Ooiii, Curtis,” I said.

“Oh, Makoto, are you done with the cafeteria?” Curtis said.

“It's all done, more importantly, thank you for your help yesterday,” I said as I returned his jacket.

“Thank you for getting it laundered,” Curtis said.

“Don't worry about it, you did save me that time, so it's a matter of course,” I said.

Perhaps because he remembered that moment, Curtis blushed and averted his eyes.

Wha-What is it, do you remember me naked?

Thinking about it now, it's embarrassing.

Curtis timidly placed his hand on my head.

Wha-Wha-What is this, even though it's me, Curtis, are you planning to set me up with a ladykiller move?

“You don't have to worry, Makoto, your body will grow,” he said.

“What do you mean, don't worry?” I said.

Kuso, I wasted my worrying.

Now then, everyone, it's Magic Class and time for me to do experiments with the Claytons.

When I go to the magic laboratory with Elmer, I meet Jean-oji-san who is in a good mood.

“Say, your Saint’s Faction seems to be steadily growing in power, isn’t it? you’ve done quite well to take Appleby-kyou to your side, Ryoshu-sama,” Jean said.

“Chichi... is in high spirits,” Elmer said.

“House Clayton is a family that does not engage in factional conflicts,” Jean said. “Our family lineage focused on research rather than confrontation between nobles. But still, I’m excited about the growth of your faction.”

“Regardless, don’t get too bogged down in it, Jean-oji-san,” I said.

“I know, I know, I would like to hold a party to commemorate the launch of your faction during Golden Week, but how does that sound with you, Ryoshu-sama?” Jean asked.

“D-Do I have to do it?” I asked.

“You should definitely do it, no, rather I’m looking forward to it,” Jean said.

Uhha, I haven’t heard of a party.

What about the dress?

Ah, I see, since we’re starting the Saint’s Faction, all we have to do is wear the Saint’s Robes.

If it’s the saint’s robes, there’s a beautiful one for New Year’s greetings at the Great Temple.

All right, no problem.

That’s how today’s Light magic experiment begins.

Let’s keep quiet about “Heal” being space-time magic.

If the mad magic scientist finds out, I don’t know what kind of experiment he’ll do.

For the time being, I’ll be wearing a measuring device today as well, shooting “Light” spells and creating barriers.

Both of them never get tired of it.

Well, magic has developed because of people like this.

Shall I cooperate with them a little more?

Once again, we experimented with momentum to cover all the Light magic I remember.

I used Area Heal for the first time.

I used a lot of magic power and got tired.

“Today, too... we’re one step closer to the truth of Light magic,” Elmer said.

“That’s right, the more you investigate, the more questions you will have. Light magic is quite strange,” Jean said.

“Yeah, yeah, tomorrow is Saturday, so we’ll do it again on Monday?” I asked.

“Indeed, I’m looking forward to it,” Jean said.

Or rather, I feel like it would be more meaningful to bake bread in the afternoon.

Ah, I want to learn magic with everyone.

I say goodbye to Jean-oji-san and go to Class A with Elmer.

“I’m sorry... we’re making you spend your time for our interests,” Elmer said.

“Don’t worry Elmer, I’ll put up with it for the sake of the development of the magical sciences,” I said.

“You’re incredible, Makoto...”

After listening to Anthony-sensei’s reminders, we stand up and bow.

“It’s after school, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Indeed it is, Carol,” I said.

“Let’s talk to Estelle-sama in order to transport Ilda-san,” I said.

“Let’s search,” Carol said.

Anne-san suddenly appeared in my field of vision and lowered her head.

Ninja, are you a ninja?

Aieeeee.

“About Estelle-sama,” Anne said. “At this time, she’s moving to the Drama Club room.”

“Thank you, Anne, let’s go, we’ll catch her on the stairs,” Carol said.

I’m also wondering why Anne-san knows about Estelle-senpai’s movements.

I’d like to run to the stairs, but a young lady doesn’t run, she doesn’t rush, and she doesn’t sweat.

When I went to the stairs, it was just when Estelle-senpai was coming down.

“Hey, Neko-chans, what’s up?” Estelle said.

She’s mostly got that Takarazuka style.

Her aura is sparkling.

“We’ve found out the mastermind of this series of corruption, so I would like to hide Ilda-san in the Great Temple,” I said.

“Houu, it’s wonderful to be faster than Heather-kun, by the way, who is that corrupt nobleman?” Estelle asked.

“It seems that it is Count Gustav Mahler.”

“That’s also a big shot, hard to believe that the Venomous Spider Mahler is suddenly corrupt,” Estelle said.

“The suppliers had arrived and are in our custody, but just in case something goes wrong, let’s hide Ilda-san in a safe place,” I said.

“I agree, let’s give permission with the authority of the dormitory master, if it’s the Great Temple, she’s safe,” Estelle said.

Together with Estelle-senpai, we set out for the dormitory guard’s holding cells.

“Aren’t you supposed to be going to club activities, Senpai?” I asked.

“Dorm work comes first because I’m the dormitory master,” Estelle

said.

With that, we enter the holding cells.

“Estelle-sama, what do you need?” one of the dormitory guards asked.

“Sheena, you look beautiful today,” Estelle said. “I’d like to see Ilda-san...”

DOKAAN!

With a roaring sound, the door was broken through and a small maid was blown out into the hallway.

“Kuh.”

Wearing a black maid outfit, white prim, and holding a knife in both hands, the petite maid stood up.

Margot-san appeared from the back with a carefree atmosphere.

“What are you doing, Margot-san?” I asked.

“I was repelling the attackers who came to kill our escort target, Makoto,” Margot said.

Is that a clothesline Margot-san is holding in her hand?

“I won’t let them get away,” Margot said.

From Margot-san’s hand, the laundry rope slithered out like a snake and wrapped around the small maid’s leg.

“Kuso!”

Thinking that she couldn’t escape, the petite maid took out a small bottle from her apron pocket and downed the contents.

“Tch, poison!”

Margot-san rushed over, but the small maid was already convulsing and spewing blood out of her mouth.

The little maid smiled triumphantly and closed her eyes.

Well, I guess this is worthwhile before she dies.

“Cure Poison.”

A blue light enveloped the little maid, and she was revived.

“Wh-what the hell!!?!”

“Makoto! Incredible!!” Margot said as she tied the petite maid with the laundry rope.

What the, it’s kind of a maniacal way to tie someone up.

“Then, I’ll take this girl, I’ll leave the rest to you, Anne,” Margot said.

“Understood,” Anne said.

“Margot-san, I thought you didn’t do any rough work?” I said.

“Huh? Don’t believe a word from the intelligence maids, because they only tell lies,” Margot said.

“You make them sound like nasty people,” I said.

“Indeed, now, then, step lively,” Margot said as she lead the petite maid off.

I don’t know what’s going on.

“I wonder what will happen to that little maid, Anne-san,” I said.

“It’s an interrogation at Heather-sama’s place,” Anne said.

I wonder if she will be tortured, the ninja world is tough.

No, it’s an intelligence maid’s world.

We went into the dormitory guard’s holding cells.

There was a temporary prison at the far end, and Ilda-san was there.

She was sitting with her head down on a bed in a simple room about six tatami mats in size.

When one of the dormitory guards unlocked the bar, Ilda-san looked at me, looked at Esther, knelt on the floor, and bowed.

“Raise your head, Ilda-san, I’m sorry I acted so harshly against you yesterday,” Estelle said.

“D-Don’t say such a thing, even though I’ve committed a crime, please hang me for hurling verbal abuse at you, Farinos-sama.”

Farinos is Esther's family name.

"After investigating the situation, I thought that the outburst was justified with the Venomous Spiders of Mahler threatening you," Estelle said. "Raise your head, Ilda-san."

"I had no idea that their family had such a reputation," Ilda said.

Well, I don't know if a commoner cook would be aware of notoriety among the nobility.

Though she spoke sporadically, Ilda-san's confession was largely the same as we had deduced.

Ilda-san became independent from the Ecliptic Pavilion, and in order to open her own restaurant, she won a job at the Royal Magic Academy's women's dormitory cafeteria through the mediation of Count Gustav Mahler, who she had met at a party.

After that, Mahler-hakushaku told her to get the ingredients at the asking price from the supplier he introduced, and Ilda-san objected, but who was it that got her the job at the girls' dormitory cafeteria? He yelled at her and threatened her that if she didn't listen, he'd cause trouble for her family's Ecliptic Pavilion.

Ilda managed to endure terrible ingredients for a year and worked hard, but used her savings to buy supplementary ingredients until her money ran out and her debts piled up.

Just when she was determined to finish the contract for the cafeteria, even if it took two more years of being trapped between a rock and a hard place, they pressed the rotten barley on her, and the students began to make a fuss, and it continues to this day.

"I wanted to talk to someone and find a solution, but when they heard the name of Mahler-hakushaku, everyone became intimidated and backed off, and when I tried to talk to the former dormitory master, Eda-sama, she implicitly asked me for a bribe.

"It was really difficult for you, it's okay now," Estelle said, "I'll take over the matter with Mahler-hakushaku, so until the case is resolved, Ilda-san, please rest in the Great Temple."

"In-In the Great Temple?" Ilda said.

"If it's the Great Table, even Mahler-hakushaku won't be able to touch

you there, so don't worry, Ilda-san," I said.

"Saint-sama, even after I verbally abused you, too," Ilda said.

"Verbal abuse? All I heard is your cry for help, and so I'll help you," I said.

"Aaa, thank you very much, thank you," Ilda said, bursting into tears.

Seriously, don't bully a serious and talented chef.

Moreover, it's not very profitable, but I can't forgive Mahler-hakushaku.

"What's going on in the dining room now?" Ilda said.

"I'm the one in charge, and I'm running it somehow," I said. "Your staff is excellent, Ilda-san, so it's running without any problems. Hans and Kain have also been taken out of the picture."

"Thank you very much, how can I ever say thank you?" Ilda said.

"Rather than a thank you, once the incident is over, please lead the girls' dormitory cafeteria again and serve delicious porridge to the daughters of the lower nobility," I said.

Ilda-san cried again at that.

Yeah, it was hard for you, Ilda-san.

Let's rest for a while in the Great Temple now.

Carol and I parted ways with Estelle-senpai and got into the carriage with Ilda-san.

By the way, I borrowed a private carriage from Estelle-senpai's house.

It's a black luxury carriage.

It's like the one where you rear-end the car of a famous athlete, and you're forced into homosexual acts as part of the settlement. [1](#)

"Makoto, you're making a strange face again," Carol said.

"Wha-What do you mean?" Makoto said.

It's fine, even if you go leisurely, it's just a short distance to the Great

Temple.

Footnotes

1. Probably a BL plot from Makoto's previous life.

Chapter 48

48 - Don't Rear-End A Black Luxury Carriage

Warning: Gore, darkness, religious fanaticism, and also mention of sexual assault, if jokingly so.

A four-horse black luxury carriage left the school gates.

Gata-gata-gata.

As expected of a luxury carriage from Marquis Farinos, there is little shaking or noise.

The interior is also gorgeous, and the red velvet seats are a nice touch.

They have a champagne bucket, but of course, there is no champagne or ice to fill it with.

“Stop looking every which way, Makoto, you look like a child,” Carol said.

“Well, it’s rare for me to ride in a luxury carriage,” I said.

And then, fufufu, Ilda-san was also laughing at me.

How embarrassing.

Well, the carriage has slowed down, though it shouldn’t have reached the Great Temple yet.

“Kimball-sama...” the coachman said.

“What happened?” I asked, opening the door and showing my face.

There were three black knights blocking the front of the carriage.

They’re fully armored and riding a matching black horse each.

“There’s a chef named Ilda in this carriage, can you surrender her to us?” one of them said.

“No, I can’t,” I said.

“... *Joji*, I’m sorry, but it’s an order to take her away, even if it’s by force,” the knight said.

“Why should I listen to Mahler-hakushaku’s orders?” I asked.

As soon as I invoked the count’s name and title, the armored knights were upset.

Their eyes start to shift about through their visors.

“Draw your swords!!” the leading knight yelled.

And the three drew their blades in unison.

Gyari-gyari-gyari.

Chain-kun stands up beside the carriage.

Before I knew it, Anne-san was hugging me.

“You’re in danger, Makoto-sama.”

“Okay, okay,” I went.

“CHARGE...!!”

“UAAARAAAAAHHH!”

Suddenly, a female knight in silver armor appeared in front of the carriage and cut down one of the black knights with a single flash of her great sword.

The knight riding it is blown backward and rolls over.

“Nuh...! You’re from the Great Temple...”

“AAAAAAHHHH....!!”

Linda-san cut down the next Kuroba-san at tremendous speed.

The knight riding his horse falls.

“L-Let us speak first...”

“RieeeeEEEEIII...!”

Uwah, the next time she chopped the black knight off the horse he rode, armor and all.

His severed leg rolls along the stone pavement with a gon, gon, gon.

“Uguaaaaaa!!”

The black knight who fell from his horse screams and rolls around in the street, spattering blood from his wound.

“Attacking Saint-sama near the Great Temple, omae, you all are truly disrespectful of us Temple Knights,” Linda said.

The two knights who had fallen from their horses also stopped moving when about 50 Temple Knights appeared out of nowhere and pointed spears at them.

“*Maa, maa*, Linda-san, get over here,” I said.

Seriously, when Linda-san comes out, it always ends up being a bloody affair.

I walked over and picked up Kuroba-san’s severed leg.

It’s surprisingly heavy and bleeds a lot more than I’d expect it to.

I head to the black knight who is raging and in pain on the street.

“Hold him down,” I said.

“Eeeh, are you going to cure him?” Linda asked. “You’re too kind, Saint-sama, just kill them without question and throw their corpses at Mahler’s townhouse.”

“Silas-san, hold him down,” I said.

“With pleasure!” Silas said.

Was he a bartender in a previous life?

Silas-san, whom I met at the Adventurer’s Guild, enthusiastically held down the black knight.

“Silas, kisama, when did the saint remember your name!?!” Linda hissed.

“We introduced ourselves at the Adventurer’s Guild, hehe,” Silas chuckled.

“Silas, you’re so naive!”

“Stop that, both of you,” I said.

I reattach the severed sections of Kuroba-san’s leg and cast High Heal.

When the blue light enveloped the cut surface, the white of his bones reconnected, and the next moment they were whole once more without so much as a scar.

Yeah, it was surprisingly easy.

“Don’t move vigorously for a while, your leg’s going to break again,” I said.

“... Kuh, I’m not going to move it,” the black knight said.

“You two over there, are one of you the captain? Take your men, then hurry on home,” I said.

“Are you sure?” Silas-san asked.

“Even if you catch them and interrogate them, nothing much will come out of it, and it’s troublesome,” I said.

“As the Saint wills it,” Silas said.

I step up before the captain of the black knights (I think).

“I would also like you to leave a message for Mahler-hakushaku,” I said. “This time, I’ll let it go as just a mistake, but the next time he earns my ire, I’m starting a holy war right at his townhouse, okay?”

“Holy War!” Silas cheered.

“”Holy War!!”” everyone else cheered in reply.

“”“Holy War!! Holy War!! Holy War!!””” they were all chanting now.

Oh shut up!

It’s like the call for a holy war is announcing happy hour at a drinking party, you idiotic Temple Knights.

“As you can see, all the Temple Knights are crazy, so you shadow knights can’t win because I have the real fanatics on my side,” I said.

Fear flashed in the black knight captain’s eyes.

He nodded slightly and grabbed the shoulders of his two subordinates.

“Well, I’m relieved that I was able to save Saint-sama from a crisis, this is also the guidance of the Goddess,” Linda said with a huge smile.

Or rather, it’s terrifying because she’s covered in blood.

“That was close, wasn’t it?” Carol said.

Certainly, Chain-kun, Anne-san, Carol, and I might have had a tough time.

Or rather, wouldn’t Marler-hakushaku be an idiot for attacking a saint candidate near the Great Temple?

The black horses were also seriously injured, but they were still alive, so I cast High Heal on them and let them recover before letting them go.

They’re warhorses, so they’ll probably go home to a townhouse’s stables or something.

The black-painted luxury carriage entered the Great Temple while being protected by the Temple Knights.

When I get off the carriage at the entrance, I’m greeted by Kyoko-sama.

“Ah, Makoto, how nice to see you,” he said. “How does the day find you?”

“I brought someone who I want you to hide in the Great Temple,” I said.

“I see, if you say they’re that important, Makoto, then it’s fine, let’s use all the power of the Great Temple to protect this person.”

“Thank you, Kyoko-sama,” I said.

Somehow, isn’t Kyoko-sama too sweet to me?

“Is that the person you want us to protect?” Kyoko-sama said.

“Yes, that’s Ilda-san, a chef, she’s being targeted by evil nobles, so please let her take shelter here for a while,” I said.

“I am honored to see the face of Kyoko-sama,” Ilda said. “My name is Ilda.”

“Rest easy, Ilda, this is the Goddess’s House, and it is your home, as well,” Kyoko-sama said.

“Thank you for your kind words, they’re wasted on me,” Ilda said.

“Please take it easy as if you were on vacation at the Great Temple,” I said.

“Yes, I apologize for the inconvenience caused to you, Saint-sama, and I thank you for everything,” Ilda said.

“It’s fine, it’s fine, well then, this is it for me,” I said. “I’ll come pick you up when the case is over.”

“Yes, thank you very much,” Ilda said.

I approached Linda-san.

“I’ll leave it to you, Linda-san,” I said.

“If you ask me to, I can’t help but be enthusiastic about it, also, a shifty merchant came with his family earlier,” Linda said.

“Is Kain here already? He is one of the witnesses, so please protect him, too,” I said.

“I will accept your command with respect, Saint-sama,” Linda said, bowing gracefully.

If you look at it like this, it’s a proper holy knight, and you can’t see the inside as a bloody berserker.

“Ah, I also want an intelligence-type maid, but is there anyone in the Great Temple who fits the bill?” I asked.

“You wish for her to enter the girl’s dormitory with you?” Linda asked.

“It would be helpful if you could do that, it’s bad to borrow a stranger’s intelligence maid every time,” I said.

“Certainly, I’ll prepare someone skillful, how many people?” Linda asked.

“It’s okay if it’s just the one,” I said. “I’ll come back tomorrow, so let’s meet at that time.”

“We will be waiting for you,” Linda said.

Now, since we’ve finished our business at the Great Temple, let’s go home.

“Makoto, you’re coming tomorrow afternoon, aren’t you?” Kyoko-sama said as he stopped me.

“Yes, I will come after the morning classes,” I said.

“You don’t come often, Makoto, so the children at the orphanage are getting lonely, so please play plenty tomorrow,”

Kyoko-sama said.

“Yes, Kyoko-sama,” I said.

After greeting Kyoko-sama and the cardinals, we head to the carriage.

“Well, Carol, let’s go back to school,” I said.

“Yeah, let’s go home.”

We boarded a luxury black carriage and got off at Hiyoko-Do.

The Great Temple, Hiyoko-Do, and the school are all in the same neighborhood.

“Why are we getting off?” Carol said.

“I’m going to get yeast for baking bread,” I replied.

“Ah,” Carol said.

We entered Hiyoko-Do.

It’s about 4 o’clock, so there are a moderate number of customers.

The bread was sold out.

“Onii-chan, give me yeast,” I said.

“What, out of the blue, ah, Albright-sama, hello,” Cliff-onii-chan said, suddenly changing tracks.

“Just Carol is fine, Onii-san,” I said.

“I, I can’t do that,” Cliff said, waving his palms in front of him.

Because my onii-chan is a small-time citizen.

“So, what are you going to do with the yeast?” Cliff asked.

“There was a bread oven in the kitchen of the girls’ dormitory, so it’s Hiyoko-Do No. 2 that’ll bake bread,” I said.

“Ooh, so that’s what you meant, wait a minute,” Cliff said, putting yeast in a small pot and then bringing it over to me.

“See you later, Onii-chan,” I said.

“Oh, are you coming home for the weekend?” Cliff asked.

“I will, but I’m going to stay at Kimball Manor,” I said.

“I see, I see, give my regards to Danshaku-sama,” Cliff said.

“Will do,” I said.

Anne bought a loaf of bread on our way home.

This person also seems to disappear before you know it, and when you suddenly need her, she will materialize as if out of thin air.

Is it the technique of an intelligence maid?

Carol and I stroll down the road to school.

I like the smell of the royal capital in the evening.

The smell of dinner, the smell of the wind before night falls, the sweet smell of wilting flowers.

Before long, the school gate comes into view.

We go through the gate and follow the tree-lined road with the park on our right.

After a while, you will see the girls’ dormitory.

“What will you do on the weekend, Carol?” I asked.

“Hmm? It’s alchemy,” Carol said.

What a hard worker

No, no, this weekend is the first weekend since Carol and I became friends.

What if I can't go out to play?

"Huh? Let's go play together, it's a great time to do it on the weekend," I said.

"So I see, but where are we going?" Carol said.

"Since we are also high school students, let's go buy bras!" I said.

Carol held her little chippai in her hands. "Brassieres? I don't feel the need," she said.

"You need one! We're high school students," I said.

"But I don't need it," Carol said.

"Even if you don't need it, you're still in high school, so let's invite Corinna-chan, she's wearing no bra, too," I said.

"How... how do you know about Corinna's bra situation, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"Since we're in the same room, I can see her changing every morning," I said.

"... So even Corinna is prey to your raping eyes, Makoto..." Carol hissed.

"Don't call me a rapist!" I said.

"Ah... well, if we wear a bra, we can protect our breasts from your persistent and obscene eyes, Makoto," Carol said.

"Eh... ah...?"

"Then let's go shopping for a bra together on the weekend," Carol said.

"Ah, y-yay, that's, eh," I stammered.

"It's necessary because we're already high school students," Carol said.

Oh, my life's purpose!

Why is this happening!?!

I've done it now!!

Chapter 49

49 - While I Was Working Part-Time In The Kitchen, Meigetsu-Do's Owner Came I usually take a bath in the evening, but today I entered the cafeteria kitchen.

When I entered the locker room, Corinna-chan was doing paperwork.

"Did Ilda-san enter the Great Temple safely?" Corinna asked.

"She's there now, there was a bit of an attack, but Linda-san charged in and blew them all away," I said.

"So above all else, no problems," Corinna said, smiling.

"What about the ledger?" I asked.

"Since we cut Hans and Kain, we are mostly in the black," Corinna replied. "It seems that the supplier of the men's dormitory will wholesale the same items here, as well. They sell cheap, but the quality is good and they sell huge portions."

"Above all, this will make even lower-ranking nobles' food delicious," I said.

"It seems cheaper and tastier to bake bread in the cafeteria," Corinna said. "I suppose you'll stock up tonight and start making them Saturday?"

"That's right, the bad-tasting black bread is still available only until today," I said.

I cast Heal on the black bread that Hans brought, but since it's originally cheap black bread, it didn't taste that good anyway.

Well, it was much better than eating hard and sour food.

I enter the kitchen with a three-point headscarf and apron.

"Hello, it's me, Makoto, I'm ready to work."

"Otsukaresama, Makoto-sama."

The kitchen staff are busy preparing dinner.

The kitchen smells of butter, milk, spices, and herbs.

Well, I think I'll wash the dirty plates during lunch and cafe business in the afternoon.

Jyubu, jyubu.

While I was washing the dishes, Corinna-chan also came into the kitchen wearing a three-point headscarf and apron, then started washing the dishes next to me.

"Do you have any plans for the weekend, Corinna-chan?" I said.

"Studying," Corinna said.

Both Karol and Corinna have the wrong idea!

It's the first weekend we've known each other, so let's go hang out!

"I'm planning to go shopping with Carol, you should be with us, too, Corinna-chan," I said.

"What are you going to buy?" Corinna said.

"Bras," I said.

"I don't have boobs or money, so I'm going to pass," Corinna said.

"Don't say that, let's go, let's go," I said.

"Shut up, focus on your work," Corinna said.

She's not playing along.

"Ah, that's right, let's pay for the shopping with the wages from the cafeteria work," I said.

"Fumu, come to think of it, we didn't clearly decide on our contracts," Corinna said.

"I wonder how much it will cost for the supervisor's work and the kitchen chores," I said.

"We divide Ilda-san's salary from the ledger by the day, and the subordinates are paid 500 dolancs an hour," Corinna said.

"Since it's about 4 hours of work, it's about 2,000 dolancs," I said.

“Assuming that a supervisor is half that of Ilda-san’s salary, about 10,000 dolancs? Your daily salary would be 12,000

dolancs, Makoto,” Corinna said.

And at that, Edra-san turned to me as she stirred some soup. “It’s too cheap, we have to have a magic fee for reviving our ingredients, Makoto-san.”

“What are you saying? That comes with for free,” I said.

“What are you saying, who else could do such a miracle?” Edra said.

“We’ll give you about a quarter of the purchase price, or 52,000 dolancs.”

“I’m getting too much, half of it should go to Corinna-chan for her accounting,” I said.

“You don’t pay that much for accounting,” Corinna said.

Marissa-san also turned to me. “Don’t worry, you can take more, you two are really such a help.”

“The hourly wage for low-ranking workers is usually 500 dolancs, which is cheap because it’s not a downtown cafeteria,” Solene said as she also turned toward us.

“Goodness, you girls have no greed, just don’t ask for more like 100,000 dolancs a day,” Edra said.

“Eh, if we’re too greedy, we’ll be ragged on by the bulletin board newspapers again,” I said.

“It’s kind of heartbreaking to have more than Chichi’s monthly income for a week’s part-time job, so I’m troubled by it,” Corinna said.

“Let’s talk with Estelle-senpai later,” I said.

“That’s right, if I could get 5,000 dolancs a day, I would be overjoyed,” Corinna said.

“Really, Holy Saint-sama and Corinna-sama are such good girls,” Edra said.

Don’t praise me so much.

And go cook, you guys.

Then, one of the dormitory guards showed up at the counter.

“Is Makoto Kimball-sama here?” she asked.

“Haiii, I’m here,” I said.

The dormitory guard saw me wearing my three-point headscarf and apron, and my hands covered with dish-washing soap foam.

“Makoto, Daughter of Baron Kimball?” the dormitory guard asked.

“I am the daughter of Baron Kimball, working part-time in the cafeteria,” I said.

Well, in this world, the young noble ladies are so lazy that they won’t even pick up a fallen book and put it upright.

A working young noble is probably rare.

“You have a guest to see in the meeting room,” the dormitory guard said.

“I didn’t make an appointment,” I said.

“He says they’re the owner of the bakery Meigetsu-Do.”

I wonder what the owner of Meigetsu-Do wants.

I wonder if he came to protest that we kicked out Hans.

“Understood, I’ll go see them.”

“I leave it to you,” the dormitory guard said as she left the dining room.

“What now, is the time alright?” I asked.

“Makoto-san’s main job is at the counter, so it’s okay for another hour, hurry up.”

“I’ll make it quick,” I said.

“What is Meigetsu-do doing here?”

“I don’t know, I’ll go anyway,” I said.

“Take care.”

After being sent off by everyone, I took off my three-point headscarf and apron and left the locker room.

By the way, I got a locker for myself, and I can put my things in as much as I want.

Next to the dormitory guard's station, there is a meeting room.

It's a room for parents to meet with the girls' dormitory students.

However, the school building also has a visiting room, so the facilities in the girls' dormitory aren't used much.

I knock on the door to enter.

“It's me, Kimball...” I said.

Inside sat an elegant middle-aged man and Hans.

“Ah, Makoto-chan, it's been a long time,” the middle-aged man said “I haven't seen you since you were little, so you don't remember me. It's me, Harn.”

“Harn-oji-san?” I asked. “You were the owner of Meigetsu-Do?”

A long time ago, he was an old man who was kind to me at a banquet held at Zunft Bakery.

I got along better with his daughter, who is the same age as me, though.

“You didn't know? Goodness, Thomas has done it again” Harn said.

Thomas is my Otou-chan's first name, from the bakery.

I only knew Harn-oji-san as a student who trained at the same bakery as him.

“So, what brings you here today?” I asked.

“Ah, sorry, sorry, I got so nostalgic, I forgot the main topic,” Harn said.

Harn-oji-nan straightened himself out and bowed deeply.

“We sincerely apologize for the inconvenience caused by Meigetsu-Do’s affiliated stores.”

And at that, the idiotic Hans also bowed.

What, did you come to apologize?

“As a baker, this is a blunder that even I cannot make an excuse for,” Harn said. “We will apologize deeply and make every effort to prevent a recurrence.”

“Is that so?” I said.

Well, I know him, but I can’t say I forgive him lightly.

That’s not what bakers do.

“Hangetsu-Do will be shut down, and the owner and employees will start over as bread factory workers,” Harn said.

“We are very sorry……” Hans said.

He spoke as if he had been kept from saying it.

Hmm, he took the plunge to shut down the problem-filled Hangetsu-Do.

“I will refund all the money they defrauded,” Harn said. “And as an apology for giving you unsalable products until now, I will give you the necessary number of Meigetsu-Do bread for free for 1 year,” Harn said.

Oh, that was a fast apology.

As expected of a famous restaurant for the royal family, they are good at avoiding crises.

Meigetsu-Do’s bread, huh, it’s delicious, isn’t it?

It doesn’t hurt to accept the apology.

Rather, that’s what they want us to think.

Normally, Hangetsu-Do would go bankrupt, and the owner and employees would be banished.

They said that they would voluntarily destroy it, and protect their

livelihoods by transferring them to the bread factory.

In exchange for that, he showed his sincerity of apology by providing Meigetsu-do's bread for free, the products that were so good they were given to the royal family.

Hmm, what should I do?

The trick is to apologize quickly and without hesitation.

If we control the conversation and demand excessive guarantees, we can turn things around and attack.

Well done, well done, as expected, quite amazing, there are things that only famous restaurants do.

Well, maybe it's time to bury the hatchet, right?

"Okay, I accept Meigetsu-Do's apology on behalf of its owner," I said.

"Thank you very much," Harn said.

Harn-oji-san has a big smile on his face.

Hans seemed relieved too.

For the time being, I didn't want to talk while standing, so we sat them back down on the chairs in the meeting room.

"Please," I said.

"Thank you."

"Ah, thank you very much....."

"Are you going to make this public?" I asked.

"Yes, I will report it to the Zunft Bakery, and Meigetsu-Do will be punished for the crime of the affiliated shops,"

Harn said.

"And the large count's family that is the mastermind behind this corruption, are you going to be okay?" I asked.

"Yes, first of all, I went to report to the royal family, the department in charge will take action," Harn said.

Perfect for crisis management, isn't it?

As expected of a famous restaurant.

No matter how much House Mahler is a shadow warfare family, there is no choice but to withdraw when the royal family comes out.

Doing business with aristocrats is a power game, and you shouldn't be indebted to an unknown count's family.

Around that time, Ilda-san was a bit naive.

"But, will Meigetsu-Do be able to bake all that bread for that year?" I asked.

Meigetsu-Do's bread is made with carefully selected ingredients, so the price is absurdly high.

Since the money paid by the cafeteria will also be refunded, the burden on Meigetsu-Do must be quite large.

"The profit of about a year will be blown away, but it's a small cost compared to the loss of our credibility," Harn said.

"Hmm," I went.

"Are you unsatisfied? Would you like to extend the period?" Harn asked.

"This cafeteria has a bread oven," I said, "and I've already brought yeast with me to bake."

Freshly baked bread or Meigetsu-Do's deliveries? Hmm, even if it's freshly baked, my bread will fall short a few notches.

"Makoto-san, you are a student at the school, aren't you?" Harn said. "It's not easy to bake bread for the cafeteria every day, even on a small scale."

He's right, it's good to bake bread, but it's a problem if you neglect your studies.

Baking a lot of bread every day is a lot of work.

Harn-oji-san clapped his hands with a "pan."

"Okay, let's do this, let's send one baker from Meigetsu-Do to the

cafeteria for the girls' dormitory. That will reduce the burden on us and save you some trouble, Makoto-san," Harn said.

Oh, that is good

I thought that a year's worth of Meigetsu-Do's bread would be too much of a burden for them to apologize for.

Besides, with this, the students can eat high-quality freshly baked bread.

"That sounds good, but are there any female bakers at Meigetsu-Do?" I asked.

"Indeed, Meigetsu-Do will let you have Clara free of charge for one year," Harn said.

"Hou," I said.

Clara is Harn-oji-san's daughter.

She used to work as a baker, didn't she?

I haven't seen her in a while, but I wonder what kind of girl she's become.

"Clara was also worried about you, Makoto-san," Harn said.

"I'm looking forward to meeting Clara, too," I said.

"It's time for Clara to train outside the business, so it's just the right time," Harn said.

Compensation negotiations with Meigetsu-Do have been concluded.

I exchanged a firm handshake with Harn-oji-san.

I decided to exchange contract documents with my patent attorney later.

"Please come visit Meigetsu-Do again, Makoto-san."

"Yes, I will, Harn-oji-san," I said.

Harn-oji-san took Hans home.

Hmmm, you can understand a person's capacity by the way he

apologizes.

I learned a lot today.

Chapter 50

50 - The Reborn Lower-Class Aristocrat Food Has a Good Reputation\

“Fumu, dispatching one of Meigetusu-Do’s bakers free of charge for one year as compensation, that’s pretty good, isn’t it?” Corinna said, nodding.

“I am happy they decided to dispatch a baker because the cost will go down and we can serve freshly baked bread, too,” Marissa said.

Seems she welcomes the news just as much.

“Also, it seems that they will refund the money that they defrauded, so I think we will bounce back quite a bit,” I said.

“The cafeteria’s finances are steadily improving,” Corinna said. “For about half a year, we won’t have to worry about everyone’s salary.”

“Thank goodness,” Marissa said.

Gioai started arranging food on the table in the locker room. “Makoto-san, Corinna-san, this is dinner’s dishes. Please confirm the upper-and-lower-class noble’s meals are up to standard.”

Uhha, it looks delicious.

“Is it okay to eat it?” I asked.

“You’re also in charge of preparing dinner, so please,” Gioai said.

However, isn’t there a lot of both the upper and lower aristocratic meals for one person?

“I’ll eat the food for the lower aristocrats because I pay for it, but the food for the upper aristocrats is just for tasting, so one meal is fine for the two of us, I’ll share it with Corinna-chan,” I said.

“That’s right, let’s do that from tomorrow,” Corinna said.

Which means that we’ll still eat it all today.

Well, itadakimasu.

“The menu consists of beef mini steak, black bread, and a cup salad

for the lower-ranking aristocrats,” Gioai said.

“Yes, Makoto-san treated the beef, so you can count it to be good,” Marissa said.

“What would you have done if it had stayed the same?” I asked.

“We’d have done meatless beef stew,” Gioai said.

We shouldn’t have eaten such things.

“The upper noble’s dish consists of sautéed pork, steamed trout in wine, consommé soup, Caesar salad, white bread, and pudding,” Gioai said.

“Well then, itadakimasu,” I said.

“I am grateful to the Goddess for my daily bread,” Corinna said.

“No, don’t worship me, I’m not a goddess,” I said.

“You are already kind of like that,” Corinna replied.

That’s not right, Corinna.

Come on, let’s eat, let’s eat, but it’s a lot of food.

“Ah, the mini steak was delicious, it was good meat,” I said.

“I can’t believe it was that rotten meat,” Corinna said.

Apparently, the better the meat was, the stronger the resistance to rotting, and if you restore the freshness with “Heal”, it will return to very good quality meat.

If it’s just the main side dish, it’s on par with a high-ranking aristocratic meal.

I can barely eat the black bread.

The cup salad also has a good feeling.

But the quantity is large.

Uppo.

Let’s take the black bread and white bread home.

I'll do something about the side dishes.

I don't know what, though.

"The amount is large, but the trout is delicious," I said.

"The sautéed pork is also delicious with the sweet and sour orange sauce," Corinna said.

"The consomme soaks into the body, it's so good," I said.

For the time being, I stuffed the bread into my pocket and managed to finish the meal.

The tea is delicious. The pudding is also delicious.

"So wonderful," I said.

"If this is the case, the lower nobles will be very satisfied," Gioai said.

"Is that so? It was really good," Corinna said.

Hangetsu-Do's white bread is a little lacking in quality.

Let's have ham or something for later.

I'm going to get fat.

Since my stomach was full, I took a leisurely break from eating while drinking tea.

"If this level of dinner is served every day, the price for the lower noble's meal is too cheap," Corinna said.

"It's a good deal," I said.

Satisfaction, satisfaction.

Dinner time begins when our stomachs have digested a bit.

Just like breakfast, I work at the counter and Corinna-chan checks the tokens.

"Wow, I thought it was impossible to eat steak here in the girls' dormitory."

"It's gonna be scrap meat anyway, don't expect much from it."

Fufufufu.

“Delicious! What is this meat!?”

“Th-The Ecliptic? Steak from the Ecliptic Pavilion?”

The second-year students who brought the dinner first cheered.

No, wait, it’s very popular now.

“Oh, it’s Makoto-san, so you’re serving dinner, too,” Nuts-senpai said.

“What’s for dinner tonight?” Salty-senpai said.

“Wow, it’s steak! That’s amazing,” Sweets-senpai said.

The trio from breakfast has returned.

“Today’s meal is also delicious,” I said.

“Really? I’m looking forward to it.”

“A steak in the girls’ dormitory is so weird..”

“The dessert for senior aristocrats is pudding, isn’t it?”

Sweets-senpai is envious of the pudding.

That’s because lower-class nobility food doesn’t have a dessert.

The trio of senpais sat down at the table with dinner on trays.

“”It’s good.””

Yeah, that’s a lot of praise.

It seems that the beef steak had an impact even if it was a mini portion.

“Steak, steak, delicious, delicious, oh, it’s gone before I knew it.”

“Ah, I can eat the black bread, it’s not delicious, but it’s normal.”

“It’s amazing, since Makoto entered the cafeteria, a miracle happened, a miracle of the Bejeweled Reijou-sama!”

“The Miracle of the Bejeweled Reijou-sama!”

““Ooooh, the miracle of the Bejeweled Reijou-sama!!””

Stop that, stop mentioning that title.

The lower-class nobility area is full of excitement.

Oh, three of the Dress-sans have come to the counter.

“Why is it that the lower nobles eat better than the upper nobles?”

“You have to learn to behave yourself.”

“What the hell are you doing?”

Uwah, what monstrous claims.

Going by the grade of her fancy dress, I guess she’s a daughter of a viscount or an earl.

“Because of the supplier, it just looks good,” I said. “It’s delicious beef, but it’s cheap meat.”

“I’ll be the judge of that, serve us three lower-class nobility meals,” one of the Dress-sans said.

When I looked at Corinna-chan, she shook her head.

It doesn’t seem like we have any extra.

“I’m sorry, the number of meals is limited, so I can’t accommodate your request,” I said.

“This is an order, right now, serve us food for three people!!”

“I have no reason to obey your orders,” I said.

“You’re a commoner!! You’re just a baker’s daughter!!” the Dress-san in pink screamed.

The dormitory guards quickly came over to investigate.

“What is the matter here?” the guard asked.

“Take this commoner out of here! That’s an order!” Pink Dress-san said.

“Commoner?” the guard asked. “Kimball-sama is a baron’s daughter.”

“A filthy commoner who stood up against me!! Arrest her for her insolence!” Pink Dress-san cried.

“By law, I cannot do that,” the guard said.

I wonder what this order was supposed to mean.

Those trying to get dinner are getting held up.

“I’m sorry, but they’re all hungry, so could you please wait until after dinner time to make complaints?” I said. “If there is any surplus, we can discuss it with you.”

Implicitly, it includes the feeling that if dinner time is over and we have leftover meat, we can serve it.

Please, get out of here and free up the front of the counter.

“Let the lowly nobles wait!! Now I’m ordering you!! Bring us food right now!!”

Suddenly, anger at the Dress-sans began to erupt with the lower nobles.

“What is going on that, that young lady, I wonder which family has such an idiot?”

“Makes you wonder why she wants to eat steak so badly, she’s so mean.”

“What did you do to Makoto-sama, who caused a miracle in the dining room?”

Heather-senpai popped her face out from the top of the divider at the upper nobles’ seating area and pointed upwards.

Hang them?

No, I suppose not, I suppose it’s more like Margot-san headed upstairs to summon Esther-senpai or Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

“There is a limit to the number of lower-ranking aristocratic meals,” I said, “and we would be sorry if you can’t eat them, so we ask for your patience.”

“Me, you’re asking me to put up with this, a commoner like you...”

Wow, Commander-san was completely exasperated.

Blue streaks are popping on her forehead.

“You are a noble, so please be patient,” I said.

“What are you saying!?”

“I was taught that a splendid aristocrat would be one who sets standards for the lower classes, and would not lose their dignity even if he did not drink or eat, but was I mistaken?” I asked.

“Don’t you ridicule me!!” Commander-san cried as she raised her hand.

A slap, well, if that makes you feel better and back off, that’s fine.

Come on, it’s perfect...

Then, something like a pitch-black bloodlust flowed in from the upper noble’s seating area.

Everyone in the dining room stood up in fear.

What is this? There is something scary.

Like a fierce beast, like a monster, like a monster in a nightmare.

Such an uneasy sensation.

“You’re so noisy.”

Black hair, black eyes, black dress, blood red corsage.

A young lady, black as darkness and beautiful as a nightmare, was looking at me.

She waved her hand at the petite maid who was waiting nearby.

A maid in black clothes approached me.

“Hilda-sama is angry.”

Commander-san and her two companions turned pale in an instant.

“H-Hilda-sama, this is, umm,” Commander-san said.

“It’s not nice to bother Hilda-sama with your pathetic excuses,” the

maid said.

“Ha-Hai,” Commander-san whimpered.

“I recommend that you leave the cafeteria immediately,” the maid said.

“Un-Understood!”

The three of them ran away from the dining room without looking at me.

“I apologize to you for the disturbance,” the petite maid said, bowing gracefully and deeply.

This is the person who was captured by Margot and tried to poison herself to avoid arrest.

Has she been released already?

And that super-beautiful woman is Count’s daughter Hilda Mahler.

People call her the Venomous Spider Lady.

She has a much more “Final boss” feeling than Vivian-sama.

Chapter 51

51 - Fierce Wage Negotiations With Estelle-senpai!

T/N: Mention of death by suicide. Again, if you're still here, this series is unafraid to display how bloody and cheap life can get among the nobility.

“What, is the dispute already over?” Estelle said.

“Thank you for your coming in an emergency, Estelle-senpai,” I said.

“No, I’m the dormitory master anyway, so it’s okay,” Estelle said.

Estelle-senpai entered the dining room after the commotion subsided.

“I would appreciate it if Estelle-senpai or Yurisha-senpai would come to the dining room every day, even just for dinner,” Corinna said.

“...You have no mercy, do you, Corinna-kun?” Estelle said.

“Please excuse her,” I said.

Corinna-chan clearly says things that are tough to say out loud.

I want to act dumb here.

“Certainly, when the food of the lower aristocrats becomes delicious, the cafeteria will become crowded, so why don’t we take turns eating in the cafeteria with Yurisha?” Estelle said.

“Aren’t you taking your meals in the penthouse right now?” I asked.

“Yeah, because there’s a cooking maid there,” Estelle said.

How nice, you’re so rich, Estelle-senpai.

Or rather, this world has a medieval flavor, so the gap between rich and poor even among nobles is amazing.

It is said that in some places there is an unbelievable amount, and in places where there is none, even the common people lose out.

I wonder if the people below the nobles of the vestments are

commoners employed by the royal palace.

There are various kinds of nobility.

“In the end, those gluttonous daughters were intimidated and driven away by Mahler-sama,” I said.

“That tends to happen,” Estell said, looking at Hilda.

She was elegantly drinking tea after dinner in the senior aristocratic area.

“So Hilda-senpai a violent person or not?” I asked.

“She’s quiet, I’ve never seen her cause trouble, and she’s always so quiet,” Estelle said.

A meek evil lady is scary.

It feels like you have an immeasurable amount of power inside you.

“Because she’s too docile, last year, an upperclassman who was a viscount’s daughter and of poor attitude got involved with Miss Hilda.”

“Hmm,” I said.

“She calmly parried her off and let her get away with it, but the next day, that viscount’s daughter was found stuck in a ditch with her hands and feet crushed,” Estelle said.

“”Scary.””

Oops, I ended up saying it with Corinna-chan.

“Since then, no one talks to her or tries to get involved. Hilda-sama herself doesn’t seem to be interested in people.

She’s quite quiet,” Estelle said.

Hmmm, an evil bocchi princess.

She’s a charming character, but she’s an enemy.

Purify the evil Bocchi princess with the inherent radiance of the Saint and make her your friend!

There's no way that's going to work.

I don't think she came out in the game either.

If such an impressive character appeared on the enemy's side, I will remember everything.

I wonder why she doesn't appear in the game.

She must be a shadow warfare specialist of Pottinger-kyou's Faction.

I wonder if the Duke's shadow warfare unit, which is scheduled to come out in two years, has a relationship like an imperial guard and outside agents.

I have no clue about it.

"Estelle-senpai, please give me my wages," Corinna said.

"Eh, wages, uh, that's right, Corinna-kun, you need a price for your labor, yeah, yeah, I remember, of course," Estelle said.

Estelle-senpai, you forgot.

It's just right, so would you like to go to wage negotiations while working?

"Then, let's we'll hire both Makoto-kun and Corinna-kun for a monthly salary of 300,000 dolancs," Estelle said.

""Too much!"" Corinna and I yelled.

"Well, the higher the wage, the happier you'll be, right?"

"If we take that much, the restaurant's management will fall into the red," Corinna said.

Corinna-chan took her abacus out of her pocket.

She's so serious.

"Umm, the surplus and deficit are for the management to think about," Estelle said.

"I am the management," I said.

"Ah, right," Estelle said.

Corinna-chan's abacus began to go paku, paku.

"I guess that figure was taking Ilda-san's monthly salary of about 500,000 dolancs, and simply dividing it by 2,"

Corinna said.

"Yeah, that's right, 250,000 is too bad, so it's 300,000," Estelle said.

"What are you doing, paying a student that much?" Corinna asked.

"We're just supervising, I'm just doing chores. It won't be the same as Ilda-san who cooks all day," I said.

"Ah, is that so?" Estelle said.

Will the territory Estelle-senpai marries into be okay?

"Well then, how much do you want?" Estelle asked.

"Maybe about here?" Corinna said, showing Estelle an estimate written on parchment.

Before I knew it,

"He-Hey, isn't 130,000 dolancs too low a monthly income? Even our maids are getting more," Estelle said.

"Because we're students," Corinna said.

"We can only be here for so long, too," I said.

Estelle-senpai looked up at the sky.

"You guys don't want it, do you?" Estelle said.

"Indeed, we just have one request," I said.

"What is it?" Estelle asked.

"We're going shopping on the weekend, so could you please pay me 60,000 dolancs in advance for the cost of using Heal spells on the ingredients, so I can share it with Corinna-chan?" I asked.

"Oh, that's fine, it's like an initial hire bonus, so I'll pay it right away," Estelle said.

And when Estelle-senpai received her wallet from her maid, she

immediately paid for it.

Wow, six large gold coins~.

“Okay, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“Makoto takes four, I’ll take two,” Corinna said.

“No, split in half,” I said.

“Gunununu,” Corinna grumbled.

If you have 30,000 dolancs, you can buy a lot of bras.

After all, this world still does not have mass-produced fabrics, so clothes are quite expensive.

It’s a game-like modification around here, and I wanted you to do something about it, but if there’s a magic fabric spinning factory, the whole world will change with the derived technology.

With mass production, when the merchants and the common people gain power and the middle class is born, what happens is that the status of the aristocracy declines.

When something like the Industrial Revolution happens, the feudal system, which is based on tax revenue from the land they own, will be shaken.

It seems that the devs wanted to avoid distorting the entire world with the forced setting of the game, to prevent the otome game players from getting too stressed.

“Well then, I’ll ask you to manage the cafeteria,” Estelle said.

“Understood, I’ll do my best until Ilda-san comes back,” I said.

“Work hard,” Estelle said, smiling before she leaves the dining room.

She’s just walking, but she’s glittering.

It was almost half past 7 now.

It’s almost time for our dinner.

There are fewer people in the dining room.

Or rather, Hilda-sama, you're still drinking tea.

Then the clock struck half past 7.

"It's over~, " Edra said. "Yeah, things were busy today. Makoto-san and Corinna-san, you two must be tired."

"Thank you for your hard work, Edra-san," I said.

"Do we have any meat left over?" Corinna asked.

"There are about five portions left over," Edra said. "If only those noble ladies were patient, they could have still had some."

Huh, here comes Hilda-san.

"Good evening, Makoto-sama, Corinna-sama," she said.

"Ah, yes, hello, Mahler-sama," I said.

"If you have leftover meat, I'd like you to grill it for me," Hilda said.

"Huh, wait, why?" I asked.

"Because it looked delicious," Hilda said.

What is this, a glutton as the final boss?

"It's fine, would you like just the mini steak, or would you like some bread and salad, too?" I said.

"Just the steak is fine, how much will it cost?" Hilda said.

The small maid in black gave her her wallet.

"If it's just the main course, it will be 500 dolancs," I said.

"Quite cheap, isn't it?" Hilda said as she handed 5 silver coins to Corinna-chan.

"Wait a minute until it's cooked," Corinna said.

"Yes, there is something I want to tell Makoto-sama in the meanwhile," Hilda said.

Huh, she's different from the type I thought.

Kukuku, aren't you a character who says "I'll take your head off your

shoulders.”?

“Gioai-san, I’d like a plate of mini steak, please,” I said.

“Right away,” Gioai said.

What did she want to say?

I guess it’s a declaration of war.

My heart pounds.

“Makoto-sama, thank you for helping my maid, Shirley,” Hilda said, quietly bowing her head.

“Ueh, um, ah, it’s fine, it was just a coincidence, so you don’t really need to thank me,” I said.

“No, it would be sad if Shirley died,” Hilda said, lowering her eyes.

Eh, what, a shadow warfare noble shouldn’t be bothered by the loss of one of her pawns, should she?

A formidable enemy who values her subordinates?

“Since our maid is from the House of Maids, she is ready and willing to end her life at any time,” Hilda said..” This girl’s older sister, Emma, was also caught by the enemy and committed suicide. She doesn’t value her life, so it’s really a problem.”

The petite black-clad maid called Shirley bowed her head lightly.

What is the House of Maids?

A competing facility of the Maid Village?

Will the intelligence maid from there kill herself right away if caught?

For some reason, I don’t understand and my head feels dizzy.

Chapter 52

52 - The Bejeweled Reijou-sama Clashes With The Venomous Spider Ojou-sama, Or Rather They Don't **Warning:** Mentions of suicide attempts again.

Since the mini steak was grilled, I put it on the counter with the potatoes as garnish.

Shirley-san, our ready-to-commit-suicide maid, put it on a tray and carried it to the table where Hilda-san was waiting.

Hilda-san gracefully cuts the meat at the front tables in the lower noble's area.

She takes a bite and smiles as she enjoys it.

Somehow, she's a beautiful person while she does it.

"It's delicious, I see that our supplier, Kain, has brought in the beef discarded from Pottinger-kyou's home," Hilda said.

Was that the case, or was it leftover beef from the duke's kitchen that went bad?

It's delicious if you bring back the freshness.

Or rather, if she didn't know the source of the meat, was Hilda-san involved in the corruption?

Shirley-san was trying to attack Ilda-san in her holding cell.

"Haa, it was delicious," Hilda said.

And now, she beckoned to us.

"I guess your part-time job is over, let's talk for a while, Makoto-sama, Corinna-sama," Hilda said.

Face to face with her, with Corinna-chan.

What should I do?

Well, it's okay because it's quiet now.

I entered the cafeteria through the staff entrance and sat down in front of Hilda-san alongside Corinna-chan.

Shirley-san serves us tea.

My optical analysis magic goes “Pii.” for my and Corinna’s cups.

It’s not particularly poisonous.

“Light magic is convenient, isn’t it? You can refresh ingredients and detect poison,” Hilda said.

“It isn’t that convenient,” I said.

However, I wonder why Hilda even called Corinna-chan.

“A pleasure to meet you, I’m Hilda Mahler,” Hilda said.

“I’m Makoto Kimball.”

“I’m Corinna Cevereus.”

Greetings are important, it is also written in the Kojiki. 1

Hilda-san smiled at both our faces.

“So, you’re Corinna-san, I’ve always wanted to see you,” Hilda said.

“Huh? Why so?” Corinna asked.

“I read the report and laughed,” Hilda said. “How amusing that the daughter of a lower-class noble in Class B is currently saying that she will study hard, take the top position by the time she graduates, and become a bureaucrat at the Finance Division.”

“Kuh,” Corinna grunted, turning red and gritting her teeth.

What is this girl...?

“I thought it was impossible,” Hilda said. “I’ve never seen a woman enter the Finance Division before. How stupid, how ignorant, I thought, but before I knew it, I went from mocking you to taking your prospects seriously. It’s been a long time since I’ve laughed so casually. It’s reckless and I don’t think it’s possible to enter the Finance Division unless a miracle happens, but if it’s you, Corinna-sama, it might be possible, rather, I think so.”

“Huh?” Corinna asked.

“I thought it was amazing, I’ve never heard of a woman drawing such grand ambitions,” Hilda said. “By the time I thought that, it was already too late, I sort of grew an admiration for you, Corinna-sama, and I wanted to see what would happen in the future. I’m rooting for you, so study hard.”

“Ah, okay,” Corinna said.

What is this, Hilda-san, when she read the intelligence report, she suddenly became a fan of Corinna, or something like that?

“If you fail the Finance Division Exam, please come to House Mahler, an excellent civil servant like you is very welcome at the shadow warfare house,” Hilda said.

“Ah, yes,” Corinna said.

Hilda-san smiled.

Corinna-chan can get a job with every person she meets.

Just as I’ve come to expect of you, Corinna-chan.

That’s my girl.

“With Makoto-san, that’s right, we’ll see what we can do by Sunday night. Just wait a moment, see?”

No, what are you going to do? Are you waiting for the go sign to start the operation?

But, well, I’m glad that Hilda-san is a calmer person than I thought.

Even if she is hostile, we will be able to fight comfortably.

She respects the lives of her subordinates.

She praises even the leaders of the enemy camp if she admires them.

I thought it was some kind of proof of being the better person.

“Well then, another time, good night,” Hilda said, leaving her seat with a soft smile.

Only the sweet scent of flowers remained in her wake.

“Fuuuu, she is a complicated person. For the time being, it doesn’t look like she’ll have your head off your shoulders and in a box of salt,” I said.

“Right, she looks like a big shot, but I can admire that kind of person even if she is our enemy,” Corinna said.

“Umu, umu,” I said. “It looks like they’re going to launch a severe attack, but it feels like I can’t hate her for it.”

First of all, go to the kitchen and wash the dishes.

Jyubu-jyubu.

Corinna-chan has an abacus in one hand and a ledger in the other.

There was a knock, and when Marissa-san left, Anne-san came in.

“Makoto-sama, Ojou-sama has come for you,” Anne said.

“Oh?” I asked.

“Did you forget? It’s part of the agreement to make bread,” Anne said.

“Ah, ah, I remember, I remember, I was just about to call you, thank you Anne,” I said.

“You forgot,” Anne said.

I was so shocked about Hilda-san that I completely forgot.

Carol came in and took Corinna-chan’s hand.

What is it?

“Corinna, you mustn’t go to House Mahler,” Carol said.

“I won’t,” Corinna said.

“If you can’t get into the Finance Division, House Albright will take care of you, so don’t go.”

“Yes, yes,” Corinna said.

Carol seems to have felt a sense of danger at Hilda-san’s invitation.

You’re a very accommodating girl, Corinna-chan.

Now then, let's go make some bread.

First, I told Carol to put on a three-point headscarf and an apron.

"Ah, thank you Makoto," Carol said.

"Are you going to participate too, Anne-san?" I asked.

"Yes, if you don't mind," Anne said.

Anne-san already has an apron, so the only thing missing is the three-point headscarf.

Her cap seems like a three-point headscarf, but the coverage is small.

"Makoto, are you going to make bread? Can I participate too?" said Mare, our pastry chef, as she stopped by.

"I feel bad, but please do help us," I said.

"If you can make bread, you can apply it to the desserts," Mare said.

If we get the help of the pastry chef, we can bake sweet bread.

Well, that's for later.

The baker Clara will be coming soon.

"Then, we will prepare white bread for the upper-class dishes," I said.

We're going to bake quite a lot, so let's share and make it.

"First, put flour, sugar, milk, yeast, and salt in a bowl and mix."

Corinna-chan is copying the recipe on parchment.

"Please measure the amount accurately on the scale," I said.

"It's like alchemy," Carol said.

"Ah, so you were doing something similar, Carol," Corinna said.

Are alchemy and cooking similar?

"After mixing, add hot water and mix further."

"You didn't tell us the amount and procedure," Mare mutters.

The amount and procedure are the secrets of the store.

There are many things you don't understand unless you work at a bakery.

"Once it's all put together, knead it on the table."

Don, kone-kone, kurun, don, kone-kone, kurun. 2

The process here is quite powerful.

"Is it like this?" Carol asked.

"Carol, please put in a little more effort. Mare-san and Anne-san are good," I said. "Corinna-chan, you've got to be bolder."

"Understood."

Everyone kneaded, don, kone-kone, kurun,

"Add butter and knead some more," I said.

"Tch, this takes so much energy," Carol said.

"My hands hurt," Corinna said.

"Keep at it, Corinna-sama," Anne said.

All right, the dough is finally ready.

"Let it ferment for a while near the stove."

I put a dishcloth over the bowl and place it near the stove in the kitchen for a while.

"All that's left is to let it rise," I said.

"You have to put in quite a bit of power, huh?" Carol said.

"It's white bread, so the black bread is a little easier," I said.

"It's tough baking bread," Corinna said.

We all sit in chairs and chat.

You can hear the soft sounds of the dough beginning to rise.

30 minutes later, we check the swell of the dough and take it out.

“Woah, it’s gotten so huge.”

“Amazing.”

Take it out on a table, divide it into 8 equal parts, roll it up, cover it with a damp cloth, and let it rest.

Both Carol and Corinna-chan are good at it for the first time.

The dough is divided into 8 equal parts, flattened, and rolled again.

Place the ball on the top of the baking oven, cover it with a damp cloth, and let it ferment again near the stove.

The top pot is new. I wonder if this bread pot has ever been heated up.

When the dough has doubled in size, remove the wet cloth and bake it in the bread oven.

After baking for 15 minutes, you can smell the good smell of baking bread.

“It smells good.”

“So this is how bread is made.”

OK, baked.

It’s a bread pot that bakes nicely, and there’s no uneven baking.

Everyone eats the first baked bread.

Oven-hot bread can’t be eaten unless you’re a baker.

It tastes better than the Hangetsu-Do bread that Hans brought.

Because Hangetsu-Do’s bread feels like a benchmark.

“Afu, it’s delicious.”

“This is good, the one we made seems to be fine.”

“Come on, let’s bake some more white bread for breakfast and dinner.”

“”Ooh!””

After that, we all baked bread, and by the time we finished, it was past 9:30.

Yeah, I had fun making bread.

“Good work, see you tomorrow.”

“It was fun, see you again.”

“Good night.”

Great work everyone.

Mare-san left through the back door, and after Marissa-san checked the lock, she exited through the back door.

The dining room is dimly lit and empty.

“Well then, do you want to take a bath?” I asked.

“Let’s go,” Corinna said.

“Come with us, Carol,” I said.

“No, I’ll take a bath in my room,” Carol said.

“What is it? That’s so boring,” I said.

“I prefer boring,” Carol said.

Even if we whine, Carol doesn’t move.

Kusou, Iron Woman.

“Baking was fun, see you tomorrow, Makoto, Corinna,” Carol said.

“Please excuse us,” Anne said.

Then, they left for the elevator.

Oops, my bath set is in room 205.

From now on, we should leave our bath set in the locker room before we work for dinner.

Go to room 205 with Corinna, take the bath set, and go to the basement.

Some people take a bath before going to bed, so there were still people in the bathroom.

Take off your clothes, enter the bathroom, and wash your body.

“Oh, it’s Bejeweled-san.”

“Thank you for the delicious dinner, amen.”

“Amen.”

I-do-not-care.

We enter the bathtub.

Kuaaaa, it stings.

“Ah~~~” I sigh.

“Makoto, you’re as much of an Ossan as ever,” Corinna said.

“Leave me alone”

When we were warmed up, I returned to Room 205 with Corinna-chan.

I change into my pajamas and get on the bed.

A lot happened today too.

I hope we have a good day tomorrow.

I patted my pillow and went to sleep.

Footnotes

1. One of the first written records of Japan, a sacred text of the Shinto religion, according to Google.
2. Slam, fold, fold, turn, slam, fold, fold, turn.

Chapter 53

53 - The Girls' Dormitory Cafeteria Is Very Busy In The Morning

I wake up to the sound of the Maid-sans changing clothes.

Hmm, I have to get up and go to the dining room too.

I open the curtains, it looks like nice weather today.

“Morning,” Is aid.

“Good morning, Makoto,” Karina said.

“Mornin’, so sleepy,” Margot muttered, looking sleepy as usual.

Corinna got up and started changing clothes.

Well, I’m ready to go, too.

I wash my face in the washroom and brush my teeth.

After using the toilet, I change into my uniform.

The maids went to work, and we students also went out of the room and locked it behind us.

“It looks like the number of students will increase today as well,” Corinna said.

“Will there be more?” I asked.

“All lower-class nobility students will eat breakfast in the cafeteria,” Corinna said.

“Well, they’re paying for the food, so it’s only natural,” I said.

The lack of bustle up till now had been abnormal.

When I entered the locker room, the cafeteria staff were all there.

“Good morning, let’s do our best today too,” I said.

“”””””Good morning, ”””””” everyone replied.

The staff is fine today.

“Then, just like yesterday, I’d like to declare the upper-class food as usual, and the lower-class food as porridge.”

“”””Understood.””””

Now then, I’ll put on a three-point headscarf and wear an apron, and I’ll dress Corinna-chan in them as well.

I finished washing the dishes last night, so let’s clean around the counter.

Kyuu-kyuu, there we go.

“It’s Saturday, but I wonder if it’ll be different than usual,” I said.

“Since there are quite a few students returning to their parent’s homes, the number of people eating dinner will decrease,” Corinna said.

“Understood,” I said.

Ah, I’m also staying at the Baron’s house today, what should I do with the cafeteria?

I wonder if it’s a good thing to ask Marissa-san and Corinna-chan to take over.

Marissa-san has arrived.

“What should we do for next week’s menu?” Marissa asked.

“How do you usually do things?” I asked.

“Ilda-san thinks about it,” Marissa replied.

And now Ilda-san isn’t here.

Shall we go visit the Great Temple?

“I’m going to the Great Temple today, so I’ll ask Ilda-san,” I said.

“If it doesn’t work, we could just use the recipes from last spring,” Corinna said.

“Oh, Corinna-chan, you’re so cool,” I said.

“Fufuhn,” Corinna huffs, looking grumpy.

“The porridge is cooked. Eat it quickly,” Edra said.

“Alright, I appreciate it,” I said.

“How’s the porridge today?” Corinna asked.

“I made a sweet one, are the toppings nuts or honey?” Edra asked.

“Nuts,” I said.

“Sprinkle honey on them,” Corinna said.

In the locker room, I eat the porridge that Edra-san gave me.

Hot, hot, sweet, sweet, nuts, nuts.

I like how the rolled barley melts in your mouth.

It seems that Kain got rotten stuff from Pottinger-kyou’s house for free and brought it in as the delivery, and it seems that before the barley went bad in storage, it was of excellent quality.

Little wonder it tastes so good after being healed.

“It’s also delicious today,” I said.

“It’s great with honey,” Corinna said.

Well, now that we’ve got our stomachs filled, and we’ve boiled both salty and sweet porridge, shall we go open the girl’s dormitory cafeteria?

I open the shutter in front of the counter and declare ourselves open for business.

Corinna-chan also took a fixed position next to the counter.

“Makoto-chaaan, we’re back, can I have it salty today?”

“Last night’s steak was shocking, I’d like sweet but with honey this time.”

“Give me something sweet again today, sweet.”

“Yes, yes, welcome back,” I said.

Nuts-senpai, Salty-senpai, and Sweet-senpai have arrived.

Today, Nuts-senpai is having it salty, and Salty-senpai is having it with honey.

“What kind of club activities do you do, Senpais?” I asked.

“It’s the Lacrosse Club, why don’t you join, Makoto-chan?” one of them asked.

“I’ll think about it,” I said.

Lacrosse Club, your Stamina and Agility would increase from it, wouldn’t it?

It might be fun if you have good senpais.

I have to think about club activities soon.

For some reason, I feel like I’m going to be in the girls’ dormitory cafeteria kitchen now.

“The salty one is. So. Good.”

“The sweet one is good too, isn’t it?”

“Sweetness is Justice”

The Trio of Lacrosse Senpais is peaceful today as well.

The students of the lower class noble’s food have gathered early today.

Geeze, they’re already lined up at this hour.

“Doesn’t it seem fake that the porridge in the cafeteria is delicious now?”

“It’s true, it seems that the Bejeweled Reijou-sama managed to do something about it.”

“As expected of a saint candidate.”

I can hear various voices.

I’m busily listening to orders and serving.

Hm, there are many students who pay cash to Corinna-chan.

I don’t know, children with high-ranking noble’s diets should eat what was intended for them, this morning’s menu is white bread, sausage

and egg, omelet, corn soup, and fruit.

“Makoto, increase production of the sweet porridge, 50 servings,” Corinna said.

“Understood, Edra-san, we need more sweet porridge, 50 servings.”

“Aiyo, it’s very popular, let’s boil it up quickly,” Edra said.

Yesterday’s leisurely serving seemed like it didn’t exist, with how busy we are now.

It’s like serving food in a refugee camp.

Serve, serve, salty, sweet, sweet, salty, sweet.

I’m so busy that my eyes are spinning.

Since Margot-san has come, I hand over the large silver coin, 1,000 dolancs, to Corinna-chan and listen to her order.

“Today, both of our orders are salty, please.”

“Got it, wait a minute,” I said.

Today’s salty porridge side dish is ham and eggs.

I take two plates and go to the counter with the porridge.

“Thank you,” Margot said.

Uu, next is Shirley-san with one student in between them, Hilda-san should quietly eat the senior noble’s meal.

“Sweet porridge with honey,” Shirley said.

“It will be 500 dolancs,” Corinna said.

Shirley paid her the money.

Sweet, with honey.

Surprisingly, Hilda-san likes sweets.

Ladle it out, sprinkle it with honey, and serve it on the counter.

Shirley glanced behind her.

Over there, there were the Three Hungry Dress Sans.

“I’ll need to see your token,” Corinna said.

“All there of us don’t have one,” one of the Dress-sans said.

“Then, in cash, it will be 500 dolancs each,” Corinna said.

“The three of us are eating the upper-class noble’s meals, so we will just transfer that breakfast to the lower noble’s meal,” their Commander-san said.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do that, you have to pay cash,” Corinna said.

“What are you talking about!? You are mocking us...”

Shirley-san approached the Three Hungry Dress-sans.

“I overheard Hilda-sama saying last night, ‘If they make a fuss at the cafeteria again, I’m going to show them what I am truly capable off.’, so I recommend that you, Ojou-samas, keep quiet,” Shirley said.

Their Commander-san looked quiet.

“Un-Undrestood, 500 hundred dolancs each, here...”

With one hand, Shirley-san snatched the five small silver coins that the Commander-senpai was about to throw at Corinna-chan.

“Hilda-sama requested they be made quiet,” Shirley said.

“I-I see,” Corinna stammered.

And when Shirley handed over the money to her, the other two Dress-sans obediently paid up.

“Thank you, Shirley-san,” I said.

“It’s nothing,” Shirley said.

I don’t think I imagined Shirley-san’s lips lifting up a little, just like a smile.

“Moving on, we’ve got salty and sweet porridge, what do you want?” I asked.

“The sweet one,” one of the Dress-sans said.

“Mine as well.”

“I’d like the same.”

“The sweet one can be topped with nuts or honey, what would you like?” I asked.

“With nuts.”

“Mine as well.”

“The same with mine.”

I wonder if the two young ladies that Commander-san is with are automated machines or something.

Too little subjectivity.

Three bowls of sweet porridge were served and nuts were sprinkled on top.

I put it on the counter, but the Dress-sans don’t touch it.

Just when I thought it was a new kind of harassment, three maids came, put the bowls of porridge on a tray, and carried it to the upper noble’s area.

In that case, I thought they should have sent their maids for them in the beginning, but I wonder if they just wanted to make a complaint and not just eat.

When I looked at Commander-san with flabbergasted eyes, she glared back at me.

“Fuhn, we’re leaving now,” Commander-san said.

“Haii.”

“Haii.”

The Three Hungry Dress-sans left.

Come to think of it, what happened to the discussion about the dormitory masters coming in to prevent trouble?

When I glanced at the dining room, I saw Estelle-senpai eating elegantly by the window in the upper-class noble’s area, and when she

noticed my gaze, she waved.

I thought they should eat breakfast closer to the kitchen counter, but I reconsidered that and thought they could just stay there.

It's still closer than the penthouse.

"Makoto, Corinna, good morning," Carol said, arriving with a pata-pata patter.

Yeah, she looks cute this morning too.

"Good morning, Carol, it's going to be 500 dolancs," Corinna said.

"Alright, Corinna," Carol said, handing over 5 small silver coins.

"Salty today too?" I asked.

"Salty, please," Carol said.

I place the salty porridge in a bowl and place it on the counter with a plate of ham and eggs.

I put it on a tray and Carol picked it up.

"What's Anne-san doing today?" I asked.

"I refused to let her accompany me because she has to clean," Carol said.

In other words, Carol wanted to avoid Anne-san buying her porridge for her.

Carol happily started eating porridge at the table.

What's going on, the table in the lower nobles' area has all been filled up.

Geeze, when you've finished eating, don't hesitate and get out of the cafeteria already.

"Marissa-san, can you man the counter please?" I asked.

"Ah, yes," she said.

"I'm going to start restricting entry," I said.

"Oh, I see," Marissa said.

It's better to limit them at the entrance rather than having them wait in line and then wait for a table with porridge already in hand.

"Attention, right now, it's getting crowded, so we're going to limit the number of people entering," I said. "I'm very sorry, but I'd appreciate your cooperation. If you're a lower-ranking noble, please line up now. If you're a higher-ranking aristocrat, please enter later."

"Huh, we'll have to wait?"

"I'm sorry, there are no empty tables, so please wait for a while," I said.

As they see the line forming, the students who were drinking tea at the table near the entrance hurriedly stood up.

"How many for your table?" I asked.

"Three of us."

"Please use the table over there," I said.

"Understood, thank you Bejeweled-san."

Stop calling me Bejeweled-san.

After waiting in line for a while, the congestion in the cafeteria finally eased.

"Thank you for the meal, it was delicious today too. Work hard, Makoto," Carol said as she left.

"See you later, in the classroom, Carol," I said.

"Mm, see you later."

When I calmly look at the clock, it's 8:30.

I'm tired of the crowds today.

"Good work, Makoto-san, Corinna-san," Marissa said.

"We were so busy today, huh?" I said.

"Well, the customers will probably change like this," Corinna said.

"Let's do our best until Ilda-san comes back," I said.

“Well, even if Ilda-san returns, won’t you guys stay here?” Marissa said.

“If you two man the counter and do the accounting work, we can concentrate on cooking,” Edra said.

“Well, I’ll discuss that with Ilda-san,” I said.

It’s only morning and night, so it’s okay to work part-time at the cafeteria.

“Ah, and I’m staying at the baron’s home today, but what should we do for tonight?” I asked.

“Have a nice day, there aren’t many customers on Saturday, so I’ll be at the counter,” Marissa said.

“Wow, Marissa-san, you’re so kind, thank you,” I said.

“Don’t worry, Makoto, I’ll take care of the rest,” Corinna said.

“Corinna-chan, you’re being so cool, too, thank you.”

Now, let’s take off the three-point headscarf and apron and go to school.

Chapter 54

54 - There Is No Update On Today's Wall Newspaper

Today, I am going to school with Corinna-chan as well.

There is no crowd around the wall opposite the school building's entrance today.

The wall newspaper is the same as yesterday.

"What is this? Do your job, Newspaper Club," I said.

"You're being stupid, the wall newspaper isn't a daily publication," someone said. "It was your fault that it was abnormal until yesterday."

"Gerald, Good morning," I said.

Gerald glared at me.

"I don't intend to forgive you for calling me by only my first name," Gerald said.

"It's fine, it's just your first name," I said.

"Mattaku, this is what I meant by your arrogance, Saint Candidate," Gerald said.

But wasn't the wall newspaper a daily publication?

Well, I thought about it some more, and it is handwritten.

When I looked at Gerald, he was somehow staring at Corinna-chan.

"Are you the rumored Ceverus-sama?" Gerald asked.

"Ah, yes, my name is Corinna Ceverus, McKnight-sama," Corinna said.

"The rumored, what about?" I asked.

"In the Intelligence Community, it was rumored that there was a talented female civil servant in the Saint's Faction, a Hand of Makoto Kimball," Gerald said.

"Well, that is true," I said.

Corinna-chan seems to be rumored among the people in Intelligence, and I'm somewhat proud of her as a friend.

"No, I'm not that kind of person to be praised so much by others, I'm in Class B," Corinna said.

"What?" Gerald said. "The nails in a bag will pop out on their own, so don't underestimate your work."

"Thank you, McKnight-sama," Corinna said.

What the hell is this? Corinna-chan's face is blushing.

Gerald has a nice face, but he's a shady megane type.

It's no good to be fond of such a person.

"I heard that you refused the invitations of dukes, marquises, and margraves, and became a yoriko of Count Albright because you wanted to do practical work, such behavior is truly the epitome of a civil servant," Gerald said.

"Th-That's not true, my family is just barons, so I'll be troubled if you praise me so excessively," Corinna said.

Uhiyaa, somehow Corinna-chan looks like a young girl in love.

It's cute.

Gerald also smiled kindly instead of his usual gloomy expression.

It's like a Hero in an otome game, isn't it?

Temee.

"From now on, our country must also encourage the participation of women in business, and I hope that you will become a good lead," Gerald said.

"My heart trembles at your kind words, McKnight-sama," Corinna said.

"Then if you'll excuse me," Gerald said, leaving us behind as he dashed away.

"McKnight-sama..."

Ah, don't tell me, it's the Maiden Mode that says Corinna-chan is in love with him.

Keep your eyes open.

Pokka.

"Ouch! What are you doing Makoto!?" Corinna yelled.

"Alright, you're back," I said. "What was that, Corinna-chan, are you a fan of Gerald?"

"Ye-Yeah, I like him... there is no child who aspires to be a civilian and does not admire McKnight-sama," Corinna said.

Just as aspiring female knights adore Curtis, this seems to be the version of those aspiring female civil servants.

Then, a woman who aspires to be a magician admires Elmer.

"Well, he's your future boss, so there's no loss even if you try to flatter him," Corinna said.

"No, McKnight-sama is really amazing," Corinna said, "he got second place in the National Abacus Tournament!"

"Speaking of which, what is your ranking in that tournament, Corinna-chan?" I asked.

"Nu-Number one... But, a speed that's second only to me is amazing in its own right," Corinna said.

"Corinna-chan, you're amazing..."

Why is this person in Class B?

During the entrance exam, I wonder if someone screamed and went on a rampage in the seat in front of her.

I go upstairs with Corinna-chan.

I held my breath and passed in front of Class C, said goodbye to Corinna-chan in Class B, and entered Class A.

"Good morning, Elmer," I said.

"Good morning... Makoto," Elmer said, reading academic books coolly

as usual.

“Good morning Carol,” I said.

“Good morning, Makoto,” Carol said, also properly preparing for 1st period with a math textbook.

Serious, how serious.

The bell rang, and Anthony-sensei came to homeroom.

It's fine to go to town on the weekends, but he told us not to let things go too far.

Got it, got it, I'm just going to the lingerie shop with Carol and Corinna-chan, it'll be fine, it'll be fine.

The class has started.

It's the four subjects of mathematics, geography, language, and magic theory.

Geography time, open your atlas and look at the world map.

Hmm, it's very similar to the map of my previous life, and there are many different parts.

The Kingdom of Appleton looks like France, but the shape and size are different, and the neighboring Empire of Gene looks like Germany, but it extends to Russia.

England is an island country, but it's called the Kingdom of Aland and has a different shape.

I wonder if someday there will be a world war here in Pseudo-Europe.

There's magic in this world, so it's a lot of trouble.

Because there are many more dangerous magics than gunpowder cannons.

And then, there's Horai.

I want to go to Horai.

I want to go to Horai, the hometown of my heart, and eat ochazuke.

The shape of Horai is also distorted compared to the original.

It's a land that feels like a twist of Japan in my previous life.

I will go someday, I will definitely go.

It will take half a year by ship, but I will go.

I'm going to take a lecture while thinking about such a thing.

Kin-kon-kaan-kon.

After Anthony-sensei's homeroom, it's after school now.

Hmm, half-days are easy, aren't they?

Saturday is good luck.

"Makoto, are you going to the underwear store now?" Carol asked as I put my textbooks in my bag.

"Yeah, tomorrow~, " I said, "today, I have to go to the Great Temple and do my duty."

"Sometimes you do Saint-like duties, like praying?" Carol said.

"I mainly play with the children in the orphanage," I said.

"I see, do your best," Carol said.

Well, that's not all.

I'll be asking Ilda-san to come up with a menu for the cafeteria and interview the intelligence maid.

After that, I'm going to tell Kyoko-sama that if I get for free the grains that people were going to throw away, and cast Heal on them, I'll be able to make a cheap soup kitchen to help the poor.

The current temple's soup kitchen buys low-quality grain at a low price, but the budget is limited, so it can only be done on a small scale.

With my Heal spells, I think I can distribute a lot of delicious meals.

Poor people will be more motivated to work when their stomachs are full, and the atmosphere in the slums will be a little better.

After all, food is important.

Hmm, what is it, Elmer, why are you coming to me?

“Makoto... before going to the Temple, let’s go to Hiyoko-Do with everyone in the faction... and go have lunch there.”

“You really like Hiyoko-Do, don’t you, Elmer?” I asked.

“Not Hiyoko-Do... rather the mayo-corn,” Elmer said.

“Is that so?” I asked.

Shall we all buy some bread and eat it in the park?

“Is that okay for lunch, Carol?” I asked.

“Yes, it’s fine, I like Hiyoko-Do’s bread,” Carol said.

Just in time, Curtis-onii-chan poked his head out of the classroom door.

Corinna-chan and Melissa-san are behind him.

Did Melissa-san successfully move to Class B?

“Oh, Makoto, let’s have lunch,” Curtis said.

“Yes, indeed,” Melissa said.

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-sama approached me nervously.

“Are you guys coming, too?” I asked.

“Is it okay, myon?” Koishi said. 1

“We are from the same faction,” I said.

Ah, Cattleya-sama made an expression as if the world had been destroyed.

“Cattleya-sama, well, in the future, I think it will be good because we will be in the same faction, right, Curtis?” I asked.

“Ah, this stray in our group looks cute,” Curtis said.

“Ah, thank you!” Cattleya said, her face shining like the sun.

“Fufufu, that sounded just like you, Makoto,” Carol said, also smiling.

We all walk down the corridor together.

It’s more like a good friends club than a faction, but that’s okay.

I want a hundred friends.

Elsa-san stood in front of us.

“Curtis-sama,” Elsa said.

“Oh, Elsa, um, how are you?” Curtis said.

“I’m doing just fine,” Elsa said.

What is this? It’s like a middle-aged couple’s masked conversations.

“Oh, right, how was your lunch yesterday?” I whispered to Koishi.

Elsa-san should have been with them at lunch yesterday.

“It, it was awkward, myon,” Koishi said.

“She was staring at us with terrible eyes,” Cattleya added.

That would spoil a delicious lunch.

But, will Elsa-san come with us?

“We’re all going to Hiyoko-Do now, how about you, Elsa-san?” I asked.

“Eh?” Curtis said.

Curtis-onii-chan, you look sour.

Elsa-san looked around at the faces of our group.

“A, a bakery?” Elsa said. “I, I’m not that lowly of a woman...”

“Fufufu, are you scared?” I asked.

To provoke her, I gave her a grin like a thieving cat.

Elsa-san frowned.

“I’m not afraid of anything, I’ll be joining you,” Elsa said.

“Yes, let’s go together,” I said, smiling again.

Elsa-san showed a confused expression.

All right, let’s deepen exchanges with Elsa-san and become friends.

I swore so and went down the stairs.

“Makoto-sama~.”

Oops, Yuri-Yuri-senpai came too.

“Yurisha-senpai, what happened?” I asked.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. If it’s a faction luncheon, you’ll have to invite me,” Yurisha said.

“It’s just somehow, it turned into a faction luncheon, how about Yurisha-senpai?”

“Yes, I’m looking forward to going to Hiyoko-Do, Makoto’s parent’s house,” Yurisha said.

With this, the saint faction is in full force.

The number of people has increased considerably.

Footnotes

I decided to change to Koishi’s original verbal tic instead of the localization I was trying to use.

Chapter 55

55 - Gerald's Perspective: To You, My Beloved Abacus Girl

Gerald's POV

I walk down the corridor to the classroom.

When I saw Kimball's roommate, Ceverus, an unsightly girl with round glasses who wanted to be a civil servant for some reason, I remembered you, Abacus Girl.

It's been a long time since I met her.

It was around the time I first entered the Abacus Competition, so yes, I was 10 years old.

She was at the table diagonally in front of the table where I was competing.

I couldn't take my eyes off the ephemeral fairy-like girl who used the red stone abacus.

Petite, small hands, greyish-silver hair, and most striking of all were those eyes.

Clear blue eyes that seem to suck you deep within them.

The moment I saw her, I fell in love with her.

My Abacus Girl was beautiful but poorly dressed, and I could guess that she was the daughter of a commoner merchant or a lower noble.

She uses her abacus rhythmically, accurately, and quickly with splendid finger-work.

Her appearance was graceful and beautiful.

After the competition, I tried to talk to her over and over again.

Every year, I made up my mind that this year would be the time to find out Abacus Girl's name, and every time the tournament ended, I continued to blame myself for not having the courage to speak out to her.

What can I even do to be friends with her?

I'm a marquis, and she's a commoner or a lower noble.

I tell myself that it is impossible, our hands were bound by the difference in social status.

Still, I look for her at every abacus competition and am relieved to know she's in them.

Sometimes I noticed that she was trying to talk to me, too.

However, both she and I were somewhat timid and gave up.

I keep claiming that I haven't decided on a fiancée because I'm busy.

But that is a lie.

Because of you, Abacus Girl, I couldn't decide on a fiancée.

Surely, someday, I will hear her name, surely, someday, we will laugh together, go to a night party together, talk about love, and get married.

Thinking about such a dreamlike thing, I kept refusing the engagement talks.

And 5 years ago she stopped participating in abacus competitions.

When I realized she wasn't at the competition, I realized what I had lost for the first time.

A huge sense of emptiness filled my eyes with darkness.

Oh, why didn't I take the first step?

Oh, how courageless and useless of a person am I?

At the abacus competition at that time, I felt heartbroken and ended up with an unsatisfactory result of 10th or lower for the first time.

When I got home, I was so sorrowful and anguished, I caught a fever and fell unconscious.

Around this time, I was selected as a close aide to Prince Kevin, but I collapsed as soon as I started my service, and I was thinking that I would probably be fired while I was still feverish in bed.

Three days after I fell asleep, Kevin-ouji came to visit me at my house.

It was a rare experience to wake up and find Kevin-ouji at my bedside.

“Kevin-ouji...” I said.

“Uun, you can go back to sleep, I’m just relieved that you’re surprisingly healthy, Gerald.”

“My apologies for causing you trouble.”

“Everyone can get sick sometimes, take good care of yourself, and when you’re feeling better, help me with my work again.”

“Thank you for your kind words,” I said.

My chest felt heated.

I never thought he’d be so kind, if it was for him, I’d risk my life.

Let’s continue to support Ouji’s reign from the shadows forever.

I remember making that promise.

I talked about various things with him since he came to visit me.

Politics, economics, in such a flow, I accidentally talked about you, Abacus Girl.

“I see, I’m delighted to know you aren’t made of wood or stone, after all, Gerald. It’s a nice discovery,” Kevin said.

“N-No, it was a slip of the tongue, please forget it,” I said.

“I see, the more you fall asleep, the more likely you’ll take about that girl, fufufufu,” Kevin laughed.

“Ouji, you are amused, aren’t you?” I asked.

“Yes, it’s amusing, but it’s the discovery of a new side of you, Gerald,” Kevin said. “Okay, okay, I’ll help you, too.

No matter what the other girl’s status is, I’ll help her get married to you.”

“Ouji.....” I said.

“Let’s find out quickly, Gerald, it’s not the time to sleep with a fever,”

Kevin said.

“Ah, thank you very much,” I said.

I felt like I could see the light on the other side of the dark road.

Whether the other party was a commoner or a lower aristocrat, I thought that Kevin-ouji would do something about it, that I had such powerful help.

Humans can be bought, and I just got hope that I might be able to do something about it.

For five years after that, I desperately reached out my hands in various directions and kept searching, but I still can't find you, Abacus Girl.

But, I won't give up.

Someday I will definitely find you, Abacus Girl, confess my love and marry you.

I'm certain of it.

“So when did you start wearing glasses, Corinna-chan?” Makoto asked.

“Well, it was five years ago, I studied too much,” Corinna said.

“I wish you could change to better glasses,” Makoto said.

“We're short on money, so it can't be helped,” Corinna replied.

Chapter 56

56 - The Saint's Faction Charges Into Hiyoko-Do

The sky is clear, the sun is shining and it is warm out.

It was a relatively mild winter this year, but it feels good to be warm in the spring.

“So why are you in Class C, Elsa-san?” I asked.

“I don’t remember giving you permission to call me by my first name, Kimball-sama,” Elsa replied.

“Excuse me, umm,” I said.

“Elsa Grigny, the second daughter of Earl Grigny,” Elsa replied.

“Okay, Grigny-sama, or rather, we’ll be in the same faction, so just Makoto is fine.”

“We haven’t decided whether or not our family will join the Saint’s Faction,” Elsa said.

“Oh, is that so?” I asked.

She’s the kind of person who I just can’t keep up with in conversation.

Maybe they don’t like the idea of it at all.

“That I’m in class C is because it’s a proxy for society, so to speak,” Elsa said. “Curtis-sama doesn’t seem to be interested in socializing, so I have to do it in his stead.”

“... I didn’t know that was why you were in Class C,” Curtis said, eyes wide.

Elsa-san turned her head to the side.

How can these two not talk enough?

I’m getting a headache.

“It’s not something that gentlemen care about,” Elsa said. “I will create a presence in social circles suitable for a margrave, so you can

do whatever you like, Curtis-sama.”

“Ah, I see, umm, that’ll help,” Curtis said.

Elsa’s cheeks blushed a little when Curtis complimented her.

I don’t know what it is, this relationship that has become nothing but tsunderes being tsundere, because both of them are tsundere.

“You really like Curtis, don’t you, Grigny-sama?” I asked.

“I, I think not,” Curtis said, “it’s just that our parents decided that... Elsa?”

Elsa-san was silent and blushing, flapping her hands up and down.

Uhiya, you’re so cute

“Don-Don’t say such stupid things, Kimball-sama,” Elsa said. “It, It’s an engagement decided by our parents, and I, I’m just trying to do what is expected of me. Things like liking and feelings, um, ah, there’s nothing of the sort to be found here.”

“Ye-Yeah, that’s right, um, it’s just the usual with Elsa,” Curtis said.

“That’s right, I have a strong will, so I won’t move until it’s what I’ve decided to do,” Elsa said. “Some people say I’m stubborn, but I personally think it’s a virtue. Yes, that’s right, it’s a virtue.”

So there is a little interest here.

Or rather, looking from the side, I think she’s completely in love with Curtis-nii-chan.

I think the only one who doesn’t understand that is Curtis-onii-chan, the most naive person in the three kingdoms. [1](#)

The Saint’s Faction safely arrived at Hiyoko-Do.

“Oh, you’re coming today too, Makoto?” Cliff said.

“Shut it, Onii-chan,” I said.

“Hold, you, don’t be so cavalier with a noble like Kimball-sama,” Elsa said, scolding Cliff who raised his eyebrows in reaction.

“Yeah, now that she mentions it, goodness me, I’m so sorry, Kimball-

sama.”

“Stop that, he’s my blood brother,” I said.

“Wait, are you brother and sister?” Elsa said.

“That’s right, he’s my blood-related older brother who I left behind in the city, so please take note of that,” I said.

“I’m sorry for my behavior,” Elsa said.

“No, I’m sorry that I let you misunderstand,” Cliff said, smiling openly and bowing to Elsa.

Elsa-san smiled wryly, no no, with a face as if the poison had been removed somehow.

Everyone stands in line.

It’s a Saturday and it’s not too long after work, so the line is short.

After waiting for a while, we arrived at the glass case where my Otou-chan was waiting.

“Give me saint’s bread and ham and egg,” I said.

“Aiyou,” Otou-chan said.

I’m wondering what Elsa-san should ask for.

“Grigny-sama, which do you prefer, sweet or salty?” I asked.

“Ah, I like sweets,” Elsa said.

“Saint’s bread and strawberry jam bread are popular,” Otou-chan said.

“Well, we’ll get that,” Elsa said.

Otou-chan smiled and put the bread in a flax bag.

He also added a soda.

“Thank you,” Elsa said, clutching the flax bag containing the bread and soda.

“I like salty, myon, what do you think I’d like, myou?” Koishi asked.

“Mayo-corn... is a little salty...” Elmer said.

“I’ll believe in Elmer-shyama, myon,” Koishi said. “Oji-san, give me mayo-corn and stew bread, kudashyaina.”

Elmer is devoted to preaching the goodness of mayo-corn bread.

“Everything looks delicious,” Cattleya said. “It’s the first time I’ve come to a bakery, but isn’t it a pretty exciting place?”

“Everything is delicious,” Otou-chan said.

“I see, umm, I’ll have saint’s bread and sausage bread, and a soda.”

Cattleya-sama seems to have taken a shine to the place immediately.

“Give me a hot dog with a fish sandwich and a soda,” Carol said.

Carol is surprisingly a fan of bread with cooked meats in them.

Curtis-onii-chan ordered a bacon egg bun, a stew bun, and a hot dog.

He eats well, as expected of an athletic club member.

Melissa-san ordered saint’s bread and nut donuts.

“I was able to order by myself today, Makoto-sama,” Melissa said, looking satisfied with herself.

Yeah, she’s cute.

“Give me saint’s bread and a twister,” Yuri-Yuri-senpai said, ordering directly from Otou-chan.

Misha-san seems to have been left behind.

Corinna-chan stopped by the counter last and ordered saint’s bread and cream coronet.

“It’s nothing but sweets today, huh?” I asked.

“My tastes are only for sweets,” Corinna said.

We all go to a nature park near the school, put out a blanket on the lawn, and eat bread.

The weather is fine, and the sun hits my body and warms me up.

“Aah-ha-ha, it’s delicious, myon, what is this?” Koishi said.

“Yeah, this is delicious, and it’s fun to eat with everyone,” Cattleya said.

It seems that Cattleya-sama was also a bocchi.

She’s eating while smiling side by side with Koishi-chan.

“Mayo-corn is... the truth,” Elmer said, two mayo-corn pieces of bread in each hand.

How much does he love this stuff?

Misha, Yuri-Yuri’-senpai’s maid, appeared with a tea wagon and served tea to everyone.

So she was busy with something else.

However, there is a tea wagon for outdoor use.

The wheels are big.

“Makoto-sama, here you go,” Misha said.

“Thank you, Misha-san,” I said.

Your tea is delicious.

“Ara, ara, maa, maa, I heard Hiyoko-Do’s bread is delicious, but it’s even more delicious than I thought,” Yurisha said.

“Thank you, Yurisha-senpai,” I said.

Yurisha-senpai seems to be a gourmet, but did she get hooked on Hiyoko-Do’s bread, as Otou-chan probably expected?

Sandwiched between Carol and Corinna-chan, I munch on my saint’s bread.

Why is the food you eat outside so delicious?

I’m happy.

Elsa-san sat down next to Curtis-nii-chan and took out a saint’s bread from her flax bag.

She pulled out a bottle of soda but apparently didn’t have a bottle opener, so she was restless.

Curtis-nii-chan took out a multi-purpose knife from his pocket, silently snatched the soda bottle from Elsa-san, opened it, and silently handed it back to her.

Elsa-san silently nodded wordlessly and nibbled at the saint's bread.

Guys, don't be silent, just say a few words.

Somehow, it makes me uncomfortable.

"Ah, delicious..."

"Even commoner bakers aren't idiots, you know."

"Ye-Yes, that's right..."

Elsa-san's cheeks blushed slightly as she ate the saint's bread.

Somehow, I think Elsa-san is a clumsy person.

I guess she's trapped in the image of the ideal lady in her heart, and she's trying not to show it by suppressing her feelings for Curtis-sama.

Well, even so, if you're a normal person, you'll probably notice it, but Curtis-nii-chan is super naive.

Everyone finished their meal and the atmosphere was relaxing.

Oh, it's nice weather out.

"Speaking of which, Elsa-san, your martial arts must also be amazing, right, what are your specialties?" I asked.

"Huh?" Elsa asked.

"Oi, oi, this girl is only good at embroidery and socializing," Curtis said.

"Oh, is that so, Curtis?" I asked.

Huh? Elsa cornered the protagonist in the second half of Curtis's Route and stabbed her in the stomach with a dagger.

Speaking of the second half of the Curtis Route, by that point the main character has enough combat power to defeat a dragon on their own.

The skill to land a lethal blow in one go at such a hero is considerable.

Is it different from the game?

“Well, I’m the daughter of a knight family, so I do a little of that, but where did you find that out?” Elsa asked.

“Iyah, just somehow,” I said.

I can’t say I know these from the games.

“Eh, Elsa, you said you weren’t interested in martial arts at all,” Curtis said.

“I’m not interested, Curtis-sama, I was just trained by my father and brother, and first of all, it’s embarrassing that the daughter of a count is a martial artist,” Elsa said.

“Seriously... how good are you?” Curtis asked.

“I’m certain young ladies shouldn’t be showing off their martial arts skills,” Elsa said. “Besides, I’ve been absent from the martial arts classes, so I’m probably a bit rusty.”

“Do you have a weapon?” Curtis asked.

“... Just in case,” Elsa said, taking an iron fan from her pocket.

It was a dagger in the game, though.

“Cattleya, go duel with Elsa,” Curtis said.

“Um, are you sure, Curtis-sama?” Cattleya asked.

“Come on, I’ll let it slide, it’s a disgrace for a warrior to not know his fiancée’s skills,” Curtis said.

“N-No, Curtis-sama, even a young lady shouldn’t have any martial arts skills...” Elsa said.

“Elsa, I want to see your fighting skill,” Elsa said.

Reluctantly, Elsa-san stood up with an iron fan in her hand.

Cattleya-sama drew the long sword from her waist and tied it with a cord so that it wouldn’t come out of its sheath.

The two face each other.

Cattleya-sama is in a large upper-half stance with the hilt of her sword resting on her right shoulder, and Elsa-san is in a natural posture with her shoulders relaxed.

“This is.....”

Sweat erupts from Cattleya-sama’s forehead.

Ah, Elsa-san is unreasonably strong.

Isn’t this skill of a master swordsman?

“RiyaaAAH!”

With a shout, Cattleya-sama closes the gap with her sword in the upper position.

Pan.

Then, the iron fan opened like a flower blooming and caught the sword.

Pan, pan, pa-pan.

Elsa-san blocked Cattleya-sama’s successive attacks with her iron fan, like a large flower in full bloom.

The distance between them was getting closer and closer, and the two of them only stopped moving when their bodies could have touched each other.

“It, it’s my loss,” Cattleya said, Elsa’s iron fan to her neck.

“You are very strong, aren’t you?” Elsa said.

It was Elsa’s overwhelming victory.

“Next is me myon, I’ll do it, myon,” Koishi said.

“Shut up, Kokeshi, I’m going to be next,” Curtis said.

“Please let me have a rematch, I let my guard down,” Cattleya said.

And now the martial arts idiots are arguing.

Seeing that, Elsa-san smiled faintly.

And then, noticing my gaze that was looking at her, she turned her

head to the side.

Elsa-san is so cute.

Footnotes

1. Possibly a reference to Romance of the Three Kingdoms, rather than literally referring to kingdoms in the world.

Chapter 57

57 - The Black Skull Corps Attacks The Saint's Faction

"Why didn't you tell me about your sword arm, Elsa?" Curtis asked.

"Chichi ordered me not to tell you, Curtis-sama, he said it's the same as embarrassing a man if his martial skill is inferior to a woman, so I should just show you my ladylike side and deceive you... was that wrong?"

"Of course, what your Chichi said was wrong, Elsa, even if I lost to you, I wouldn't be ashamed!" Curtis yelled.

"There is no distinction between men and women in martial arts, it's only natural that whoever is the better fighter wins!"

Curtis-onii-chan is all for equal competition.

This guy only has martial arts in his brain.

"I am the second son of a frontier noble, and my brother is the one who will inherit the house, so when I grow up, I plan to leave home and become an adventurer," Curtis said.

Elsa-san stepped back in shock.

"Richard-sama, your brother, is sickly, and I thought it best to make preparations for you to take over the family because anything could happen at any time," Elsa said.

"Are you waiting while preparing for the future that you don't know when it will come?" Curtis said. "I don't want to do that. When I come of age, I'm still going to leave home and go on a journey for adventure. So, I know that the woman who stands beside me has to be strong."

Elsa-san was looking at Curtis-onii-chan with wide eyes wondering, probably wondering what this guy was saying.

"Then, all my hard work to become a noble lady, to prepare to be the wife of a margrave..."

"I felt sorry for you, you were trying too hard to be ladylike, I felt

guilty,” Curtis said. “That’s why I couldn’t tell you about my dream.”

“I, my dream is to be with you, Curtis-sama, as a wife of the margrave... to be a respectable lady...”

Ah, it’s a misunderstanding of each other’s dreams due to a lack of communication.

Carnage incoming, carnage incoming.

Everyone in the faction also holds their breath and can’t take their eyes off the Curtis-Elsa Theater.

“I thought that someday, I would have to abandon you when I go out into the wilderness with my concubines,” Curtis said.

So that’s why Curtis was so plain and boring to Elsa-san.

I guess he was being so distant and cold to her so she wouldn’t have any lingering attachment when he abandoned her.

“But if you’re this strong, it’s a different story,” Curtis said.

“Yes?” Elsa said.

“You should immediately move from Class C to Class B, enter the Swordsmanship Club, stop training as a young lady, and develop your talent with the sword,” Curtis said.

“N-No, umm, Curtis-sama, such a thing is,” Elsa said.

“Elsa, I want you next to me as I go into the wilderness. Let’s be together forever,” Curtis said, taking Elsa’s hand and speaking passionately.

Elsa-san blushed. “Yes.....” she said.

“Alright, okay, okay, then first join the faction, it’ll be fine,” Curtis said.

“Right, it doesn’t matter anymore...” Elsa said.

Well, even if it’s a misunderstanding, it’s reaaaalllly no wonder that all the noble lady training she’d been working on was in vain and that Curtis-onii-chan will be destroyed if the sword skills he worked so hard to get would become useless in one stroke of fate.

But, well, if Elsa-san is happy, that's fine.

"I mean, you guys should talk more," I said.

"No, I didn't think that this homely Elsa could have such skill with a sword," Curtis said.

"I didn't expect that you would abandon your family, Curtis-sama," Elsa said.

"But I'm glad we got to know each other, welcome to the faction, Grigny-sama," I said.

"Elsa is fine, Makoto-sama," Elsa said.

"Yeah, nice to meet you, Elsa-san," I said.

"The pleasure is all mine," Elsa said.

We shook hands with Elsa.

A great swordsman has joined the faction, and she is also familiar with high society.

I'm sure we can count on her.

Carol looked at the two with a smile that seemed to melt away.

"You look happy," I said.

"Yeah, I thought it was quite a relief to see, thank you, Makoto," Carol said.

"I didn't do anything, and it's not my fault that they didn't talk and kept misreading their intentions," I said.

"Fufu, still, thank you for that, Makoto," Carol said.

Well, no, if Carol looks happy, I'm happy to be claimed responsible for it.

"Come on, the faction's swordsmanship group will return to the school for a mock battle," Curtis said.

"Let's do it, myon, I'm going to fight Elsa-san," Koishi said.

"I, I was letting my guard down earlier, this time I won't," Cattleya

said.

“Take it easy, both of you,” Elsa said, her mood softening.

Much better than being stubborn.

All of a sudden, I felt something strange, and when I looked toward the trees, I saw a suspicious group of people wearing black skull masks walking toward us.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“We are the Black Skull Group! We are a group that loves justice and hates deceit!! We have come to punish the evil false saint, Makoto Kimball!”

“What are you talking about, Mike?” I asked.

Mike put on a suspicious mask and brought along a suspicious group.

There are about 30 people.

There are about 10 people that are slim and well-groomed, so they must be students of the school.

The other 20 looks like downtown thugs.

“No! I’m not Michael Pickering!! I’m a mysterious person, Dokuro Man!!”

No, no matter how you look at it, it’s Mike’s voice and stature.

“That’s right! Makoto, there’s no way Aniue would dress like that!!” Cattleya said. “Your sense of choosing a black skull mask yet calling yourself an ally of justice, your contradictory words, and actions, that’s all so ridiculously stupid!! You can’t be my Aniue!!”

Ah, Cattleya-sama is starting to get riled up.

And Mike, don’t hold your chest because your sister called you stupid.

“Ca-Cattleya Pickering-sama, you, you’re from Pottinger-kyou’s Faction, why are you mixing with the Saint’s Faction!?!” “Dokuro Man” said.

“Eh, aah, that reason is, it’s because I have friends here!!” Cattleya said.

“Nnu, it can’t be helped, please stand back a little,” Dokuro Man said.

“No, why do I have to listen to a villain like you?! Don’t mock me!!” Cattleya said.

“We-We’re also part of Pottinger-kyou’s Faction,” Dokuro Man said.

“That’s a lie!!!”

What power there was in Cattleya-sama’s “That’s a lie!”, all the birds flew out of the canopy.

“In the glorious Pottinger-kyou’s Faction, there is no one who hides his face and waits to ambush people from the shadows!! You are all scoundrels!! I, a true member of Pottinge-kyou’s faction, will never forgive you for this insult!!”

Ah, Cattleya-sama drew her sword out of anger.

Uhhiya-hhiya, the 10 or so masked students under Mike are in trouble.

What do we do in this situation?

“Kuh! I’ll deal with this woman!” Dokuro Man said. “The rest of you cut down Makoto Kimball!”

“”Roger!!””

The Black Skulls drew their swords all at once.

Oh, are they really going to kill me?

“I won’t let you,” Carol said.

Jyari-jyari-jyarin, Chain-kun rose up next to Carol.

“Corinna-chan, Melissa-chan, Yurisha-senpai behind me,” I said. “Elsa-san, escort the three of us, please.”

“Understood,” Elsa said.

Yurisha-senpai took out a magic wand from her pocket.

Misha-san takes out a halberd that is about twice her height from the tea wagon.

Corinna-chan and Melissa-san stepped back.

Elsa-san moves closer to the three with an iron fan in her hand.

“You all... don’t take me for a fool,” Elmer said.

Many ice spikes form around Elmer and slowly rotate.

It looks like an ice fortress.

Dokuro Man and Cattleya-sama are starting to have a serious match-up.

“Kisama! You’re a long swordsman from the same school as I!! Shame on you!!” Cattleya yelled.

“Th-There’s a reason for this, you’ll understand!!” Dokuro Man said.

“I will not understand!! Neither will I want to!!!”

Yeah, it might be effective to hold down a Pickering with another Pickering.

“Let’s go! It’s okay to cut them down, right, Makoto!!?” Curtis asked.

“Well, just avoid instant death, otherwise I can’t heal them!!!” I asked.

“So it’s okay, myon? Then I’ll cut them down!!” Koishi yelled.

Uwa, the combat bakas certainly look happy.

There are about 30 opponents, so I can’t suppress them with non-lethal attacks like peak strikes.

The fact that they drew their swords means that they are prepared to die if something happens.

I make a ring of Light molecules and spread it.

I searched around 1 square kilometer—and saw someone was acting strange.

“Elsa-san, 5 people from the forest behind! They’re coming!”

“Roger that!”

Five thugs burst out from the bushes, targeting the non-combatants.

Elsa-san defeated one with a single blow, one was beaten by Misha-san’s halberd, and Yurisha-senpai blew two away with Wind magic.

As for the remaining one, Elsa-san quickly ran up to them and gave them a blow.

That prevented a surprise attack from behind.

DOOOOHHHNNN!

It was an explosion.

I thought it was Curtis' collapsing Fire magic, but Carol threw a test tube.

It looks like it contained explosive chemicals.

5 or 6 Skulls were caught and blown away.

"Carol! Nice explosion," I said.

"Fufufu, thank you," Carol said, smiling brightly.

Curtis and Koishi-chan are slashing with their backs to each other.

They're working smoothly despite this being the first time they're doing this.

"Curtis!" I yelled, pointing at the thickest concentration of enemies.

"Ouuuh!" Curtis said, nodding.

"On my count!" I yelled. "3, 2, 1, **Light!**"

"Fireball!"

My Light orb and Curtis's Fireball intersect where the enemy is densest.

"” COLLAPSE!!”

BIKKA-DOKKAN!!

A flash of light and a roaring sound caused the Skulls to freeze up.

Instant stun grenade magic!

There, Elmer's ice spikes rain down, defeating the members of the Skull Brigade.

"Wh-What the hell!!!"

“Don’t look away! You bastards!!”

The Skull Corps is now full of corpses.

Dokuro Man was now the only one standing on the ground.

“Da-Damn it!! Kisamaraaa, you’re all cowards!!” Dokuro Man said.

“What’s so cowardly about attacking with 3 times the numbers!!?” Cattleya yelled. “You’re a just piece of walking trash!! If you have to learn anything from this, learn from the ideal knight, my Onii-sama!!”

“Guuuu!!” Dokuro Man groaned.

Perhaps he was shaken, and he took a blow from Cattleya-sama’s longsword on his right hand.

“Kuh, I’ll remember this, Saint’s Faction...!!”

Dokuro Man turned tail and started running away.

“Wait!!” Cattleya cried.

“Cattleya-san, please hold back,” I said.

“Mm, why Makoto?” Cattleya asked.

“It’s dangerous if you chase after him alone,” I said.

“Ah, that’s right, I think all the blood was rushing to my head, sorry,” Cattleya said.

But the lawn in the park is a mess of blood, ice, and explosions.

The Skull Corpsemen that could still walk ran away, but about 10 people were laid out and groaning in pain.

It would be a problem if they died here, so I cast Healing magic in order of severity.

Carol also took out potions and poured it on them.

What a hassle.

Chapter 58

58 - Cleaning Up After The Attack And Heading To The Great Temple

Severed fingers are lying all over the lawn.

They kind of look like caterpillars.

“Your Horai sword is incredibly sharp, Kokeshi,” Curtis said.

“It cuts well but is fragile, myon, if you make a mistake, it’s going to bend, myonyo,” Koishi replied.

All these clusters of severed fingers are the work of Koishi-chan’s gauntlet with her Horai sword.

“Ah, you Skulls,” I said. “I’ll put your fingers back together, so go find yours and come over here.”

“Uggh, is, is it okay?”

“We’re so sorry, gggguh.”

“If you don’t have fingers, you’ll be in trouble, so line up, line up,” I said.

For the time being, I will cast High Heal on the Skulls.

Well, if the injury is just severed fingers, you just have to stick them back together.

Horai swords, or rather Japanese swords, are lighter and sharper than Western swords.

Koishi-chan’s fighting style is a blitz that makes use of sword speed and changes in stance.

Alter the trajectory of the swing by shifting it by a few centimeters along the way.

Then you can’t get away your fingers away, so so you can’t escape the attack.

It’s a nasty tactic.

"I have extra fingers leftover..." I said, looking at the three digits remaining.

Hmmm.

I interrogate the student-like, spindly Skull Corpsman.

"Go tell whichever Skull is still missing these to go see a doctor themselves, and that I can't take care of them," I said.

"Got it. I'm grateful for the treatment, even though we are enemies..."

"It's okay, it's hard to lose your fingers for the rest of your life because of something so trivial," I said.

The spindly Skull Corpsman bit his mouth and nodded silently.

I waved at the Skull Corpsmen that had healed from their injuries and let them escape.

And they run away at full speed.

"Are you sure about this, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"We can't arrest them," I said. "It's just more trouble."

"I almost died... you might have been..." Carol said.

"Everyone in the faction was strong, so somehow it's all fine," I said, smiling.

It will take time to be questioned by officials, and Pottinger-kyou's house will probably cover it up anyway, so there's no problem even if you let them escape.

Of course, if someone in my faction got hurt this time, I'd be pissed off.

Normally, this may have been the igniting incident of a holy war.

Curtis-onii-chan told me to start the Saint's Faction, which helped me a lot.

If it was just Carol and me, I don't think we could have survived nearly 30 thugs coming at us.

Corinna-chan or Melissa-sama might have been kidnapped and

threatened.

After all, numbers are what counts in battle, Curtis-onii-chan.

Three Skull Corpsmen were sitting on the lawn.

They take off their masks and kneel on the ground.

And underneath were some dirty ojis.

What is it?

“I didn’t know you were the saint!”

“I pointed my sword at you, when you came to the slums many times to serve food and helped our neighbors!”

“Punish me, give me a punishment!”

“What the, were you guys from the slums?”

“”Yes, we were!””

The three old men rubbed their foreheads on the ground.

“Well, it can’t be helped if it’s for the money, don’t worry about it, just go,” I said.

“Bu-But!”

“From now on, stop working such dirty jobs, and oh yeah, you’re in my way, so just go home,” I said.

“You’re too kind.”

“Oh, oh, what a Saint.”

“I’m going to stop doing this thug work, I’m so sorry.”

The three men ran toward the exit of the park crying.

Geeze, I feel sorry for these criminals.

“So the people in the slums love you, Makoto?” Carol said.

“Because the Great Temple often runs soup kitchens in the slums,” I said. “It’s the temple that they like.”

“Is that so?” Carol said.

“Of course, it must be,” I said.

They say I’m a saint candidate, but compared to me, my contribution to society is small compared to the obaaa-chans and the ni-sans.

I can only use Light magic, so I’m not much of a person myself.

In that respect, the obaa-chans and the ni-sans are amazing, they are kind and have a lot of social experience.

There are also fallen nobles.

Although they’ve deviated from the main path of nobility, they’re happily and energetically serving society.

“Well, I’m going to the Great Temple. I’ll be back at the dormitory tomorrow morning,” I said.

“Understood, be careful,” Carol said.

I’m glad that she’s worried about me.

“If they attack me near the Great Temple, it means death, so if they’re going to strike again, it will be near the school, but we’ve already repelled them, so we’ll be fine,” I said.

Cattleya-sama stood up and bowed to me. “I will go to the second official residence of Pottinger-kyou and inquire about the Black Skull Corps.”

“Cattleya-sama, you’ll put yourself in danger,” Melissa said as she took Cattleya’s hand.

Well, it was the day before yesterday that she was pushed into the pond.

“Thank you for your concern, Melissa-sama,” Cattleya said. “But you know, this is something I have to do, that only I can do.”

Curtis stood up and tapped Cattleya-sama on the shoulder.

“Well said, Cattleya, I’ll go back you up,” Curtis said.

“Thank you, Curtis-sama.”

“If something happens to Cattleya, Curtis-shyama and I will ... Elsa-shyama and the three of us will attack, myon,”

Koishi said. “I’ll be there so you can have peace of mind, myon.”

“Thank you, Koishi,” Cattleya said.

“As the official wife, no matter what happens, you must not die, Cattleya, alright?” Elsa said.

“Yes, Elsa-sama!” Cattleya said.

I shot a nano-sized ring of Light around me again.

Oops, Anne-san was unexpectedly nearby.

When I turned around in surprise, Anne-san raised her eyebrows as if she understood why.

This person really does erase her presence and hides nearby.

Further expanding the circle of light, two or three maids were lurking in the forest.

Is that Shirley?

I shouted loudly to the one who seems to be Shirley-san.

“Ah, if Cattleya-san gets hurt badly, I’m going to get angry enough to call a holy war on Duke Pottinger!” I went.

“What are you talking about, Makoto?” Corinna asked, curious.

“Just in case, I tried to declare it to the lurking spies,” I said.

“I see,” Corinna said.

Cattleya-sama’s cheeks turned red and she was trembling. “Thank you Makoto, you really are a good person...”

Cattleya-sama is too impressed.

We’ll be friends soon, so it’s only natural.

She bowed her head and walked towards the second official residence of Pottinger-kyou.

Don’t die, Miss Cattleya.

If you're injured, I'll heal you, so do your best.

I say goodbye to everyone, walk straight, pass in front of Hiyoko-Do, and after a while, you will reach the Great Temple.

Or rather, it's not a distance that requires a carriage.

When I turned the corner of Hiyoko-Do, three black knights stood quietly.

Uoh, this is bad, House Mahler is here.

When I was cautious and reached out for the dagger on my waist, the leading black knight bowed his head.

"We mean you no harm, Holy Seijou-sama," he said.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Our master, Gustav Mahler-sama, wants to apologize to the Saint-sama," the black knight said.

"I don't need an apology, just return the money you stole from the cafeteria and post an apology on the capital square bulletin board. Then I'll forgive him," I said.

The black knights looked at each other.

"Um, our master wants to apologize, and would like to invite the Saint-sama to the Mahler-sama's townhouse..."

"Who's going to the venomous spider's lair alone? If you want to apologize, tell Gustav-hakushaku to come to the Great Temple himself," I said.

"Un-Understood, we'll tell him," the lead black knight said.

The three lowered their heads and left into the back of the alley.

"Did the horses come home safely?" I asked.

"Yes, thank you very much, all three of them are back," the black knight replied, turning around and replying cheerfully.

All right, it's not the horse's fault.

Also, the captain's leg seems to be firmly reattached.

Seriously, if you want to apologize, come and do it with your own two feet.

Chapter 59

59 - Playing With The Orphans At The Great Temple

We arrived at the Great Temple.

As I climbed the grand staircase, the orphans spotted me and rushed towards me with cheers.

“Uwiii, Mako-nee-chan!”

“Onee-chan, it’s been a long time!!”

“Uwaa, Makoto-onee-chan!!”

“Everyone, how’ve you been?” I asked.

The five orphanage children attack me like opossum pups from the Americas.

As they hang off me, I put strengthening magic into my body and my legs and climb up the grand staircase.

The children squeal with delight as they hang on my back.

“Since Mako-nee-chan isn’t coming, we just got nothing to do, nothing to do.”

“You’ll be here on Sunday too, right?”

“Sorry, just for today,” I said.

“Eh, that’s boring, boring!”

“Let’s stay here longer.”

“I’m sorry, it can’t be helped because it’s school, you’ll understand when you turn 13 and go to secondary school,” I said.

A child’s body temperature is high, so if they stick to you, you’ll sweat.

When I reach the top of the grand staircase, I drop the children down.

“Right, I’m going to go see Kyoko-sama, later, everyone,” I said.

“Got it, we’ll be in the orphanage.”

“You know, the food there has been delicious these days.”

“It’s because someone named Ilda came in.”

Ah, Ilda-san is cooking the meals for the orphanage.

Thank you for that.

I parted from the children and walked through the central corridor.

Both sides of the corridor are lined with statues of successive saints.

There was only one empty space on the way, and when I thought about it, it seems that there used to be a statue of Bianca-sama.

The statue of Maria-sama is still there next to it, and it looks kind of simple and kind.

Before I knew it, Linda-san was walking next to me.

“Linda-san, hello,” I said.

“Hello Saint-sama, how are you?” Linda asked.

“Maa, maa-ne, what about the intelligence maid?” I asked.

“I have selected about three people, what will you do for the interview?” Linda replied.

What should I do, indeed?

“Let’s have an interview after playing with the kids at the orphanage,” I said.

“As the Saint wills it,” Linda said. “How about dinner? Thanks to Ilda-san’s arrival, the food in the cafeteria has become very delicious.”

“Ilda-san’s cooking is tempting, but I’ll take dinner at the baron’s house. Sorry,” I said.

“I understand, it’s a pity, but your foster home is also important,” Linda said.

At the end of the corridor stands a divine statue of the goddess.

I kneel down with Linda and offer my prayers.

Goddess, I entered the Magic Academy.

I don't know what you want to do until you brought this Makoto's soul into this world, but I will do my best, so please give me your blessings.

When I stand up, Linda also stands up and leads me to Kyoko-sama's room.

Knocking on the heavy door, Linda called out,

"Kyoko-sama, Saint-sama has arrived."

"Come in," Kyoko-sama said.

Linda-san opens the door and we enter.

Kyoko-sama smiled and stood up from his chair, then gave me a firm handshake.

"Makoto, it's been a while since yesterday, hasn't it?" Kyoko-sama said.

"Please stop welcoming me every day, Kyoko-sama," I said.

"No, no, I'll welcome you every day," Kyoko-sama said. "You are the symbol of the Great Temple."

Indeed, Kyoko-sama is sweet to me.

If you dote on me too much, my head will grow big.

"I have something to say to you, Kyoko-sama," I said.

"What is it, Makoto? Please tell me," he said.

"I think it's too early for you to see it, please take a look here," I said, pulling out a glass jar of rotten barley from my pocket and handing it to him.

"Hmm, this is bad rolled barley, what do you mean by this?" Kyoko-sama said.

I press my finger against the glass bottle that Kyoko-sama was holding.

"Heal."

A pale light envelops the rolled barley, fading away the dark brown color of rot and giving way to a pale yellow rolled barley.

“Oh! Did you heal the grains?” Kyoko-sama said.

“Yes, it can handle a considerable amount,” I said.

“As expected of a Saint-sama, isn’t it the secret art of Bianca-sama’s Legend, turning rotten grains in the silo back into good grains overnight?” Linda said.

“I think it probably is, Linda-san,” said.

“Ummmmmu,” Kyoko-sama grumbled, intensely looking at the glass jar of rolled barley.

“If we can get a large amount of the grain that went to waste, we can procure ingredients for cooking at a low cost,” I said.

“Indeed, that’s great, but we won’t say this publicly,” Kyoko-sama said.

“I came up with it in the kitchen of the girls’ dormitory cafeteria at school, so I think it’s already known to some extent,” I said.

“It would be bad if the country knew about it,” Kyoko-sama said. “It would be extremely effective in providing supplies to the military, and reducing the amount of wasted grain is equivalent to increasing food production. If we’re not careful, you could be used as a tool to heal grain for the rest of your life.”

“Anyone who forces Saint-sama into such a ridiculous role will be cut down, even if they are the king,” Linda said.

You shouldn’t say you’re going to kill the king, Linda-san.

“Let’s keep it a temple secret for the time being,” Kyoko-sama said. “We’ll use it for cooking ingredients. After that, we’ll use it to save lives in the event of a famine someday.”

“I think that’s good, too,” I said.

After exchanging various words, I leave Kyoko-sama’s room.

Even though he’s busy, I’m glad he made time for me.

By the way, the Pope of the Sacred Heart Temple is in the Appleton

Kingdom because he escaped from the Head Temple, which suffered devastating damage when the Demon King attacked, and stayed here instead.

The Head Temple has been rebuilt, but it seems that the previous Kyoko-sama said something like, “I don’t want to go back.”

And it seems that the Head Temple decided that Kyoko-sama could be in Appleton because it was around the time when Holy Maria-sama was here.

It seems that the role was divided between the Head Temple with its cultural history and the Grand Temple for practical work.

“Next, I’ll go to the kitchen and meet Ilda-san,” I said.

“This is the kitchen where you’ll find her,” Linda said.

I don’t eat much at the Great Temple, so I don’t know where the kitchen is.

This place is about the size of Tokyo Dome.

There are lodgings for Sacred Heart believers who come from all over the world, and an orphanage is attached.

There was a kitchen in the back of the Great Temple, on the east side.

“It’s the third kitchen that makes food for the orphanage and the lodgers,” Linda-san said.

Yare, yare, the Great Temple is big.

I found Ilda-san in the back of the kitchen and waved at her.

She approached me with a smile.

“If it isn’t you, Saint-sama,” Ilda said.

“Thank you for helping around in the kitchen,” I said.

“No, no, it’s a small repayment of your kindness, please don’t worry about it,” Ilda said.

“Since you came, Ilda-san, the food in the orphanage and the lodger’s cafeteria has become very delicious,” I said.

“You’re embarrassing me, Holy Maiden-sama,” Ilda said, smiling shyly.

It’s very nice.

I will not forgive the Mahler family for tormenting someone who likes to cook so much.

“Oh that’s right, Marissa-san said she wanted you, Ilda-san, to decide next week’s menu for the girls’ dormitory cafeteria,” I said.

“Oh, so I see, do you want me to write it now?” Ilda said.

“Right now you must be busy preparing dinner, and I’m going to choose a maid from the temple today, so it’s fine if you can have one of the kids bring it to me,” I said.

“Right, then, should I write it by about 6 o’clock?” Ilda said.

“Yes, they want recipes for the week,” I said.

“Okay, what about the ingredients?” Ilda said.

“There’s a lot of quality rolled barley, and it looks like we’ll be able to prepare fresh meat and vegetables, too,” I said.

“I’m grateful for that, I really want to go home right now and make meals for the dorm students,” Ilda said.

“Please be patient a little longer. I’ll do something about it,” I said.

“Yes, I’m counting on you,” Ilda said, deeply bowing her head.

Just leave it to me.

Now then, let’s play with the children at the orphanage.

When I entered the orphanage, more than 20 orphans jumped at me all at once.

Uhei, they’re all squirming.

“Onee-chan, Makoto-oneechan”

“Waah, we missed you so much.”

“Let’s play, let’s play!!”

“Yes yes, I’m going to play with you guys, now let’s go,” I said.

For about an hour, I went on a rampage with the kids, doing things like horse jumping, shadow demons, and mud-slinging, and we had a blast.

After all, playing with children is fun.

We all ate snacks made by Ilda-san at the orphanage cafeteria.

It’s a baked confectionery with a rustic sweetness, but it’s really delicious.

“Well, I’ll be back next week,” I said.

“I can’t wait~”

“We miss you when Makoto-oneechan doesn’t come~”

“Ueeenn.”

I embrace the crying child and stroke his head.

There, there.

“I’ll come again, sorry.”

“Come again soon.”

“Yeah, wait until Saturday,” I said.

“Yeah, I’ll be waiting, I’ll be a good boy.”

“Un, un.”

I put down the crying child and wave to everyone.

“Later.”

The orphanage children laughed and waved as they ran to the playground.

“Now then, shall we go to the interview with the intelligence maids?” I asked.

“Understood, right this way,” Linda said as she lead me back to the Great Temple.

Chapter 60

60 - Interviewing An Intelligence Maid Is Difficult

Linda-san took me to the east side stairs of the Great Temple.

“Underground?” I asked.

“Yes, we’re holding the interviews underground,” Linda said.

“Why is that?” I asked.

If you say the basement of the Great Temple, there are only prisons and torture chambers there.

“The temple’s Women Intelligence Agent’s headquarters are in the basement,” Linda said.

“Heh?” I went.

What is the setting like in that spy action drama?

I went down the stairs with Linda and entered the basement.

It’s musty, dark, and gloomy.

We walk down the corridor between the two prisons.

Only the sound of footsteps resounds.

There are no people in prison.

“No one is arresting anyone right now, huh?” I said.

“Indeed, the current Kyoko-sama is mild-mannered,” Linda said.

If Kyoko-sama is not warm-hearted, this place is used.

No, no.

There was a heavy door at the back of the corridor, and Linda-san opened it.

Three women were sitting in an unexpectedly bright room.

“Saint-sama, these are the chosen intelligence maids,” Linda said.

Fumufumu, an oba-chan, and a slender woman, and a girl who looks quite dark.

“Hello, I’m Makoto,” I said.

“Hello, Holy Maiden-sama, it’s an honor to meet you.”

“Saint-sama, how are you today?”

“Hello.....”

I sat across from the three of them.

Linda-san stands behind me.

“At the Academy, I need an intelligence maid to accompany me. Please introduce yourself and tell us what you are good at,” I said.

The oba-chan and the woman smiled happily.

The last girl is expressionless.

“Let me do it first. I’m Jesse. I’m highly skilled as a domestic maid. I gather a wide range of information by casual chatting as an espionage method,” she said.

Is Jesse a housekeeper-type intelligence maid?

This may be effective, but it doesn’t seem like she will be able to fight.

She can find secrets in various places, though.

“I am Hana, Saint-sama. I am good at desk work,” she said. “I’m also good at analyzing and scrutinizing information.

I’m not a great domestic maid but I can certainly help you.”

Information analysis and bureaucracy.

She’s talented.

However, there doesn’t seem to be enough information to analyze at the Academy.

“Dulcie. I can’t do housework or spy work...” the last muttered.

Fumuu.

I look at Linda-san.

Why did you bring her?

“For the time being, I have fighting power,” Dulcie said.

“I see,” I said.

“I recommend Jesse. Hana is talented, but she won’t be able to show her strengths at the Academy,” Linda said.

Indeed, I think so too.

I guess I’ll decide on Jesse...

There’s something.

I’m worried about Dulcie.

What is it?

“Where did you learn the art of espionage, Dulcie?” I asked.

“...” Dulcie hides her eyes with her messy bangs.

She’s about the same age as me

She feels plain.

“The Maid’s Village?” I asked.

“I don’t want to say it.”

“Dulcie, kisama, to say that to Saint-sama!”

“Linda-san, shut up,” I said.

“Gnnnuu,” Linda grunted.

“Anne-san said you were skilled,” I said.

The skilled person that Anne-san was talking about when she entered the temple was probably Dulcie.

But why are you so careless?

“Anne did... ah, I see...” Dulcie said, looking a little sad as she lowered her head.

“How do you fight?” I asked.

“Barehanded,” Dulcie said.

Something seems to be going on.

What, am I a girl who loves troublesome people?

Honestly, this is annoying.

“I decided, Dulcie, you’re coming with me,” I said.

Dulcie looked at me with a surprised expression.

“I don’t know what happened, but it doesn’t feel good to have talented people being hunted down,” I said. “Come with me to the Academy, Dulcie.”

“I am.....”

“I’m against it. This girl has no motivation,” Linda said.

“It’s okay, you don’t need to take care of yourself, and if you’re going to move around the girls’ dormitory, which is a battleground for intelligence maids, it’s safer if you’re good at martial arts,” I said.

“Goodness, Saint-sama, you are so fond of strange people, aren’t you?” Linda said.

You’re the top of my weirdo collection, Linda.

“Makoto-sama...” Dulcie said.

“What?” I asked.

“Me, you’re going to choose me?”

“I choose you, Dulcie. You’re my intelligence maid,” I said.

Dulcie looked up at the ceiling.

Then she takes a deep breath.

“Understood, Saint-sama,” Dulcie said, bowing her head.

“Pleasure to be working with you, Dulcie, it’s your first job, but I’d like you to get the menu for the girls’ dormitory cafeteria from Ildasan in the cafeteria later, and deliver it to the girls’ dormitory at the

school.”

“Understood,” Dulcie said. Then, she left the waiting room.

I bowed my head to Jesse and Hana.

“I’m sorry to have you come all the way here,” I said.

“It’s fine, Saint-sama, everything is as you wish.”

“Dulcie’s arms are quite strong, so please take care of her.”

“You guys, please do your best in the Great Temple as intelligence maids,” I said.

“Of course, we will.”

“I will do my best to live up to your expectations.”

Linda-san was scratching her head.

“Goodness, I thought it would be a problem if you chose the person I brought to play the foil,” Linda said.

“... You thought I wasn’t going to choose her, or something?” I asked.

“I won’t deny it,” Linda said. “You have bad taste, Saint-sama. I thought Dulcie would be better off lazing around in the temple.”

I thought so.

Also, Jesse-san and Hana-san will be my future intelligence maids.

I guess we were just doing introductions today.

Despite looking like this, Linda-san has been surprisingly successful.

Chapter 61

61 - Walking To The Baron's House

It was already evening when I finished my errands at the Great Temple.

When Linda-san and I come up from the basement to the surface, the western sky is bright red.

Dusk is soothing.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was walking beside me.

“Saint-sama, I received a menu from Ilda-sama,” she said.

“Thank you, Dulcie. Linda-san, I’d like to put Dulcie in the girls’ dormitory, can I have you make arrangements?” I asked.

“Of course. Dulcie, take Hana to the Academy, check the availability of rooms in the girls’ dormitory, and complete the necessary procedures.”

“Understood, Linda-taicho,” Dulcie said before she went around and went back down the stairs to the basement.

With Hana, an intelligence analyst, the paperwork will be a breeze.

It may be a big deal that I was connected to the intelligence maid organization of the Great Temple.

“Linda-san, do you oversee the Great Temple’s Intelligence Maid Unit?”

“No, it’s necessary for the operation of the entire Holy Knights, so it’s overseen by the Knight Commander.”

Since Linda-san is the captain of her unit, is she in charge of higher-ups?

It’s an intelligence organization.

The 3rd Holy Knight Order, of which she serves as captain, is a full-fledged working force.

They travel all over the country to resolve temple-related problems nationwide by force of arms.

Originally, the 1st Holy Knights residing in the Great Temple would be more suitable for my escort and care, but Linda-san made a big fuss, saying that she would definitely do it, she would do it no matter what, and if it didn't work out, she would quit the temple, so, fortunately, she became my escort.

Originally, she should be used for guerrilla attacks, so it would be a waste to use her as an escort.

Linda-san's love for the saint is really heavy.

I went down the grand staircase and came out onto the main street of the royal capital.

"Well, Linda-san, good night, thank you for your help today."

When I say goodbye to Linda, she smiles.

"I will escort you to Baron Kimball's house," Linda said.

"No need," I said.

If Linda-san were there, I wouldn't be able to buy from and eat at the food stalls.

"Saint-sama isn't supposed to be wandering around alone," Linda said.

"Eh," I went.

"Dulcie will be escorting you in the shadows from now on, so I'm glad for that," Linda said.

"Geh, is Dulcie sticking to me all the time?" I said.

"That's what the intelligence maid is for," Linda said, smiling.

Ah, the saint candidate doesn't even have the right to be alone.

Together with Linda-san, I wander around the main street of the royal capital.

Wives shopping in the evening, civilians on their way home from work, and children on their way home from school.

Entering a crowd of people, I walked straight toward the Kimball Residence.

“You don’t want to ask what happened to Dulcie?” Linda asked.

“Hmm, well, she’ll probably tell me about it herself soon. Anne-san praises her for being so skillful, so it must take a considerable effort to say it, so I’m not going to force her to spill it,” I said.

“How wise, Saint-sama,” Linda said.

So far, as long as she has her martial arts skills, I can use her to run around doing errands.

It’s better for me to learn how to use my intelligence maid first.

If she has a problem, she’ll tell me about it in time.

However, I’ve gotten to know Anne-san, Margot-san, Shirley-san, Dulcie, and the other intelligence maids, but why do I feel like Margot-san is the strongest?

Is it because she’s the oldest?

“Are there any points to be aware of when using an intelligence maid?” I asked.

“About that, there is no one way to use them,” Linda said. “Basically, they will disappear and stick to the master, so if you need it, call them and they will come out.”

What’s with that garden-variety supervisor feel, have I changed jobs into an immediate supervisor?

I suppose Anne-san is hiding her presence because of that custom.

“If you want to assassinate someone, please gather information properly first,” Linda said. “If you put someone to task and it’s beyond their skill set, the maid will be killed. Please, do consider the time and money needed to train one before sending her out to assassinations.”

“No, I’m not going to do assassinations!” I yelled.

“If you really need it, please move my 3rd Order of Holy Knights. If it’s up to about the second official residence of Duke Pottinger, we can take it down,” Linda said.

“I’m not doing that, why are you trying to solve everything with violence?” I asked.

“Saint-sama, violence is a very easy solution, so everyone uses it a lot when they have power,” Linda said.

She has a point, violence is fun to use, you know you’ve won completely with it, and it’s so omnipotent that all victors use it.

Anyway, after a revolution or a coup d’état, public order must be restored quickly, so all those who are an eyesore should be purged.

No, no way.

Well, resolution through discussion only happens with problems that are inherently easy to solve, and when there’s some kind of complicated political issue, it’s usually a storm of violence.

In the up-and-coming Duke Pottinger’s family, the previous hero, James-okina, probably understood the effects and effects of the use of violence, but the second generation, Donald-san and Vivian-sama, were selfish and violent from the time they were born, so it seems like it’s become a habit.

If someone who can’t properly control people’s hearts is forced to only use violence, it’s only natural that they’ll be tripped up.

I am also a saint, so I have cheat power and use violence as much as I want, so I have to be careful.

It would be a shame to become like Bianca-sama.

Shouldn’t we avoid relying on Linda-san as much as possible?

When I was thinking about such things, I was in front of Baron Kimball’s mansion.

The steward spotted me and gave me a big smile.

“Welcome back, Makoto-oujou-sama.”

T/N: I’m going to stop referring to Duke Pottinger as Pottinger-kyou, unless it’s to his face. I’m starting to think about which Japanese grammar and customs like honorifics to keep and what to localize.

Chapter 62

62 - Father Cradles His Head at the Dinner Table

I was welcomed by the steward and entered Baron Kimball's residence.

Why did Linda-san come with me?

"Go back to the Great Temple," I said.

"No, I'm going to give my greetings to Danshaku-sama."

"Geeze," I said.

"Makoto-oujou-sama, don't be so nasty to Linda-sama," the steward said.

"Thank you," Linda said.

When I enter the entrance hall, Okaa-sama hugged me.

"Makoto-chan, Okaa-san missed you so much," she said.

"I'm home, Okaa-sama, I missed you, too."

Okaa-sama smells good.

She smells like the sun.

It smells of happiness.

"Hey, Makoto, how was school?"

"Brad-onii-sama. I didn't realize you were home?" I asked.

"Aah, I wanted to see you for the first time in a while, Makoto," Brad said.

"Well, Onii-sama, was it? You're acting very good," Linda said.

Hey, Linda, don't look at me like I'm a strange creature.

When I'm in the Baron's household, I'm properly acting like a young lady.

“You’re Linda-sama, I’m indebted to you for always taking care of Makoto-chan,” Okaa-sama said.

“No, no, my name is just Linda Crable, don’t be so polite,” Linda said.

“I see, I see, Makoto-chan has been talking about you a lot. You’re so cool, Linda-san.”

I didn’t say a word of that, Okaa-sama.

Too much social commentary.

And Linda-san, what a face you’re making.

“Oh, are you back, Makoto?”

“Oh, Otou-sama, you’re home, too?” I said.

“Umu, you’re coming back, so I came home early,” Otou-sama said.

“Well, I’m glad for that, Otou-sama,” I said.

“Oh, that must be...” Otou-sama said.

“Good to meet you, my name is Linda Crable.”

“Oh, you’re the famous Mad Angel of the Great Temple! You did a great job in the upheaval in the north,” Otou-sama said.

“You humble me,” Linda said. “It is an honor to meet the distinguished Scholar, Clark Kimball.”

“I suppose you always take care of Makoto, and every time Makoto comes home, she tells us about you, Linda-san,”

Otou-sama said.

No, so don’t cry out and look at me, Linda-san.

I didn’t like it, but Linda-san and I decided to have dinner together at the baron’s house.

Uzeh.

Hurry up and get back to the temple.

Except for Linda sitting at the same table, it was a wonderful Kimball family dinner.

Okaa-sama's food is lightly seasoned and very delicious.

She prepares a lot of side dishes that she always made, and the food goes on and on.

Delicious, delicious.

Onii-sama is going to ask about school, so I'm going to tell the story of these turbulent six days from the beginning.

For some reason, as we talked, Otou-sama's complexion kept getting progressively worse.

"Did you defeat the knight of Duke Pottinger's daughter, in order to help Caroline-sama of House Albright...?" Otou-sama said.

"Yes, I did do that," I said.

"... N-No, please continue, it's still the first day," Otou-sama said.

"Yes, it was before I entered school," I said.

"Well, you turned Duke Pottinger into an enemy, it's a big deal," Okaa-sama said, though her gentle tone makes it not seem as much of a grave thing.

"Clark-sama, don't worry, the Holy Saint-sama will be protected by the Holy Knights in the name of the Temple."

"A confrontation between Duke Pottinger and the Temple sounds like a terrible clash..." Otou-sama said.

He's not feeling well

I wonder if I made a mistake.

The story turns to the attempted poisoning at the welcome party in the girls' dormitory.

Somehow, Otou-sama's posture began to sink further and further downward, and sweat began to form on his forehead.

"Otouto-sama, if you're not feeling well, why don't you take a rest?" I asked.

“Ah, no, it’s not a problem, it’s not a physical problem,” he said.

“Even though it’s the first day of school, you were so amazing, Makoto, as expected of a candidate for a saint,” Brad said.

“Stop that, Onii-sama, I feel embarrassed when I am praised.”

“Praise me... ah, no, that’s right, it was a crisis,” Otou-sama said.

“And after that,” I started.

“”There’s still more?!”” Otou-sama and Onii-sama both shouted.

Okaa-sama looked skyward.

“I got acquainted with Curtis-sama of House Browright, and he also joined the faction,” I said.

“Is that right, are you going to join a faction?” Otou-sama said.

“If you join the Royal Faction, you’ll be safe, good for you, Makoto,” Brad said.

What are you talking about?

These two.

“No, at the recommendation of Curtis-sama, we decided to create the Saint’s Faction,” I said.

“”” ... ”””

Why are you so surprised?

Otou-sama is a historian, so I’m sure you can understand that the Royal Faction can’t stop a powerful new faction.

“Wh-Wha-What are you doing, Makoto?” Otou-sama said.

“In order to stop Duke Pottinger’s faction, we have to deal with it our own faction,” I said.

“I-I understand that, but... is it a new faction of with House Browright?” Otou-sama said.

“No, I’m the leader, so it’s House Kimball’s Faction,” I said.

“So that means... we’re the head of that faction?” Otou-sama said.

“And Houses Browright and Albright are with you?”

“Well, what should I do? I never thought I’d be the head of a faction. I wonder if I need a new dress or something, no, first of all, you all need new formal clothes,” I said.

“Well, well, even a small faction can be a check against the Duke of Pottinger. There are three noble houses participating, yes?”

“Just three houses might not be strong enough to counter Duke Pottinger, is it?” Brad said.

“Ah, no, it’s getting more and more swelling up, how many are there now?” I asked.

“One duke’s family, one marquis’s family, one margrave’s family, one earl’s family, one viscount’s family, two baron’s families including yours, Kimball-sama, so there are seven families,” Linda counted off.

“A-A duke’s house?” Otou-sama said. “No, it can’t be...”

“Duke Appleby has joined us, Otou-sama,” I said.

“Im-Impossible!” Otou-sama cried.

“Also, Marquis Clayton, too,” I said.

“Wait a minute, Clayton, you said, that’s the family name of the Ministry of Magic’s Director, Makoto!” Brad said.

“Yes, my dear Onii-sama, because I became friends with Elmer-sama in class,” I said.

“Six days, why is it growing so fast in six days?”

“Yeah, I’m not sure about that,” I said.

Otou-sama is looking like he’s about to cry.

Why is that?

“It seems that House Clayton will hold a faction launch party during Golden Week, so Otou-sama, Okaa-sama, please do make sure to attend,” I said.

“Ah, it’s impossible, House Kimball is a just baron, so why would you become the leader of a faction that has a duke in it?” Otou-sama said.

“Aaah, I didn’t mean to imply that you can’t do anything for something like this, Makoto.”

“It’s going to be tough, I have to prepare a dress and formal clothes for all of us,” Okaa-sama said.

“Kaa-san...” Brad said.

Otou-sama and Okaa-sama, do your best.

Chapter 63

63 - Under The Desk, I Found A Letter Addressed To My Future Self

I made Otou-sama mad, was summoned to his study, and made to confess thoroughly.

Well, it is Otou-sama, so I'm glad that I was able to get advice from his historical knowledge.

"To create a faction that ranks 3rd in the country in just 6 days... this is unheard of. This will go down in history," he said.

"Do you have any hints on how to run a faction? From your perspective as a historian, Otou-sama," I said.

"I suppose... for the time being, the characteristic of the Saint's Faction is that it is a timed faction," Otou-sama said.

"A timed faction?" I asked.

At that, Otou-sama spread out his hands and made a gesture like turning a potter's wheel.

This is a potter's wheel spinning that people with high intelligence do when explaining!!

"In other words, a faction centered around the saint candidate, you, Makoto, only exists for 3 years until you graduate from school," Otou-sama said.

"Ah, right, that is what will happen," I said.

That's right, after graduating, I will be appointed as a saint, so communication between nobles will cease.

"It's a faction with a short 3-year time limit, and that's why Duke Appleby, who is connected to the royal family, and Marquis Clayton, who is usually unrelated to politics, can easily participate," Otou-sama said. "The perks are their lines into the Temple and interaction with the saint."

"Interaction with me?" I asked.

"If they get along well with you, Makoto, and they have the Saint-

sama come to their territory, the joy of its residents will be immeasurable. There is also the practical aspect, in that it gives you access to influential nobles who rarely attend organizational gatherings. This faction will only grow even larger.”

Hoeh, what a faction with advantages.

I wonder if more people will come join, it’s going to be tough.

“I’ll try to cooperate as much as possible,” Otou-sama said. “Ah, you know, at this age, I didn’t think I’d get involved in politics. But it’s also a chance to practice what I’ve been researching. My heart is beating in excitement, Makoto.”

“Otou-sama, if you’re on our side, we’ll be 100 men strong,” I said.

This feels like a skilled general joining a faction.

If anything happens, run it by Dulcie. I’d like to hear Otou-sama’s opinion.

I wish I had a mobile phone.

Aren’t magic radios being developed?

“Honestly, Makoto, you’ve gone far beyond our expectations. Really, I’m proud of you, my daughter.”

Otou-sama smiled as he said so.

Seeing that made my heart warm.

“Thank you Otou-sama,” I said, smiling naturally.

I really do love my adoptive father.

After being released from Otou-sama’s interrogation, I went to the mansion’s bath.

It’s not that big, but I can relax at my parent’s house.

Well, it’s one of my sets of parents’ houses.

By the way, Hiyoko-Do does not have a bath.

Common people’s houses often don’t have baths.

As for what to do instead, I'll go to the public bath.

Since it's an otome game in another world, there's a huge Roman-style public bath where you can get massages and eat.

It's like a health spa in another world.

I get out of the bath, change into my pajamas, and go to my room.

Yaa, it's been only six days, but it feels amazing to be back.

After all, it was six days in which many things happened.

I relax on the bed.

Ah, my adoptive parent's house is good.

I don't hate room 205, but it's good to be alone.

I wonder if Dulcie's room has been decided.

It would be a problem if I had to double up with her.

Living together is uncomfortable, but it's still fun.

As I rolled over on my side, I noticed that there was a scroll of parchment under the desk.

I wonder what it is?

I got up and took it.

"To My Future Self"

And the title is on the outside.

?

I don't remember writing it.

I wonder what it is.

Perhaps, when I started living here, I wrote down my aspirations for my future self.

I'm sure it's a record of how I felt when I entered the school and how I felt when I was fresh to all this.

I don't remember writing it.

Let's see, shall we?

I went weak and fell to my knees on the floor.

On the parchment, in large Japanese letters, it read,

"I want to read BL manga!!"

I let my guard down.

I let my guard down.

Three years ago, I was an idiot too.

Stupid people only write stupid things.

But, I know how you feel, I want to read BL manga.

I want to read a beautiful, suspicious, and aesthetically pleasing BL written by someone else.

Or rather, I want to read manga, I want to read light novels, I want to play social games, I want to play gacha, I want to watch anime.

Ah, I want to go back to Japan.

Tears came to my eyes.

Ah, I want to eat McDonald's hamburgers, I want to eat 7-Eleven tuna mayonnaise rice balls.

I want to eat Ten-Ichi ramen.

I want to eat Tantan ramen.

I wiped away the overflowing tears.

In this world, I am treated so favorably and have cheats, but my hometown is Japan of that era, and I really want to go back.

Ah, but, ahh,

There is no Carol in Japan.

Neither Corinna-chan nor Melissa-chan are there.

Curtis and Elmer are not there either.

It's not all about good things, and it's not all about bad things.

Think positive.

If you don't have delicious Japanese food, go to Horai and make something.

Alright, when I graduate, I'm going to Horai!

That's right, let's go with Carol and Corinna!

When I thought that, my heart was full of energy.

All right, let's go to sleep, the wind of tomorrow will blow tomorrow!

Chapter 64

64 - It's A Day-Off, But I'm Back At The Girls' Dormitory

It's morning.

Umu, I feel much better.

The foolish “Me” three years ago made me cry, but if I sleep for one night, everything will go back to normal.

I change into my day clothes and have breakfast.

Today I had ham and eggs and a butter roll from Hiyoko-Do.

“Makoto-chan, will you be here until evening today?” Okaa-sama asked.

“No, I’m going to play with my friends in the afternoon, so I’ll go back to the girls’ dormitory after breakfast,” I said.

“Araa, we’ll miss you. We won’t be able to see you again until next weekend,” Okaa-sama said.

“I’ll be back, Okaa-sama,” I said.

Okaa-sama, you can’t be so spoiled.

Otou-sama smiled wryly.

Onii-sama gives me a wink.

In the end, House Kimball is a warm place.

I finished eating, so I went back to my room, changed into my uniform, and went down to the living room.

“Are you going already?”

“Yes, Otou-sama, if you have any questions, run it by my maid Dulcie, please,” I said.

“Have you hired a maid? What about the wages?”

“It’s an intelligence maid assigned by the temple,” I said.

“Spy maids, it’s a world where there are such things,” Onii-sama muttered in admiration.

The existence of an intelligence maid has nothing to do with ordinary lower nobles.

“I’d love to meet her, too,” Okaa-sama said. “Bring her next weekend.”

“Understood, I’ll take her with me,” I said.

“I’m sad that you seem to be getting more and more important, Makoto-chan,” Okaa-sama I said.

“No matter how old I am, no matter how great I become, I’ll still be your daughter, Okaa-sama.”

“Mm, Makoto-chan, you’re a good girl.”

Okaa-sama is so cute.

“Then I’m heading out, see you next weekend,” I said.

“See you.”

“Be careful”

“I’ll be with you next month, see you, Makoto.”

With everyone’s greetings on my back, I left Baron Kimball’s manor behind.

Ah, it’s sunny and warm in the royal capital again today.

Well then, shall we walk to school?

There is a unique freshness in the air in the morning.

Since it’s Sunday morning, the citizens of the royal capital are all dressed up and walking around.

I say hello to Jesse-san and the Ni-sans who are sweeping the Temple grounds as we pass each other by.

Good morning.

Good morning.

I bow my head and say hello, and pass by the front of the Great

Temple.

If you turn the corner, you'll find yourself in a shopping district, and you'll smell the slightly fishy smell of fishmongers and the smell of meat from the butchers.

Everyone has been working hard since Sunday morning.

If you can smell the good smell of baking bread, you are in Hiyoko-Do's district.

"Onii-chan," I said.

"Oh, what happened to Makoto?" Cliff said.

"It's time to go back to school, sell me some bread," I said.

"Ouh, the saint's bread is freshly baked," he said.

I bought three loaves of bread, mainly Saint Bread.

I say thanks to my Nii-chan and start walking again.

After a while, I reached the school gates of the Magic Academy.

School, I'm back!

I'm not going to say something like that.

There's a girl in trouble in front of the gate.

I supposed it would happen.

"Do you need to get into the school?" I asked her.

"Ah, you're a student here, aren't you?" she said. "Where is the girls' dormitory? It's a big place, so I don't know where to go."

Ah, this brown-haired girl looks familiar.

"Clara? From Meigetsu-Do?" I asked.

"That's right, eh, huh, Makoto? Is that you, Makoto?"

"Yeah, wow, you've grown, Clara," I said.

"Makoto, you've grown, too... not by much, but you're still beautiful," Clara said.

“Ehehe, thank you. I’m going to the cafeteria of the girls’ dormitory,” I said. “Since we’re heading the same way, let’s go together.”

“Thank you, Makoto, you haven’t changed at all,” Clara said.

“I guess so,” I said.

No, I saw Clara for the first time in a while, so my tension went up.

She’s grown up.

Clara has her long red hair dangling in two braids.

She has a few freckles, and she has a cute smile.

“Over here.”

“Okay, iyaah, I was lucky to be able to work at the Royal Academy of Magic,” Clara said.

I lead her into the school.

“So you’re already training to become a baker, Clara,” I said.

“My 3rd year~, I was exhausted at the affiliated stores~,” Clara moaned.

“How reliable. Right now, I’m in charge of the cafeteria for some reason, so we can work together in the morning and evening.”

“Makoto is the person in charge, how amazing. Thank you very much, Boss,” Clara said.

“Leave it to me,” I said.

We laugh and enter the girls’ dormitory.

I wave at the dormitory knights on duty and go down the hallway.

At the end of the first floor, we enter the locker room.

“Oh, Makoto-san, good morning, you’re back already?”

“Good morning, Marissa-san,” I said. “Did my maid bring the menu for next week?”

“No, I don’t think she arrived,” Marissa said.

Hmmm, what is going on here?

“Dulcie,” I said.

“Yes?” Dulcie said.

“Waah,” I cried out in surprise.

Dulcie appeared right next to Clara.

“Where’s the menu?” I asked.

“Right here,” Dulcie said.

I received a parchment with next week’s menu written on it from Dulcie and gave it to Marissa-san.

“Yes, for sure, with this we can set up the menu for next week,” Marissa said.

“That’s good. Also, this girl is Clara, Meigetsu-Do’s owner’s daughter and our new baker. I’m going to have her in the kitchen on a one-year contract,” I said.

“Please excuse me, nice to meet you, Clara-san. I’m Marissa, the sous-chef.”

“I’m Clara, it’s nice to meet you, too,” Clara said cheerfully with a smile.

“Could we have some bread, please? We don’t have any bread for dinner,” Marissa said.

“Okay, what kind of bread do you want me to bake? I can make white, black, or sweet buns,” Clara said.

“How reliable, then come here, I’ll introduce you to everyone,” Marissa said.

“Well then, Clara, do your best,” I said.

“Yeah, Makoto, I’ll give it my all,” Clara said.

“I’m looking forward to it,” I said.

With a wave, I left the locker room.

Dulcie came along too.

“Dulcie, have you decided where you’re going to stay?”

“Yes, there is an empty bed in room 207, so I’ll go there,” Dulcie said.

“Did you say hello to your roommate?” I said.

“Not yet,” Dulcie said.

“Then, let’s go say hello,” I said.

“Right,” Dulcie said.

I took Dulcie and started walking towards the stairs.

Chapter 65

65 - Cattleya's Perspective: The Swordsman Lady Shouts At The Duke's Second Official Residence (1) *Cattleya's POV*

I, Cattleya Pickering, do not understand politics.

For the rest of my life, I've made it my goal to become an existence that only swings her sword.

That's why I don't understand the politics of mocking each other and sneaky imitations that are the norm.

Leaving the difficult things to the lord, that's what a knight is.

I'm a knight, I'm still a student, and haven't received any decorations, but a knight isn't a position, it's a way of life.

Now my head is hot and boiling.

The suspicion that Vivian-sama, to whom I offered my sword, had acted so despicably has become a fever and makes my head sizzle.

I'm going to throw my suspicions at my master.

Isn't this disloyalty?

Am I making the wrong decision because I'm surrounded by Makoto's friends?

Isn't it an evil thought that comes from lust to be near Curtis-sama?

I must be confused.

Ah, why won't the world allow me to just swing my sword?

I walk along the main street of the royal capital.

In the evening, many people walk through the city.

None of them have any interest in me, they are unrelated people, and I am very lonely with the fire in my head.

It is wrong to throw a faction mate into the pond just because it is unpleasant.

Just because the enemy faction is in the way, it's wrong to wear masks and attack with three times the numbers.

If Dokuro Man was truly my Onii-sama, I would cut off the person I should love.

And let's hate the politics that makes my kind Onii-sama do such a thing.

If politics makes you do wrong things, I don't need politics.

If your lord is wrong, the correct action for a knight is to reprove him with the determination to condemn him.

At least I think so.

The second official residence of Duke Pottinger comes into view.

Vivian-sama lives here and goes to school by carriage.

The Magic Academy has a boarding system, but I heard that they were granted an exception due to the pretext of being sickly.

I informed the sentry at the gate of my intentions and waited.

"Cattleya"

"Onii-sama....."

One of his hands was wrapped in bandages.

A bandage was wrapped where I had just inflicted a wound.

My killing spirit leaks out.

Onii-sama put his hand on the sword on his waist.

No, not yet, let's ask Vivian first.

"Cattleya, you are too single-minded. That is why..." Onii-sama starts.

"I think a knight who doesn't have pride is as good as dead, Onii-sama," I said.

"That's not it, that's not it at all, Cattleya," Onii-sama, looking sad as he shakes his face.

The anger quietly settled in the bottom of my stomach.

I enter the second official residence with Onii-sama.

“Where is Vivian-sama?” I asked.

“Hey, what are you going to do?” Onii-sama asked.

“I would like to ask her about the past.”

“... What if I won’t let you?”

“I am determined to draw my sword if necessary,” I said.

Onii-sama looked at me with a hurt face.

“Are you going to make me kill my sister, Omae?”

“If I can’t be a knight, then I don’t mind being cut down by you, Onii-sama.”

“Cattleya...”

Onii-sama frowns.

Ah, that expression is the expression he uses when I do something wrong, when he does something wrong, and when I scold him.

Onii-sama is kind, so he doesn’t want to say strong things to anyone.

My heart aches.

I loved my Onii-sama so much.

But a knight is a foolish creature who wants pride more than love.

Love can’t convince them.

The interior of the second official residence was lavishly furnished, showing off that it was a special place.

With thuds, Onii-sama and my footsteps echoed in the hallway.

We go up the stairs.

Vivian-sama is probably in the office on the third floor.

“You can still turn back, stop doing stupid things, Cattleya,” Onii-sama said.

“Idiocy is a compliment to a knight, Ojii-sama taught us that,” I said.

“Cattleya, if I lose you, I... I will...”

“I’m sorry for being a bad imouto, Onii-sama, I loved you too.”

“..... And now?”

“I am deeply dismayed.”

Onii-sama held his chest and hung his head.

Ah, politics that makes my beloved Onii-sama like this, I hate politics.

The maid opened the heavy black double doors.

Vivian-sama is in the back of the room.

Red.

Her appearance, which is unified in fiery red, is elegant and beautiful.

Next to Vivian-sama, there was Deborah Wyeth, the Chicken Lady, and Grave, who was in charge of secret battles.

“For some reason you’re here, Cattleya, I don’t remember calling you,” Vivian-sama said.

“Vivian-sama, I am overjoyed to see your face,” I said, entering the room and bowing.

“Forgo the greetings, tell me what you are here for,” Vivian-sama said.

Onii-sama is diagonally behind me, close enough to pull out his sword and deliver a blow to the kidneys.

“With all due respect, I ask you to answer some of my doubts,” I said.

“What do you mean? House Pickering are knight retainers of ours, and there are things they can’t be told about our secrets.”

It was a dignified lady-like response.

If it was me before, I would have been so happy to receive a direct answer.

For some reason, the bottom of my heart is quietly cold now.

“Is it true that you pushed Andrea Melissa-sama, the Viscount’s daughter, into the pond?”

“... I don’t feel the need to tell you that,” Vivian-sama said.

“A non-answer, if you may?”

“...That girl was saying stupid things like reconciling with the baker’s daughter, so I ordered Deborah to punish her,”

Vivian-sama said. “She was presumptuous, unfitting a viscount’s daughter.”

“It’s as Vivian-sama says,” Deborah said. “And then I pushed her in the pond to discredit the false saint. It was funny, Meliss-sama turned into a carp in the pond.”

“Didn’t you think she might die?” I asked.

Deborah-sama looked at me with a puzzled look on her face.

“Dying? In the pond? That couldn’t happen, could it?”

Ah, I see, as Makoto said, this bitch didn’t grasp the situation accurately.

Stupid, huh?

Chapter 68

66 - Cattleya's Perspective: The Swordsman Lady Shouts At The Duke's Second Official Residence (2) *Cattleya POV*

“Then, in that case, why did you attack the Saint’s Faction with a ridiculous group called the Skull Corps? Donning masks and ordering people to attack someone, I don’t think it’s something that the House Pottinger would do.”

Vivian-sama slowly shook her head.

“I couldn’t let Michael lose to that baker anymore, don’t you understand?” Vivian-sama said. “But even with three times the strength, Cattleya, it’s your fault. How are you going to take responsibility, I have to wonder?”

Responsibility? I’m not going to take anything like that.

For such a silly reason, did Onii-sama do such a silly farce?

“Michael, your sister is an idiot. She’s far too stupid. What’s the point of destroying my schemes and tricks and arrogantly protesting about it?”

Grave spat it out, yes, he said that.

This man is a spy combatant who disguised himself as a 3rd-year butler and sneaked into the school.

He was an ugly man with narrow eyes and a pockmarked face.

“Why are you approaching the Saint’s Faction? Answer me that,” Grave said.

“I’m not close to the Saint’s Faction, I just have friends there,” I said.

“A northern noble who wields a sword, such a friend has no value nor utility,” Deborah said.

Friends aren’t meant to be used, what are you talking about, Chicken Lady?

“Well, it’s fine, if you can get close to the Saint’s Faction, you’ll be a boon in the midst of misfortune, just join the Saint’s Faction and kill

Caroline and the baker when you can,” Vivian-sama said.

“...Why Albright-sama, as well?” I asked.

“Urusai, that kind of thing has nothing to do with you!” Vivian-sama yelled.

I wonder why that is?

I get the feeling that Vivian-sama hates Caroline-sama more than she hates Makoto.

A haze of distrust spreads deep inside my chest.

Is this person really the person I respected?

“Very well, approach them and kill them,” Vivian-sama said. “With your skills, it should be easy. Do this by dawn, and House Pickering will be raised to the rank of viscount.”

“I must respectfully decline,” I said.

“... I wonder if I misheard, I believe I heard words of refusal, but I wonder if you’re really going to go against my words?” Vivian-sama said.

“Cattleya, be careful, who do you think you’re in front of?” the Chicken Lady yells.

Grave frowns.

The bloodlust of Onii-sama behind me swells.

“I refuse, that’s not what a knight does. A knight is not an assassin,” I said.

Shin, silence fell in the office.

“You seem to have forgotten your pride as a noble after being contaminated by that false saint,” Vivian-sama said.

“Maybe so. The Saint’s Faction is more comfortable than this one,” I said.

“Ar-Are you saying that I’m inferior to that baker’s daughter?!” Vivian-sama stammered.

When I silently nodded, Vivian-sama's face turned bright red.

A look of anger emerges.

That's it, the depth of emotion is too shallow, and it hits the bottom and goes into a frenzy immediately.

After all, it seems that Vivian-sama was not good enough to offer my sword to.

“Grave!!! Tear this woman into pieces!! Smash her pride as a human, make her fall into little more than a sow, and throw her into the girls' dormitory!!!”

“Yes, understood,” Grave said.

I looked at Grave as his eyes licked my body with a shallow smile.

Now then, is my life up to this point?

Koishi, I'm sorry I made you sad after we just became friends.

I put my hand on the hilt of my sword.

The bloodlust of Onii-sama in the back swells.

It won't reach Vivian-sama, but I want to cut down Grave and Deborah at least.

Onii-sama's bloodlust disappeared, he passed by me and fell on the floor smoothly flowing like water.

Onii-sama was kneeling on the ground.

“Please forgive my sister, I beg you, Vivian-sama.”

“Wh-What are you saying, such an insult...”

“I beg you,” Onii-sama pleaded in a quiet voice.

My proud Onii-sama...

This can't be.

Please stop.

“Michael-kyou, that idiot said something that should never have been said,” Grave said. “She deserves to die!! Do not interfere with her

punishment!”

“That’s right, that’s right, Michael-kyou, you are the face of our military power, but if you think that you can be granted any wish, you’re wrong,” Deborah added.

Grave and Deborah chastise my Onii-sama.

My chest feels tight and I feel like crying.

Onii-sama.

Vivian-sama looked down at Onii-sama with eyes like glass.

“I don’t need people from House Pickering anymore. Michael, you are all talk, always losing to the baker’s daughter and you, Cattleya, you are cheeky and rebellious. This is the worst for a knight retainer family”

Onii-sama’s shoulders tremble at our family being insulted.

I’m sorry for my selfishness...

Onii-sama.

“I will banish House Pickering from Duke Pottinger’s Faction,” Vivian-sama said. “Grave, reduce him and his sibling to swine.”

“Is that any way to speak to a human being?!! Vivian Pottinger!!!”

Naturally, a great shout came from my mouth and I drew my sword.

I was furious.

I don’t understand politics, but my knightly pride was roaring like a lion, driving me to slay the villainy before me.

Grave pulls out the rapier from his waist, and Deborah prepares her riding whip.

Vivian-sama calmly covered her face with an iron fan.

“Ara, ara, I’ve come to a dangerous place, haven’t I~?”

When I turned around to hear a cheerful voice that didn’t fit the occasion, there was Hilda Mahler, the daughter of the Venomous Spider, laughing in a glamorous and enchanting manner.

Chapter 67

67 - Cattleya's Perspective: The Swordsman Lady Shouts At The Duke's Second Official Residence (3) *Cattleya's POV*

“Everyone, please put away your weapons, I’m afraid I might cry.”

Black hair, black dress, black eyes.

A single deep red corsage against black.

A beauty that makes you shudder.

That is Hilda Mahler, the daughter of the Venomous Spider.

“Hilda Mahler, what are you here for?” Vivian-sama said.

“I’ve come to save Duke Pottinger’s Faction, Vivian-sama,” Hilda-sama said.

“Save it? What are you talking about?” Vivian-sama asked.

“If you do something terrible to Cattleya-sama, even that good-natured saint candidate will go to Duke Pottinger’s residence and declare a holy war then and there,” Hilda-sama said.

Grave snorted hatefully. “Ridiculous, that baker’s girl doesn’t have the guts to declare a holy war,” he said.

“Why do you think that, Grave?” Hilda said.

“Of course, the former saint, Maria-sama, declared a holy war only once against the Demon King’s army, so it’s not something that can be used so many times,” Grave said. “And this faction has the cardinals right beneath our noses, it’s all within our expectations.”

“And yet Bianca-sama has declared a holy war several times,” Hilda-sama said.

“If that’s exactly what they want, then they’ll use that holy war to get rid of the saint,” Grave said.

“Besides, that baker’s daughter isn’t a saint. That flash and healing must be thanks to House Albright’s magic tools and potions. She’s a made-up saint,” Deborah-sama said.

Hilda looked down at her with pitiful eyes.

“That’s evidence from your investigation, is it?” Hilda-sama said.

“... We haven’t conducted it yet, but it’s decided,” Deborah-sama said.

“Yet you can still call yourself an intelligence agent, I’m impressed,” Hilda-sama said.

Deborah blushed and visibly glared at Hilda.

“So, Deborah-sama, Grave, assume the saint candidate really can use Light magic and could declare a holy war since the Temple likes her so much, what will you do then?” Hilda-sama said.

“Tha-That’s impossible, she’s a fake,” Deborah-sama said.

“Indeed, that can’t happen,” Grave said.

“What do you think, Vivian-sama?”

Vivian-sama sent a worried look at Grave and Deborah.

“I-I don’t know, but I trust my subordinates.”

Hilda shook her head.

“Right now, House Mahler definitely has proof that Makoto Kimball can use Light magic,” Hilda said. “She has reconnected severed legs and neutralized lethal poison. This skill has earned her tremendous trust in the Great Temple.

She is no mere baker’s daughter.”

“You’re lying!!”

“Our maid and knights have both been healed by her,” Hilda said.

“Well, it’s unnatural to heal members of a hostile faction,” Vivian-sama said.

“She’s quite good-natured, that girl,” Hilda said.

Vivian-sama has greasy sweat on her forehead.

“So, there is a very real possibility that a holy war may be waged against you,” Hilda said.

“Yes, that would be quite dangerous, Vivian-sama,” I said.

“A holy war by the Temple Knights against the military might of House Pottinger will be...” Vivian-sama said.

“Now, you’ve just taken down the symbol of your military strength, haven’t you?” Hilda said. “How are you going to fight with other force’s strength after banishing House Pickering? Grave, your head of secret operations, is an idiot,

and Deborah, who is in charge of intelligence, is also trash, and now House Pickering has been banished, how can you hope to fight a holy war against the Temple Knights?”

Vivian-sama lowered her head and made a gloomy face.

However, I didn’t think that the quality of Vivian-sama’s attendants was so bad.

I didn’t back it up with reality, and I was moving on with such wishful thinking.

“Wh-What do you think I should do, Hilda?”

“If you’re going to ask me for advice, bow your head to the Pickerings and ask for forgiveness, and then fire your idiot and throw out the trash.”

“Bowing down to former subordinates is not something that Duke Pottinger should do, with our aspirations to be royalty...”

“The moment James-okina died, your path to royalty ended there, Vivian-sama.”

“What are you saying, Hilda?!!”

Hilda ignored Vivian-sama’s excitement and sat down beside Onii-sama.

“What do you want to do? The Venomous Spider’s House Mahler family will listen to your wishes.”

“Wh-Why so?” Onii-sama said.

“I want to be friends with a knight who can throw himself on the ground and beg for the sake of his imouto-san,”

Hilda-sama said.

“I... I want to protect Vivian-sama! I won't let her bow her head in humility, I'm a knight, my mission is to protect my master!”

“There you have it, Vivian-sama.”

“Mi-Michael... understood, stand up, I'll forgive you.”

Onii-sama got up.

“But I can't forgive Cattleya,” Vivian-sama said.

“She will be given to House Mahler as a reward for saving House Pottinger family from a crisis,” Grave said.

“Ah, you can't do that,” Onii-sama protested.

“You should thank me for saving you from ruin, Vivian-sama,” Hilda-sama said.

“Hilda, is that any way to speak to the Faction Head?” Vivian-sama said.

Hilda-sama smile at that.

“House Mahler family is about to leave Duke Pottinger's Faction.”

“Huh, what, what are you talking about?”

“It's our last service,” Hilda said. “We've already given up on you. You have made House Wilkinson, who has Margot, escape to the Royalist Faction by your heavy-handed use of your sycophant Deborah, and you have let her escape by your heavy-handed use of this idiot Grave, this is the limit of the Duke's daughter Vivian Pottinger-sama.”

“Hilda!! Kisama, You're talking too much!”

“Shut up, Grave, or I'll kill you.”

A black and intimidating bloodlust came out of Hilda-sama and attacked Grave.

The pale-faced Grave backed away.

Hilda-sama approached me and put her hand on my shoulder.

Is it perfume? It smells sweet and good.

“Cattleya, you must serve House Mahler.”

“I’m grateful for the offer, but I’m,” I started.

“I will join the Saint’s Faction with you as a gift.”

“”What!!””””

Hilda-sama snuggled up to me.

“There is no future for a stupid faction that can’t use its people,” Hilda-sama said. “She’ll call in her shadow forces as soon as possible. I’m looking forward to our little duel.”

Oh, this person is...

The same as Curtis-sama. There is a difference between frontline combat and shadow warfare, but is she a secret combat maniac who wants to fight a strong enemy?

“Understood, I’ll serve you temporarily,” I said.

“You’re a fool, it’s for the rest of your life, you can’t easily escape from the Venomous Spider’s web,” Hilda-sama said.

My heart thumps a little, and my cheeks get hot.

Somehow, she is an attractive person.

My new master.

Chapter 68

68 - Greetings At Room 207 With Dulcie

I go up the stairs with Dulcie.

“Where did you stay last night?” I asked.

“I returned to the Great Temple,” Dulcie said.

“Is that so? I’m sorry,” I said.

“It’s nothing,” Dulcie said.

Dulcie is really taciturn.

We walk down the hallway on the 2nd floor.

Now we were in front of Room 205.

“This is my room,” I said.

“Understood. I’ll come and take care of you in the morning,” Dulcie said.

“I don’t want that,” I said.

“But,” Dulcie started.

“I’m not a genuine noble lady, so I don’t need help with dressing or grooming, I’ll do it myself,” I said.

Why do you look so sad?

Is a maid happy to take care of you?

The door to Room 205 opened wide and I could see Margot’s eyes.

“Good morning, Margot-san,” I said.

“Uwah, it’s Dulcie,” Margot said.

“Margot...” Dulcie hissed.

Hey, Dulcie, why are you raising your fists in a fury?!

“This is Dulcie, my intelligence maid,” I said.

“... Later, ask her about her former master and decide whether to return her to the Great Temple,” Margot said.

“Hey, what was that? That wasn’t like you, Margot-san,” I said.

Margot-san closed the door without replying.

When I saw Dulcie’s face, she dropped her eyes and turned away.

You, what have you done?

We-Well, that’s fine.

We got to room 207.

I knock on the door.

“Coming, who is it?”

“Hello, I brought a maid who will use the free bed in this room.”

“Ah, got it, got it.”

The one who opened the door and came out was Nuts-senpai.

“Ah, Bejew-... No, Makoto-san, hello.”

“Aren’t you one of my senpais?” I said. “Was this you and the other senpais’ room?”

“Ehehe, we three members of the Lacrosse Club live together,” Nuts-senpai said.

“What’s up, what’s up, ah, it’s Makoto-san, good evening.”

“What’s going on, what’s going on?”

Wah, was it the room of the Senpai Lacrosse Warriors?

“She was asking for a bed for the maid.”

“I heard, I heard, you would be?”

“Right, my name is Dulcie. Nice to meet you.”

“Best regards.”

I bowed, and so did Dulcie.

“Makoto-san’s maid is very welcome here.”

“We’re indebted to you for the cafeteria.”

“Welcome, nice to meet you, Dulcie-san.”

All three are good people.

“Then, Dulcie, go make your bed,” I said.

“Right.”

“With that, Senpais, I’ll see you later at dinner time.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“Nice to meet you, Dulcie-san.”

“Your bed is over here.”

“Thank you very much.”

Umu, the Lacrosse Warrior Senpais will be safe roommates.

Those people are good.

Now that I’ve put Dulcie in her room, what next?

In Room 205, I find Corinna-chan next.

“Corinna-chan, I’m back.”

“Welcome home, how was the Great Temple?”

“It didn’t change much. What about you, Corinna-chan?” I asked.

“Nothing in particular, there was no trouble in the cafeteria either.”

“Okay, okay, that’s good above all else.”

“Are we still going out to town, Makoto?”

“About that, let’s ask Carol about the situation.”

“Let’s go.”

The two of us jogged up to the 5th floor.

And both of us are out of breath.

Kittsuu.

“Haa-haa.”

“Haa-haa.”

We walked down the corridor with our breath ragged and headed toward Carol’s room.

Oh, there’s Anne-san at the sales counter.

“Anne-san, is Carol here?”

“Yes, please wait.”

Anne-san withdrew, the door to the room opened, and Carol showed her face.

“Morning, Carol”

“Good morning Carol”

“Good morning, Makoto, Corinna, come in.”

Corinna and I were sent to the alchemy room.

When we sat side by side on the sofa, Anne-san served herbal tea.

Carol inserts a mixing stick into the alchemy cauldron and spins it round and round.

“Wait a minute, I’m going to make a potion.”

“Yeah, it’s alright.”

“It’s comfortable here.”

“Thank you, Corinna.”

While Corinna-chan put her lips to the tea, she blushed a little.

Anne-san looked back into the void.

“Dulcie.”

With that, she unleashed a punch.

Dulce suddenly appears and catches Anne-san's punch

"Fumu, it looks like your fighting arm hasn't slackened any."

"..."

An unseen exchange of punches and kicks was exchanged between the two intelligence maids.

"Oh, this is my intelligence maid, Dulcie," I said.

Dulcie took a step back and bowed her head.

"Nice to meet you, I'm Carol."

"A pleasure to meet you, Carol-sama."

"Co-Corinna."

"A pleasure as well, Corinna-sama."

Dulcie bowed politely.

"Dulcie, Makoto-sama is a wonderful person, protect her even if it costs you your life," Anne-san said.

"I know that," Dulcie said, nodding slightly.

"I'm asking you, too, Makoto is constantly in danger, so please protect her," Carol said as she stirred the alchemy cauldron.

"Understood."

"I mean, this girl is an idiot, so it's going to be hard, but please protect her," Corinna said.

"Even for my life, I'll protect her no matter what," Dulcie said.

Hold it, Corinna.

How can I be so dangerous?

Somehow, everyone treats me like a child and overprotects me.

There was a pop sound from the alchemy pot, and the liquid surface turned green.

“Well, it’s over, Anne, please bottle it.”

“Understood.”

It’s still early before the shop opens, so what should the three of us do?

Chapter 69

69 - Let's Rent A Faction Meeting Place

We sip the herbal tea.

It's rosemary today, it's delicious.

"Come to think of it, the number of faction members has increased, so I want a place for us to gather," I said.

"I see, I've heard of renting a salon," Carol said.

"A salon?" I asked.

"The Pottinger Faction seems to have a large salon in a restaurant," Carol said. "I heard that you can get cake and tea from there."

Hoho, that's so elegant.

But is it expensive?

"How long will it take?"

"No, Makoto you can't pay that, or rather, something so luxurious is a waste of money," Corinna said.

Corinna-chan is extravagantly strict.

"It seems that you can rent a meeting room if you just want to gather," Carol said.

"Fumu, it's still early for the shop to open, so I guess I'll go to the academy office and ask," I said.

"Let's see, the budget is up to about 20,000?" Corinna said.

20,000 a month is tight.

We got up and left the room.

The intelligence maids had disappeared before we knew it.

It's great that they only come out when you need them.

We descend the stairs slowly to the first floor.

The three of us walk along the warm and cheerful campus road.

Ah, the weather is nice again today.

Great omen for our shopping.

The academy office is on the first floor of the school, beyond the staff room.

Even though it's Sunday, the staff are doing some work.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" a cheerful employee with a ponytail talked to me over the counter.

"I'd like to rent a meeting place where my friends can gather, but is there a vacant spot?" I said.

"Ah, yes, please wait a minute," the employee said before she went to the locker and took out a binder.

"Um, ah, only one place is vacant."

"Is there *only* one vacant spot?" I asked.

"Yes, it's spring, so everyone's already blocked out and claimed their meeting spots."

"Where is the place, what is the monthly rent?"

"It's in the assembly building next to the gymnasium. It will cost about 5,000 dolancs a month. The size of the room is, ah, about a quarter of this office."

Hmm, about 10 tatami mats.

Well, I guess I'll hold it down for the time being and move to a bigger place when the number of members increases.

"Then, please lend me that place," I said, taking out 5 large silver coins from my wallet.

"Wait, Makoto, don't we have to go see it?" Corinna said.

"That's right, is it okay not to look at what kind of place it is first?" Carol said.

“There’s only one place, so there’s no room for choice,” I said. “Let’s just hold it down for now.”

I got the key from the clerk and headed to the assembly building next to the gymnasium.

The assembly building is, as the name says, a building where the assembly halls are held.

It can be used for cliques, for good friends, or for club gatherings.

Our vacant room is 155, it’s Ichi-Go-Go [1](#), Ichigo, strawberries, I want to eat them.

It’s at the west end of the assembly building.

“Is it here?”

“It looks like it’s here.”

“The door’s dirty.”

I insert the key and turn it.

Gachari.

It smells like dust when you open the door.

We look around.

“It’s a storeroom.”

“It’s a storeroom, alright.”

“Can we dispose of the items inside?”

Room 155 was full of miscellaneous things.

Broken chairs, chests with drawers, trunks, bedding, hurdles, and flags.

“Dulcie, clean this up.”

“...”

“Makoto, don’t be unreasonable with your maid.”

“Anne, help me.”

“...”

The maids do not come out.

“Should I call a professional domestic maid like Karina-san?”

But why is it so full of junk?

“For the time being, ask the staff if it’s okay to throw it away, and then clean it up,” Corinna said.

“It’s quite spacious, isn’t it? It’s about the size of a dormitory room,” I said.

It seems that the meeting place of the Saint’s Faction cannot be used immediately.

“What I need is a table, a chair, and a sofa. I should bring a blanket and take a nap here in the afternoon.”

“Lazy.”

“I don’t have afternoon Magic class, and I’m being experimented on by Elmer’s dad and him all the time.

“Light magic is hard work.”

It’s a lot of work, Carol.

For the furniture, I’d probably get worn-out items from the townhouses of senior aristocrats like Curtis and Elmer.

It’s hard to find a place to stay at school.

Oh, the neighbors are making noise.

“I’ll come give my greetings to the next-door neighbors.

“I’m coming with,” Corinna said.

“We’ll follow you,” Carol said.

“Why so?” I asked.

“Honestly, I’m worried,” Corinna said.

“I’m a little worried,” Carol said.

They don't trust me at all.

On the next door was written "Pentia Club."

"What's a Pentia?"

"Is it a board game?"

Are you otakus?

I try knocking for now.

"Coming, who is it?"

The door opened and a baby-faced male student came out.

"I came to give my greetings, we're from the meeting room next door," I said.

"Oh, that's right, next door wasn't a storeroom," he said.

"We may make a lot of noise, but I'm looking forward to being neighbors."

"How polite of you, and I'm looking forward, too. I am the president of this club, Carter."

"Thank you. I'm Makoto Kimball. I'm the leader of the Saint's Faction."

Bang.

Huh?

The door was suddenly closed.

What is it?

"Pl-Pl-Please, please go home, we have no time for you, Saint-sama."

"I'm not a pushy salesperson saint, you know!" I said.

Gangan.

"Open this door!!" I yelled as I banged on it.

"Go-Go away~, " Carter squealed.

“Stop it, Makoto.”

“He’s scared, let’s stop.”

Nooo, it’s annoying.

I’ll remember you, Carter, President of the Pentia Club.

Footnotes

1. Makoto is using Gorowase, Wordplay, with the pronunciation of the numbers into Japanese words.

Chapter 70

70 - The Three Of Us Going To The Shop Together

I leave the assembly building while huffing in anger.

“They’re our neighbors, so don’t be so angry,” Corinna said.

“He didn’t have to close the door on us,” I said.

“You’ve gotten in trouble with a duke’s faction, so it’s scary for ordinary students,” Carol said.

For the time being, I lock Room 155 and walk towards the girls’ dormitory.

“It’s about time for the shops to open soon, would you like to go to town?” I asked.

“That’s right, shall we go?” Corinna said.

“Honestly, I don’t feel the need for a bra,” Carol said as she tugged at Corinna-chan’s ear.

“Yeah, I get that,” I said, “but we’re high school students and high school students need bras.”

Damn it, don’t think you can escape from my wanting gaze, Carol.

My life’s mission is...

Well, but, the three of us can go to the underwear store with ease.

After all, in a year or two, everyone will wear a bra.

But, it’s frustrating, goddamnit.

Bikun-bikun.

“What are you cramping about, Makoto?”

“N-No, nothing,” I said.

“You’re so strange.”

It's almost noon on a holiday, so there are quite a lot of people.

Since there are three girls, will they get involved with ruffians?

At that moment, Anne-san appeared behind Karol.

Ooh, she read my feelings at the perfect time.

With the tall Anne-san, the thugs will run away.

Now then, the underwear shop I was looking for was on the other side of the Great Temple after walking along the main street of the royal capital.

There are many drawers and brassieres in the stylish storefront.

In this world, the panties are drawers, but the bra is a modern-style design with a whale's beard and a back hook.

On the signboard of the underwear store, it read "Blue Rose."

"Here?" Carol said.

"Seems like it," Corinna said.

"Come on, let's go in," I said.

When you go in the store through the open entrance, you will see a lot of colorful underwear.

There are many sizes, and the materials are silk, cotton, satin, and so on.

"It's beautiful, that bra over there, right?" I said.

"Geh, that's pretty expensive," Corinna said.

"Even if it's expensive, buy it," I replied.

Corinna-chan groaned when she saw the price tag on the bra.

There is not one for small breasts.

All these designs are for big boobs.

"Don't you have a small bra?" I asked the petite black-haired clerk.

"Is this something for you Ojou-samas to wear? How about this

product?” she asked.

.....

This one is a sports bra, isn't it?

“It's simple, isn't it?”

“Oh, it's surprisingly cheap.”

We try to stretch out this chippai bra.

Stretch, stretch.

Are we stretching rubber?

Isn't this an OOPART?

When I move my eyes, I see panties on the shelf next to me.

Why is that?

Is this the world-changing power of games?

Certainly, the main character at the start of the game had quite a sizable chest and would have worn a bra.

For some reason, I've got chippai instead.

“There's something about that.”

“A handkerchief?”

“It's underwear.”

“”...!!!”

“Hey, is that what a prostitute wears?”

“Isn't that shameful~, thi-this is such a small piece of cloth!”

By the way, in this world, the underwear is drawers, but the swimsuit is a normal bikini.

What's going on with all that shame?

I'll have to check this out in the summer.

I stare at the small store clerk.

Black hair and black eyes....

“Ah, you, are you Makoto Kimball?”

“... A reincarnated person?” I asked.

“.....Huh?”

Silence came down between clerk onee-san and me.

She comes near me

She speaks to me in a whisper.

“Are you a reincarnator too?”

“I’m playing the heroine,” I said.

“Oh, is that so, how nice, I’m Kamala. In Japan, I was Kamata.”

“I was Makoto in Japan, too.”

How should I put it, to meet someone from the same country in a place like this?

It feels like meeting a Japanese person in a foreign country.

I have never been abroad.

“Are you a mob character, Kamala?”

“I think so, even though I’ve come all the way to Light Sky’s world, I’m the daughter of a clothing store owner. Well, my knowledge of my previous life has let me do plenty of things.”

“Sports bras seem to sell well, but did the panties sell well, too?”

“It doesn’t sell very well, just a little to prostitutes,” Kamala said.

I’m sorry to hear that.

Should I buy two or three...?

But I’m embarrassed to have my panties washed by Karina and Dulcie.

Drawers are fine.

“Give me three of these bras,” I said.

“Thank you for your purchase. They’re stretchy, so an S will be fine,” Kamala said.

“Are there only three sizes?” Corinna asked.

“It’ll stretch, so it’s okay, Corinna-chan,” I said.

The sports bra was 1,900 dolancs.

Even if you buy three, it won’t cost more than 10,000, it’s cheap.

I also bought two cotton drawers.

Both Carol and Corinna-chan bought their own underwear.

“I want to talk to you again sometime, Kamala-san.”

“Indeed, let’s have tea together next time, Makoto-san.”

“Somehow, you’re suddenly becoming quite friendly,” Carol said.

“Eh, yeah, well, that’s,” I stammered.

“We just seem to have a connection, here, your items,” Kamala said as she put each piece of underwear in a flax bag.

“Then I’ll be back, Kamala-san.”

“Yes, I’ll be waiting for you, Makoto-san.”

After saying that, Kamala deeply bowed her head.

I met an interesting person.

Chapter 71

71 - People Attack Us On The Road, Have Dulcie Fight Back

We left Blue Rose, the underwear store.

The sun is shining at the top of the sky, and it's almost unbearably hot.

It's still cold in the shade, though.

"Let's eat lunch and go home," I said.

"Fine by me," Carol said.

"The money....." Corinna moaned.

Well, don't talk about the money we spent, Corinna-chan.

"Corinna is here, so let's go to a restaurant in the downtown area," Carol said.

"I agree, Corinna-chan, is that okay?" I said.

"That helps," Corinna said.

Corinna is from a thrifty house.

That's the good part about them.

We head south down the main street and turn toward downtown.

The atmosphere in the street suddenly deteriorates.

People who are walking out in the city are also poorly dressed.

The appearances are getting worse and worse.

But hey, it's better than the slums.

Anne-san appeared in front of us.

What is it?

"There is a bounty, threat level A, Dwango, 15 confirmed kills," Anne said.

“Oh, did you find me out?”

A super tough oyaji appeared in front of us.

He wears dirty leather armor and carries a large sword on his back.

He's covered with scars and by his beard, he was grinning.

“If you're talking about a bounty, the blond girl and the chestnut hair girl are friends, aren't they?”

“That's right, how much did you get paid for us?” I asked.

“1 million dolancs per head, I thought I'd take a little bit of it,” Dwango said, laughing gleefully.

“It's so cheap, why don't you just stop?” I asked.

“I'm not going to do that, it's not every day I can get such easy money!” Dwango said.

As Dwango's bloodlust surged, he pulled out the greatsword on his back.

I deploy a barrier without a chant.

After all, is it a Flash and then a kick to the jewels?

It's kind of one note, isn't it?

“Makoto-sama, I will do it,” Dulcie said as she stepped forward to protect me.

“Are you going to be alright?” I asked.

“You should watch my arms,” Dulcie replied.

Well, it's okay, Anne-san will be there if things get dangerous.

Even if you get hurt, I can heal you.

“Okay, Dulcie, go right on ahead,” I said.

“Yes.”

“Kakaka, seems I've had the wool pulled over me, what's with all the battle maids, ah?”

“Hmph, you don’t have the air of an A-level threat,” Dulcie said.

“The fuck you just said to me, bitch?!!” Dwango roared.

Enraged, he slashed at Dulcie.

Suri, and Dulcie avoided him and struck Dwango on the upper arm.

Dulcie moves light and fast.

“Heh, why are you using your fists? That won’t work, you know?”
Dwango said.

“...”

Dulcie silently dodged Dwango’s slashes and threw her fists at him.

Avoid and hit.

I wonder if it’s an agile light fighter’s offensive style.

I can’t imagine what would happen to a strong bounty hunter with such light fists...

“Wait... what the?”

Dwango’s movements are visibly slowing down.

“If she hits him with her Weight Fist, he won’t be able to move anymore,” Anne said.

“Anne, what is the Weight Fist?” Carol asked.

“Ojou-sama, Weight Fist is Dulcie’s signature skill. You can add Earth magic gravity spells to your fists to make the enemy’s body heavier or lighter.”

Oh, if Dulcie hits with her bare fists, it’s a debuff effect that gradually reduces your agility?

It’s a subtle yet brutal effect.

Just a few hits with a light jab-like punch would be fatal.

“Fu-Fuck...!! My body is so heavy!! What the hell did you do, you piece of shit?!!

“...”

Dwango can only move slowly like an old man.

Dulcie's movements change.

She swings her fists with a weight, slow movement,

Strike.

Strike.

Strike.

With each blow, the weight of her punches seemed to increase, creating a dent in Dwango's body, bending his arm, and causing blood to spurt out.

"Now Dulcie has raised the weight of her fists," Anne said. "Dwango is now being hit with the force of a large sledgehammer."

Uhaa, stop the enemy's movement with a debuff, apply an attack power buff to your fists, and strike with them, huh?

"Ah-Ah, I yield, so-somebody save me."

"I'm still ready to fight," Dulcie said.

Dulcie hits, hits, hits, lifts, and slams back down.

Her attacks continued until Dwango fell to the ground and was unable to move.

"Wait, stop before you go that far," I said.

"He's a bounty hunter guilty of mass murders, so it's dangerous if we don't completely neutralize him," Dulcie replied.

Yare-yare, this world has recovery magic, but on the contrary, it's so bloody.

Wounds heal easily, so it's easy to beat people up.

Anne went to call as an official.

He was so pitiful that I treated Dwango's wounds with Heal.

Actually, I only cast Heal on about half of him, but it's fine, he's a bounty we can turn in.

Oops, how much is the money on his head?

Shall we split with Dulcie?

“Hahaha, you let your guard down, if this girl’s life is so precious...”

Dwango grabbed the barriers around me and shook them.

As expected of an idiot, he only detected them once he noticed the mysterious discomfort.

“What is this?”

“Barriers,” I said.

“Makoto-sama, what should we do?”

“Beat this guy up as much as I healed him,” I said.

“Ah, time out, time out!”

Dulcie knocked Dwango down, mounted him, and silently beat him again.

Boko-boko-boko, she kept going.

Yeah, it’s good medicine for idiots who take hostages who just healed them.

“Stop, Dulcie,” I said.

“Right,” Dulcie said.

“Who put up my and Carol’s bounty?” I asked.

“I-I don’t know. The head of the slum, h-he told me about the bounty,” Dwango said.

“Fumu.”

A bounty from the Pottinger Faction, or House Mahler?

I wonder if I’ll go ask Oyaji in the slums.

Ah, but let’s do it after eating, it’s impossible to eat in the slums.

Chapter 72

72 - Let's Have Lunch At A Downtown Café

An official came, so I handed over Dwango.

The bounty was 500,000 dolancs.

Yatta.

“Dulcie, is it okay if we divide the bounty money equally?” I asked.

“Eh... Makoto-sama, please take it all,” Dulcie replied.

“No, we defeated him together, so split it up,” I said.

I smiled and Dulcie looked confused.

I don't know why, but Anne-san was smiling with an expression going, “Umu.”

It seems that the bounty money can be received at the headquarters of the Order of Peace tomorrow.

I'll have Dulcie fetch it for me.

“Dulcie, well done, you're so strong,” Anne said.

“No, I'm a defensive type, so I'm not good at offensive missions,” Dulcie said, blushing a little and looking embarrassed.

Cute.

I stretched up a little and patted Dulcie's head.

Dulcie stares wide-eyed at my affection.

“Iiko-iiko,” I said.

“Ah, um, thank you very much...”

Anne-san is still looking at me and Dulcie with a smile.

The three of us wandered around downtown and entered a cafe that looked good.

It's pretty nice, and the price is reasonable.

The two intelligence maids seem to have gone into hiding somewhere

again, and I can't see them.

"Give me the lunch set B," I said.

"I, I'll take C," Corinna said.

"I'll also take the B set," Carol said.

The lunch plate was pork saute for A, chicken for B, and fish for C.

Even if I say fish, it's a river fish because the sea is far away.

Mogyu-mogyu, ah, this place is good.

They season them very well.

"Delicious, isn't it?" Carol said.

"Why are you sinking, Corinna-chan?" I asked.

"I get depressed when I spend a lot of money..." Corinna replied.

"I will make you a lot of money," I said.

"Do you want me to pay?" Carol asked. "You have helped me with various things such as the ledger, Corinna."

"It-It's fine, that's a Yoriko's duty, so I'll pay for myself," Corinna said.

"It's a yoroshi's duty to treat their yoriko, but it's fine if you feel sorry for me, Corinna," Carol said.

After all, the sense of money is different depending on birth and upbringing.

Maybe it's because Carol has been earning money since she was a child, so she doesn't seem to have any resistance to spending it.

Since Corinna-chan only had a small amount of pocket money, it seems she doesn't like spending money.

I had a part-time job in my previous life, and I lived alone, so I don't spend money unnecessarily, but I can afford to pay for things I need.

"After we eat, I'm going to the slums, but what about the two of you?" I asked.

"The slums? What are you going to do?" Corinna asked.

“I’m thinking of going to ask the Oyaji who seems to be the head of the slums about the bounty that someone put on me and Carol,” I replied.

“Well, House Pottinger is involved, too, so I’m coming with,” Carol said.

“I suppose it can’t be helped, if I go out with you, Makoto, we’ll end up going places I’ve never been before,” Corinna said.

“Thank you, Carol, Corinna-chan,” I said.

Yoshi-yoshi, let’s eat lunch quickly.

After eating, we head to the slums.

The slums aren’t within the royal capital.

It’s outside the walls.

Inside the high walls surrounding the royal capital, no matter how poor the area is, it’s a downtown area.

The slums are outside the royal capital, and various public services are inadequate.

Poor people from all over Appleton come to the royal capital to make a name for themselves, and when their dreams are broken, they become residents of the slums.

As the outer garden city of the royal capital, it has spread considerably.

Go to the east gate of the royal capital and present the adventurer’s guild card.

Since Corinna-chan doesn’t have a guild card, they’ll ask her to provide other documents.

“Is it okay for three school kids to go to a slum? It’s much worse than you think,” a middle-aged guard with a large build warned us.

“Thank you, but I do well enough with the temple’s work,” I said.

“Ah, someone from the temple, you said? Then you should be fine. Itterasyhai,” he said, sending us off.

The area immediately outside the gate is already the slums.

It smells so bad.

It smells of pee and rotten garbage.

“It stinks,” Carol said.

“It stinks,” Corinna said.

“Is this your first time in the slums, Carol or Corinna?” I asked.

“I’ve never needed to be here,” Carol said.

“It’s not a place I want to come to much,” Corinna said.

The three of us walk down a dirty alley.

The lowly paupers look at us and grin.

“Oh, Ojou-chan-tachi, lookie here...”

“What is it? I’m going to beat it out of you,” I said.

The poor Nii-chans smiled wryly.

“Ah, it’s the Holy Seijo-sama, I’m so sorry,” Nii-chan said.

“You’re not with the Temple Knights today, are you?”

“I came to see the Oyaji, where is he?” I asked.

“At this time, of day, it’s probably at the Keikan-Tei, isn’t it?”

“Has he been drinking since noon again, that Oyaji?” I asked.

“He’ll be happy to hear the Seijo-sama has come. Oyaji loves you, Seijo-sama.”

“I hate that Oyaji, though,” I said.

Talking to the paupers was useless.

As we were walking, Anne and Dulcie appeared.

I feel like they can’t escort me if they don’t show up soon.

In the middle of the eastern slum is Keikan-Tei.

It's a dirty, dingy, smelly tavern.

When you open the swinging doors like a Western movie, it's full of bad guys.

"What the hell, this is no place for little brats like you..."

The macho man who tried to accost us was kicked away by the Oyaji who came up from behind him.

"It's Seijo-sama, dumbass," Oyaji said. "So if it isn't you, Seijou-sama, how are you today?"

"As usual, the slums are dirty and smelly," I said.

"Well, you are in the slums, right? Kakaka," Oyaji cackled.

This middle-aged man is the Oyaji we're looking for.

He organizes the eastern slums.

He's shirtless and drunk.

There are scars running all over his naked back and stomach.

"Oyaji, just now, Carol and I were attacked by a bounty hunter, do you know anything?"

"Someone attacking Seijou-sama, you say..." Oyaji said.

A cold look popped up in Oyaji's eyes.

Hmm, at this point, Oyaji doesn't seem to know.

Chapter 73

73 - I'm Going Back To School And Starting Cleaning Our Meeting Room Oyaji called his subordinates to investigate the flow of rumors.

Apparently, the bounty for Carol and I came from a bar on the outskirts of town.

It seems that a well-dressed man visited a bar in the south and told the customers about the bounty money.

Of course, he did not reveal his contact information after one was hired.

“It’s a common bounty scam,” Oyaji said.

“Is it so common?” I asked.

“Nobles use it a lot,” Oyaji replied. “If the rumors spread, there’s going to be some thick-headed bounty hunters that’ll move.”

“Well, if it came from the Duke of Pottinger, I think they will buy it,” I said.

Or you just pretend you don’t know.

“If the Seijo-san is assassinated, it will cause a lot of trouble, so I will crush the rumors here,” Oyaji said.

“Thank you, Oyaji, that’s really helpful.”

“It’s no problem, aren’t you on good terms with me? Kakaka,” he cackled.

“Well then, I’ll leave it to you, and see you soon,” I said.

When I stood up from the stool, the Oyaji waved his hand frantically.

“Are you going home already? Go eat something first,” Oyaji said.

“Ah?” I said. “Eating food from the slums will upset my stomach, so it’s fine, I had a terrible experience the other day.”

“Well, it’s a slum, so it can’t be helped, you know?” Oyaji said before cackling loudly, Kakaka!

Surprisingly, he has a friendly face, and I don't dislike Oyaji's laugh.

We leave the Keikan-Tei and head back to the royal capital.

"That was surprising, the people that live in the slums," Corinna said.

"It's a place where nobles don't come, so wouldn't it be strange if you imagined them as strange creatures, Corinna-chan?"

"I thought the poor people in the slums were like goblins who could understand the human language," Corinna said.

Carol laughed at that.

"If you don't know them, that's what it feels like," Carol said. "But the slum is wide, isn't it?"

"It gets bigger every year," I said.

"Once it spreads to a certain extent, a new wall will be built to turn it into part of downtown," Corinna said. "Since the royal capital has been growing like this, the sewage-related aristocrats are in trouble because it makes connecting them to the system so complicated."

Is that how it was?

Is that why the downtown area is littered?

We get back to the east gate.

I greeted the Oji-san gatekeeper knight earlier and re-entered the royal capital.

"Okaeri."

"Tadaimadesu," I said.

If I become an adventurer, I guess I'll leave this gate and go to the forest or the mountains.

"Fuu, it feels like we're back in the royal capital," Corinna said.

"Doesn't it?" Carol said.

"We were just in the slums, you're exaggerating," I said.

"You're loved by the slums, Makoto, so it's fine for you," Corinna

countered.

“I’m not loved, I’m not loved, it’s the temple they love, not me.”

Corinna-chan and Carol look at me with astonished faces.

“She’s always brazen, but sometimes she’s so humble,” Corinna said.

“That’s right, I agree with you, Corinna,” Carol said.

“What is it, you two?” I said.

Don’t praise me, it’s too easy to get carried away.

You shouldn’t praise me for feeling like a real saint.

“Now that we have finished our business, shall we go back to school?”
I said.

“Yes, I have to do alchemy, too,” Carol said.

“I have to study,” Corinna said.

“You guys, holidays are for resting,” I said.

“What are you going to do now, Makoto?” Corinna asked.

“Hmm, cleaning our meeting room?” I asked.

“You’re not resting,” Corinna said.

“Not resting at all,” Carol said.

Well, if you say so, it may be so.

I don’t know why I’m up and around so much.

I wonder what the other people are doing

I hope they come take a look and if they’re free, join me in the
cleaning.

After parting ways with Carol and Corinna-chan, I went to the meeting
room alone.

I open the door of room 155 and haul the junk out.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was helping me.

“Ah, thank you, Dulcie.”

“No, it’s my job as a maid.”

Having a dedicated maid makes things easier at times like this.

I’m busily carrying it around, but it’s just a pile of junk in front of my room, and I don’t feel like it’s gone down that much.

“What are you doing, Kimball-san?”

“Ah, Anthony-sensei. I rented a meeting place for my faction, and it turned into a storeroom, so I’m cleaning it.”

“Is that so? That sounds difficult,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Sensei, where should I dispose of unnecessary items?” I asked.

“There is an incinerator behind the gymnasium, and next to it is the oversized garbage dumping area,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Thank you, I’ll have to get you to carry it later, Dulcie.”

“Indeed, Makoto-sama.”

Shikkashi, what the hell is with all this junk?

I don’t have anything I can use.

“The hurdles and flags are overflowing from the gymnasium warehouse, can you carry them to the front of the gymnasium warehouse, too?” Anthony-sensei said.

“Understood, I’ll go get them,” I said.

“Thank you, Kimball-san,” Anthony-sensei said.

“No, no, it’s on the way there anyway,” I said.

Anthony-sensei bowed and left.

Since he’s a good age, he shouldn’t be spending his days off at school, and it would be nice to have a girlfriend and go on a date with him.

Or rather, the teacher shouldn’t be living in the dormitory, so he must have come all the way from home to work at school, he’s an

enthusiastic teacher.

“Ooh, I heard you rented a faction meeting place, so we came to help you,” Curtis said.

He, Koishi-chan, and Elsa have come, the swordsman group is here.

“Oh, Curtis, thanks for the help, but where did you hear that?” I asked.

“Our intelligence network is excellent. Are you Makoto’s intelligence maid? Nice to meet you,” Curtis said.

“My name is Dulcie, Curtis-sama.”

Curtis-onii-chan grinned.

“They say you use the Weight Fist technique, wouldn’t it be great to have one with a sword and a fist?”

“Curtis-sama, you should clean up first,” Elsa said.

“That’s right, myon, Curtis-shyan loves dueling too much, myon-yo,” Koishi said.

After getting stabbed in the sides by Koishi and Elsa, I couldn’t help but laugh.

“Thank you, now, let’s all clean up.”

Chapter 74

74 - The Venomous Spider Lady Said She Wanted To Join The Faction, But (1) Elmer also arrived while I was moving the junk elsewhere with Curtis-onii-chan's help.

"... If it's faction stuff, or whatever... you really should have called me..." Elmer said.

"Well, I'm sorry, I don't know where you are on your days off, Elmer," I said.

"... On holidays... you'll mostly find me... in the Magic Laboratory..." Elmer replied.

Do you study magic on your days off?

It sounds about right for Elmer.

"I'm either at the martial arts hall or out on the town," Curtis said.

"And what are you doing out on the town, Curtis?" I asked.

"Accepting requests at the adventurer's guild, and checking out the weapon's shops," Curtis said.

Curtis-onii-chan, it's just an adventurer's regular day.

With a rattle, Misha-san came pulling a tea wagon.

"Does anyone want a spot of tea?" Misha said.

"Oh, Misha-san, what about Yurisha-senpai?" I asked.

"Ojou-sama has an appointment at the townhouse, so she'll be here later," Misha replied.

"Is that so?" I said.

"I was told to go ahead and prepare tea time," Misha said.

"Then please do," I said.

Or so I thought, but there is no place to have tea.

There was a table in the junk, so when I was taking it out, Anne-san came out and put a white tablecloth on it.

Thank you.

A dirty table will look good when a cloth is thrown over it.

“Is Carol alright without you, Anne-san?”

“Ojou-sama has finished her work, so she sent me here,” Anne said.

We bring in makeshift chairs and make a tea table for ourselves.

“Dulcie, ask Corinna if she’d like some tea,” I said.

“Right,” Dulcie said.

And then Dulcie jumped up and flew a great distance away.

“... Is my maid flying in the sky?” I said.

“It’s just jumping,” Anne explained. “If you apply the effect of Weight Fist to yourself, you can do that.”

“Is that so?” I said.

Is it a high-speed movement method?

Well, it might be effective if it’s a forest or something.

After using some barrels, we were finally able to get seats for the number of people.

Carol and Corinna also came.

“Oh, it’s pretty much cleaned up inside, isn’t it?” Corinna said.

“There’s a lot of junk, but I finally managed to get most of it out, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“Good work, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Ehehe,” I giggled.

When Carol praises me, my tiredness will be blown away.

Everyone drinks the tea that Misha-san put out.

Ah, the tea you drink outdoors is delicious.

The wind blows too softly.

A good smell of tea.

And then, a venomous spider came along with Cattleya-san.

“Hello, Makoto-sama. You weren’t here at school this morning, so I looked for you,” Hilda said.

“Oh, hello Hilda-san,” I said.

“Cattleya-shyan,” Koishi squealed as she ran up to Cattleya-san and hugged her.

“Are you all right, myon?” Koishi asked.

“I’m alright, I’ve been let out of Duke Pottinger’s Faction,” Cattleya replied.

It’s a good friendship between girls.

It’s Yuri-Yuri.

Curtis and Elsa-san also approached Cattleya-san and started talking to each other.

“I hired Cattleya as a knight of House Mahler,” Hilda said.

“Huh?” I asked.

“House Mahler also wants to join the Saint’s Faction, so I have come to ask you that,” Hilda continued.

“Huh...?” I went.

I don’t understand what Hilda is saying.

House Mahler is switching to the Saint’s Faction?

“Uh, uumm, let’s start from scratch, Hilda-san, right now, the Saint’s Faction and House Mahler are in a tense relationship,” I said.

“It was cleared up last night,” Hilda said. “Do you want my Otou-sama’s head?”

“I-I don’t want it,” I said.

“I thought you would say that, so my Otou-sama has been confined instead,” Hilda said. “He is scheduled to ‘die of illness’ after I graduate.”

Eh, is it okay to think that Hilda-san has become the Head of House Mahler by pushing her Otou-sama away somewhere?

“House Mahler will completely surrender to Seijo-sama and will accept any request,” Hilda said. “I posted an apology letter in the central square of the royal capital. I will return the money that my Otou-sama has stolen with compensation. We apologize for the suffering we’ve caused.”

“Au-au,” I muttered.

Hilda gracefully bowed her head.

Impossible, I never thought that such an insubstantial request would make so many waves.

I’m in trouble.

I’m in some serious trouble.

“W-Why was Gustav-san sucking money from the cafeteria in the girls’ dormitory? It doesn’t seem like he made that much money from it,” I said.

“Otou-sama loves tragedy,” Hilda said. “When he sees a chef with a promising future, a happy peddler, a baker who is doing his best in business, and so on, he becomes so spiteful that he has to destroy them, he was an unbearable waste of human life.”

My mouth dropped open.

“It was a hobby?”

“Yes, it was his hobby to ruin people,” Hilda said. “The poison of all these shadow wars must have infected his brain.”

Is that so?

“I couldn’t bear to watch it, so I negotiated with the elders of the Mahler family to remove him from the position of House Head. He is now imprisoned in the townhouse tower.”

“So is that how a war in the family goes?” I said.

Well then, what should I do? When an apology and compensation are presented, there is no way I reject forgiveness, and the father who is to blame is poisoned in the brain, and Hilda-san herself doesn't seem to have any problems in contrast, and having her on my side is a tremendous relief, I feel.

What should I doooooo?

Chapter 75

75 - The Venomous Spider Lady Said She Wanted To Join The Faction,
But (2) I'm in trouble.

Hmmm, the scheming Mahler family wanted to join my faction, but I can't find a way to politely refuse.

Gununu.

"To-To be honest, I can't trust you, Hilda-san, so there's that," I said.

"No one is foolish enough to trust a spy or a house of shadow warfare," Carol said.

"Is that so, Carol?" I asked.

"Well, that's right, umm, basically, the espionage houses and shadow warfare houses sell information and their skills, especially their loyalty, they're like retainers and knights," Carol said.

Is that so?

Only the information and the results of the secret warfare are the goals, and there is no loyalty.

No, indeed, the Saint's Fnow has only swordsmen, and I want a wise general, and moreover, a person who specializes in shadow warfare.

"Or rather, if the Mahler family leaves, isn't Duke Pottinger's Faction going to suffer a lot?" I asked.

"Of course, when the Wilkinson family and Margot left for the Royal Faction the intelligence community was in an uproar, you know?" Hilda said,

"Margot-san, what a celebrity you are," I said.

From my point of view, she's a mischievous maid.

"On top of that, the Mahler family is leaving, so in terms of intelligence, that faction is almost dead," Hilda said. "But, even when we had the Wilkinsons with us, the information was still very inaccurate."

“What will happen if you join the Saint’s Faction, Hilda-san?” I asked.

“Since the Saint’s Faction is a defensive faction, we probably won’t be able to do a lot of covert fighting from here, but there shouldn’t be any house that will start a secret war against House Mahler, either.”

Hilda made a face.

I wonder if it’s quite a place to set up for a house with a history of secret wars.

“Isn’t Duke Pottinger’s secret army coming?” I asked.

“I would hope so, yes,” Hilda said.

Saying that, Hilda-san grinned ferociously.

Aah.

Aah, this girl is an underworld warfare maniaaaaacc.

What should I do? There is no reason to refuse.

Oh, let’s make the faction stronger by including shadow warfare specialists.

“Understood, I’ll allow you to join our faction,” I said.

“Thank you very much, Holy Seijo-sama.”

“Just Makoto is fine, Mahler-sama,” I said.

“Then, please just call me Hilda, too, Makoto-san.”

“Yes, Hilda-senpai.”

Hilda-senpai smiled.

“Hilda-senpai, did you not make friends with anyone because your father is trash?”

“Huh? No, no, there’s no such thing.”

She looked away.

Oh, that’s right.

I took Hilda-senpai’s hand.

“It’s okay now, so let’s start making friends starting from me,” I said

“Wha-Wha-What are you saying, it, it’s not like that, I, I’m the head of the Mahler family, so I don’t need friends.”

Hilda-senpai turning red and panicking is cute.

Seeing me loosen my cheeks, Hilda-senpai softened her eyes and sighed.

“You’re a strange girl, Makoto-san,” Hilda said.

“There, there, let’s have some tea,” I said.

Misha-san put tea in front of Hilda.

Carol and Corinna-chan are looking at me with frowns.

What is it?

“Tarashi.” 1

“Makoto is a tarashi.”

I don’t know what to do, don’t spit poison in a low voice.

It seems to be a natural response to a person who just joined the faction.

“Makoto-sama~.”

Muh, an ojou-san I don’t know has come.

And when I thought about it, it must be Melissa-san, as Karina-san was her.

“If you’ve taken a faction meeting room, I’ll be in trouble if you don’t tell me it.”

“Makoto, can I see your room? I need to plan my cleaning and, oh, you’re new,” Karina said.

“My name is Dulcie. I’m a maid for Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

“You’re Makoto’s maid, nice to meet you, I’m Karina, a housemaid,” Karina said.

Umu, Karina-san speaks well.

And Melissa-san is in uniform.

“Melissa-san, your uniform is cute,” I said.

“Ehehe, there aren’t many people from our faction who wear evening dresses, so I tried wearing a uniform. It’s kind of refreshing,” Melissa said.

“Yeah, let’s go with that spirit. And this is the new faction member, Hilda Mahler-senpai,” I said.

“...”

Melissa shuddered when she saw Hilda-senpai.

“Your family specializes in agricultural production, doesn’t it, Melissa-sama?” Hilda said.

“Huh, you know about us?” Melissa said.

“I have researched most of the members of the Saint’s Faction. The Andrea family specializes in wine, and the finances have been doing well recently, and wine exports are increasing,” Hilda said.

“We-Well...” Melissa said.

“And the cause of that increase exports to Duke Pottinger’s faction, but due to your faction switch, it’s like that exports to Duke Appleby will increase instead,” Hilda said.

Yep, she’s our intelligence officer, alright, our shadow warfare specialist.

Her information is correct.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Hilda-sama,” Melissa said.

“Likewise, Melissa-sama,” Hilda said.

“You’re so reliable,” Corinna said. “I’ve never seen such a difference from an intelligence noble.”

“Fufu, this is just the start, Corinna-sama,” Hilda said as she glamorously drank her tea.

“Makoto, Dulcie is clumsy, can I teach her housework?” Karina asked.

“Wah, Karina-san, I was thinking of asking you,” I said.

“I see, I see, leave it to me,” Karina said. “Even though she’s an intelligence maid, she’s still a maid, so she has to be able to do housework.”

“..... Okay,” Dulcie said.

Dulcie looks gloomy.

Do your best.

Before I knew it, Hilda-san’s intelligence maid, Shirley-san, followed Karina-san into the room.

“Do you do housework, Shirley-san?” I said.

“Now that you mention it, it would also be helpful if Karina-san could teach me,” Shirley said.

Are there many intelligence maids who don’t have much housework experience?

“Is Misha-san a housemaid?” I asked.

“No, I’m an Aigan Maid, would you like to hear more?” 2 Misha said.

“... No, it’s fine,” I said.

Yurisha-senpai, I’m going to report this to the police.

Footnotes

1. ”Heartbreaker, a man who plays fast and loose with women’s hearts.

2. Roughly translated, Misha is Yurisha’s “pet” maid.

Chapter 76

76 - We're Done Cleaning The Meeting Room

"Fuu, it wasn't what I expected, Makoto, we've finished cleaning for the time being," Karina said.

"Really, that was fast," I said.

"A maid's job is all about skill," Karina said.

For some reason, Karina-san has a grumpy face.

Dulcie and Shirley look exhausted.

It must have been very hard.

When you enter the room, it's really shiny.

I can't believe it was a room that was a storage until just now.

The windows are beautifully polished and the sun shines into the room.

A room without any junk feels empty and spacious.

"What about the furniture, would you like to buy it?" Curtis asked.

"Isn't there any surplus furniture in the margrave's townhouse?" I asked.

"Come again? I think you throw away furniture you don't need," Curtis said.

"... The marquis' house... it's the same... the townhouse is... cramped," Elmer said.

Mattaku, I guess that's what all rich people do.

"Let's buy new furniture, Makoto-sama," Melissa said.

"I don't have that kind of money, Melissa-san, it's a waste," I said.

"I'll give you money, then," Melissa said.

“... Then let’s do it,” I said.

Should I be doing this?

It feels different to buy with someone else’s money.

“What do you need, a desk, a chair, and a reception set?” Melissa asked.

“That’s right,” I said. “I want to hold meetings here, so the table is for 10 people.”

“I’m bringing furniture from the Albright townhouse, it’s time to replace it anyway,” Carol said.

“The Mahler family will provide a reception set,” Hilda said. “It was Otou-sama’s anyway, and he’s not going to need it anymore.”

“That will help, please go ahead,” I said.

“It’s okay, it’s a room that everyone will use,” Hilda said.

“Isn’t there any water here?” Curtis asked. “What are you going to do about tea?”

“At the end of the building, there’s a long sink,” Misha said.

Fumu, the water area is shared, well, it’s not a place to eat, so it’s fine.

“We’ll bring our own... or House Clayton... will provide the cupboards...”

“Ah, then in that case, Elmer, our house, I meant, my house will bring the cloth and the chest to put them in,” Elsa said.

When Elsa-san said that with a dumbfounded voice, Curtis made a face like, “What’s going on?”

If everyone puts out their stuff, I wonder if we can get a lot of furniture.

Also, let’s use Dwango’s bounty of 250,000 for the missing items.

Yeah, yeah.

“Well, let’s all disperse, let’s put our furniture in tomorrow,” I said.

"I'll go down to the townhouse and make arrangements to move the furniture," Carol said.

"I will do the same, Cattleya, come on," Hilda said.

"Understood," Cattleya said.

Hmmm, so Cattleya-san became Hilda-san's subordinate?

"Even under Hilda-san, Cattleya-san is a member of the Saint's Faction, right?" I asked.

"Yeah, thank you, Makoto."

Cattleya smiled like she was blown away.

"I will tell you what happened, Makoto-san," Hilda said.

"Come to think of it, why are you using Cattleya-san as a subordinate?" I asked.

"She's been kicked out of Duke Pottinger's faction, I'll expound later," Hilda said.

"Okay, see you later, Hilda-san," I said.

Carol, Hilda-san, and Cattleya-san started walking toward the school gate.

"I wonder if we can gather in this room from tomorrow."

"I'll make some duplicate keys," I said.

"I'll do it," Karina said.

"Dulcie, can you do it instead?"

"Of course, I can," Dulcie said.

I locked Room 155, removed one of the keys, and handed it to Dulcie.

She jumped up and flew towards the school gate.

"... I knew flying maids would be strange," Karina muttered.

"It is, isn't it?" I said.

It's weird.

Well, I guess I'll go to the bathroom and then work part-time at the cafeteria.

"Makoto-sama, what are you going to do now?"

"Do you want to take a bath, Melissa-san?"

"Let's go."

"May I go too?"

When Corinna-chan muttered that, someone in a dress came running in from afar.

"I, I will join you in the bath, as well!"

"He-Hello, Yurisha-senpai."

Uwah.

"We're going, too, myon."

Koishi-chan too, yeah yeah.

But Yurisha-senpai, you shouldn't go.

Even if I said that there was no reason for Yurisha-senpai to stay away.

Currently, everyone is taking a bath together in the underground large bath.

Misha-san came too.

She's still like a little girl even when she's naked.

"Corinna-sama, when you take off your glasses, you look amazingly beautiful, why are you hiding it!?" Yurisha said.

"Eh, um, I can't buy good glasses," Corinna said.

Inside the bathtub, Corinna-chan is being come onto by Yurisha-senpai.

Taking Corinna-chan's hand, Yurisha-senpai's eyes are serious and frightening.

"I'll buy it for you, I'll buy it for you, so please call me Onee-sama,"

Yurisha said.

“Huh, I don’t want to,” Corinna said.

“Oh, how boring, but I suppose that’s fine,” Yurisha said.

This person is as disgusting as ever.

“Do I knock this person out or something, myon?” Koishi asked.

“Don’t do it, she’s still a duke’s daughter,” I said.

Koishi-chan’s skin is smooth and beautiful, probably because she has the blood of Horai.

When I stared at her, she turned red and shied away.

Huh, it’s fine, at least I’m just looking.

“I guess it was pointless to buy a bra if we were going to take baths with you, Makoto,” Corinna said.

“You shouldn’t say that, Corinna-chan. We’re high school students.”

“That’s all I’m saying.”

Chapter 77

77 - Corinna-Chan And I Work Round And Round At Our Dinner Time Shift We took a bath, so we changed into the new underwear.

Oh, Corinn-chan, you look good in a sports bra.

“Oh, it’s a rare pair of underwear, isn’t it?” Melissa said, looking at the sports bra with great interest.

She’s wearing a huge breastband bra.

The history of underwear in this world is strange.

“I bought it at an underwear specialty store on the other side of the Great Temple, on the main street of the royal capital,” I said. “It was really easy.”

“As Makoto said, it was easy,” Corinna said.

“I want one too, I have to send Karina to buy one later,” Melissa said.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai’s gigantic breasts are supported by an expensive brassiere.

I wonder if it’s a special order item.

“I’m going to buy one for myself too, myon,” Koishi said.

Koishi-chan is also chippai.

Cattleya has quite a sized chest.

Now then, I’ll put on my uniform, shift gears, and go to my part-time job for the dinner shift.

Accompanied by Corinna-chan, we enter the locker room of the girls’ dormitory cafeteria.

“Hello,” I said.

“Ah, Makoto-san, Corinna-san, hello,” Marissa greets us.

“Since the Mahler family’s problems have been settled, we can call

Ilda-san back tomorrow,” I said.

“Really?! That’s great news!” Marissa said.

I should have asked Dulcie to report to the Great Temple along with making a duplicate key for the meeting room.

But it’s so much easier when there’s someone who can run errands for you.

I equip myself with a three-point headscarf and an apron.

I’ll equip Corinna-chan as well.

“Refunds and compensation from the Mahler family, this is a big surplus,” Corinna said. “We can also give bonuses to everyone, but that is ultimately up to Ilda-san.”

“Indeed, we’re just workers,” I said.

I opened the kitchen door and Edra-san showed her face.

“Makoto-san, Corinna-san, you’re here. Are you good to sample the dinners?”

“Ah, we’re good,” I said.

“Tonight’s bread is amazing, Clara is a big deal,” Edra said.

“Is that so? I’m so looking forward to it,” I said.

Edra-san brought one meal for the upper nobles and two meals for the lower nobles and arranged them on the table in the locker room.

Today’s upper noble’s meal was sautéed horned rabbit, stir-fried river trout and spinach, asparagus salad, potato soup, white bread, and orange jelly.

“It’s rare to have horned rabbit,” I said.

“Somehow, it seems there was a big haul of them, so we probably got them for cheap,” Edra said.

The lower noble’s meal consisted of blue magpie stew, Caesar salad, consommé soup, and black bread.

Somehow, the presence of white bread and black bread is different

this time.

“Well then, itadakimasu,” I said.

“We thank the Goddess for our daily bread,” Corinna said.

You don’t need to give grace, Corinna-chan.

Pakuri.

Hmmm, delicious.

It’s my first time eating blue magpie, but it tastes different from chicken and is delicious.

Ah, this black bread is sour but in a delicious way.

“The bread is tasty, this is amazing,” Corinna said.

“The black bread is delicious like I thought, Clara does great work,” I said.

We cut the sautéed horn rabbit in half and eat it.

Oh, it’s greasy and delicious.

It has that wild game flavor, and I like it.

The tastes in your mouth are vivid and enjoyable.

Delicious, delicious.

It was a bit too much, but I ate it all together with Corinna-chan.

It was delicious.

“”Gochisousama.””

“How was it?” Edra said.

“When the bread is delicious, it lifts the whole meal with it,” I said.

“It was delicious with rare ingredients for both upper and lower nobles,” Corinna said.

“Yeah, above all. I’m looking forward to the reaction of today’s customers,” Edra said.

“I’m looking forward to it,” I said.

We enter the kitchen.

“Clara, the bread was delicious,” I said.

“Fufun, I don’t want to compare it to Hangetsu-Do’s work,” Clara said.

“As expected of a Meigetsu-Do baker, it was delicious,” Corinna said.

“Thank you, Corinna-san,” Clara said.

It’s so different when there is a dedicated baker on the team.

I was at the counter, Corinna-chan was in front of the till, and dinner time began.

More and more people are coming.

“It looks like it will be crowded again today,” I said.

“Should we restrict entry early?” Corinna asked.

More and more tables are filling up.

I thought it was a holiday today, but everyone comes back on holiday evenings.

A line formed in front of the counter, and I turned into a machine that lined up plates of food.

“Makoto-san, what’s tonight’s dinner?”

“It’s blue magpie stew,” I replied.

The three lacrosse senpais have arrived.

“That’s rare, even though it’s not a very common bird to catch,” one of them said.

“What happened to Dulcie?” another asked.

“I set her off on an errand,” I said.

“Is that so?”

The three lacrosse senpais put their food on their trays tray and moved to a table.

“”Delicious”””

“The bread is different~.”

“The stew is rare and delicious.”

“Even though it’s black bread, it’s delicious.”

It seems to be very popular.

That’s a relief, above all else.

About an hour after the doors opened, the seats for the lower nobles were full.

There are quite a few vacant seats for upper aristocrats.

I stand at the doorway and start restricting entry.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai is here to monitor the cafeteria today.

She’s eating elegantly at the upper noble’s seats.

If Yuri-Yuri-senpai didn’t talk, she would look like a splendid duke’s daughter.

Oh, the Hungry Three Dress-senpais came and sat down in the upper noble’s seats.

Let’s not get into trouble today.

“Makoto, good evening.”

“Ah, Hilda-senpai, irashyai,” I said.

“I left the reception set in front of the meeting room,” Hilda said.

“Got it, thank you very much,” I said.

Hilda-senpai sat in the upper noble’s seats with Cattleya-san.

Shirley-san appears and heads to the advanced food counter.

The Commander-san of the Hungry Dress-senpais stepped out in front of Shirley-san.

“What do you mean by this?” Shirley asked.

“We’re not afraid of the Venomous Spiders anymore, now that they’ve been kicked out of the faction.”

“ ... ”

Shirley-san looks at Hilda-san.

Hilda-san smiled.

Ah, geeze, ah, geeze, don’t cause trouble.

Chapter 78

78 - The Venomous Spider Lady Physically Bites Commander-san
Hilda-san stood up.

Yabee, yabe.

However, I can't leave the counter behind and run over.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai.

I made eye contact with Yuri-Yuri-senpai and she smiled and waved.

Yabee, Yuri-Yuri-senpai is useless.

Jet black hair, jet black eyes, red lips.

When Hilda-senpai moves, she doesn't make any noise.

She stands in front of Commander-san like the fog on the ground moving quietly and at high speed.

"Wha-What is this, Hilda Mahler, if you're out of Duke Pottinger's faction, we won't be afraid of you," Commander-san said.

"Daughter of Count Kelly Holst, leader of the independent small faction, your House is Lord of Hilmgard, a water transportation city on the Hume River."

Is Commander-senpai named Kelly?

Hilmgard is a fairly large city located upstream of the river that flows beside the royal capital.

"Wha-What, what about us?" Kelly said.

"Your father, Lord Randolph, seems to be a man of many lovers. You had a new brother the other day.

Congratulations."

"A-A boy born from some prostitute is not my brother!!!"

"Is that so? Isn't the birth of a boy so great? You have to be happy. The survival of the clan is the most important thing for the nobility."

Hilda-senpai laughs softly.

Commander-san, no, Kelly-senpai's face turned red with anger.

"How about it, it's the birth of a boy for the first time. It would be fine if the Mahler family supported the concubine's faction so that he could be recognized as the legitimate child."

"Wh-What, st-stop that, don't stick your beak into other people's business!!"

Hilda-senpai suddenly grabbed Kelly-senpai's head.

"Then apologize, it's easy to get you kicked out of your house."

"W-Who'd want to side with the venomous spider?"

"You said it," Hilda said.

Hilda-senpai grinned and bit Kelly-senpai's neck.

What the?

"Now you are my kin," Hilda said.

"Hi-Hiiiiii...!" Kelly let out a scream and fell off her chair.

Hilda-senpai drips blood from her mouth, narrows her eyes, and smiles.

Mou, I can't stand it anymore.

"Marissa-san, man the counter please."

"Understood."

When I entered the dining area, Yuri-Yuri-senpai waved lightly.

Please do something about this.

"I'm not impressed with your vampire play, Hilda-senpai."

"I do in fact have vampire blood flowing through me, but it's so thin that I can't make any vampiric kin," Hilda said.

"Is it truly vampire blood?"

Hilda-senpai smiled when I rushed in.

She's really a troublesome person.

"Awawa, I'm going to become a vampire kin, too," Kelly said.

"I'll sanctify it, so it's okay. **'Consecration.'**"

I put a simple Heal around Kelly-senpai's neck.

Along with the pale light, the tooth marks left by Hilda-senpai disappeared cleanly.

"Ha, haa, haa, ah, umm, that's."

What is it, Kelly-senpai?"

"E-Even if you want me to say thank you, I'm still grateful," Kelly said.-

"Just say thank you normally," Hilda-senpai butt in.

"Ah, thank you, Holy Seijou-sama."

"It's not a big deal. But please don't make trouble in the dining area anymore."

"Un-Understood."

Kelly-senpai took her two entourage members and ran away from the cafeteria.

Before I knew it, Hilda-senpai was somehow back in her seat, drinking tea.

Seriously, mou.

And then, Yuri-Yuri-senpai waved at me again.

I can't rely on Yuri-Yuri-senpai!!

When I returned to the counter, Corinna-chan called out to me while grinning.

"Good work."

"Honestly, that Hilda-senpai~"

"Well, I think it's good because no one will come out to defy Hilda-senpai."

“I didn’t think she’d physically bite her.”

“Well, Commander-san’s selfishness is so attention-grabbing.”

“I didn’t realize Commander-san was from an independent faction.”

“It seems that there are many small factions like that in the kingdom.”

“I see, is that so?”

It is said that the small factions are mostly protected by the Royal Faction.

It’s pretty confusing.

The customer’s peak is gone, and I’m going to take a break.

“Since you’re here, Makoto-san, it helps reduce troubles in the cafeteria,” Marissa said.

“I don’t want to be like the owner of the cafeteria.”

“Maa, maa,” she said.

Marissa-san praises me, but somehow I’m not convinced.

“Makoto-sama, the keys are ready.’

“Dulcie, welcome back. Thank you.”

Dulcie suddenly appeared beside me and held out a stack of keys.

“I’ll write a letter to the temple later, so I wonder if you could deliver it, but it’s late at night.”

“No problem, just ask me anything you need.”

“Dulcie is so convenient, I want one too.”

“Thank you, Corinna-sama.”

“Since the wages seem to be high, it will be difficult for the Baron family.”

“Uwa, then, I don’t want it.”

“...”

Leaving Dulcie alone, I took out one key from the key ring and handed it to Corinna-chan.

“For me? Are you sure?”

“It’s a room that everyone uses, so I want both Corinna-chan and Carol to have the keys.”

“Nm, thank you, I’m happy”

Corinna-chan and I looked at each other and smiled at each other.

It’s good, I like this.

Chapter 79

79 - Listening to the Venomous Spider Lady's Monologue After Dinner

“And that is why I swooped in and took in Cattleya as she was about to face a terrible fate, and we left the second official residence of Duke Pottinger together,” Hilda finished.

Hello, this is Makoto.

It's past 8 o'clock in the evening, and I'm listening to Hilda-san's monologue in the deserted cafeteria of the girls'

dormitory.

“That was also tough for you, wasn't it, Cattleya-san?” I asked.

“Umu, I didn't think that the upper ranks were so rotten,” Cattleya said. “Originally, I was thinking of entrusting my sword to you, Makoto, but I ended up entrusting it to Hilda-sama, it's unfortunate.”

“It's fine, it's fine,” I said, “now that Hilda-san has joined our faction, you will also join our faction, Cattleya-san.

There's no problem.”

“Umu, thank you, Makoto,” Cattleya said.

To summarize the story, the shadow warrior Grave is a shitty bastard, and Deborah is a chicken lady in both name and mind.

That's why they think I'm a false saint hired by Carol.

“However, I wonder why the Dokuro Corps haven't protested the false saint claims,” I said.

“It seems that Deborah thought you had potions hidden for treatment.”

“I'm not sure how she thought we'd put fingers back together without some exotic potion,” I said.

“Somehow, I feel like Vivian-sama wants to make Caroline-sama the villain here,” Hilda said.

“Why is she making Carol her enemy?” I asked.

“I don’t understand that, I tried to skim through the histories of Vivian-sama and Caroline-san, but there was no point of contact,” Hilda said.

It’s the height of the information power of the shadow warfare specialists.

Battles start from the preparation stage, and in spying, the ideal is to win without fighting.

For that reason, there are no flashy battles, so it’s a little lacking in spectacle.

I folded my arms and grumbled.

On top of the cheap table in the lower-class noble’s area is the tea that Shirley-san served.

“I wonder if there will be retaliation from the Pottinger Faction because of this,” Corinna said.

“I don’t think so, Corinna-san,” Hilda said.

“Then in that case, when will you pay us the money you owe us?” Corinna asked.

“You love money, don’t you?” Hilda said. “It will be delivered tomorrow.”

Corinna-chan laughed warmly.

You sure do love money, Corinna-chan.

“It looks like there will be reinforcements from the head office,” I said.

“Well, the number of espionage pawns has decreased too much, so some will be replenished, but I think the main unit will come from the second year as planned,” Hilda said.

“Why?” I asked.

“A rebellion is brewing in the Pottinger Duchy, and the intelligence branch is desperately trying to put out the fires,”

Hilda said.

“Because James-okina is dead?” I said.

“No, because the taxes are high, and the people are furious,” Hilda said.

“That would make them mad,” I said.

It’s good news that the intelligence headquarters is involved in maintaining their territory.

“Next week, just once. Grave will probably do something, and after that, there won’t be any flashy moves until next year,” Hilda said.

“What are they going to do?” I asked.

“It’s an assassination of a saint candidate,” Hilda said. “If you’re gone, Makoto-sama, the centripetal force of the Saint’s Faction will be gone, so after that they can cook Caroline-sama’s goose in any way they please.”

“I won’t let them do that, I’ll crush Grave,” I said.

If I fall, then Carol will fall.

I will absolutely protect Carol.

“That is why, Makoto-sama, there is also a way to set up a counter-maneuver and assassinate Grave,” Hilda said.

“I won’t do that,” I said. “When I start assassinating, it becomes a habit. No one will follow a saint who can only solve things with violence.”

Hilda-san smiled as if she was convinced.

By the way, the useless Yuri-Yuri-senpai, who was drinking tea in silence next to me, also smiled.

“Shirley-sama is good at serving tea for us, isn’t she?”

“Not so much.”

“Then let me give you this delicious tea,”

“Uwa, this is the black tea from the subcontinent, is it good?”

“It’s a treat, Dulcie-san, as a reward for all your hard work.”

“I will devote myself to it...”

The maids are interacting in the back.

Dulcie has a lot to learn.

Misha has dignity even though she looks like a little girl.

By the way, the subcontinent is Not-India.

Subcontinental tea is very expensive.

As expected of a duke's house.

That's just their power.

“I'll let you know if there are any signs of them moving,” Hilda said.

“Thank you very much, Hilda-senpai,” I said.

“I'm happy to be able to work as an intelligence agent for the first time in a long time,” Hilda said.

“Have you been quiet all this time?” I asked.

“I was tired of having my foolish Otou-sama use my maid without permission, and having our foolish shadow branch use my poisoners without permission, depriving me of one of my tools,” Hilda said.

Ah, was it Count Gustav Mahler who sent Shirley-san to the temporary holding cell where Margot-san was waiting for her?

The poisoners must also be that maid at the welcome party.

When I thought it was strangely fast and clear cut, it was the work of the Mahler family.

“The Shadow Warfare House doesn't do a lot of defensive battles, but I will do my best, so please don't abandon us,”

Hilda said.

“It would be outrageous to abandon you, Hilda-senpai,” I said.

“Ohoho, now that we have shadow warfare specialists, the saint's faction is safe,” the useless Yuri-Yuri-senpai said.

Well, this person can also do covert espionage, but the main thing is

politics and faction management, so I can't complain.

"That's right, why don't you buy Corinna-chan some new glasses from the faction's funds? That beauty is wasted right now," Yurisha said.

"I. Don't. Want. It," Corinna said immediately.

Yep, she may not be able to convince her.

Chapter 80

80 - This Week's School Life Begins

After cleaning up with everyone in the cafeteria, we are dismissed.

"Where are you staying, Clara?" I asked.

"Today it's an inn, tomorrow an apartment," Clara said.

"Is that so? Well then, see you tomorrow," I said.

"Yeah, see you tomorrow," Clara said.

Iyah, it's nice to be able to eat delicious bread with a dedicated baker.

I returned to Room 205 with Corinna-chan.

Now moving on, I have to write a letter addressed to Ilda-san.

I sat down at my desk.

Dulcie appeared from somewhere and turned on the magic stone lamp.

"Thank you."

"It's nothing."

After about an hour, I finished writing letters addressed to Kyoko-sama and Ilda-san.

"Right, here it is," I said. "It's late at night, will you be okay?"

"It's no problem," Dulcie said.

"The gate is already closed, will you be okay?" I asked.

"I'll jump over it," Dulcie said.

Weight Fist is convenient.

I sent Dulcie out.

Fuwaah, I'm sleepy.

Well, I guess I'll sleep.

Corinna-chan was studying next to me, put down her pen, and folded up the parchment.

"Shall we go to sleep, Makoto?" Corinna said.

"We should, good night," I said.

I climb the ladder, take off my uniform on the bed, and change into my pajamas.

Good night.

I wake up with the sound of the maids getting up.

I go down the ladder, wash my face, and brush my teeth.

"Morning."

"Good morning, Makoto, I hope you hand me your laundry, I'll teach Dulcie how to do it," Karina said.

"Thank you, Karina-san, right, here you go," I said, handing my dirty bag to her.

"Yoshi, when you and the other go to school, Makoto, we'll go to the laundry room together, Dulcie," Karina said.

"Understood," Dulcie said.

To be honest, it helps that Karina trains Dulcie.

Corinna-chan also wakes up and changes her clothes.

Fuck, the sports bras cover up so much.

Corinna-chan noticed my gaze and laughed silently.

Chikushyou.

I went with Corinna-chan to the dining room.

In order to make up for yesterday's mistakes, I bring a bag containing today's textbooks.

"Dulcie, did you deliver the letter?" I asked.

"Yes," Dulcie said, "but both of them were in bed, and we won't hear back until noon today."

"Thank you for helping me, Dulcie," I said.

Dulcie put her head out, so I stroked her head.

She's kind of like a dog.

Good girl, yosshi-yoshi

We arrive at the cafeteria and put on a three-point headscarf and apron in the locker room.

I eat porridge while exchanging morning greetings with the staff.

Today's salty porridge is delicious.

I'll feed Dulcie, too.

"Corinna-chan, I'll pay for Dulcie for a month," I said.

"Aiyo, it's been a week this month, so it's 24,000 dolancs," Corinna said.

I took out 24,000 dolancs from my wallet and handed it to Corinna-chan.

She pulls a blue token out of her safe and hands it to Dulcie.

"No, I'll get my own food," Dulcie said.

"What are you talking about? The master pays for the maid's food. Take it," I said.

"..... Thank you," Dulcie said.

"We don't mind if your maid eats for free, you know," Edra said.

"No way, we can't have that, Edra-san," I said.

“Mattaku, no desire at all, you guys,” Edra said.

Well, today’s work is also counter-duty.

I listen to orders for porridge and deliver them.

“Good morning, Makoto-san, oh, good morning to you too, Dulcie,” said Nuts-senpai, one of the three lacrosse warriors.

“Good morning, Senpai,” I said.

“Good morning, Miliana-sama,” Dulcie said.

We both greet her.

So Nuts-senpai’s name is Miliana-san?

I’ll remember that.

“I’ll have sweet today~, with nuts in it,” Miliana said.

“I’m having salty.”

“Sweet, sweet, sweet with plenty of honey.”

Sweet-senpai sure does love her sweets.

The Three Lacrosse Three Warrior Senpais immediately sat down at the table and started eating porridge.

“Today’s is also delicious.”

“I’m happy every day.”

“It’s all thanks to Makoto-daimyo-jin”

Stop the Daimyo-jin, Sweets-senpai.

People flow in.

Entry restrictions were put in place earlier than yesterday.

Hilda-senpai and Shirley-san are coming.

“Good morning, you are looking well today, Makoto-sama,” Hilda said.

“Good morning, Hilda-senpai,” I said.

I don't think I need porridge today.

When Hilda-san took the upper noble's seat, Shirley-san lined up at the upper noble's counter.

"Good morning, Makoto."

"Ah, Carol, welcome."

"Today is also crowded."

"I wonder if the next three years will be like this."

"Makoto's porridge is delicious, isn't it?"

Well, I didn't make it, you know?

Today, Commander-san is also quiet and progresses without trouble.

Well, the cafeteria closes at eight in the morning.

Iyah, I'm tired for some reason.

I wonder if it will be a little better when Ilda-san comes back.

"Otsukaresamadeshita."

"Otsukare."

Now then, I've brought my bag, so I'll take off my apron and three-point headscarf, and I can go to school right away.

Corinna-chan and I walk towards the school building along the road where the trees create shadows.

It's sunny again today, and the weather is lovely.

"It feels good in the morning."

"I agree."

I say goodbye to Dulcie as we enter the school building.

"Dulcie, do my laundry," I said.

"Yes I will try my best," Dulcie said.

"Also, if you have time, please put some furniture in the meeting

room,” I said.

“Understood,” I said.

I gave Dulcie the keys.

Dulcie took the key and hugged it.

“I’m counting on you.”

“Yes.”

Dulcie disappeared in an instant.

You’re really a ninja, these intelligence maids.

Well then, let’s start our school life this week.

Chapter 81

81 - The Wall Newspapers Annoy Me Again This Week

When I entered the school building, there was another crowd.

It seems that the wall newspaper has been updated.

What is it, what is it?

“The Saint’s Faction Has A Large-Scale Brawl At A Natural Park!! Who Are The Dokuro Corps?”

The article in the Magic School News is about the incident that the Dokuro Corps attacked us.

It’s interesting when the general public is attacked by suspicious gangs.

When I thought it was surprisingly well organized, there was an interview with Yuriyuri-senpai 1 at the end of the article.

Their source is Yuriyuri-senpai, huh?

“Researching the Suspicious Faction, the Holy Saint Candidate’s Faction.”

And in contrast, the Noble’s New Bulletin was filled with groundless rumors about members of the Saint’s Faction.

Come on, the saint candidate is suspected of stealing from a slush fund, Carol’s family is illegally trafficking potions, and Curtis is a nymphomaniac pick-up artist.

No, well, it doesn’t seem like Curtis-onii-chan is beyond suspicion, but when I say that, all high-ranking nobles apply.

I wonder if it was written by a student of the lower aristocracy.

“Does the Dokuro Corps really exist?”

“Good morning, Gerald, or rather, say hello before asking me something,” I said.

“Eh, aah, good morning, Kimball, so, how are you?” Gerald said.

“They do exist,” I said, “their leader is Mike.”

“Mike... aah, Michael Pickering-kyou, fumu, I see,” Gerald said.

Gerald seemed convinced that Mike could have done it.

“Occasionally, there were unconfirmed reports that the Mahler family had joined the Saint’s Faction...” Gerald said.

“It’s true, ah, who was spreading rumors?” I asked.

Hilda-senpai appeared at the entrance.

She’s taking Cattleya-san behind her.

“Good morning, Makoto-sama.”

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Good morning, Hilda-senpai, Cattleya-san.”

“...”

Gerald looks at us exchanging greetings with a sour face.

“Impossible, if a traditional shadow warfare specialist joins the Saint’s Faction, it will be on par with Duke Pottinger’s faction...”

Hilda-senpai looked at the two wall newspapers.

“Fumu, this is the Noble’s New Bulletin, but do you want to stop it from publishing anymore?” Hilda

“Eh, how?” I asked.

“The Noble’s New Bulletin is a wall newspaper I made a year ago because it was necessary for an operation, so I know the publisher,” Hilda said.

“That would track, heh, you even make wall newspapers for secret battles,” I said.

“Spreading rumors, revealing information that undermines the opponent’s position, newspapers are easy to use for shadow warfare,” Hilda said.

I see, they even lead the public opinion.

As expected of the Mahler family, Sasu-Mahler. 2

“I think it’ll be bad to be seen as a Saint’s Faction that blocks free speech, and I don’t think it’s bad to know the opinions of these brash aristocrats.”

“As expected of Makoto-sama, you have a big heart.”

“Stop that!” I yelled.

Hilda-senpai is good at lifting people up, and I think she’s indeed a shadow warfare specialist.

It pisses me off when Gerald looks at people like he’s staring at something strange.

“What is it?”

“No, I thought it was a reasonable opinion for you, Kimball, and since you gained the power of the Mahler family, I thought you would go and crush your foes immediately,” Gerald said.

“I’m not that belligerent”

“Fumu, ... if you say so. Then I suppose you’re not that belligerent.”

Shut up, don’t analyze it play-by-play.

Damned cunning megane.

Leaving Gerald alone, we enter the school building.

I parted with Hilda-senpai on the stairs, and split up with Corinnachan in Group B.

“You know, I don’t understand why you’re not in Class A, Cattleya-san,” I said.

“I’m a terrible student, I can’t study,” Cattleya said.

“A bribe, then,” I said.

“The Pickering family doesn’t have that kind of money,” Cattleya said. “I can’t believe you’re the one with the highest score at the entrance exams. You still get slush money from the temple.”

“I’m smart too, it’s just that my judgment is strange,” I strange.

“I will admit your decision-making is odd,” Cattleya said.

We enter Class A while arguing with Cattleya.

This kind of teasing is also fun.

Cattleya is the type I like, except for the drawback that her older brother is Mike.

“Good morning, Makoto, Cattleya-san.”

“..... Morning.”

“Good morning, Carol, Elmer.”

“Good morning, Elmer-sama, Albright-san.”

Even though Cattleya is a knight, she’s weak against handsome guys.

Now then, time for schoolwork, let’s do our best again this week.

The morning classes were history, arithmetic, magic theory, and martial arts.

There is no problem with the three pillars of academics.

Long live the academics.

As for martial arts, since Cattleya-san is no longer harassing us, things are going well.

Carol and I were doing defense practice.

In the changing room, I change back into my regular uniform and take a breather.

I’m getting used to school life.

I’m happy to have many friends.

“Dulcie.”

“Yes.”

An intelligence maid who comes when you call her is extremely convenient.

“I wonder if Curtis’ spies are among us.”

“..... They’re not here.”

“Eh, if they’re not here, then how are they picking up stories here and there?”

“Curtis’ agents have long ears,” Carol answered as she stood next to me in her unfashionable sports bra.

Mataku, you’re so annoying, Sports Bra.

“Long ear? Elf?”

“That’s not correct, they’re a Wind-attribute intelligence agent handed down in the Browright family,” Carol said.

“What are they?” I asked.

“It’s a clan that picks up sounds with Wind magic, and their true identity is a mystery,” Carol said. “They’re said to be elves and small fairies. Only the Browright clan knows anything for sure about them.”

“So Curtis’s agents are eavesdropping, how cunning,” I said.

“Well, it’s something like a special ability passed on by the family, so thanks to the Long Ears, the Browright family has been able to avoid various critical situations and rise in the world,” Dulcie said.

I see, if you can listen to distant sounds and spy on them, you can quickly understand the movements of the army on the borderline and political changes in the royal palace.

Is it easier and faster than the espionage houses?

I’m supposed to keep it secret.

Hmm, Elf or Fairy, I want one too.

Well, if Dulcie was there, I think I could do something similar.

But, even if I asked Curtis-onii-chan, he wouldn’t be able to tell me.

Because he’s stingy.

Footnotes

I feel like just making Makoto’s nickname for Yurisha as this, as it’s easier for me to type out and edit.

Pun on “sasuga,” “well done,” and Mahler. Makoto has been using this pun all this time but I’ve never literally transliterated it until now.

Chapter 82

82 - Let's Occasionally Have Lunch at the Lower-Class Aristocrat's Cafeteria We all strolled back to Class A.

"Makoto, what are you doing for lunch? Hiyoko-Do again?" Carol asked.

"Hmm, sometimes I want to go to another place," I said.

"... Going to an upper-class noble's restaurant...?" Elmer asked.

"Yoshi, let's go to a lower-class noble's restaurant."

The lower-class noble's restaurant is a cafeteria for lower-class noble's in the school building.

It's paired with the upper-class noble's restaurant on the top floor of the school building, but it's got the worst reputation.

Everyone fell silent when they heard that I wanted the lower class noble's restaurant.

I wonder if these guys have been there before.

"I've never been there, but I heard it's terrible food," Curtis said.

Of course, Curtis-onii-chan was sitting on the desk in front of me, accompanied by Elsa-san, Melissa-san, and Corinna-chan.

"It wasn't delicious," Melissa said.

"Melissa-san, have you been there?" I asked.

"Yeah, it was Wednesday last week," Melissa said. "And you know, you know, it was so terrible."

"Is that so?" I said.

But don't jump to conclusions without going.

Or rather, I want to go there at least once.

"Okay, I'm going to the lower-class noble's restaurant for lunch. Those who don't want to go don't have to follow me."

A look of anger flashed across everyone's faces.

"Well, I suppose it'll make for good conversation, I'm going," Curtis said.

"If Curtis-shyama goes, I'll follow him, myon," Koishi said.

"I don't have a choice," Elsa said.

"I'm going too, because I'm used to bad food," Cattleya said.

The swordsmanship group led by Curtis seems to be participating.

I look at Carol.

"Well, everything is an experience, isn't it?"

"Uhihi, I love you, Carol."

Elmer let out a sigh.

"If it's with you, Makoto... I suppose it will be... a new experience..."

"If everyone goes, I'll go, too," Corinna said.

Corinna-chan also agreed, and everyone decided to go to the lower-class noble's restaurant.

It's on the third floor, beyond the library.

"It's not very crowded."

Carol looked around the dining room and muttered that.

"It's probably because it's rumored to be bad."

Curtis slumped down at the table.

"I'll get the A lunch," Curtis said.

"Who are you ordering that from, Curtis?" I asked.

At that, Curtis grinned and pointed at Koishi.

"I-I'll do it, myon, Curtis-sama," Koishi said.

"Fu," Elsa sighed.

I thought he was an old-fashioned man, but well, this world has yet to modernize.

We lined up at the counter, letting Curtis watch the table.

Today's menu is simple: A lunch, sautéed pork, and B lunch, sautéed chicken.

For the time being, I'd like to see the A lunch.

"A lunch, 400 dolancs."

I give four small silver coins to the salty-sounding Oi-chan.

On the plate was white bread, two slices of sautéed pork, some sort of salad, and a thin soup.

Hmm.

We sat down at two tables.

A large kettle was placed in the middle of the table, with tea in it.

We pour it into cups.

Everyone holds a plate and sits down.

Curtis had Koishi-chan bring a plate, and Cattleya-san poured tea for him, making a satisfied face Mou, all I could say is just go.

Now that everyone is seated, let's eat.

"Itadakimasu."

"I thank the Goddess for our daily bread."

Why is everyone worshipping me?

I'm not a goddess

Nmou.

I cut the sauteed pork and bring it to my mouth.

Pakuri.

.....

.....

.....

Yabeh.

This is yabeh.

What should I do? I can't chew it.

It tastes so bad.

I look around to ask for help.

Corinna-chan is also frozen.

Carol was trembling with a hand on her handkerchief.

As for Melissa-san, she puts only bread in her mouth, and she looks at me with eyes that say, "Well, it must be bad."

I pulled the pork stuck in my fork out of my mouth and put it on a plate.

"Goho, goho, this is amazing," Curtis said.

Oh, Curtis is enjoying this.

Koishi-chan takes a salt bottle from the table and makes a salt mountain on top of the bird.

Elmer was freezing the pork with cold air coming out of his hands.

What are you going to do with it?

Only Cattleya-san was eating the bird with a calm face.

"What's wrong, everyone?" Cattleya said.

"Cattleya-san, are you okay with the bad taste?" I asked.

"Is it bad? I think it's okay. Our food has always been worse," Cattleya said.

In such a cooking situation, how did you grow up so tall?

Is the Pickering family not eating well?

Oh, maybe something here is amazing.

I bite into the bread.

It's so-so, I guess the bakery is Mikazuki-Tei.

Ordinary bread.

Ah, normal bread is delicious.

Corinna-chan spat the bird onto the plate.

"This is an unexpected taste."

"It's terrible, this, this thing, and so you know, the ingredients aren't bad," Carol said, wiping her mouth with her handkerchief.

The scary thing is that the freshness of the ingredients in the lower-class noble's restaurant isn't that bad.

The bad thing is the seasoning.

I drink the soup.

Yeah, it doesn't taste good.

I ate a lot of bread.

Eat it with butter and wash it down with light tea.

Everyone is speechless.

Ah, if it was something like this, I should have gone to the upper-noble's restaurant with Curtis' treat.

It was too much.

For the time being, I finished the bread and soup, so I went outside the lower-class aristocrat's restaurant.

"Mou, let's never come back here again!"

"I agree."

"Hell on earth is this restaurant."

"That's why I told you," Melissa said, shrugging her shoulders.

“Iyaa, it tasted bad, all I could eat was the bread.”

“Mayocorn... I want to eat bread.”

“Are you going to Hiyoko-Do, Elmer?”

Gununu.

“Dulcie, buy us some bread,” I said.

“Yes, Makoto-sama.”

Suddenly, Dulcie appeared.

I gave her my wallet.

“Everyone, tell Dulcie what you want and she’ll buy it for you.

“It doesn’t matter, just get some saint’s bread, Dulcie.”

“I’m also getting a saint’s bread.”

“Mayocorn... please.”

Everyone asked Dulcie, and she wrote them down on parchment.

“I’m leaving, Makoto-sama.”

“We’ll be in the Saint’s Faction’s meeting room.”

“Understood.”

With that, Dulcie opened the window and jumped down.

“... The Weight Fist sure is convenient.”

“Indeed it is.”

Chapter 83

83 - Holding The 3rd Faction Meeting In The Cleaned Meeting Room

Everyone moves to the assembly building one after another.

Ah, the taste of the pork from the lower-class noble's restaurant still lingers in my mouth.

What are you doing over there?

How do you make a profit?

"Ah, Curtis, Elmer, I'll give you two these," I said.

"Hmm, what is it?" Curtis said.

"... The key to the meeting room...?" Elmer asked.

"Yes, that's right," I said.

I hand over the shiny keys to them.

Both Curtis and Elmer are smiling.

We unlock room 155 and go inside.

Ohhhh.

"Oooh, amazing."

"This is not what I expected."

"It's so classy."

Everyone looked around the room and raised their voices.

The rooms have been polished to a shine and are very clean.

In the center was a large, heavy table that could seat about 10 people, covered with a pure white cloth, and the center decoration was beautiful orchids.

On the south side of the room is a large sitting set upholstered in black leather.

It's a sofa, so nice, I want to take a nap.

In the room, there is a high-pile red embroidered carpet, which is very pleasant to the touch.

"This is soothing, or rather, it seems to be quite expensive," I said.

"I was going to throw it away, so you don't have to worry about it," Hilda-senpai said as she opened the door and came in.

She was here before I knew it.

"We're going to have a meeting, I already informed Yurisha-sama," Hilda said.

"That helps a lot," I said.

And when I thanked Hilda-senpai, she smiled and sat down.

"You shouldn't go to the lower-class noble's restaurant, because it's run by the headmaster's nephew, and it's just a place to grab a subsidy," Hilda said.

"Uhee, is that true?" I asked.

"The headmaster is a competent man, but got gray morals. He's from Duke Pottinger's faction, so it might soon be time to harass our faction," Hilda said.

I'm reluctant to confront the headmaster.

How troublesome.

Or rather, it would be really easy if there was an intelligence agent.

Any information comes in like Google-sensei.

As I admired Hilda-senpai, Carol approached me from behind and put her chin on my shoulder.

What is it, why are you sticking so close to me?

Kukkuku, are you jealous, are you jealous, Carol?

It's okay, my heart belongs to Carol, and I'm just playing around with Hilda-senpai.

Oh, she smells so good.

“Makoto, you’re making a strange face again,” Carol said.

“Hey, what are you thinking? Anyway, let’s take our seats,” I said.

Carol took me by the hand and made me sit in the upper seat, the so-called birthday seat.

.....

Ah, since I’m the leader, is it okay to stay here?

I can’t calm down.

The door opened and Dulcie entered with a large flax sack.

“Oh, thank you, Dulcie.”

“It’s nothing.”

She put a platter on the table and tossed the bread on it.

Where did the platter come from?

There was a beautiful cupboard in the corner of the room, decorated with tea utensils, tableware, and plates.

“This is a gift from the Clayton family, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

“Wah, thank you, Elmer, that’s a real help,” I said.

However, everyone is rich, so they donate expensive-looking furniture.

Thank you, thank you.

“Mayocorn...you are the truth...” Elmer muttered.

Elmer’s love for mayocorn has reached a disgusting level.

“Good morning, everyone,” Yuriyuri-senpai said as she came in with Misha-san.

The young girl maid is pulling a large tea wagon, which has recently become her trademark.

Misha and Shirley distribute tea to everyone.

My maid, Dulcie, is dejected to have been removed from the tea service.

We drink tea and nibble on Saint's bread.

Ah, somehow I found a comfortable place.

"Well, everyone, please listen while you eat, we will start the 3rd Saint's Faction meeting," Curtis said.

"Thank you for always being the chairman, Curtis," I said.

"No worries, Makoto," Curtis said. "Now, our faction has also welcomed shadow warfare specialists and evolved into an increasingly powerful faction. You can say that it's about time we entered the three-way battle we envisioned."

Umu, that's right, from Duke Pottinger's Faction, the intelligence-related family and the shadow-warfare-related family have left, and at this point, the academy's centripetal force has dropped considerably.

It can be said that the Royal Faction and the Saint's Faction have gained power.

"At this point, it can be said that the threat of the Duke of Pottinger family has greatly diminished, well, they will try to augment from their main territory, but with all the troubles there, I don't think they can bring their full power to bear."

Elsa-san was staring at my Saint Bread.

"Want to eat it?"

"I would like some."

I tear off the saint's bread, place it on a plate, and slide it in front of Elsa-san.

Taking one bite, she squinted and smiled.

"It's delicious, I'll buy it at Hiyoko-Do next time," Elsa said.

"Thank you," I said.

"Ehen, Faction Head, please stop talking," Curtis said.

"Oh, sorry."

Curtis-onii-chan got mad at me.

“The number of requests to join the Saint’s Faction is steadily increasing,” Curtis said. “I’d like to use the Mahler family’s investigative skills to do background checks if you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind, Curtis-kyou, please give me the list later,” Hilda said.

“That’s a relief because we have to be vigilant against Duke Pottinger’s faction and the Royal Faction,” Curtis said.

“Are the royalists also planning to strike out at us?” I asked.

“The Royal Faction is not an enemy, but it is not an ally either,” Hilda said. “Even within their allies, it’s normal to bury the nobles who are their yorikos.”

“Factional struggles are tough, aren’t they?” I said.

“You’re too carefree, Makoto,” Hilda said. “Be a little more vigilant.”

“Right.”

With that, the third Saint’s Faction meeting ended.

It sounds good.

Ah, that’s right, you can also hold a study session here.

I’m so happy.

Chapter 84

84 - Unusually, There Is A Magic Class In The Afternoon, Or Rather An Alchemy Class We all headed back to the school building.

Well, it would be nice if we could hang out.

In the afternoon, if I don't get experimented by Elmer and his father, I'll take a nap.

When I went to the Class A room, I was greeted by Anthony-sensei with a big smile on his face.

"Kimball-san, good news," he said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Today the Earth mages are doing alchemy, and you, Kimball-san, are also welcome to participate," Anthony-sensei said.

"Waaaah, I can take classes with the others?" I asked.

"Yes, you can do alchemy with Light magic," Anthony-sensei replied.

Oh, this is good news.

Suddenly, when I look at Carol, she smiles.

Huh, I wonder if this was her doing.

I'd be happy if that was the case.

"... Mmm, well, then... I will be..." Elmer started.

"You, Elmer, and Jean-oji-san should go to the alchemy class, you can make potions with Water attribute mages, right?" I asked.

"Umu... I've never done it before... but I can make it," Elmer said.

"Don't call your Otou-san," Carol said.

"Understood....." Elmer muttered.

Carol stood up and put her hand on my shoulder.

“Let’s go, Makoto”

“Yeah, thank you, Carol.”

“Fufu, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Carol said.

Mou, you liar-rrr.

I love you.

“Thank you, Anthony-sensei, I’ll come join,” I said.

“Yes, please do your best,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Alright,” I said.

Well, it’s a class, a class, it’s an alchemy class, but it’s a class with everyone.

“Fufu, you look happy,” Carol said.

“I’m happy because I’ve always been lonely in the afternoon.”

We went out into the corridor.

“Oro, Makoto?” Corinna said.

“Ah, Corinna-chan, you were also an Earth attribute, right?”

“Ah, I see. Is it because today is an alchemy class?” Corinna said

“Yes, Light magic can also participate in alchemy,” I said.

Afternoon magic classes are divided according to attributes.

Class A, Class B, Class C, it’s a joint class.

It looks like we’ll be doing the alchemy class in the training building today.

“So how often do we have alchemy classes?”

“About once a week,” Carol said. “Earth attributes and alchemy go well together.”

I see.

It’s only once a week, but I can take classes with everyone, too.

This makes me happy.

“I’ve become able to make my own potions, so I’m going to sell them,” Corinna said.

“Fufu, help me with my alchemy next time, Corinna,” Makoto said.

“Understood, if you don’t make a product with such a good exchange rate, you will be punished,” Corinna said.

Are potions really that profitable?

I went to the training building with the Earth attribute students one after another.

We enter the alchemy lab next.

Oh, there are three large alchemy pots.

“You, are you the saint candidate?” an adult woman said.

“Ha-, yes, that’s me, Makoto Kimball,” I said.

“My name is Alchemy Professor Meredith Serviche, nice to meet you.”

Meredith-sensei grabbed my hand and shook it up and down.

She was a woman in her 30’s, without makeup.

The white coat is dazzling.

“The alchemy of Light magic has never been seen unless you go back to Bianca-sama’s time,” Meredith-sensei said.

“I asked Albright-san if you had some free time, and I asked Hazeldine-sensei if I could borrow you for a moment.”

I wondered who Hazeldine was, but it turned out to be Anthony-sensei’s last name.

Gradually, Elmer and Jean-oji-san also arrived.

“Oya, oya, you’re the Secretary of the Ministry of Magic, what the in the world are you doing in a corner like this?”

Meredith-sensei said.

“Hahaha, funny you should say that Serviche-sensei, when you can

find the best alchemist in the country in a corner like this,” Jean-oji-san said.

“Hmph, even if you flatter me, nothing will come of it,” Meredith-sensei said. “Are you going to do alchemy, too?”

“... I’m Elmer, Sensei... I want to try Water-attribute alchemy...” Elmer said.

Professor Serviche looked up and chuckled.

“Mattaku, this year is going to be interesting,” she said. “Albright’s daughter is coming, the saint candidate is coming, and Clayton’s boy is coming, too. It looks like it’s going to be very interesting.”

I’m looking forward to it.

I’m happy to be able to learn alchemy techniques, even if it’s only once a week.

I wonder if I’ll make a magic tool too.

.....

If that’s the case, is there any product that’s been sent in the name of carriage parts?

Uhehehehe.

It’s all homemade.

My cheek tugged up softly.

“We don’t make things like that,” Carol said, looking at me with cold eyes.

“Ho-How do you know?” I asked.

“Why wouldn’t I?” Carol said.

Kusooo, is Carol an Esper?

Corinna-chan was laughing in hushed tones.

Serviche-sensei divided the students into three groups.

I’m in the same group as Carol and Elmer.

Unfortunately, Corinna-chan is in the next group.

A table and an alchemy pot are assigned to each team.

“First of all, let’s start by talking about what alchemy is,” Serviche-sensei said. “Alchemy is a type of matter-imparting-magic, and it is a technique that gives magical effects to liquids, solids, and gases. It covers a wide range of fields, from pharmacology, arcane sciences, and engineering.”

On the desk was a booklet with “Alchemy” written on it.

It’s a parchment copy.

It’s pretty dirty.

These textbooks are hand-written, one by one, and because they are expensive, they are only loaned out to students.

For some reason, just being able to take classes makes me smile.

I put my hand on top of Carol’s hand sitting next to me.

What? Carol looked at me as if to say, “What?”

“Thanks,” I said.

Fufu, laughing, Carol turned her palm up, tightly grasped my hand, and released it.

Nn, moou, Carolllll....!

Chapter 85

85 - The Alchemy Class Is Interesting And Fun

Professor Serviche's lecture continues.

The range of alchemy is famous for drugs and magic tools, but it seems that alchemy can include things that continue to work for things intended to have sustained magical effects, such as magic circles.

If you think about it that way, this discipline is wide, alchemy.

Also, among the attributes, the Earth attribute has a high affinity with alchemy, but alchemy is possible with all six attributes, and it seems that the Earth attribute which has metal refining magic, has an advantage over the others.

You're so interesting, alchemy.

"Then, since it's the first day, let's make some potions," Serviche-sensei said. "If you can make your own potions, your survival rate will increase a lot."

A young lady in a dress, probably from Class C, stood up.

"Sensei, why do we nobles have to do such lowly manual work? Shouldn't we let a lowly commoner's alchemist do this?"

The classroom was silent.

"Fumu, so it's your opinion that you have money and can buy the products."

"Yes, we are nobles."

Serviche-sensei grinned.

Ah, I feel like she's used to answering questions like this.

"Gascoigne-san, you are mistaken," Serviche-sensei said. "Because we are nobles, and because we have higher magical powers than commoners, we must understand how magic works. And then, it's a custom in the south that when her beloved husband goes to battle, the wife sends him a homemade potion."

“Well, what about such customs?!”

“Think about it: what if the potion you randomly made can’t heal your husband’s wounds on the battlefield? On the contrary, if it works really well, don’t you think his love for you will grow deeper?”

Umai, I guess she’s used to deceiving them like this.

“I, I understand, it can’t be helped with the customs of the south, I would like to learn potions perfectly as a noble lady should.”

“Uhn, let’s do our best, Gascoigne-san.”

Professor Service wrote the procedure for making the potion on the blackboard.

Umm, chop the herbs into equal pieces and remove the bad parts.

Boil purified water and medicinal herbs in an alchemy pot.

After boiling for 15 minutes, take out the medicinal herbs.

Use a mixing stick to pour magical power into the solution.

Once it has changed, it is ready.

It’s surprisingly easy.

If you pour Earth healing magic, it’s a normal potion.

Water healing magic potions can be made by pouring Water magic into them.

If you pour the magical power of the Light magic heal, it’s a Light potion.

“Carol, how do you make the hi-potions and EX-potions on top of this?”

“If the first purified water is mixed with medicinal herbs, it will be a hi-potion, and if it is mixed with a special material, it will be an EX-potion.”

“Is the Elixir the same?”

“Elixir is a potion made from super rare materials.”

An elixir that is said to cure all kinds of illnesses, it seems expensive.

Carol's Otou-san seems to have some.

Everyone at the table chops medicinal herbs.

We're cooking, this is what this is.

It seems that if the sizes are not uniform, the ingredients will not come out well.

Gascoigne-san from the next group is also seriously cutting.

It's scary because her hands are unsteady.

"Say, Baker-san, can you cut the medicinal herbs for me?"

"That's right, you're from a bakery, so that's natural for you."

The Dress-sans of the same class also got involved.

Excuse me, is this time to do the human power plant or rather human power plants?

Perhaps sensing my murderous intent, Elmer quickly intervened.

"I will... cut it for you..."

"E-Elmer-sama, we-we can't possibly let you do that."

"We already have the Baker-san for that."

"She is... a saint candidate... she's not... a baker's girl..."

"B-But..."

Elmer, move over, these nasty bitches should get a chicken-wing headlock.

"I... I don't like ladies who call her just a baker..."

"Is-Is that so, it-it can't be helped, if Elmer-sama says so, then it shall be."

"That's right, I don't mind if we give you a break for today."

The Dress Duo returned to normal and started chopping herbs.

“Elmer, thank you.”

Elmer laughed softly and patted me on the head.

Hey, I-I’m not doing anything doki-doki.

“I was worried that Makoto would go wild, thank you, Elmer,” Carol said.

“Yeah, it was dangerous... Makoto, that is.”

Hey, what was it?

Am I a dog with a habit of biting, huh?

I chop up the medicinal herbs.

Somehow, it smells good like mint.

“I wonder if I can make potions even in the middle of my adventure, with a pot or something,” I said.

“If you use a normal pot, the precision will drop considerably, so you’ll use a portable alchemy pot,” Carol said.

Well, I don’t need it at all because I can use healing magic normally.

Carol inspected everyone’s chopped medicinal herbs and put them in the alchemy cauldron.

Now, pour the purified water from the bottle.

“You can brew it by mixing and pouring magic power into it. Makoto, do you want to try it?” Carol said.

“Yeah, can I do it? Dress-san-tachi?” I asked.

“I don’t mind.”

“Pupu, you’re working hard, aren’t you, Baker-san?”

Come on.

I’m going to hang you up like drying fish this time.

I grab a mixing stick and stir.

I make the healing spell flow down the stick.

Mix it up~.

Mix it up~.

Carol takes my hand from the mixing stick and teaches me how to stir it.

Hmmm, she's so close.

My heart is pounding.

She smells good.

"Concentrate."

"Sorry."

Mix it up~.

Mix it up~.

The solution gradually became sticky.

What's going on?

Then, with a loud sound, there was a flash of light, and the color of the solution changed from dark green to colorless and transparent.

Somehow, glittering silver particles are moving.

It smells a little sweet.

"Did I do it? Carol?"

"Serviche-sensei! Please come and have a look, we made something that doesn't look like a normal potion."

Huh, did I do something again?

Chapter 86

86 - The Resulting Light Potion Had Strange Performance

“Silver particles flowing like clouds in a colorless and transparent fluid. It’s just like the Heal Potion of Light in the ancient texts. Iyaah, I didn’t think I’d see it in my lifetime,” Serviche-sensei murmured with deep emotion as she observed the potion I made.

“What are the characteristics of a Light potion, Sensei?” Carol asked.

“That’s a good question, Carol-kun, the healing power is comparable to that of a Hi-Potion, it’s effective against intractable diseases, increases vitality, and even has a hair-growth effect,” Serviche-sensei said

“That’s amazing, there will be people who will buy it for a thousand gold if it becomes a hair growth medicine,” Jean-oji-san said excitedly.

Serviche-sensei pulled the knife out of her waist and sliced her upper arm.

“Gyaa, Sensei, what are you doing?!” I yelled.

“Eh, it’s to judge the effects, but it’s normal, isn’t it, Carol-kun?” Serviche-sensei said.

“It is, Makoto, you’re making too much fuss,” Carol said.

“Carol, are you doing it too?” I asked.

“Sometimes,” Carol replied.

I grabbed Carol’s arm.

“Stop that, what’s the use of hurting yourself!?!?” I yelled.

“How else do I understand the effects of potions?” Carol asked.

Kusoo, Carol doesn’t understand the abnormalities of the alchemist’s habits.

Stop scarring your own arms, what do you do if it doesn’t heal and is left behind?

Serviche-sensei scooped up some of the Light potion and applied it to the wound.

Jyuwa, jyuwa, and the wound disappears.

“Uhha, that’s an amazing healing speed,” Carol said.

“There are no scars left,” I said.

“It’s amazing, the legendary Light potion, uhn, it tastes sweet and delicious, too,” Serviche-sensei said.

Carol put Sensei’s ladle to her mouth and drank, too.

Fuoh, it’s kind of embarrassing.

“Soft and gentle,” Carol said.

She looks cute when she sticks out her red tongue and licks the liquid on her lips.

Fuooooohhh.

“For the time being, let’s give each member of this group one bottle at a time, and the Alchemy Department will receive the rest of the Light potion,” Serviche-sensei said.

“Wait, I want the Ministry of Magic to have some, too,” Jean-oji-san said.

“What are you saying? This belongs to the Alchemy Department, I don’t want you to intrude on it,” Serviche-sensei said.

“Are you planning to monopolize such a precious thing, when you’re just staff for the Alchemy Department?”

“What did you just say?”

“Do you want to go?”

“Get along, you two, and if you fight, I won’t cooperate with either side from now on,” I said.

“”Gununu.””

In the end, the rest of the Light potion was split between the Alchemy Department and the Ministry of Magic.

Carol divides the Light potion into small bottles and gives them to the members of the teams.

“Here, Elmer,” Carol said.

“Thank you... Albright-sama.”

“Makoto, you too,” Carol said.

“Thank you, Carol, how long will this last?” I asked.

“It’s a crude drug, so it’s better to use it up in about a week,” Carol said.

“Understood,” I said.

I open the mouth of the vial and take a sip.

Oh, it’s sweet~.

This tastes like the nectar I drank in my previous life.

“Thank you, oh-ho-ho.”

“I’m happy...”

I don’t want the Dress-sans to get it, they’ll be shrewd with it.

I don’t want it to be sold, but it can’t be helped.

The red one in the Dress group was staring at the Light potion as if thinking deeply.

“Hey, Bake—er, Saint Candidate-san, is this, um, effective for intractable diseases?” Red Dress-san asked.

“I wouldn’t know, is it, Sensei?” I asked.

“According to Bianca-sama’s lore, it is said that she used a Light potion to make a seriously ill person stand up again, but why are you asking?” Serviche-sensei asked. “Is there someone in your family who’s seriously ill?”

Red Dress-san hesitated as her eyes watered.

“Umm, the matter is, my younger brother is sick, and he’s been sleeping all the time, and, when he’s healthy again, my Otou-san and

Okaa-san won't have to fight anymore..."

"Fumu, I want to see the effect of the Light potion, too," Serviche-sensei said. "Alright, let's go together and administer it to him."

"Truly, Sensei!?" Red Dress-san said.

"Oh, of course, where is he? It'll take time if he's in your family's territory."

"My brother lives in a townhouse, so it's effectively right next door to here," Red Dress-san said.

"Okay, why don't we visit after school?" Serviche-sensei said.

"Thank you very much, Sensei!!" Red Dress-san said, bowing deeply to Serviche-sensei.

I walked up behind Sensei and tugged at her sleeve.

"Please let me know if the patient is not cured, I will try healing magic instead," I said.

"I see, how many healing spells do you remember, Saint Candidate-kun?" Serviche-sensei asked.

"If they're not dead, it's at a level where I can do anything," I said.

Serviche-sensei's eyes widened, startled.

"You'll keep that a secret, won't you?" I asked.

"Yes, because I am your Sensei," Serviche-sensei said, nodding.

"What kind of potion will be created by mixing high-level healing magic with liquid medicine?" Serviche-sensei asked. "Goodness, it's an interesting life, being the saint candidate, isn't it?"

I'm certainly curious about that, too, but I'm also afraid of creating medicines that are beyond the common sense of the world.

When Carol brought the Light potion bottle near her skirt, it disappeared.

After all, I'm really curious.

Where do you put it in and where do you pull it out from?

“Hey hey, hey, Makoto, why are you tugging at my skirt!?” Carol yelled.

“Iya, I’m just curious.”

“Don’t do that,” Carol said.

Serviche-sensei was watching our exchange with a smile.

“Is the saint candidate worried about her storage bag?” she asked.

“Ah, so it was a storage bag, after all,” I said.

“Aah, it’s one of those magic tools,” Serviche-sensei said. “Albright, can you make it already?”

“My Chichi made it, I can’t make it myself yet,” Carol said.

Is it something her Otou-san made?

I wonder if Carol can make it soon.

“Next time, if you want to help me with my work in the Alchemy Department, I can give you the alchemy bag I used,”

Serviche-sensei said.

“Are you serious, Serviche-sensei?!?” I asked.

Speaking of different world cheat items, it’s the infinite storage bag!!

I want this one!!

Chapter 87

87 - After School, I'll Follow Red Dress-san To Her House

“Saint Candidate, are you sometimes free after school?” Service-sensei asked.

“Well, I usually am free,” I said.

I have to decide about club activities soon.

But if I do club activities, there won't be any obstacles to faction activities.

Hmmm.

“I'm thinking of going to Lyle-san's house and seeing her brother, but I wonder if the saint candidate will come too.”

“It doesn't matter, I'm interested in how you use alchemy.”

Lyle-san is Red Dress-san.

When I said I was going, she bowed her head.

“I'm Tabitha, the daughter of Viscount Lyle.”

“My name is Makoto, and I am the daughter of Baron Kimball.”

“Aurelia, of the Viscount of Olney.”

I didn't ask you, did I, Blue Dress-san?

Or rather, Blue Dress-san, Red Dress-san, and Gascoigne-san in a maroon dress are like a trio.

“We are nobles from the eastern Wittle region.”

I'm not listening anymore, Gascoigne-san.

The Eastern Viscounts' Ojou-sama Trio.

I don't think it's a good idea to make everything an “X Trio.”

For now, let's remember Lyle, Olney, and Gascoigne.

“Tabitha’s ototo-sama is pretty cute, but he was born with a weak body and is prone to illness, so if Saint Candidate-san can cure him, we would be very grateful.”

As usual, Olney, Blue Dress-san, looks down on us.

Lyle-san pulled Olney-san’s sleeve as if reproaching her.

“Sensei will examine and cure her, so I’m just going to observe.”

“I’ll go too, you guys are too comfortable with the Saint Candidate-sama

,” Carol interrupted with a strong tone.

“Wha, what was that? Who are you?”

“Excuse me, I’m Caroline, from the Earl Albright family.”

“”” ... ”””

Noble daughters are weak against differences in status.

Carol put her mouth to my ear.

“Red and Blue belong to the royal faction, and Gascoigne-san belongs to the Duke of Pottinger faction.”

Uhihi, I can hear Carol’s low voice.

Ah, my ears are weak, so please stop.

Well, I don’t plan on getting along with the dress-wearing Class C, so any faction would be fine.

“Then, Saint Candidate-kun, please come to the carriage after school, let’s go to Lyle-san’s house in our carriage.”

“Yes, Sensei.”

Alright, let’s visit the alchemy treatment site together with Carol.

We’re back in Class A.

Well, my first magic class was good.

Alchemy is fun

I also want to make various magic tools.

Yeah, that thing, that thing.

My eyes met with Anthony-sensei who came to homeroom.

Sensei smiled at me.

Thank you, Anthony-sensei, I enjoyed my alchemy class.

Thank you for setting it up.

Homeroom was scheduled for this week.

A new student welcome dance party will be held soon, so those who want to participate should apply.

A dance party, what should I do?

Melissa-san seems to be attending.

But if I send her to a dance party alone, I think she'll be bullied by the Potty faction.

Ah, since all grades are participating, can Yuriyuri-senpai and Hilda-senpai be escorting?

I wonder if I will participate

I mean, you need a male partner.

It's troublesome, I wonder if I'll send Curtis-onii-chan and Elsa-san.

When I was thinking about such a thing, homeroom was over.

"Makoto, let's go."

"You seem a little angry, Carol."

"I'm angry because they did that while looking down on you so much and not understanding anything, Makoto,"

Carol said.

"Thank you, Carol."

"Honestly, why are you smiling about that, Makoto?"

“I’m glad that you got angry for me, Carol..”

Carol said “Moouu.” and smacked me on the shoulder.

Uhihihi.

The two of us go to the carriage pool together.

Serviche-sensei and Lyle-san were already there and waiting for us.

“What about the other viscount daughters from the eastern part?” I asked.

“I asked them to go home because they said something rude to the Saint Candidate-san,” Serviche-sensei said.

“I’m very sorry you had to do that,” I said.

“I’m sorry for being so rude to you earlier. I’m ashamed,” Lyle-san said.

“It’s fine because I was born as a baker,” I said.

Lyle-san lowered his eyes.

“I was a snob, and the thought that my ototo can be cured by your medicine makes me feel so guilty, my apologies,”

she said.

“Don’t worry about it, I hope it works for your brother’s illness.”

“Right.”

Serviche-sensei watched the exchange between me and Lyle-san with a smile without interrupting.

Carol laughed softly.

Come on, let’s all go see Lyle’s little brother.

We get into the carriage for six people, and the coachman will run the horses.

The carriage passes through the cobbled streets of the school and starts running towards the royal capital.

Gata-gata-gata-gata.

“It shakes a lot, Sensei.”

“Umu, Earl of Serviche buys too many alchemy materials and has no money, so it’s second-hand,” Serviche-sensei said. “Please forgive me.”

“Isn’t it dangerous if you don’t do maintenance?” I asked.

“The carriage should still move.”

Is that so?

Lyle-san’s complexion turns blue in the blink of an eye.

This shaking might be bad for her.

“Cure”

“Wow, thank you very much.”

The carriage arrived at Viscount Lyle’s townhouse when Lyle-san, Carol, and myself were each treated with motion sickness Cures about ten times.

Let’s walk home, can we ride in such a worn-out carriage?

Chapter 88

88 - Jerry Of House Lyle Is Sickly And Cute

We enter the Lyle townhouse, which is about twice the size of Baron Kimball's residence.

A townhouse is a separate residence in the capital owned by a noble who owns a territory.

It's a place that feels like extraterritoriality.

There are many buildings that reflect the culture of each territory, and many people have a hobby of visiting townhouses.

The townhouse of the Lyle family is an Eastern-style building with a simple and sturdy feel.

I would love a building like this.

Guided by the Lyle family's steward, we walk steadily through the townhouse.

Impressive paintings and beautiful antiques are lined up.

Apparently, the Lyle family's territory is decorated with large crystalline structures that seem to produce cut gems.

Lyle-san's younger brother was in the room on the south side of the building.

He's lying on the bed, his face is red.

"There's a fever, these symptoms," Serviche-sensei said.

"He often has a fever," Lyle-san said. "The oishasa-sama says that it's Medenz's disease, which is endemic in the eastern part of the country..."

Perhaps because he heard the voices, the ototo-san opened his eyes.

Uwah, this creature is super cute.

"Onee-chan.....?"

“Did I wake you up? I’m sorry, Jerry,” Lyle-san said gently as she took Jerry-kun’s hand.

“A pleasure to meet you, I’m Alchemist Meredith Serviche,” Serviche-sensei said. “Would you mind showing me your body, Jerry-kun?”

“Yes, Serviche-sensei,” Jerry said.

There are two types of doctors in this world.

A magic doctor who diagnoses with magic, and an alchemist who diagnoses with alchemy.

There’s no such thing as which one is better, the difference is that the magician’s effect is more immediate, and the alchemist’s medicine is more reliable.

Serviche-sensei removed Jerry-kun’s nightgown and began examining him.

“Hmm, this is definitely Medenz’s disease,” Serviche-sensei said.

“Am I going to be alright, Sensei?” Jerry-kun asked.

“We’ll do what we can,” Serviche-sensei said.

Yeah, I just want to lower the fever.

Serviche-sensei took out a bottle of Light potion from her bag and put a small amount into a glass.

“Come on, have a drink.”

“Okay…….”

Jerry-kun got up and drank the Light potion from the glass.

“It’s sweet, it’s delicious.”

“Isn’t it, isn’t it?”

When he drank the light potion, Jerry’s body glowed softly.

Oh, what the?

The redness in Jerry’s face disappeared, and his face became somewhat refreshed.

“Oh, this is kinda fun,” Jerry said.

“Jerry,” Lyle-san cried, her voice filled with emotion as she hugged Jerry-kun.

“Fumu, it seems to be effective for Medenz’s disease. Give this to him in the morning and evening,” Serviche-sensei said.

“Yes, thank you very much, Serviche-sensei, Saint Candidate-sama,” Lyle-san said.

No, I didn’t do anything because I just followed Serviche-sensei.

Jerry-kun, dressed back in his nightgown, looked at me with a strange face.

“Seijou-sama?”

“I’m still a candidate for a saint, I haven’t become the Seijou-sama yet,” I said, patting his head.

“Is that so? That’s amazing, isn’t it?” Jerry-kun said, narrowing his eyes in delight.

Uwah, how cute, I wish I had one in my house, a Jerry-kun.

After that, we were treated to tea in the reception room.

The mother of House Lyle and Sensei are negotiating the cost of treatment.

How nice, we’ll get some money.

“Alchemy research costs money, you know.”

Perhaps noticing my dubious expression, Carol whispered in a low voice.

Bodily fluids of monsters, various parts, and so on, it seems that they are traded at a high price.

I see, so that’s why they can’t even maintain their carriage.

“Your family seems wealthy, doesn’t it, Carol?” I said.

“Father brings all our family’s ingredients himself,” Carol said.

“He must be a brilliant adventurer, your Otou-san,” I said.

“Yeah, he’s a Mithril rank adventurer,” Carol said.

Uhha, there are only about 5 Mithril rankers like Carol’s father on the continent, their card is a brilliant silver.

After Serviche-sensei told the mother of the Lyle family the necessary precautions for the treatment of Medenz’s disease, we decided to leave.

Jerry wore cute clothes and came to see us off.

“I’m going to the garden with my Nee-sama, thank you, Serviche-sensei.”

“I’m glad you’re feeling better, let’s not let our guard down and heal your illness.”

“Alright.”

Yeah, I like it best when the kids are doing well.

“Seijou-sama,” Jerry-kun said.

“Makoto is fine, what’s up?” I asked.

“Please come again, Makoto-onee-chan,” Jerry-kun said.

Mou, mouuu, what is it, this child is a natural gigolo!

He’s so moe!

Jerry-kun, I want to take you home!

I crouched down and patted Jerry’s head.

He smiled shyly.

“Thank you, Seijou-sama, I, I’m,” Lyle-san stammered, bowing to me many times with tears in her eyes.

“It’s fine, it’s fine, I’m just glad Jerry-kun is feeling better.”

“Yes, I’m really happy,” Lyle-san said.

Yeah, yeah, it was good, it was good.

“Now then, let’s go home,” Serviche-sensei said.

“We will walk home,” I said.

“Eeeh, why so?!” Serviche-sensei said.

“I can’t ride in a swaying carriage like that,” I said.

“Isn’t it fine? No matter how comfortable the ride is, the arrival time will be the same anyway,” Serviche-sensei said.

Ah, this teacher is a useless alchemy otaku.

It feels very familiar, but I don’t want to ride in that carriage.

“I will walk home, thank you for showing me the precious alchemy treatment today,” I said.

“No no, that was mainly because your Light potion is amazing.”

“No, I learned a lot from seeing the actual administration,” I said. “It’s a pity that there is only one alchemy class per week.”

“You can come to the Alchemy Department of the Magic Tower from time to time and mass-produce Light potions,”

Serviche-sensei said.

“Ma, maa, I’ll think about it,” I said.

“Thank you for today,” Carol said, “if anything comes up again, we’ll ask for your help, Hazeldine-sensei.”

“Yes, if I can, I’ll do it, so please do rely on me again,” Serviche-sensei said.

Carol and I bowed to Serviche-sensei and left the Lyle household.

Sensei’s rickety carriage passed us with a rattle.

I wave to Sensei who looks through the window.

Sensei smiled and waved back.

Hmm, Serviche-sensei is a good sensei, isn’t she?

Chapter 89

89 - His Title Is Extreme Range Emile

Carol and I stroll along the main street of the royal capital.

We came by carriage, but it wasn't that far from the academy.

Most businesses and facilities are on Main Street.

Although the Magic Tower can be seen from anywhere in the royal capital, it's surprisingly far away.

And in the middle of the royal capital is the royal castle.

The royal castle draws water from the Hume River and makes it a filled moat, so it feels good to take a walk around the perimeter.

It's fun to walk with Carol.

It makes me happy.

When I turned my eyes to Carol, our eyes met, and we both shyly looked away.

Ufufufuuu.

It was fun....

Suddenly, Dulcie stepped in front of me and fell down bleeding.

Bowgun arrows and bolts pierced her shoulders.

I hang a Barrier over her without a chant.

Then I put my hand on Dulcie's shoulder and chant,

“High Heal.”

The bolts on Dulcie's shoulder come loose and the wounds close.

The bolt pierces the Barrier with a goshi, goshi.

“ANNE...!!”

Anne-san comes out and takes the bow and arrow that Carol pulled

out.

Dulcie coughs up blood and stands up.

Anne-san draws her longbow and fires.

It lands on top of a distant clock tower and explodes.

It seems to have had an alchemy detonator.

A stylishly dressed man was standing on top of the clock tower.

I put another Barrier on the outside.

“Threat Recognition S!” Anne cried. “The Ten Greats of Duke Pottinger! I confirm it’s Extreme Range Emile!”

An assassin of Duke Pottinger!

What are you doing to my Dulcie!!?

“The Ten Greats! They’re already out!”

A fashionable man named Emile holds a bowgun, fires, changes position, then fires.

The bolt pierces the Barrier and breaks it.

I strengthened another one.

“Kuhahaha, just try and protect yourself, Fake Saint!!”

A hail of bolts rained down, cracking the Barrier.

“Ojou-sama, what’s left of the explosive arrows?” Anne asked.

“5 arrows! What are you going to do?” Carol asked.

Dulcie stepped forward.

“I will jump in with the Weight Fist, Anne will help suppress fire in the meantime while I close in to engage in close combat,” Dulcie said.

“It’s a trap,” I said. “It’s a long-range fighter’s ambush. I’m guessing the soldiers are lying down on the clock tower.”

“However, at this rate, Makoto-sama and Caroline-sama...” Dulcie said.

“Don’t panic, it’s a bad habit,” I said.

I emitted a single Light molecule in a ring.

There is no ambush waiting other than in the direction of the clock tower.

“43 soldiers in light armor under the clock tower, 12 archers on the roof, equipped with short bows.”

“That’s a typical ambush for countering advances,” Anne said.

“Or rather, shouldn’t we just retreat and run away?” Carol asked. “It seems there are no other ambush soldiers.”

“... That’s right,” I said.

We stepped back, keeping the barriers up.

“Eh, ah? You’re running away, you’re boasting that you’re a False Saint, aren’t you, are you okay with that!?”

“Shut up, moron! Who’s the idiot when they don’t want to get caught in a seemingly invisible trap!!?”

His voice is carried by Wind magic, even though it’s a distant clock tower, I can hear him just fine.

“I see, I see, so you’re that kind of guy, aren’t you?”

What the hell?!

As soon as I heard that line, the blood rushed to my head.

Ah, I understand the invitation, I understand.

However, a person who received secondary education in Japan will inevitably snap when someone like Emile says that to them.

Temeeeee, Emile...!

Apologize properly!!

The fuck, why are you saying such provocative things!!?

It’s my fault for destroying an important butterfly specimen, though!!

I did something that can’t be undone!!

There must be a way to say it!!

Of course, he's the Emile of this world, and he doesn't have a collection of butterflies, and I didn't smash his toadstool in my pocket either.

However, if a guy named Emile says, "I see, I see!", that's the signal to start the war!!

"On second thought, I'm going to kill him," I said.

"Eh, Makoto, what are you saying?" Carol asked.

"Dulcie, how much weight can you lose with the Weight Fist?"

"Eh, um, about 20%," Dulcie said.

Is it like that when you cast it on someone else?

But 20% is fine.

"How long can you sustain it?" I asked.

"About 3 minutes," Dulcie

"It's dangerous, please stop, Makoto-sama," Anne said.

"Yeah, yeah, it's dangerous," Carol said.

"Do it, there's no room for argument, Dulcie, Weight Fist!!"

"Yes, on it!"

Dulcie's fist hit my chest with a thud.

Fuoh, my body is light.

"Anne-san, when I approach the clock tower and come within range of the shortbows, please suppress them with an explosive arrow."

"B-but...!!"

"This is the time to do it, they've got a break in the fire for the first time in a while,"

"I don't understand at all how this came from the exchange earlier," Carol said.

Urusai, Carol, this is the destiny of someone who will absolutely kill Emile.

I hung the Barrier in front and jumped out.

“Oh, you’re going to do it! Oh yeah, that means you’re an idiot, huh!!?!”

“Uruse...! Omae, I’ll definitely kill you, Emile!”

My body is so light, so the speed increases steadily.

A bolt flies toward me but is deflected by a Barrier with sharp angles like a snowplow and it flies behind me.

I will absolutely kill Emile!!!

Chapter 90

90 - Sprinting To Emile With Absolute Killing Intent

Da-da-da-da-da, the bolts fly around me as I run on the road.

I create a staircase-like Barrier at my feet, run up in the air, and get on the roof of a 4-story building.

I strengthen my body with magic and move at high speed on the roof at the speed of a horse.

Gan, gan, the Barrier makes the bolts bounce off, crack, and split.

Each time a new Barrier is brought forward.

Run, run, run.

As I approached, the power of the bolts increased, piercing the barrier and hitting my body.

I touch my hands, and rub my feet.

The kinetic energy of the bolt is almost gone when it breaks through the Barrier, so it's just a scratch.

Emile raises his hand, it's almost the range of the shortbows waiting.

When he puts his hand down, the short-bowman's arrows come, and I chant at the same time.

“Light.”

Immediately after covering my eyes with my hands, I collapsed it with 8 times the magical power!

Bashyaaa!

I can feel a strong flash even through my closed eyes.

Without a pause, Anne-san's explosive arrow blew up the roof of the clock tower.

“Guaah! Eyes, my eyes~~”

Varsu, varsu.

Flash magic has excellent compatibility with long-distance attacks.

To aim, you have to look at the target.

I make the Barrier into steps and run up to the clock tower.

On the roof, Emil and the archers are squirming with their eyes closed.

Hehehe, there's just a difference in elevation, but what you do is always the same.

I arrive on the roof of the clock tower, I aim at the center of Emile's body.

I run over and swing my legs.

Mekyoriki.

“Ugyeoegwabaaaaa!!!”

There was an unpleasant sound and feel, and Emile screamed and was blown away, tumbling down from the clock tower.

I thought he was going to fall to his death, but on the way down, a woman in light armor caught Emile in the air and whisked him off.

Tch, lucky guy.

“Kusooo! Withdraw! Emile Squad, withdraw!!”

The woman in light armor issued a command, and the sound of a large number of people moving inside the clock tower rang out.

“Zamaa,” I teased.

Uhya, uhya, I won, I won.

While immersed in the afterglow of victory, I went down the Barrier Staircase to the street while using Light Heal to treat minor wounds here and there.

As I walked towards Carol, the three of them rushed over.

“Makoto!! Don't do something so dangerous!! I thought my heart

would stop!!”

Carol grabbed my shoulders with both hands and shook me.

“I-I’m sorry, I couldn’t stand it.”

“That’s still no excuse!! So please don’t do that!”

“Yeah, sorry for worrying you.”

Carol put her hands on my back and hugged me tightly.

I could feel her fast heartbeat.

Ah, did you really worry about me?

I’m sorry.

And when I hug her, she’s warm, soft, and very happy.

Anne and Dulcie, no, even Carol, their eyes are dazed.

I put my hands on their eyes one by one and cast Heal on them.

As expected, it was an 8-fold Flash magic, and it seemed to be effective even at that distance.

“The glare in my eyes has disappeared, thank you very much,” Anne said.

“Thank you,” Dulcie said.

“How many times was that Flash?” Carol asked.

“8 times. Emile is probably blind, and I think it will take a while to heal,” I said.

“Is that so? Flash magic is best suited for long-distance specialized types,” Anne-san said, looking at the battle situation in a well-balanced way.

It feels like a veteran and it’s really good.

Dulcie seems a little weak around here.

“However, Makoto-sama, you’re amazing to defeat a member of the Ten Greats alone. Especially the practicality of Barrier magic is useful for sneaky approaches.”

Barrier magic is a cheat, it's invisible, it's a foothold, and it's unfair.

I think it can still be applied.

Dulcie's eyes were moist, and the hands clasped in front of her chest were trembling.

"Hey, what's wrong, Dulcie?"

Did, did I make you cry-!?

"I, I'm sorry, Makoto-sama, I, I'm..."

Carol is still hugging me, so I can't give Dulcie comfort.

On the other hand, I don't want to shake off Carol.

I just put out my hand.

Dulcie lovingly took my hand and embraced me.

"You can't die, absolutely, I will protect you."

Hmm, something must have happened to Dulcie in the past.

The reason why she's furious at the Great Temple.

I hope someday you will speak for yourself.

An officer came and we explained the situation.

I was told to refrain from fighting in the royal capital, but please tell that to the ambushing side.

12 blind archers were seized and lowered from the roof.

They are expected to be taken to the Security Bureau for questioning.

Well, Duke Pottinger will probably be involved behind the scenes.

Otherwise, a silly joke of a group like the Ten Greats wouldn't have been made.

"Come on, let's go back to school."

"Yes."

Carol has been in contact with me for a long time, probably because I

have a habit of hugging her.

With arms crossed, Carol and I started walking towards the school.

The intelligence maids went into hiding again.

Chapter 91

91 - Commentary on the Clock Tower Incident, and Marilyn

Hand in hand with Carol we walk near the clock tower.

.....

Huh?

An X mark is drawn with paint on the road.

I visually measured the distance between the X mark and the clock tower.

“What’s wrong, Makoto?”

“Oh, I thought Emile’s formation was strange. This was supposed to be where they attacked the carriage.”

Carol also looked at the X on the street and the roof of the clock tower.

“If it’s here, it feels like they could shoot down at Serviche-sensei’s carriage.”

“If you come this far, you can expect a deadly attack from the roof of the clock tower with a bowgun and a shortbow.

You can’t run away or hide, and in the end, the carriage will be like a hedgehog full of quills.”

“We’re lucky that we didn’t get in Sensei’s carriage.”

Even if you get out of the carriage, there are soldiers halfway up the clock tower, so you can’t easily attack Emile on the roof.

I’m glad I didn’t get attacked here.

Barriers are unreliable against bowgun bolts.

Thank goodness for the raggedness of Serviche-sensei’s carriage.

The road from the Lyle family faces the moat, so they gather at the foot of the clock tower.

As expected of a long-range sniper type, choose a good location.

Well, unless the opponent runs up with Barriers as a staircase.

If it's a common-sense opponent, Emile is indeed a threat level S.

Emile was waiting for us in a deadly carriage-ambush formation, but since we came on foot, he must have switched to super-long-range sniping.

Dulcie's devotion prevented the bolt that was aimed at me.

I thought it was a loose formation, but it wasn't.

Well, Emile's men are no problem because I beat him and them.

They'll be fine until their eyes heal.

Now that I understand his strategy, I take Carol's hand and resume our stroll.

If you stroll around, you will be at the school in no time.

I did my shopping yesterday.

"Are you doing alchemy again today, Carol?" I said.

"Yeah, I have to do it for today," Carol said.

My wife is a hard worker.

I'm not diligent, what should I do?

I split up with Carol, who was heading to the girls' dormitory and headed for the assembly building instead.

When I opened the door to room 155, I found Curtis-onii-chan and a good-looking young lady inside.

"Curtis, hello," I said.

"Oh, you've come, Makoto?" Curtis asked.

The good-looking lady smiled and bowed her head.

Who is this?

“This lady is Marilyn Gogol, a talent I pulled out of Potty’s Faction.”

“No, that’s too much, Curtis-sama.” Marilyn complained.

Ah, come to think of it, she’s the sturdy-looking lady standing around the pond that I used as a stepping stone.

She is not what comes to mind with the name “Marilyn.”

“Gogol-sama, I’m Makoto Kimball, the leader of the faction,” I said.

“Please call me Marilyn, Kimball-sama.”

“Marilyn-san, then call me Makoto, too.”

“Makoto-sama, I’m from a hostile faction, but I hope we get along well. I’m good at socializing and embroidery.”

Even though she’s huge, her hobby is a maiden’s.

“Hello, ah, Marilyn!!”

“Maa, maa, Melissa-chan!!”

Melissa-san came to the meeting room, found Marilyn, and hugged her as if she were jumping in.

“Marilyn, you’ve also joined the Saint’s Faction, I’m so happy.”

“Melissa-chan seems to be familiar with them, so I thought it was good.”

The two hugged each other and rejoiced.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t object to throwing you in the pond,” Marilyn said.

“No, Marilyn, you were weak, so it can’t be helped, and I don’t hold a grudge,” Melissa said.

“Gusun,” Marilyn sniffed, “I’m glad you said that, I was trying to grab a stick to help pull you out later, but I was saved by the Seijo-sama’s help.”

Are you weak, Marilyn?

You don’t seem like a bad girl.

Or rather, what was she thinking when she came to shove Marilyn, Curtis-onii-chan?

“Why are you making that face again, Makoto?” Curtis asked.

“What’s this again?”

“Because Marilyn is a talent,” Curtis said.

“Maa, I’m embarrassed, Curtis-sama,” Marilyn said.

“What talent?”

“If you polish Marilyn, she can become the best female knight in the kingdom.”

“””” ... ””””

Silence covered the meeting room.

“I, I, um, I’ve never done martial arts, my dream is to be a bride, and, well, um, not to be a female knight,” Marilyn said.

“Don’t worry, I will guarantee your talent. You are definitely suited for martial arts,” Curtis said.

“That, that can’t be, Curtis-sama,” Marilyn said.

Curtis-onii-chan is acting unreasonably.

Are you a sports manga coach from a long time ago?

“Come on, Marilyn, let’s go to Browright’s townhouse, and I’ll choose the armor and weapons that suit you.”

“We-We can’t, Curtis-sama, you’re so pushy.”

Curtis-onii-chan is about to leave the assembly room, taking Marilyn’s hand.

“Is it okay if I come with you, Curtis-sama?” Melissa said.

“Umu, you should come to, Meri-Meri,” Curtis said.

“My-My name is Melissa...”

“Meri-Meri is a nickname I gave you, it’s the name of a plant monster in the Southern Dark Continent,” Curtis said.

“No way, I don’t like that kind of scary nickname,” Melissa whined.

“Don’t complain, Meri-Meri, let’s go, Marilyn,” Curtis said.

You don’t give Marilyn a nickname.

Or rather, just say her name, and if you got it wrong, stop claiming it’s a nickname, Curtis-onii-chan.

T/N: Next update might be late, I’m taking some exams over the next 2 days.

Chapter 92

92 - While Strolling around the School, I Discovered a Strange Ruins
Everyone left the meeting place, so I was alone.

It's 3 o'clock now.

Hmm, maybe I'll take a bath.

I can't get my thoughts together, so let's go outside the meeting place for the time being.

I lock up and go outside.

Spring in the royal capital is warm and pleasant.

As if throwing away the long winter, the people of the capital rejoice in spring.

There is a lot of greenery in the school.

In particular, the northwest side is densely forested.

There's a path in the forest so you can take a walk.

I walk through the forest while inhaling the smells of nature to my heart's content.

Since it's in the royal capital, there are no monsters, but there are squirrels and rabbits, and they run away when they see me.

Yaa, it's nice to have a walk in the woods.

A gust of wind blows, and the forest is noisy.

There were ruins in the depths of the forest.

I wonder what is this thing?

Let's go investigate for a moment

As I get closer, it looks like the remains of a church.

"It's the ruins of the school's chapel," Dulcie said as she appeared.

“Why would it be in ruins here?” I asked.

“It’s probably because no one took care of it,” Dulcie said.

How punishing.

There was no budget for the chapel in the school.

How long has it been here quietly?

The stones are covered with moss.

Maybe it has a longer history than the academy.

Let’s ask Anthony-sensei next time.

When I enter the abandoned chapel, it smells like moss.

In the back, there is a statue of the goddess in front of the decayed stained glass.

It’s covered with moss.

It’s quaint, but not too much.

I’d like to clean it up, but it’s a pretty big statue, so I don’t have the tools.

Maybe next time I’ll bring Elmer and have him blast it with water.

I kneel and put my hands together in prayer.

— Well, I’ll do something about it later, so please be patient for now.

Gogogogogogogo.

What the hell!!?

One side of the block at the foot of the goddess statue shifted downward, and the stairs came out!!

“...”

“...Makoto-sama, it’s dangerous, so please don’t try to enter.”

“Eh, because it’s a hidden staircase, it reacted to my magic, I have to enter it,” I said.

“I said it’s dangerous.”

Urusei, Dulcie.

Your master is the type of person who will enter as soon as there is a hidden staircase.

I enter the hidden staircase.

Dulcie followed behind with a sour look on her face.

It’s a very old ruin.

100 years? 200 years?

When I got off the stairs, there was a wide corridor leading to a large door.

There are no monsters in particular, so it doesn’t seem to be a dungeon.

“Light.”

The light coming in from the hidden stairs is getting weaker and it’s getting dark, so I cast my Light spell.

The ball of light moved softly, was sucked into the metal fittings attached to the wall, and the light sources in the metal fittings lit up left and right.

“A temple for Light magic?” I asked.

“Come to think of it, I heard that Bianca-sama’s mansion was here before the Magic Academy was built,” Dulcie said.

“Oh, is it Bianca-sama’s temple?” I asked. “Maybe there’s something of value still in here.”

“Makoto-sama...” Dulcie said.

Please don’t look disappointed.

If I’m not good enough, I’ll be an arrogant snob below Bianca-sama’s level.

Be careful what you do so you don’t get executed.

The large door in the back was tightly locked.

There is a palm-sized plate.

Is this a contact-type lock?

I put my hand on the plate.

It does nothing.

Just in case, I try to wrap my hand in the magical power of Light.

Gogogogogo, the door opened to the left and right.

Oh, what a big deal this is.

The room was clean and dust-free.

A crystal ball and a Japanese sword are placed on the altar before me.

Japanese sword?

The crystal ball somehow reminded me of a magic judgment formula, so I carelessly touched it.

My magic power is sucked out.

Just when I thought there was a screeching noise, a beautiful image of a middle-aged woman emerged in the air.

“Ah, ah, can you hear me? I can’t get it directly into your brain, but it’s a message from the terrifyingly distant

past to Makoto-chan, ah, I’m Bianca.”

“...”

“...”

“It may sound strange, but I used Light magic to manipulate space and time to make predictions, I won’t teach you

how to do it, though, go figure it out for yourself~.”

“...”

“...”

"I think there are going to be a lot of hard things going on for you, so but I'm your Seijo-senpai, so I'm giving you

a present. Do your best and do something about those."

You're too casual, Bianca-sama.

I heard that she was executed for selfishness, so I imagined her to be a stricter person.

Bianca in the video waved lightly and disappeared.

"... A small sword, huh?" Dulcie asked.

"Maybe I can dual wield," I said.

Surprisingly, the unicorn dagger is also a hindrance if it is stuck on your waist.

I picked up a small sword.

It's lighter than I expected.

I pull it out of its scabbard and slash.

Fuwaah, it's so beautiful that I can't believe it's been left here for 200 years.

I see the magical power of light flowing through the handle.

Light, the blade shines white.

"Light."

The ball of light gently leaves it.

Oh, the amount of light will be doubled, which is convenient.

I need to learn how to use this kodachi.

I wonder if Koishi-chan will tell me.

For now, Bianca-sama, thank you very much for the kodachi.

However, foreknowledge with the space-time magic of Light?

I have some doubts as to how she would do it, but if she could have predicted it, why was Bianca-sama executed?

You'd think she'd have run away.

I have my doubts.

Chapter 93

93 - Getting Washed By Dulcie In The Bath

After receiving a kodachi from the Seijo-sama of the past, I left the ruined temple.

“Would you like to tell the Great Temple about this place?” Dulcie asked.

“I wonder what I should do?” I asked.

I don’t mind telling them on its own, but it’s the ruins of the infamous Bianca-sama.

I feel sorry for Bianca-sama if it is destroyed for political reasons.

“Just tell them that the temple’s facilities that belonged to Lady Bianca are in ruins in the forest,” I said. “They won’t be able to enter the basement without me, so I’ll keep that a secret.”

“Okay, let’s bring in the Temple’s nuns tomorrow and clean up the ruins,” Dulcie said.

“That’s good,” I said.

It’s a pity to leave the goddess dirty.

I take Dulcie back through the woods.

However, I received a good kodachi.

The ability as a magical focus seems to be higher than the unicorn dagger, and the performance as a sword seems to be good, too.

However, the unicorn dagger is Onii-sama’s gift, an important item that he bought for me, so I’ll be sad if it’s retired so soon.

In the meantime, do I have to keep two blades at my hips?

I guess I’ll use one arm as a buckler holder and fight with two swords.

Let’s talk to Curtis-onii-chan later.

If it’s martial arts, it’s his wheelhouse.

Now then, back to the girls' dormitory.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was gone.

I don't see the intelligence maid, so it's easygoing and good.

But what would you do if you had that kind of atmosphere on a date in the future?

Are you going to do this or that in front of the intelligence maid?

I wonder if it's correct to treat her as a kabuki kuroko, and act as if she doesn't exist.

I can't be that snobbish.

Should I spend my pocket money to get rid of her?

Hmm.

Well, let's worry about that later.

I go up to room 205 and take out the bath set from the chest.

Margot-san is sleeping.

She was getting up front with Dulcie in a very strange way, but I wonder what it was behind it.

Corinna-chan isn't here.

Is she studying in the library or the dining room?

With the bath set in hand, I go down the stairs to the large underground bath.

I take off my clothes in the changing room and put them in the locker.

When I opened the glass door and entered the bathroom, there were not many people today.

Everyone will come in after dinner.

I like to take a bath in the afternoon.

Roughly wash my body, pour hot water over it, and enter the bathtub.

"Kuaaa, this is the life," I said.

The ojousama who was leaving chuckled at me.

Ugh, it can't be helped, let's be more Japanese.

Nn, mou.

I wash my face with warm water.

Ah, I want to go to a hot spring.

Wait, Lady Bianca said that Light magic is space-time magic.

Does this mean that Lala's magical tool can be developed?

Ah, transfer magic, transfer magic, another world cheat magic that is on par with the infinite storage bag.

As long as you have teleportation magic, you can travel as much as you want and return home in an instant.

Next time, let's find out about rare magic in the library.

Now, shall I go wash my body?

Thinking that, I stepped out of the bath, and Dulcie came out.

What is it?

"Makoto-sama, I'll wash your body."

"No, no, I can do it by myself," I said.

"No, you should also remember to have someone wash your clothes."

Eh, it's troublesome, that kind of thing.

Somehow, Dulcie pulls out a bathroom chair with such pressure that it makes it hard to say no.

By the way, it's made of wood.

I sit down and Dulcie scrubs my back.

It's a towel, but the amount of power required is exquisite.

Scrub, scrub.

I take a shower.

I feel good.

It's like being in a hair salon.

I stepped forward and Dulcie caught my leg.

Eh, hey, wait, before? Are you going to wash below, too?

After washing my feet, she washes my shoulders and my arms, it feels like Dulcie is leaning over me.

Shower, shower.

Fufu, the front is mine, and the bottom is for her.

Just when I was about to say that, Dulcie washed my breasts and then my stomach.

Chikusyounge, I was washed gently with her fingers.

She runs the shower again.

As it is, she washes my face and washes my hair from behind.

I have long hair so it really helps.

I want to keep my hair short because it's annoying, but the Temple gets angry.

"We want the Seijo-sama to have beautiful long hair!", they insist.

My hair is gently washed with a nice-smelling shampoo.

Since I'm shampooed properly and thoroughly, the pleasure is incomparable.

Oh, it feels good

When I look at Dulcie's face, I can see that she has a look of fulfillment.

Kusoo.

Get a rinse, wash off with a shower head, and go back to the bathtub.

How can she disappear in this narrow bathroom?

Intelligence maids are useful.

I warm up slowly and go out to the dressing room.

Dulcie is waiting for me with a bath towel and wipes me all over.

Huh, that's like a prank.

If only I had a hair dryer.

It's still better because Dulcie will hold it between the bath towels to remove the moisture from my hair.

I let out a deep breath.

Yare, yare.

Just when I thought so, she'd even dress me up.

She'll spread out my brand-new drawers, and if I put my foot in it, she will lift it to my waist.

She puts the sports bra over my head.

A uniform is put on me and the buttons are pushed in for me.

So this is why Melissa-san won't be able to change clothes by herself.

Comfortable but embarrassing.

I want it to stop, but it's comfortable.

I'm in trouble, I'm in trouble

Chapter 94

94 - Ilda-san Is Back In The Kitchen

I cleaned up and returned to room 205.

After taking a bath, you will feel lighter.

When I opened the door, Corinna-chan was sitting at her desk studying.

“Oh, what’s happened, Makoto? You look so beautiful,” Corinna said.

“I was washed by Dulcie, is it that different?” I asked.

“Your hair is shiny. What an amazing maid.”

I wondered if it was that different.

My blond hair sparkles and shines, and I’m certainly beautiful.

“Okay, let’s go to the kitchen,” Corinna said.

“Speaking of which, I sent a letter to Ilda-san, but I haven’t received a reply,” I said.

“Let’s ask Marissa-san,” Corinna said.

Corinna-chan cleared her desk and left the room.

I put the bath set in the chest and followed after her.

We run down the stairs as if the two of us are competing.

It’s fun.

When I entered the locker room, Ilda-san was there.

“Welcome back, Ilda-san,” Corinna said.

“Ara, maa, maa, Seijo-sama, Corinna-sama,” Ilda said.

“So you’re already back, huh?” I asked.

“Yes, I received your letter and returned after making lunch for the orphanage. Thank you very much for your help,”

Ilda said.

Looking at the surroundings, the dining room staff were also happy to surround Ilda-san.

Iyaa, that's good.

However, since Ilda-san has returned, I wonder if the two of us are also exempt.

Well, it was good because it was temporary employment.

"Come on, everyone, let's start preparing dinner and do our best again today."

"""""Yes, Chief Ilda.""""""

Oh, perfect teamwork.

"Ilda-san, if I may have a moment?" Corinna asked.

"Yes, Corinna-sama, what is it?" Ilda asked.

"Let's talk about finance," Corinna said.

"Don't we have enough money?" Ilda asked.

"No, there is still a surplus. We will soon receive the compensation, so we can pay off the money that you pulled out of pocket for the cafeteria," Corinna said.

"Maa, is that so?" Ilda said.

"I will explain the financial situation, so please sit there," Corinna said.

Corinna-chan takes out an abacus and explains to Ilda-san the current financial situation of the cafeteria along with a lot of documents.

Ilda-san listened with some joy.

There was a knock on the locker room door, and Hilda-senpai came in.

"Ilda-sama, congratulations on your return," Hilda said.

"Mah-Mahler family's o-ojou-sama..." Ilda stammered.

Hilda-senpai stopped Ilda-san with her hand.

Then, she bowed deeply.

“My Chichi has caused a great deal of trouble. It was too unbearable, so after consulting with all my relatives, my father, Gustav Mahler, retired and was placed under house arrest, and is scheduled to die of illness after I graduate.”

Seeing Hilda-senpai saying terrifyingly disturbing things in a calm voice, Ilda-san is terrified.

“I will be the current head of the Mahler family, Hilda Mahler, I’d like to make your acquaintance,” Hilda said.

Hilda-senpai smoothly decides the courtesy.

She has a graceful demeanor that makes her feel very classy.

“Ye-Yes, thank you very much, I’m Ilda,” Ilda said.

When Hilda-senpai snapped her fingers, Shirley-san placed two large leather bags on the desk in the locker room.

“This will be the money that my father swindled and compensation besides,” Hilda said. “Corinna-sama, you could please confirm the accounting?”

“Understood, I’ll do it now.”

Corinna-chan took out gold coins from the leather bags and started counting them.

Shirley-san placed a parchment document next to Corinna-chan, probably a calculation sheet.

“Ah, um, is there no such thing as an order from Count Mahler anymore?” Ilda asked.

“Yes, Ilda-sama, the Mahler family will no longer interfere with the cafeteria for the girls’ dormitory,” Hilda said.

“Please prepare all the dishes according to your wishes.”

“Oh, thank you very much”

Ilda-san cried bitterly.

“I don’t think there are any idiots who would try to do something wrong in a place where the Seijo-sama is involved, but if anything should happen, the Mahler family will be of help, so don’t worry.”

“Ye-Yes.”

“If Hilda-senpai is too scary, feel free to tell me, after all, I’m the deputy in charge,” I said.

When I said that, Hilda-senpai puffed up.

She’s so cute.

“Okay, 15 million dolancs, I’ve confirmed it exactly.”

“Is-Is that right?” Ilda asked.

“Since for each year, 5 million dolancs is compensation.”

How can I say it, the Mahler family is generous.

“Are there any specialties of the Mahler territory?”

“It’s spinning threads, and we also produce various fabrics.”

Does the Venomous Spider’s territory weave beautiful threads and fabrics?

Somehow, if you combine the specialty products of the members of the Saint’s Faction, you can create an innovative product.

Corinna stumbled as she tried to carry two leather bags to the safe.

Shirley-san carries the leather bags on her behalf.

Corinna-chan opened the safe and Shirley-san put the leather bags down inside them.

“Right, Ilda-san, the key to the safe. This will be the ledger.”

“... Ma, this does not look easy,” Ilda said. “Corinna-sama, you’ve been an impressive help.”

“Your finances have improved, so it might be a good idea to hire a dedicated accountant,” Corinna said.

“Yes, thank you for everything,” Ilda-san, bowing her head deeply and

crying bitterly.

All right, now we are out of our duty, I made eye contact with Corinna-chan and the two of us smiled.

Well, Corinna-chan coming to the cafeteria was a huge relief to us.

I couldn't do anything financially.

Chapter 95

95 - After The Dinner Part-Time Job, I Received Thanks And A Bonus

I'm tasting the dinner set with Corinna in the staff room.

Mogyu.....

“Uoh, is it so different?”

“It was delicious until yesterday, but it's different now.”

To our astonishment, Marissa-san chuckled.

“Ilda-san's cooking is amazing.”

Come to think of it, the food at the new student welcome party was also delicious.

It's so different.

I ate the upper and lower aristocratic meals as if I was trying to keep up with Corinna-chan.

Iyah, I'm satisfied, satisfied.

Equipped with a three-point headscarf and an apron, I went to the kitchen.

“It's time to say goodbye to this time, I kind of miss it,” I said.

“Honestly, it was fun,” Corinna said.

“I want you two to stay forever, but you have to study, so it's no good,” Marissa-san said, lowering her eyes.

“If you need help, please call me, I can only do the low-level jobs, but I'll help,” I said.

“Thank you very much,” Marissa-san said.

When I entered the kitchen, Ilda-san and Clara were arguing.

“That's what I've been doing at Meigetsudo,” Clara said.

“Maybe so, and I know this is an amazing bread, but it doesn’t go well with the food, so please change the taste a little from tomorrow,” Ilda-san said.

“Are you asking me to lower the quality?” Clara countered.

“That’s not right, I’m saying that the bread sticks out too much and the overall cooking quality drops, but it’s alright, you can do it, Clara,” Ilda-san said.

“Understood.....”

Clara is stunned.

That’s awesome, isn’t it?

Professional chefs are amazing.

Are you going to decide on Clara’s top-notch bread recipes by looking at the whole set?

I wonder how sad Ilda-san must have been to use half-baked bread from Hangetsudo.

As I pass by, I pat Clara on the back.

“I understand, Makoto, it’s just a little frustrating, but tomorrow’s bread will make Ilda-san cry,” Clara said.

“Sasuga, Clara, do your best, do your best,” I said.

“Yeah,” Clara said.

Seeing our exchange, the pastry chef Mare-san smiled.

With me at the counter and Corinna-chan outside collecting the money, we waited for dinner time.

“Recently, the food in the cafeteria has been delicious, so I think I’m going to gain weight.”

“I know, right? Even though it’s a lower-class aristocratic meal.”

“It’s strange to have the dormitory cafeteria serve food that doesn’t taste bad.”

Customers line up at the counter while saying whatever they want.

Today's lower-class nobility food is even more different.

Kekeke.

Today's menu for lower-ranking aristocrats is chicken cutlet, consommé soup, black bread, and a mini salad.

All the ingredients were so fresh that I didn't need to put Heal on them.

The vendor who wholesaled to the men's dormitory cafeteria was a go-getter.

"Fluffy, delicious, crispy"

"The consomme stings so good~~."

"It goes well with black bread, nice~."

Listening to the joy of customers is the finer point of the food and beverage industry.

"Hey, Makoto-chan, what's on the menu today~?"

"It's a chicken cutlet, freshly fried."

"It's delicious, isn't it?"

"Isn't the upper-class's dessert a roll cake? It looks so good."

The Three Lacrosse Warrior Senpais came and made a lot of noise.

Amami-senpai always doesn't forget to check the upper-class desserts.

"So good! It's crispy"

"Ah, our thanks to Makoto-chan for eating delicious food every day."

"Our thanks."

Please stop worshiping me, Senpais.

Everyone is working hard to eat a delicious dinner today, and it's quiet without any trouble.

Estelle-senpai is on a business trip to the upper-class noble's seating area.

As expected, the group of Dress Senpais is also eating quietly.

On the way, the entry limit was set after about 30 minutes, and then dinner time was over.

“Makoto-sama, Corinna-sama, thank you very much.”

When Ilda-san lowered her head, all the other cafeteria staff bowed their heads.

Stop it, I’m embarrassed.

Along with the applause, Corinna-chan and I were presented with a bouquet.

Wah, that smells good.

What the hell, what am I going to say?

“Thank you”

“Really, shouldn’t we be thanking you?”

Ilda-san was overwhelmed and burst into tears.

Don’t cry.

I hugged Ilda-san and patted her on the shoulder.

Yes, it was tough.

It’s okay now.

“Pardon that. Thank you very much, from the bottom of my heart,” Ilda-san said. “I was a believer of the Sacred Heart, but I was not a fervent believer. This time, I felt the presence of the Seijo-sama very intimately, and I had a reverent feeling. From now on, I will devote myself wholeheartedly. I will take refuge in the Goddess’s embrace.”

“Oh, that’s ah,ahaha, well, in moderation.”

“How kind of you.”

I’m not good at people who have deepened their faith.

The staff lined up in the aisle leading to the locker room and asked us to shake hands.

“Makoto-san, Corinna-san, thank you very much. Please come again.”

“Yes, Gioai-san, thank you for your help.”

Handshake, handshake.

Giaoi-san’s cookery was just right and delicious.

She’s the mastermind behind the mini steaks.

“Makoto-san, Corinna-san, it’s a pity, I’ll miss you two.”

“Thank you for your help, Edra-san.”

We shake hands firmly.

She has a strong grip, as expected of a soup keeper who stirs the pot all the time.

I was saved by Edra-san’s cheer.

“Thank you very much for helping me keep my salary.”

“It would be nice if you could pay off your debts quickly, Solene-san.”

“Not at all close, but it’s a little more than before.”

Handshake, handshake.

It seems that Solene borrowed money because her son was seriously ill.

It was a big amount, so I was worried that it would be difficult if the refunds stopped.

“This all gave me a lot of inspiration, I’ll make sweet buns together with Clara next time, so please try them.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

Handshake, handshake.

Mare-san smiled.

The sweet bread made by Clara and Mare-san, it sounds delicious.

“Thank you for taking care of us both.”

“You were also doing your best, Marissa-san, thank you for taking care of us.”

“Not at all, that’s just my job.”

handshake handshake.

Marissa-san, you’re crying, but that’s okay.

Because you worked hard

After that, I was handed a small bag by Hilda-san in the locker room.

It contained 100,000 dolancs.

Ilda-san smiled at me and Corinna-chan who protested that it was too much, and then said that it was a gift, so please accept it.

Well, I can’t help it if she says that.

Umu, I got 100,000.

“Corinna-chan, you can get new glasses!”

“No, put 50,000 in the faction and save the other 50,000!!”

She’s a very tough woman.

Chapter 96

96 - Listening To Hilda-Senpai's Report In The Deserted Dining Room Cafeteria part-time job graduation!

With that feeling, I left the locker room, and there were still people in the cafeteria.

When I looked into it, Hilda-senpai was quietly drinking tea in the upper noble's seating area.

"What's wrong, Hilda-senpai?" I said.

"I'm just delivering a night report from the Intelligence Department to you, Ryoshu," Hilda said.

"Did something happen?" I asked.

"It's about the Ten Greats, a follow-up to Extreme Range Emile," Hilda replied.

Ooh, what did he do again?

I sit across from Hilda-senpai.

I don't know why, but Corinna-chan is sitting next to me.

Shirley made tea for the two of us.

Hmm, it smells good.

Apple tea, maybe.

"For the time being, congratulations on your victory in the battle with Emile in front of the clock tower," Hilda said.

"Don't tell me, you were the one to do that?" Corinna said.

"Yeah, I was attacked on the way, so I fought back and beat him," I said.

"You mean Dulcie beat him?" Corinna said.

Hilda-senpai laughed.

“Makoto-sama defeated him, Corinna-sama,” Hilda said.

“Huh?” Corinna asked.

“Let me explain the battle situation,” Hilda said before she briefly explained the situation against Emile.

You’ve been doing a lot of research, have you asked Anne-san?

“Then, she ran up to the clock tower by herself, and did a jewel strike again...” Hilda said.

“Th-That’s way too fast...!” Corinna said, making a bitter face. “Are you stupid or just reckless, Makoto?”

“Even from the Intelligence Department, Ryoshu, please stop being so unreasonable,” Hilda said.

Gununu.

I’m not at fault, but everyone is angry with me.

Kusoo, Emile, you bastard...

“The wonderful ability to run up into the sky with Barriers should have been kept secret,” Hilda said. “With this, the enemy will counter your advantage of being able to fly in the sky.”

“Oh, right. Oops,” I said.

“It seems that Emile’s attack this time was also for the purpose of checking the strength of the Barriers,” Hilda said.

“Of course, if you had been in the carriage, they would have surely confirmed the kill on the spot.”

Thank goodness for Serviche-sensei’s ragged carriage.

Would you like me to do some maintenance?

If it’s made of wood, will Heal work on it?

Where’s the line of a living thing?

“Well, it’s quite a big victory to win against one of the Ten Greats,” Hilda said.

“Yeah, the result is all right,” I said.

“Honestly, though, be careful, if you die, I will be sad, Carol will be sad, Dulcie and the other people who love you will be sad, and Linda-san will lead the knights into a rampage, so please do be careful,” Hilda said.

U-Umu, that’s scary.

Linda-san and the Temple Knights are a danger.

I will be careful.

“Currently, Emile’s unit is on the move,” Hilda said.

“Wh-What are they doing?” I asked.

No, it’s too bad if they’re permanently stationed at Duke Pottinger’s second official residence.

Being shot at from a tall building near the school is really dangerous.

If a faction member is targeted, I’ll seriously have to consider declaring a holy war.

If that happens, it will become a full-fledged civil war between the Temple and the Duke of Pottinger.

“Don’t worry, Emile’s unit has withdrawn to Duke Pottinger’s territory,” Hilda said.

“Why? Because I hurt their eyes?”

“Yes, according to the doctor’s diagnosis, it will take 3 weeks to fully recover. More than that, Emile was terrified, and said, ‘Ah, I don’t want to fight such a crazy girl anymore.’ It’s a complete victory for our faction, Makoto-sama”

“Hoooo, that’s good,” I said.

“Is his heart really broken? It seems suspicious,” Corinna said.

“Corinna-sama, please imagine, even if you shoot someone with a large bowgun that can pierce monsters, the Barriers will deflect the shots. And if it’s a dagger instead of a strike to the jewels, you’ll be on the verge of death. It’d be more suspicious if he hadn’t lost his will to fight.”

Corinna crossed her arms and whimpered. “That’s scary. Really scary.”

“Iyaa, it worked in our favor,” I said.

“I’m quite glad that Emile specializes in long-distance combat because there are more troublesome heads in the Ten Greats,” Hilda said.

“I understand, I’ll be careful, so don’t get angry,” I said.

“This time, they also slipped through the security net, so I couldn’t issue the alarm,” Hilda said, “so my apologies for that.”

“It’s okay, it can’t be helped, there must have been no sign of the Ten Greats moving,” I said.

“Yes, Emile’s unit moves especially fast that it’s hard to catch them,” Hilda said. “Above all else, I’m glad you’re safe.”

Hilda low

ered her head.

It looks like it’s good, it can’t be helped.

Basically, espionage is a reading game, so if there is someone who suddenly moves, it may slip through.

There is no such thing as an invincible security net.

However, the troublesome Emile returned to the Pottinger Duchy already.

The long-distance specialized type is too dangerous.

In the next battle, they’ll probably use Barrier countermeasures and Flash countermeasures.

I feel heavy.

Kapuri, I drank the tea.

Oh, it’s delicious.

“This is the tea that Misha-sama gave me.”

“As expected of a Duke’s tea leaves, it’s delicious.”

Shirley smiles proudly.

She's basically expressionless, but you can tell by the movement of her mouth.

Chapter 97

97 - I'm Going To The Cafeteria As A Customer For Breakfast

After completing the Intelligence Department's report, we left the cafeteria.

As if waiting for the meeting to end, Marissa-san locked the dining room door.

"Sorry about that," I said.

"I don't mind one bit," Marissa said.

Marissa-san smiles softly, but somehow I feel guilty.

I wonder if I'll do a night report in the meeting room, instead.

"Oh, that's right, Hilda-san, have this, too," I said.

When I gave Hilda-san the key to the meeting room, she smiled and waved her hand.

"I already have one," Hilda said.

"How?!!" I yelled.

"Because I used the underworld's services," Hilda said.

I shudder at Hilda-san, who boasts of a duplicate key that I don't remember handing over.

Shadow warfare specialists are scary.

I wonder if you copied someone else's key, it's good.

I separated from Hilda-san in the hallway, as she was using the elevator, and headed for Room 205.

I'm tired of the many things today.

Dulcie showed up with my pajamas.

"What is it, Dulcie?" I asked.

“I’ll help you change clothes,” Dulcie said.

“It’s okay, it’s trouble for you,” I said.

I took off my uniform and put on my pajamas.

Why are you so unhappy?

Dulcie puts my uniform in the chest.

“Well, good night, Dulcie.”

“Have a good night,” Dulcie said.

Dulcie left the room.

Margot-san made a face.

“What?” I asked.

“... Well, no, if you’re fine with it, Makoto,” Margot said.

“It’s okay if you have a strange past with her,” I said.

“Fuhn,” Margot said.

“Well, Dulcie isn’t a bad girl, she learns housework quickly,” Karina-san said as she opened the curtain and showed her face.

“I’m sorry I asked you to educate Dulcie,” I said.

“It’s okay, you and I are on good terms, so don’t hold back,” Karina said.

“Thank you, Karina-san,” I said.

It’s a good thing that I’ve become good friends with Karina-san.

Okay, let’s go to sleep.

I climb the ladder and say good night to everyone.

Now, sleep.

I wake up to the sound of the maids waking up.

Oops, my part-time job, wait, I don’t have one anymore.

Fuwa, I wonder if I can sleep a little more.

“Makoto, good morning.”

“Good morning”

“Karina-san, Margot-san, good morning, have a nice day.”

“We’re heading out now.”

“Ah, I’m tired”

The two maids left the room.

Corinna-chan popped her face out.

“You’re awake.”

“Because of the part-time job, right?”

“Would you like some tea?”

“That’d be nice.”

“Please leave it to me.”

“” ... ””

Dulcie took the kettle and left the room.

“It’s good that intelligence maids are convenient, but...”

“They don’t really care when they appear, do they?”

Well, it’s fine.

The tea Dulcie made me was, well, okay.

It is normal.

“Thank you, Dulcie, it’s delicious.”

Dulcie smiles shyly.

The tea is normal, but Dulcie is cute.

I pat her head.

She closed her eyes.

Thin hair, good to the touch.

Now then, it's a little early, but let's go to the dining room.

Dulcie disappeared with the kettle and tea set.

She is fully independent and very convenient.

I go down the stairs with Corinna to the cafeteria.

"Oro, Makoto-chan, are you going to work now?"

"No, my part-time job ended yesterday, Senpai," I said.

In front of the cafeteria, we ran into a member of the Three Lacrosse Senpais.

"Huh, it's a pity, the porridge that Makoto-chan gave us was delicious."

"Thank you," I said.

I entered the cafeteria with my senpais and lined up at the counter.

"Oh, Makoto-san."

"Marissa-san is at the counter, and Clara is the cashier?" I asked.

"Because there is no work for the bakers after the bread is done," Clara said.

"Eh, so you're the one making delicious bread?" Nuts-senpai said.

"Wah, thank you for always doing it."

"Eh, ah, right," Clara said, blushing.

"It's because I'm a fan of your bread," Nuts-senpai said.

"Oh, oh I see..." Clara said.

I asked Marissa-san for sweet porridge nuts, took a mini salad, and poured tea.

It's been a long time since this happened.

"Let's eat together, Makoto-chan," one of the Lacrosse Senpais said.

“Yes, fine by me,” I said.

We ate breakfast while chatting with the Three Lacross Senpais.

It’s fun to sit around the table with everyone.

Well, it’s time to go to school.

As usual, I go to class with Corinna-chan.

I wonder if it’s a little cloudy today.

I’m feeling chilly.

There is no crowd at the school entrance.

So the wall newspaper hasn’t been updated.

But Gerald stands there.

Tch.

“Why are you glaring at my face and clicking your tongue, Makoto Kimball!?” Gerald yelled.

“No, whatever it was, I’m sorry,” I said.

“What a rude woman you are,” Gerald said.

“Leave me alone,” I said.

I have nothing to talk to you about.

“Is it true, the rumor that you yourself took down Extreme Range Emile?” Gerald asked.

“About that, everyone got angry,” I said.

“It would be so, it’s not something the faction head should do herself,” Gerald said. “But I will commend you, well done.”

“Why is that?” I asked.

“If one of the Ten Greats is defeated, the momentum of the Duke Pottinger faction will weaken further, so please do your best,” Gerald said.

Well, as a member of the royal faction, you can't stop laughing because the enemy faction will be weakened without any damage to you.

I hate you, you bespectacled bastard.

"But don't die, take care of your life, death won't do you any good," Gerald said.

"..."

"I want to live these next three years with you, Kevin-ouji, and everyone, and then graduate," Gerald said.

"Thank you for that. Be careful, Gerald," I said.

"I'm a staff officer, so there's no danger to me," Gerald said.

After saying that, he smiled.

Fuck's sake, even though he's a disgusting character, sometimes he doesn't care and I raise my favorability with him.

Fuhn.

Chapter 98

98 - I Was Called by the Principal During Lunch Break

When I entered Class A's room, Carol waved a little hand at me.

"Good morning, Carol."

"Good morning, Makoto."

Serious Carol had her textbooks out on her desk today as well, preparing for lessons.

Elmer came in and took a seat.

"... Good morning, Makoto."

"Good morning, Elmer."

There are no martial arts today, so it lectures about the four pillars.

History, language, mathematics, and magic theory.

Anthony-sensei came and started homeroom.

He's smiling, but he doesn't seem to have much to talk about today.

Lectures, lectures~.

Basically, my basic specs are high, so I'm good at studying.

My memory and theoretical thinking are so high that I couldn't even think of something like this in my previous life.

Knowledge is very good.

However, I feel like my actions are so stupid that my choices may be strange.

Knowledge does not always guarantee wisdom.

Lectures finished smoothly.

Magic theory is a little difficult.

I'm still in my first year, so it's just an introduction, but when I get a

little deeper, I might have to ask Elmer to teach me.

Friends with whom you can study are precious.

By the way, it's noon now.

"Makoto, what are you doing today?" Carol asked.

"What should I do, go to Hiyoko-Do?" I mused.

"Hmm... let's do that," Carol said.

I had a rough lunch yesterday.

Let's buy bread at Hiyoko-Do and eat it at the natural park.

Oro? Anthony-sensei is here.

"Kimball-san, the principal is calling you," Anthony-sensei said.

"Eh, why again?" I asked.

"I wouldn't know about that; what did you do again?" Anthony-sensei said.

"Hmm~~~"

I don't know, the only big one here is the fight against Emile, but the principal has nothing to do with it.

Let's go for now.

"Carol, I'm sorry, but please buy me some bread," I said.

"Okay, I'll leave it in the meeting room," Carol said.

"Saint Bread and Ham Bacon," I said.

"Understood," Carol said.

A friend can help you in this situation.

I walk down the corridor with Anthony-sensei.

"The principal of the school belongs to Duke Pottinger's Faction," Anthony-sensei said.

"Is that so?" I said.

“Therefore, unreasonable demands may be asked of you,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Indeed they could be,” I said.

I don’t know, I would mind if I was suddenly told to leave school.

“In such a case, please tell me, I will gather the teachers of the royal faction and resist,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Huh?” I asked.

Why are the teachers of the royal faction doing this?

“Kimball-san, you always do crazy things and it gives me a headache,” Anthony-sensei said.

“S-sorry, for always doing that,” I said.

“However, if you know the details, there are many things that you yourself are not at fault with,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Oh, thank you very much”

“I think you basically act with good intentions and have a positive influence on the people around you,” Anthony-sensei continued.

“Ye-Yes,” I said.

What is this, Anthony-sensei? don’t praise me so much.

I’ll be embarrassed.

“Therefore, it is the teacher’s duty to oppose any unreasonable decision without justification,” Anthony-sensei said.

“You always scold me, but I think Anthony-sensei is a good teacher, too,” I said.

“Oh, thank you very much,” he said.

Anthony-sensei blushed a little.

Yes, I love having him as a teacher.

On the first floor of the school, at the very back, was the principal’s office.

There are a lot of heavy doors.

Anthony-sensei knocks and opens the door.

“Hey there, Makoto Kimball, I’m Frank Dudley, head of the school.”

The principal was a dandy-looking old man with a beard.

“Nice to meet you, Principal Frank,” I said, smiling and decided on a curtsy.

“Hazeldine-sensei, you’ve gone through much trouble, you can step down now,”

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to join you,” Anthony-sensei said.

“I can’t let you do that, now step down,” Frank said.

“... Yes, excuse me.”

Anthony-sensei left the room with a worried gaze on me.

Don’t worry.

Well, Principal Frank, what do you think?

He invited me to his luxurious reception set.

Oh, what nice leather, this sofa.

So smooth.

The school principal put a document made of parchment on the table.

“This is a notice of transfer to Calholl Theological Seminary. Please sign this and leave the academy,” Frank said.

“Why this again?” I asked.

The principal put his elbows on the table and sighed.

“I don’t want any more faction fights at the school,” Frank said. “I’ve heard that the Ten Greats have come out.”

“Please talk to Vivian-sama about that, it’s not what I want,” I said.

The school principal smiled.

“You’ve got your heart right, as expected of a future saint, but if things continue like this, someone will die, can you please understand?” Frank said.

“Shouldn’t the school principal treat students fairly?” I asked.

“Even though I’m a great old man, I still have my favorites,” Frank said. “She’s the granddaughter of the legendary James-okina, so it’s only natural to want to do something good for him, isn’t it?”

Principal, you are honest.

I like the fact that he doesn’t push things around, but that’s not the same as patronizing his acquaintances.

“Isn’t it unbearable for a person who eats a lot of money?” I asked. “Isn’t it possible for the principal of the school to suppress the faction of Duke Pottinger?”

“James was a much greater man than you thought, a man deserving of becoming king, and that his descendants of the Pottinger Duchy should rule this country. I think, no, it’s not just me, the nobles of the Duke Pottinger faction believe so, including me.”

“Isn’t that a rebellion?” I asked.

“Kimball-kyoju’s adoptive daughter will know that this happens all too often,” Frank said.

“Yes, I know it does, and it’s the source of the civil war.”

The principal smiled.

“The rumors about you being a foolish girl are wrong,” Frank said. “You’re a very intelligent girl. Even for me, I want a young girl like you to study at this academy and reach her full potential, so this is a pity.”

Oh, is this Jiji an intellectual and a huge fan of James-okina?

Hmm, I’m in danger of being kicked out of school right now.

Is it useless if I don’t win a place to stay in a verbal argument?

This is so much troubleeee..

Chapter 99

I want to make the principal go crazy and yell at me, but I'm not Ikkyu-san, so I can't think of anything, so I'm in trouble.

If I leave the academy here, Carol's life will be in danger, so I can't obey him, but he's the one with the highest authority in the academy.

Poku-poku-poku, chien, the lightbulb lit up.

"Understood, at the second official residence of Duke Pottinger, I'll declare a holy war," I said.

"Wh-Why would you do that?!" Frank panicked.

"It can't be helped. If you tell me to leave, I will remove the cause by force. I will demolish the second official residence and sprinkle salt on the ground where it stood."

"Wa-Wait a minute there," Frank said.

"It can't be helped if Vivian-sama wants to stand up to the power of the temple, I'll do my best to grant her wish, and I'll have it fall in a single day," I said. "With the current power of the Great Temple, I'm sure the Mad Angel will do something about it when I'm involved."

The principal's face turned pale.

"I won't cause any trouble to the school, so it's fine," I said. "We're going to enter into a civil war between the Pottinger Duchy and the Great Temple, and tens of thousands of people will die, but it can't be helped. Not only in the kingdom but all over the continent. If we use all of the Temple's armed forces, we should be able to annihilate the Pottinger Duchy."

"If you do that, the reputation of the Temple will fall to the ground, is that okay?"

I hit his desk, bang.

"It can't be helped, there's nothing else we can do," I said. "If you don't like it, you, Jii-san, should restrain your faction!"

"Guoh."

“Just thinking about the convenience of your faction, why do we have to worry about your lives!?” I said. “Duke Pottinger’s Faction is here to kill us! Don’t be so lazy, Jijii!”

For the time being, I couldn’t come up with a clever response, so I snapped.

It seems to be surprisingly effective, and the principal is pale-faced.

“I, I understand, I’m sorry, I will withdraw the transfer, so please stop doing unreasonable things,” Frank said.

“It’s okay if you understand, this provocation also attacks Temple, and I want to avoid having to call a holy war,” I said.

The principal took off his glasses and wiped them with a handkerchief.

He’s sweating a lot, maybe I did too much.

For now, the holy war is a bluff, I guess.

By the way, I said I’d call a holy war so lightly, but this is not something that the Temple forces will attack all at once.

The Holy War is ritual magic of the Temple of the Sacred Heart.

The activation condition is only the declaration of a hero or a saint.

With the pope or with the cardinals, even they have no veto power, it is commonly said.

If you declare it, it will automatically activate, and the entire Temple Army will be strengthened with **“Strength”**,

“Pain Dulling,” “Fatigue Reduction,” “Thought Constriction”, etc., and will ruthlessly annihilate the Temple’s enemies.

The Temple’s soldiers will literally fight to the death.

It’s a super cheat ritual magic that causes definite loss to the enemy when activated.

Holy Maria-sama has used it once against the Demon King’s army, and Bianca has used it six times against various powers.

It’s usually foreign countries, but there are examples in history where

the hero activated and destroyed an empire-sized country.

“Ah, do you have the courage to activate the holy war?” Frank said.

“Better than a friend of mine dying,” I said.

The principal was astonished.

“Just to help Albright-sama, you’d activate the holy war ritual?” Frank said.

“Of course, my friends are more important than the Duke of Pottinger,” I said.

It’s obvious, isn’t it?

“Haa...”

The principal sighed heavily.

“James said something similar. ‘If you were to die, Frank, I would destroy the kingdom.’ Really, people like you are honestly so...”

“Were you best friends with James-okina?” I asked.

“He was heterosexual, but I loved him...” Frank said.

UOOOOHHHHHH!!

ZL!!! ZL!!

It’s Jijii Love!!!

Uehyyoiii!!

“Wh-Whaat is it, it’s rare to see someone have such biting eyes when you mention homosexuality,” Frank said.

“No, no, no, please tell me more about how you got to know each other! Please!!” I said.

“I met him here at Magic Academy, so it must have been sixty years ago...” Frank said.

The principal began to reminisce about his youth long ago.

The young principal and James met at the school entrance ceremony when the cherry blossoms were blooming, and it is said that the wild

James and the intellectual principal were always arguing with each other.

James, who was the son of an Earl, defeated those who opposed him with an iron fist at the school and made them subordinates with chivalry and expanded his faction.

His subordinates included the Venomous Spiders of the Mahler family two generations ago, and the troublemaking Pickering family two generations ago, and they were always having fun and rampaging up and down the ranks.

I see, Jii-sama of the Mahler family was devoted to James-okina.

In love, in fights, and studies, James went wild, and before he knew it, the current principal of the school was one of his entourage, and it seemed that they spent their youths happily.

It's nice, it's nice, it's youth, it's BL.

Before the graduation ceremony, the school principal told James about his feelings.

James laughed and said, "I can only embrace women, but I'm happy you told me your feelings, Frank, let's be by each other's sides forever regardless," and hugged him.

Uhiyooo, James-okina is cool, but you can't have him sexually, he's firmly straight.

It seems that the principal has been supporting the Duke of Pottinger's faction for a long time, with his emotions for James' in his heart as a treasure.

It's a good story.

I'm enchanted.

Chapter 100

100 - Actually, It Seems That I Met James-Okina A Long Time Ago

“What, why are your eyes watering?” Frank asked.

Mu, I can’t say I was impressed by the ZL.

Principal, thank you for the meal.

“Ah, no, I was moved by your precious story. Thank you,” I said.

After all, it is good, BL stories are precious.

“It may be selfish, but we, Duke Pottinger’s Faction, want to preserve James’ bloodline and leave behind the feelings that the hero carved into history for future generations,” Frank said.

“Is that what James-okina would want?” I asked.

“That’s... I don’t understand, but...” Frank said.

I remembered that cool old man who used to come to the bakery.

“There was a good-natured Jii-sama who was a regular customer of the bakery,” I said. “Even though it’s not about yourself, everyone is so picky about leaving achievements behind and respecting their bloodlines. Ore-sama-chan here is just struggling and having fun, and I don’t even have to think about the aftermath,’ he said while he was eating Saint’s Bread.”

“... Did that old man have red hair?” Frank asked.

“It was pretty dull, but he had red hair and his left hand was crippled,” I said.

The principal covered his face with his hands.

“James, that was... oh, James, we were...”

The principal seemed to be crying.

Huh, was that old man James-okina?

He was a good-natured, fun old man.

Come to think of it, it was about last year that he stopped coming to Hiyoko-Do. In that case, the black-haired young butler who came to help was the Poisoner Butler who was the hidden capture target.

I met him before I realized it.

"I'm not telling you to let go of House Pottinger, but could you refrain from assassinating me?" I asked. "If you don't attack me, I won't attack you."

"I, I understand. As principal, I will act as neutral to either faction. Vivian might get angry, however," Frank said.

"It's okay to anger selfish people," I said. "It's strange to think that the same authority in their territory can be exercised in the academy."

All right, I managed to persuade the principal, miraculously.

I feel like it was more like intimidation than persuasion, but the result is all right.

The academy is neutral, and I've taken the word from the principal's mouth.

"It's already about time, so you are excused," Frank said.

"No, no, I don't have classes in the afternoon," I said.

"What is it? Don't you have any training in magic?" Frank asked.

"I can only use Light magic, so no one can teach me anything," I said. "Right now, Clayton and his son are experimenting on me."

"Oh, so that's Lord Clayton comes to school every day, does he?"

The headmaster stood up and held out his hand toward me.

Just when I thought it might be a handshake, the headmaster fell to the floor with a bang.

Huh?

"Gunuuuuu!!"

The principal is holding his right knee in agony.

"Wh-What's wrong?" I asked.

“So-Sorry, I got struck by an arrow in my knee on the battlefield a long time ago, gununuuu,” Frank groaned.

Is it an old wound, can it be healed?

There is no loss even if I earn points from the principal.

Bianca-sama’s kodachi made a sound like ringing and bells chiming.

If you look at it, the pattern is faintly shining.

Fumu, what is it, can I use it?

I made an optical diagnosis on the knee of the principal who had just collapsed.

There’s no poison left, but is this black feeling a curse?

A cursed arrowhead, what a dirty thing to do even on the battlefield.

I try to pull out the small sword.

The blade glows white and faintly.

“I’m going to do something rough, so don’t move,” I said.

“Huh, what was that?”

I put a small sword on the headmaster’s right knee and stabbed it.

“It doesn’t hurt? What is that sword?” Frank said.

“It’s Bianca-sama’s kodachi, now I’m going to cut out the curse’s core,” I said.

I drive light magic into the cursed mass that the tip of the blade has stabbed into.

With a sizzle, the curse dissipated.

All right.

After that, pull out the kodachi and call out “Heal” on the cut.

On the floor, a piece of metal that looks like a fragment of the cursed arrowhead falls with a thud.

“It’s over, it’s okay now,” I said.

“It doesn’t hurt... the old knee injury that has plagued me for 50 years,” Frank said.

“It looks like they cast a curse on the arrowhead,” I said. “Looks like someone decided to get very dirty, huh?”

“Because it was a war, is that what they did? Was it a curse?” Frank asked.

I sheathed my kodachi.

It’s convenient for me.

Can it be used as a therapeutic tool?

The principal stood up and jumped lightly.

“My knee doesn’t hurt. Oh by the Goddess, thank you, Kimball-kun,” Frank said.

“Don’t worry about it, it’s like a Saint’s instinct to help people in need,” I said.

Alright, this buys me points with the principal.

Kekeke.

“Thank you, how can I say thank you, I have to pay for the treatment,” Frank said.

“I don’t need it, if you’re insisting, please donate it to the Great Temple,” I said.

“Impossible, not when you’ve given me such thorough and advanced treatment,” Frank said.

I laughed and shrugged.

After making a surprised face, the principal face’s wrinkled with a tearful smile and he deeply bowed his head.

In my head, the name of Kodachi popped into my head.

Kogitsunemaru.

I see, so it’s Kogitsunemaru since it’s a kodachi.

I wonder if an Odachi in the same series is called Oyakomaru?

Anyway, nice to meet you, Kogitsunemaru.

Chapter 101

James' Perspective: Two Years Ago. An Old Hero Has No Value

Perspective: James-okina (2 years ago)

Ah, I don't want to get old.

All over my body, I feel pain here and there.

Itetetete.

It's normal aging, so even alchemy doesn't work against it.

"Are you awake, James-sama?"

"Ouh, I'm awake, Victor, I think I can manage today," I said.

With Victor's assistance, I changed clothes and stood up with a cane.

Fuuu, mattaku, the Invincible James can get old, too.

"Are you coming to Hiyoko-Do today as well?" Victor asked.

"Well, I'll go see Makoto, show my face at the castle, and then go home," I said.

This is a routine walk.

The doctor was telling me to move my body even a little bit.

Depending on the day and the weather, sometimes I can't get out of bed, but today I'm fine.

I walk around the mansion as if clinging to my cane for support.

I'm the only one who lives in the first official residence of the Duke of Pottinger.

Both Donald and Vivian are in their territory.

It's just me and my butler, Victor, here.

Occasionally, old comrades come to visit, but well, they've gone to the grave a long time ago.

My beloved wife and concubine have also joined them in the dirt.

Ah, only one mistress is alive yet.

“Is Riela still in good health?” I asked.

“Haha is doing well,” Victor said. “The other day, when I returned to the village, she seemed to crush my bones with her hug.”

“Tch, seems that Baba is doing fine,” I said.

“The people of Horai don’t get old, and it’s disgusting,” Victor said.

“Don’t say that,” I said.

I leave the mansion while my shoulders heave when I breathe.

Ah, how long will I be able to walk on my own?

Aging, aging.

I look at Victor standing next to me.

You’re young, you’re still in your teens.

Why wasn’t this guy born sooner?

If that’s the case, why didn’t I stop the stupid Donald from rising to the seat of the family head?

Riela first came to kill me.

It was 10 years ago when I was still in good health.

She was a skilled assassin, but I managed to catch her without killing her.

I suffered a serious injury that left my left arm disabled.

I wonder why I forced myself to hold down Riela, who was about to kill herself by biting down on something in her mouth.

I’m still doing fine, maybe I wanted to show it to everyone else, too.

So, as a concubine, the child born from that union was Victor.

Riera taught him all of her Horai ninja skills and raised him to be a first-class shadow fighter.

And then he became my butler.

When I said we should recognize his legitimacy and raise him as my child, that shitty Baba laughed out loud.

After I died, she said she needed Victor to protect Vivian.

Mattaku, thank you for everything.

I'm in tears.

I think Victor is as much my blood as my dead firstborn, Richard.

I really hate that you weren't born sooner, Victor.

At the very least, if he had been born ten years earlier, I would have been able to make Donald a branch family and have Victor succeed as house head, instead.

If only Richard hadn't died...

Oh, no, you shouldn't try to count your dead son's age.

Even Donald is doing his best.

This old man keeps going in circles, doesn't he?

I stretch my back and walk in the royal capital.

It's almost winter.

Will I be able to make it through this winter?

When I was walking while thinking about it, Hiyoko-Do came into view.

I wonder if Makoto will be there today.

The little saint candidate is my recent favorite.

Oh, no, I don't want you to sweep the front of the store with a broom.

It seems that today is a day to help out at the family business.

"Oh, Jijii, are you back?" Makoto asked.

"Ouh, I'm back, Makoto."

I like Makoto's smile, she's innocent and cute.

Seriously, I wanted Vivian to be her friend, but Donald's stupidity frightened her off and ruined everything.

I told you to take in the saint candidate, but I didn't say a word about bringing her into our house and disciplining her.

Mattaku, I really wanted to slap Donald all over again.

He doesn't know how scary it is to antagonize the Temple.

"What are you eating today?" Makoto asked.

"Today I'm getting Saint's Bread again, hora, the money," I said.

"Ouh, wait a minute," Makoto said.

After receiving the silver coin, Makoto entered the store.

After entering the store before then feeling sick and kneeling from the discomfort, Makoto started buying me bread when she saw me.

Oh, mattaku, I really don't want to get old.

There are benches in front of the store.

There is also a small table, so you can eat what you bought at Hiyoko-Do right away.

After Victor wiped the chair and table, he invited me to sit down.

Take care of yourself first, he seemed to say.

With that face, he secretly smiled and bowed his head.

He's a perfect son.

Makoto brought the saint's bread and soda and placed them on the table.

"Right, here you go," Makoto said.

"Oh, thank you, a tip for your service."

"No need," Makoto said.

Fuhahaha, how good, this girl.

Be a little cheeky.

I bite into the saint's bread.

Sweet, but it's not a monotonous sweetness, it's a complex flavor profile.

Oh, my eating speed has also slowed down.

Don't tell me I'm losing my teeth.

No, no.

At first, I was just going to look at the saint candidate.

When I fell to my knees inside the store, Makoto cast a healing spell on me.

Also, when I can move, I'm looking forward to eating saint's bread while teasing Makoto at Hiyoko-Do, for my breakfast.

No, no, I don't want to get old.

Haa, I managed to finish eating one sweet bread.

I've completely lost my appetite now.

"Are you going now, Jijii?" Makoto asked.

"Right-o, I'm going to the castle today," I said.

"Well, be careful, it's going to get cold soon," Makoto said.

"Thank you, Makoto," I said.

I leave the leftover soda bottle with Victor and start walking.

Ah, how long can I keep watching Vivian and Makoto grow up?

I don't want to get old at all.

I let out a sigh.

"I don't want to die," I said.

"Please stay healthy until what time, Tate-sama," Victor said.

"Aah, I will," I said.

James Pottinger died three months later.

The funeral was grandly held in the royal capital in a form equivalent to a state funeral.

Chapter 102

Dulcie, Not Me, Is Experimented On By The Clayton Family

Phew, I managed to be released from the principal's grasp.

Maa, maa, I think it's a pretty good result.

It would be troublesome if the academy started to reject the Saint's Faction.

Geeze, afternoon classes have already started.

Elmer and Jean-oji-san will be left waiting for us if we don't go to the magic lab soon.

"Dulcie," I said.

"Here, Makoto-sama," Dulcie said, appearing.

"Go to the meeting room, and if there's bread there, bring it to me," I said.

"Understood," Dulcie said.

And with that, she disappeared.

Ah, an intelligence maid is convenient.

Once you use it, you won't be able to part with it.

I walk in the empty school building.

Everyone is studying magic in their assigned training classrooms.

I go up the stairs and head to the magic training room on the third floor.

I knock on the door to enter.

Inside were Elmer and Jean-oji-san, who stood up when they saw me.

"Makoto-kun, are you okay? What did the Principal say?" Jean asked.

"He gave me a document asking me to transfer to the seminary," I

said.

“What the hell!?” Jean yelled.

“What...?” Elmer added.

“It’s okay,” I said, “when I threatened to start a holy war at the second official residence of Duke Pottinger, he withdrew,” I said.

“Is-Is that so...?” Jean said.

“A threat.....” Elmer said.

Elmer and Jean-oji-san looked at each other and sat down in their chairs.

“If you hadn’t backed down, the Ministry of Magic would have used all of its power to pressure them,” Jean said.

“I thought about asking the royal faction, or rather, Prince Kevin, but that would put me in their debt, so it was a quick intimidation, instead,” I said.

“Yeah... to owe the Prince... you absolutely can’t,” Elmer said.

After knocking, Dulcie came in with a flax bag.

“Makoto-sama, I brought you some bread,” she said.

“Thank you, Dulcie,” I said.

As a thank you, I gave Dulcie a thumbs up and patted her on the head.

“I haven’t had lunch yet, so can I eat first?” I asked.

“Ah, that’s fine, but we can’t experiment if you’re hungry,” Jean said. “Besides, is that girl the rumored intelligence maid who uses the Weight Fist?”

“Yes, my name is Dulcie,” Dulcie said.

“Dulcie, let me introduce you, this is Secretary Clayton-sama,” I said.

“A subspecies of Earth magic, Gravity magic is a rare attribute,” Jean said, “may you show it to us?”

“While Makoto... is eating, let’s experiment with Gravity magic...”

Elmer said.

Dulcie looks at me for help, but if these two go into experiment mode, no one can stop them, do your best, Dulcie.

“Fumu, one punch will add about ten garun of weight,” Jean said.

“It’s interesting that the weight... shifts to the target...” Elmer said.

Dulcie is adding and shaving off weight to the lab equipment as they wish.

I eat bread while watching it.

Shimattana, ham bacon is meaty and heavy.

“It’s interesting to apply gravitic effects to your opponent with martial arts, it makes sense as an application of Gravity magic,” Jean said.

“For the most party... Gravity mages... belongs to the Architectural Magics Office... but it’s applied to an escort...

what a wonderful idea.”

“Do Gravity users get jobs in architecture?” I asked.

“Mainly, it is common in architecture, such as reducing the weight of heavy objects to move them, or making the rollers heavier to level the ground efficiently,” Jean explained.

Is this world constructed using magic?

You operate it like heavy machinery from my previous life.

“Why didn’t you go into the construction industry, Dulcie?” I asked.

“I was raised in an orphanage, so I want to work to protect everyone in the Temple...” Dulcie said.

For some reason, her expression clouded over.

Have you been exposed to trauma?

I finished my soda and put the bottle on the table.

“Well, I’m done eating. Let’s start the experiment,” I said.

“Yes, thank you, Dulcie-kun,” Jean said.

"Next time...let's do another experiment...Dulcie," Elmer said.

"Yes, please excuse me," Dulcie said.

Dulcie disappeared.

"She cleanly erases her presence. Where is she from, the Village, or the Hall?"

"It seems to be the Village, I think she was Anne-san's classmate," I said.

"As expected, the Village produces wonderful maids, even the royal family wants to hire a maid of that class," Jean said.

"Really?" I asked.

"Having a skilled espionage maid makes a name for yourself, Margot of the Wilkinsons is a good example," Jean said.

That mischievous maid is so amazing.

Then, Anne-san, who speaks highly about Margot-san, is also worthy of her fame.

The world of intelligence maids is deep.

"What is the difference between Maid's Village and the Hall?"

"Both are institutions that train intelligence maids for the upper class, but they are a little different," Jean said. "The Maid's Village is open to all, so anyone who is motivated can enter freely, so their maids vary quite widely in abilities."

That's right, both Anne and Dulcie were orphans, and if admission wasn't free, they wouldn't have been able to get in.

"In contrast, only the children of aristocrats can enter the Maid's Hall, the training is strict, the quality of the graduates is high, and they will kill themselves immediately if caught," Jean said.

"Why do the maids of the Hall immediately commit suicide on capture?"

"Since they're an intelligence maid, they've been taught to kill themselves rather than pass their information on to the enemy," Jean said. "For that reason, there's a possibility of losing your talented

subordinate, so the employers have to think carefully about their jobs.”

I see, that Maid’s Hall has a higher average quality.

“Where was Margot-san from?” I asked.

“She appears to be self-taught,” Jean said.

“...”

Is Margot-san the strongest intelligence maid in her own way!?!

What a cheat maid!

Chapter 103

Preparations Begin For The New Students' Welcome Dance Party

I did a lot of experiments with the Clayton family.

Recently, there have been many experiments to confirm the properties of each magic.

Please don't let other people know that Heal's nature is space-time magic.

Or rather, Light magic is basically all space-time magic.

It seems that the Barrier also stops time and space in its area of effect.

It's more sci-fi than fantasy.

I don't know why the Barriers crack on impact, though.

The bell rang for the end of the 6th hour.

The melody that heralds the scolding of parents, kin-kon-kan-kon, isn't coming from the magic speakers, it's the real sound of the bell hall at the east end of the school.

It doesn't ring automatically, it seems that there is a bell ringer who pulls the rope and rings it.

"Let's leave it around here today, well done, Makoto-kun," Jean said.

"Good job..." Elmer said.

"Good luck to you both, Elmer and Jean-oji-san," I said.

"I learned a lot about Light magic today," Jean said.

"Precious... this data..." Elmer said.

These two love magic.

I say goodbye to Jean-oji-san and return to Class A.

When I opened the door, Carol trotted towards me.

“How was it, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“Hmm? I was told to transfer to the seminary,” I said while I returned to my seat.

Carol showed me an angry face.

It’s a rare expression, unusual for Carol, who is always so cheerful.

It’s sharp and cute.

“I will not forgive them, I will stop the supply of potions to the school,” Carol said.

“You don’t need to, because I canceled the transfer,” I said.

“Really? That’s a relief, how did you do it?” Carol asked.

“I threatened to start a holy war at the second official residence of Duke Pottinger, and would only stop once he promised me that Vivian-sama would withdraw her harassment,” I said.

“...”

Carol went silent.

“We-Well, it seems to be fine, it’s a relief...” Carol said.

“If I threaten the principal, the academy will not support either faction and will remain neutral,” I said.

“I forgot that you can do something with such great military power, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Honestly, I did, too,” I said.

We both looked at each other and laughed.

The content of the conversation is dreadful, but the appearance is cheerful.

“The holy war was an empty threat... but... you’re kind, Makoto...” Elmer said. “So, I can’t see you actually declaring it... probably.”

“That’s true, but just knowing that I can do it will make others hesitate,” I said.

“With this, if the duke’s family becomes quieter, will the school life become quieter?” Carol asked.

“I sure hope so,” I said.

But, I don’t think so.

I have to do something about Grave.

Anthony-sensei has arrived.

He looked at my face and had a relieved expression.

I’m sorry to make you worry, Sensei.

After homeroom, it’s after school, and now we’re on the way home.

Anthony-sensei came up to me, so I gave him the same explanation as before, and after he was relieved, he frowned.

“I can’t accept you making threats against the backdrop of military force,” Anthony-sensei said.

“I had to because I couldn’t think of anything else,” I said.

“But, well, I suppose that couldn’t be helped, I’m happy that you will remain at the school, Kimball-san,” Anthony-sensei said.

“I’m a student who can’t ask that much, but I’d like to ask you for help in the future,” I said.

“Let’s do our best to come up with a little more peaceful solution,” Anthony-sensei said.

“Yes,” I said.

Well, Duke Pottinger’s Faction will probably stop.

“Are we heading to the meeting room, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“I wonder if I should, there’s also the welcome dance party for the new students,” I said.

“Will you be going, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“If I don’t go out, I won’t be able to protect the other members of our faction,” I said.

“Ah, yes, there are girls like Melissa and Marilyn who seem to like dance parties,” Carol said.

“Let’s go there together, Carol,” I said.

“I am……” Carol said.

“Ah, that’s right, I’ll disguise myself as a man and escort you,” I said.

“Ahaha, that’s fine, but you’re going to start a strange rumor again,” Carol said.

“Chie, I thought it was a good idea,” I said.

Oh, Curtis-onii-chan, Melissa-san, Marilyn-san, and Elsa-san are here.

“Makoto, let’s go to the meeting room,” Curtis said.

“Aren’t you going to club activities?” I asked.

“Meri-Meri said she wanted to go to the welcome dance, so that’s what the meeting is about,” Curtis said.

“Curtis-sama, my name’s not Meri-Meri,” Melissa said.

“I see, then, let’s go,” Curtis said.

We all go to the meeting room together.

Why is Elmer also with us?

“Will you come too, Makoto?” Melissa asked.

“Just in case, Melissa-san, you’ll be in trouble if the leader isn’t there,” I said.

“Thank you, Makoto-sama, I love you,” Melissa said.

“It’s still an important event for people who like to socialize,” Marilyn said.

“Makoto, you don’t have a man to escort you, do you?” Curtis said.

“Curtis, you must go with Elsa-san,” Carol said.

“That’s right, Curtis-sama,” Melissa said.

“Ugugu,” Curtis groaned.

Elmer stepped forward.

“I... will... escort Makoto... if she wants.”

“Ah, how sly, Elmer, you have a fiancée, don’t you?” Curtis asked.

“Fufu... Priscilla... is going to school next year... In the meantime, I’m... free,” Elmer said.

Elmer gave Curtis a rare smirk.

Curtis seems to hate him for it.

A dance party with Elmer.

Well, it’s good.

“By the way, who are Melissa-san and Marilyn-san’s escorts going to be?”

“We don’t have them.”

“Yes, we don’t, and we’re in trouble.”

“Isn’t it useless if you don’t have a guy to escort you?”

Maybe I’ll invite the guys from the Pentia Club next door.

It seems harmless if they’re just otakus.

Chapter 104

Hilda-Senpai Comes To Sell Dresses

I entered the meeting room.

No matter how you look at it, this place is comfortable.

It is a high-class relaxing space.

I write the agenda in chalk on the blackboard hanging on the wall.

“Those who want to participate in the New Student’s Welcome Dance Party”

Makoto Kimball

Elmer Clayton

Curtis Browright

Elsa Grigny

Melissa Andrea

Marilyn

“My name’s Marilyn Gogol.”

“Thank you, Marilyn”

Marylin Gogol

I look around at the people in the assembly room.

“What about Cattleya-san and Koishi-chan?” I asked.

“I don’t think they’ll participate.”

Also, Corinna-chan isn’t there either.

Please let us know if you would like to participate later.

Well, I guess she’ll say she can’t buy a dress because she doesn’t have money.

The door opened with a bang, and Hilda-san, Cattleya-san, Koishichan, and Shirley-san entered.

“Good evening, everyone,” Hilda said.

“Hello, Hilda-san, what are you guys carrying?”

“It’s fabric samples made by House Mahler,” Hilda said.

The four people following behind put down rolls of cloth on the table.

Wow, the colors are so beautiful like a flood of art.

“The Mahler territory has spinning as its specialty, and there are many seamstresses in the territory,” Hilda said. “I can provide dresses for about half the price you’d pay to have one made in the royal capital.”

“Ohhhhh.”

Like little girls, we jumped on the fabric.

“Maa, it’s a beautiful, smooth fabric.”

“I like the color, wow, it’s so yellow”

“It’s a deep navy blue, how do you find it, Curtis-sama?”

“Oh, it might be good.”

Wow, this dark red color looks good on Carol.

Carol smiled a little sadly as she put the cloth on her shoulder.

She must have given up from the beginning, thinking that a dance party meant to deepen friendships with men would be meaningless.

There is no such thing.

Someday, somehow, I’ll bring Carol to a dance party

“It’s as good as ordering a dress,” Carol said.

“Yeah, it might be good if you just have one made,” I said.

When I imagined Carol in a beautiful dark red dress, my tension rose.

“It’s good that it’s cheap if you make it in the Mahler territory, but it takes time, doesn’t it?” I said.

“That’s right, it takes two weeks to come and go, and one week to produce, so I’d like to ask you to order early,”

Hilda said.

“Three weeks, or rather the welcome dance party is in a month, so they can make it in time if we order now, by the way, how much is the rough estimate?” I asked.

“It depends on the grade of fabric and sewing,” Hilda said. “Also, depending on your status, if you make something too gorgeous, you’ll get a bad reputation.”

Aah, if a baron’s daughter wears a ridiculously expensive dress, she’ll be mocked for being impertinent.

“A baron’s daughter’s dress is around 200,000 dolancs,” Hilda said. “300,000 for a viscount’s daughter’s dress, and 500,000 for a count’s daughter’s dress.”

“That’s cheap, isn’t it?” Elsa said.

It’s ridiculously expensive for ordinary people, Elsa-san.

Nobles live too lavish lifestyles.

200,000, or 400,000 if you have it made in the royal capital.

Otoo-sama and Okaa-sama also need formal clothes and dresses for the Saint’s Faction’s launch party.

I’m always indebted to them, so I’d like to somehow give them a present.

“It’s amazing, Hilda-sama, you can make two dresses for the same price,” Melissa said.

“My imagination is going wild,” Marilyn said.

Come on, Melissa-san and Marilyn, don’t burden your family.

Or rather, it’s fine because they both have a lot of dresses.

Hmm, I can make as many dresses as I want if I can plunder the Temple’s budget for the Saint, but I don’t want to waste the money of the believers.

Money, I want money.

Shall we go to the slums and hunt bounties with Dulcie?

However, it's difficult to make the cost of the dress through bounty hunting.

If I get one for Otoo-sama, Okaa-sama, Onii-sama, and me, that's 800,000 dolancs.

Gununu, I have 250,000 Dwango bounty money, 130,000 remaining part-time job wages, and 20,000 remaining pocket money.

About 400,000 is not enough, or rather, I can't afford to completely empty my wallet for the cost of the clothes.

Corinna-chan opened the door and came in.

"Oh, what is this?" Corinna asked.

"They're from Hilda-senpai's territory, dresses can be made for half the price there, too," I said.

"Huh, how nice, how much?" Corinna asked.

"200,000 for a baron's daughter's dress," Hilda said.

"... I see, it's impossible," Corinna said.

"Can't I pay for you as your yoroshi, Corinna?"

"I don't need it, I'm troubled by overindulgent yoroshi, Carol," Corinna said.

Hilda-san smiled and snuggled up to Corinna-chan.

"In the Mahler territory, we intend to focus on the production of dresses from now on, so Corinna-sama, if you would be willing to manage the trade ledger and accounting for about a month, I would give you a dress as a bonus, it'll be a good benefit for us, too."

"Gununu, in exchange for labor?" Corinna said.

"Corinna-sama, you also need at least one dress for your school life, I think it's a good deal," Hilda said.

Uwaa, as expected of a Venomous Spider-san, sells favors as if to

entangle the recipient Carol puffed up.

The competition for Corinna-chan is intensifying.

“Hilda-senpai, I will order one dress each for Elsa, Koishi, and Cattleya,” Curtis said.

“Yes, thank you, Shirley, take the measurements,” Shirley said.

“Yes, Ojou-sama,” Shirley said.

Curtis-onii-chan makes a bold purchase.

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san were in a panic.

“It’s fine, myon, fine, myon,” Koishi said, “I have a dress that was made last year, Curtis-sama.”

“I-I have one from the year before last, so this is just excessive,” Cattleya said.

“Nonsense, can I have you dress like disgraced concubines?” Curtis asked. “You should just shut up and take it.”

“Hawawa, I’m happy, myon, thank you, myon.”

“Thank you, Curtis-sama,” Cattleya said.

Hilda-senpai is kind of overjoyed.

But the Margrave’s son does have money while I don’t, damn it.

I have to make some money too.

“Makoto...I...want to order a dress for you...” Elmer said.

“Just take my gratitude, give it to Priscilla-sama instead,” I said.

“I... see.”

I’m sorry, Elmer, I can’t get a dress from someone with a fiancée.

Don’t be depressed.

Chapter 105

Raid Next Door to Find Escorts For The Dance Party

“Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san, do you guys have escorts for the dance party?” I asked.

“No, myon,” Koishi said.

“None at all,” Cattleya said.

Why is Cattleya-san answering so confidently?

“Since it’s the first dance party of the first semester, it’s fine to choose a suitable partner,” Curtis said. “Kokeshi and Cattleya’s partners should be chosen from among the knight students related to my house.”

“Curtis-shyama, thank you for everything, myon,” Koishi said.

“Think nothing of it,” Curtis said.

“Cattleya is also a knight of ours, so if you don’t have a partner, you can also choose from House Mahler,” Hilda said.

“Thank you, Hilda-sama,” Cattleya said.

Fumu, Koishi-chan, and Cattleya-san’s partners don’t seem to be a problem.

“So, Corinna-chan, won’t you appear at the dance party?” I asked.

“I won’t go, it’s such an unproductive event,” Corinna said.

“It looks like we can procure a dress, so it’s fine to go to it,” I said.

“Ah, I don’t have a partner,” Corinna said.

Fumu, well, it doesn’t seem like there’s going to be any role for civil servants in dance parties, so I guess it’s fine.

This is going to be my first time.

But I want Corinna-chan and Carol to be able to participate in dance parties by the second year.

Also, there are Melissa and Marilyn's partners.

"Melissa-san and Marilyn, don't you have any crushes you want to take with you?" I asked.

"Eh, kyaa, th-there's no such person," Melissa whined.

"I don't have one, either, you know?" Marilyn said.

"Even though you're both in Class C?" I asked.

"Class C is full of female students, and the boys in Class C are just flirts..." Melissa said.

"Boys in Class C can't be romantic partners," Marilyn said.

I see, it's impossible for the boys to be from Class C, I know that now.

By the way, if you're in Class C of the magic academy, anyone can get in if they pay a large amount of donation.

The quality of the students should be guessed from there.

Even after graduating from the Magic Academy, Class A is respected, Class B is taken lightly, and Class C is ridiculed.

That's why the daughter of a large noble has a private tutor and studies hard to get into Class A.

You see, nobles are made up of appearances and public relations.

Boys are not thrown into Class C unless their performance is very bad.

However, ladies' work also has a social aspect, so the girls in class C aren't seen as bad by comparison.

"Okay, let's go get some boys," I said.

"Wh-Where are you going?" Carol asked.

"Next door," I said.

When I stood up, Carol and Corinna-chan also stood up.

Why, what is it?

"I'm worried," Corinna said.

“Don’t bother the neighbors,” Carol said.

“I won’t bother anyone,” I said.

Ah, right.

“Hilda-senpai, what about the members next door?” I asked.

“The three members of the Pentia Club are all Royalists, so there is no problem,” Hilda said. “By the way, the Pentia Club’s results are also excellent, they rank 3rd in the country.”

“Huh, that’s unexpected,” I said.

It’s nice to have someone from the intelligence community.

The five of us immediately went outside and rushed to the room next door.

“Hello,” I said as I knocked.

“Coming..... geh! The Saint!!”

Gashi.

Kukuku, I stuck my foot in the door they were trying to close it.

“W-what is it, I don’t have anything to do with you, Saint-sama, please go home,” Carter said.

“Kukuku, let me in, I’ve got something to do over here, Carter-bucho,” I said.

“Hiii, go away, go away,” Carter said.

“Don’t be so rude,” I said.

With a nihilistic smile, I forcefully opened the door and entered the Pentia Club.

It’s a quiet room without much furniture.

The Fat One and Tall One are playing something like chess on the table in the middle, and are now looking at me with puzzled expressions.

“Would you like some tea?” I asked.

“Ah, Shirley, please go ahead,” Hilda said.

“Th-This maid suddenly appeared, who is that?”

“Don’t worry about it,” I said.

I stood in the center of the room.

“Well then, let’s introduce ourselves, I am Makoto, the daughter of Baron Kimball,” I said. “I’m a 1st year student who’s also a saint candidate.”

“Haa, haa, I-I’m I’m Carter, the son of Viscount Hayward. I’m the President of the Pentia club, and I’m a 2nd year student.”

I pointed to Carol.

“Ah, I’m Carol, the daughter of Count Albright and a new student. Nice to meet you.”

“N-Nice to meet you, Albright-sama, I’m Evan, the son of Baron Wyatt, a second-year student.”

Corinna raises her eyebrows as if to say “Am I next?”, so I nod.

“Corinna, of Baron Ceverus, I’m interested in Pentia, can you teach me?” Corinna asked.

“Are you serious? Pentia isn’t popular with girls, you’re most welcome, Ceverus-san. I’m Cecil, the second son of Baron Wonbarl, 2nd year.”

Melissa-san came forward.

“I am Melissa, the daughter of House Andrea, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

The Three Warriors of Pentia nodded.

“I’m Marilyn, Senpais, I’m the daughter of House Gogol. Nice to meet you.”

Carter stared at him with his mouth wide open as Marilyn bowed her head.

Well, Marilyn is pretty big.

She has a rugged face, though.

“Are you guys planning to attend the New Students’ Welcome Dance Party?” I asked.

“Eh, no, we have no connection to dance parties, and so we’ve never been to one,” Carter said.

All right, according to the plan, a dance party is a world of extroverts, and these otaku don’t go there.

“Okay, then, can you help me with Melissa-san and Marilyn-san? They’re in trouble because they don’t have anyone to escort them,” I said.

“I’m sorry, I can’t, I have a fiancée in my territory.”

Ah, is Tall-kun no good?

The Dance Party is also a place to make connections, so uptight and stubborn people may not want to participate.

Carter got up.

He’s walking over to us.

Okay, do you like Melissa-san?

Melissa smiled.

Then Carter passed by her and took Marilyn’s hand.

“Ah, um, I’m interested in girls like you, so, if you don’t mind, would you like to go to the dance party with me?”

Carter said.

“Eh, umm, yo-you must not mean that; my face is so rugged,” Marilyn said.

“I like big girls, so you know,” Carter said.

Carter stared at her with twinkling eyes, and Marilyn looked back at him with admiration.

Melissa-san has her eyes wide open with a shocked look on her face.

Um-umu.

“If you don’t have a partner at the welcome dance party for new students, it will be a problem,” Cecil said. “I wonder if Corinna-san is fine with me as a partner.”

“I, I’m not going,” Corinna said.

“Is that so? It’s a pity, but please come and do play Pentia next time,” Cecil said.

“Ye-Yes, I’m interested,” Corinna said.

If you teach Corinna-chan about Pentia, I don’t think any of you will be able to win against her.

“Then, Melissa-san, if you’d like me, instead?” Cecil asked.

“Ye-Yes, thank you very much. Cecil-san, I would enjoy being your partner...” Melissa said.

“Likewise, a pleasure,” Cecil said.

Cecil-kun is a fat guy, but he’s surprisingly charming.

Melissa-san doesn’t seem to be all that against it, either.

The problem is Marilyn and Carter, who are still staring at each other.

Isn’t this going to develop into a romantic relationship?

The son of a viscount and the daughter of a baron, well, I wonder if they’re balanced.

Umu, umu.

Chapter 106

Hilda-senpai's Measurements Are A Relief

Alright, I've gotten escorts for the New Students' Welcome Dance Party.

One couple is still staring at each other, but, it's alright.

"Then, we'll be good for the New Students' Dance Party in a month," I said. "Do you have formal clothes?"

"Eh, right, I think I can have it made," said the cheerful fat boy, Cecil-kun.

"Carter-sama, would you like to have a nice dress made for me? I'd like to see it," Marilyn said.

"If you say so, Marilyn-kun, I'll have one made," Carter said.

Hey, don't flirt with him, you dumbass.

The tall boy, Evan-kun, didn't seem to want to be alone in the club room and came along with us.

"Welcome to the meeting room of the Saint's Faction," I said.

"Uwaah, what is this gorgeous room?" Carter asked.

"It's amazing, isn't it? Everyone contributed furniture, so it turned out like this," I said.

"It is amazing, does this happen when a woman gets involved?" Carter mused, looking around the place.

"Hilda-senpai, two people from the Pentia club want to make formal clothes, they're good," I said.

"Ara, hello, Carter-sama, long time no see," Hilda said.

"Gegeh, Hilda Mahler... -sama, why are you selling clothes?" Carter asked.

"House Mahler's specialty is spinning, so we're going to cut costs

through integrated production and break into the formal dress industry in the royal capital,” Hilda said.

Carter-kun and Hilda-senpai are acquaintances, well, they’re both second-year students.

Shirley-san quickly takes measurements, and Corinna-chan writes up a dress chart.

The designs of the lady’s dresses and ceremonial clothes for my parents are also written.

“Now then, let’s take Makoto-sama’s measurements,” Hilda said.

“Huh, no, I’m not going to buy yet,” I said.

“Weren’t you going to purchase?” Hilda said.

“Well, I’ll buy it, but if I calculate the money...” I said.

“If it’s money, I’ll wait forever, no matter how many years,” Hilda said.

“That’s bad for House Mahler,” I said.

“Borrowing is a good way to gain control over someone, so if you don’t like it, pay it back quickly,” Hilda-senpai said, patting me on the head.

Ugugu.

In this way, the intelligence fighters can rule from behind the scenes by lending money, cleaning up after incidents, accommodating sexual partners, and so on.

Somehow I have to grab a lot of money early and escape from Hilda-senpai’s control.

Hilda-senpai measures my body size and flows smoothly as she does.

She’s good at it.

“What do you think of the design? It looks like a trendy, fluffy design would suit you,” Hilda said.

“Design, huh?” I said.

Since it's an otome game, there are simple old-fashioned dresses, modern designs, and so on, but it's kind of half-baked.

On the parchment, I drew a fuwa-fuwa, mofu-mofu design, lots of puffs and fluff.

“...”

“Hmm, what?”

Why is Hilda-san frozen when she sees my picture?

“You're really good at this,” Hilda said. “This is a design that you can make money from”

“What is this, wah, Makoto-sama, did you make it? It's a wonderful design,” Melissa said.

“Maa, it's fluffy and angel-like, and the lines are beautiful,” Marilyn said.

I'm stopped by Melissa and Marilyn.

Oops, I accidentally activated my mangaka skill.

The effect is outstanding.

“Let's go with this, it's a very difficult design, but Mahler's seamstresses are the best in the world, what is there to fear?” Hilda said.

“I, see,” I said.

“Me too, I'll also have this design,” Melissa said.

“Maybe it's a little too fluffy for me,” Marilyn said.

Well, yeah, for Marilyn instead...

I drew a simple mermaid-line style dress.

Marilyn is a rugged girl, in other words, she has beautiful body lines, so I think she looks good as a mermaid, and she has quite a sized chest.

“”” ... ”””

Ara, there was no reaction, I wonder if it was too sharp.

“How can you draw such a novel design so smoothly?” Hilda said.

“A genius? A genius designer!?” Melissa said.

“Wow, it looks like it fits my whole body, oh, was this for me?” Marilyn said.

“N-No, it’s not a big deal,” I said.

Uhehe, I’m happy to be praised for the drawings, the skill I worked hard on in my previous life.

Somehow I got carried away and drew a fluffy design for Melissa-san and a bewitching design for Hilda-san.

“Very nice,” Hilda said. “I’ll buy these three design drawings, how about we use this for your dress fees, Makoto-sama?”

“Wow, that helps so much,” I said. “I’m happy.”

“I’m the one who should be happy about this,” Hilda said. “The design of the House Mahler Creation Teams will always be dull, so if you give me such a novel design, they will become demons at work.”

“Oh, then, uh, for Okaa-sama, Otoo-sama, and Onii-sama, I also want formal clothes for them, but can you make them in exchange for a design? ”

“Fine by me, I need as many good designs as I can, so this is nothing,” Hilda said.

Corinna-chan has arrived.

“Wait a minute, Makoto, let’s make a proper contract,” Corinna said.

“Ah, that’s right, at this rate, the Mahler family has too much of an advantage, as expected of you, Corinna-sama,” I said.

“Eh, even though it’s already fine?” Hilda said.

“You can’t do that.”

“No good at all.”

Carter, sitting in the corner of the table, was looking at me and

drinking tea with a smile on his face.

“What is it?” I asked.

“No, I’m surprised that it’s different from the scary faction I imagined. Moreover, I didn’t expect that Mahler-san could smile so happily.”

“Wh-What the hell are you saying?” Hilda stammered. “I’m going to have you disinherited, Carter Hayward.”

“Fufufu, I’m scared, I’m so scared,” Carter said. “Please continue to get along with me as your neighbor, Kimball-san.”

“Yeah, we’re neighbors, so let’s get along,” I said.

When I smiled, Carter, Cecil, and Evan all smiled, too.

Chapter 107

Let's Make A Glowing Ribbon Together With Carol

The Swordsmanship Group went to club activities, Elmer went to his club activities, and Carol went to alchemy work.

The Three Warriors of the Pentia Club have also gone back to their room.

Corinna-chan will also follow the Three Warriors and learn about Pentia.

The meeting room has just Hilda-san and me.

Well, Shirley-san is sorting the documents.

“Are you going up along the river to Mahler territory?” I asked.

“Yes, it takes 10 days to go up the Hume River and transfer to the North Sea Highway at Hilmgard,” Hilda said.

Hilmgard is Dress Commander-san's territory.

“If I go back to Hilmgard, I'll be in the capital in three days by sea,” Hilda said.

“You're coming home quickly, aren't you?” I asked.

“It's an outbound ship, so it's easy to return,” Hilda said.

Will a ship full of dresses come down the Hume in a month?

It's a big deal if it sinks.

“Well then, I will go to the Kimball Residence and take measurements of the ruling couple,” Hilda said.

“Eh, I feel bad you have to go out of your way there,” I said.

“I don't mind, it's nice to get to know Clark-sensei. I enjoy history, so you know,” Hilda said.

“Thank you, Hilda-senpai,” I said.

“I’ll let Brad-sama do something for me in return,” Hilda said.

“What and why for?” I asked.

“Because Ryoushyu is indebted to me, so it’s only natural,” Hilda said.

With that, Hilda-senpai got up and left the meeting room with Shirley-san.

Hmmm, that’s a relief.

Thank you.

Well, there’s no point in being alone in the meeting room, so let’s go somewhere.

When I stood up, there was a bolt of white cloth that had been left behind by Hilda-san.

I pick it up.

I wonder if this is the fabric of the dress.

Good fabric, it’s smooth~.

It doesn’t look like cotton, it’s not silk, what is it, satin?

Right, I guess I should go ask Carol.

I skipped a step each stride and ran up to the 5th floor of the girls’ dormitory.

Haa, haa, why do we have to run upstairs?

Yare-yare.

When I walked down the corridor, the shutters of the store were open, and Anne-san was guarding the store.

“Anne-san, is Carol here?” I asked.

“Yes, she’s working right now,” Anne replied.

I open the alchemy room door.

“Ara, Makoto, welcome,” Carol said.

As usual, Carol was stirring the alchemy cauldron.

“Carol, is it easy to make a magic tool?” I asked.

“...”

Don’t look at me with such blank eyes.

“Yo-You’ve got it wrong, I’m not trying to make something weird,” I said. “I wanted to make something like a faction mark for a dance party, so I wondered if it would be possible to make a shiny ribbon by imbuing Light magic into the fabric.”

“Oh, is that so?” Carol said, her expression softening. “Well, imbuing Light magic is difficult for other attributes, but Makoto, you are of the Light attribute, so I think it’s easy for you.”

“That’s right, tell me, tell me how,” I said.

“Wait a minute, I’m going to finish the potion, so have some tea first,” Carol said.

“Okay, you can take it slow,” I said.

“Thank you,” Carol said.

Then, she started spinning the contents of the pot with a mixing stick.

Anne-san brought out tea and sweets.

Ah, the alchemy room is calming.

I sit back on the sofa and drink tea.

It has an odd smell like herbal medicine.

It’s the good smell of herbal tea.

The tea sweets are also delicious.

Where is this imitation rubella from?

Mogyu-mogyu.

A puff of smoke rises from the cauldron, and the potion seems to have been made.

“Anne, please bottle it.”

“Understood.”

Anne-san opens a wooden box containing bottles and with a ladle, she fills one of them with a potion.

Carol sat down by the reception set and brought the tea to her mouth.

“Good work,” I said.

“It’s an everyday thing, so there’s no real struggle,” Carol said.

After chewing on the crunchy imitation rubella, Carol gets to work again.

Nimanima.

“I’m going to give magic to this fabric, shall I do it here?” Carol said as she took the cloth and spread it out on the table.

“What are you going to do with the enchantment?” I asked.

“Hmm, wait a minute,” Carol said.

She opened a nearby cupboard and then brought out an ink bottle and a pen.

“Ink for the magic circle,” Carol said.

Hoho, is this the ink you draw magic circles with?

“With this, I think it will glow if you write a magic spell circle of Light and pour magic into it,” Carol said.

“What’s the formation for this spell?” I asked.

Carol brought out something that looked like a large, thick dictionary from the bookshelf.

I open it and look at it.

Umumu, it’s a correspondence table between spell chants and written figures.

I get Carol to take out the parchment, break down the Light spell, and draw the magic circle.

After writing, I put my hand on the edge of the magic circle and let

the magic flow.

Pekkah.

The whole parchment glittered.

“Oh, it’s bright,” Carol said.

“Wow, it’s shining, isn’t it?” I said.

“What about brightness adjustment?” Carol asked.

“Um, I wonder if I’ll add a few whiskers of resistance here,” I said.

After adding something like a beard, the Light got a little weaker.

Hmm, I see.

“How about you supply its magic power?” I asked.

“Um, wait a minute,” Carol said.

Carol put her hand on the parchment and poured magic power into it.

Pii.

Hmm, not very bright.

I scrape off the resistance beard with a knife.

Hmm, now it’s a little brighter.

“If it’s not Light magic, it seems that the degree of compatibility will decrease and the amount of light output will decrease,” Carol said.

“Either save your mana, Maakoto, with a magic power-saving symbol or connect a magic stone and supply magic power from there.”

“How long can the savings symbol power it for?” I asked.

“It depends on the magic circle that it’s powering, but if it’s the Light spell, it’s about an hour with this size.”

Carol indicated the size of about thirty centimeters.

Is that for about an hour?

“I want to make a ribbon that shines brightly, but how do I make it shine intermittently?” I asked.

“Combine switch and timer symbols to build a circuit,” Carol said.

As expected of Carol, she added a switch symbol and a timer symbol between the empty slots.

Hmm, how do you assemble and grant a circuit like this?

It’s like making an electronic circuit from my previous life.

After arranging the shape of most of the components, we experiment.

Oh, it’s shiny.

If you use two timer symbols, you can make them light up in a rhythmic way.

“How fun,” I said.

“It’s beautiful,” Carol said.

“I wonder if the magic circle should be written small to make it a ribbon,” I asked.

“Well, it’s fine as long as it has elements the circuit needs, so why don’t you make it long and thin?” Carol asked.

“Ah, I see, it doesn’t have to be a circular form just because it’s a magic circle,” I said.

“Yeah, circles are just preferred because the magic flows evenly, and if they’re long and narrow or square, they’ll work as long as the circuits are connected.”

I got a pair of scissors and cut the white cloth into ribbons.

There, write a magic circle with ink.

The savings symbol is quite small, maybe it’ll last for 30 minutes.

The white ribbon is filled with magic circles of purple ink.

It’s kind of against what I wanted.

“Ah, when the circuit is closed through magic, the ink becomes colorless and transparent.”

“Oh, that’s convenient.”

I tie the finished ribbon to Carol's hair.

I put my hand on the saver symbol and stored my magic power.

I place my hand on the switch symbol and activate the magic circle.

Oh, it's shiny.

Wow, it's kind of good

"Huh, how does it look, how does it look?" Carol asked.

Anne-san brought me a mirror.

Carol smiled when she saw herself with the ribbon on.

"Ahaha, it really stands out," Carol said.

"I think it's a little too bright, maybe I should lower the luminosity a little so that the magic can hold it for longer," I said.

I have closed the circuit, so I don't know the path of the ink.

But when I put the pen over part of the line, the circuit opened and I could see the purple line.

I make adjustments, lower the light intensity, and close the circuit again.

Once again, I put it on Carol's hair to make it shine.

Hmmm, good, isn't it?

"It looks amazing," Carol said.

"Okay, now you can tell at a glance if it's a Saint's Faction member or not," I said.

"Everyone will be happy," Carol said.

"Let's give the first one to you, Carol, please take good care of it," I said.

"Thank you, Makoto, I'm happy."

Carol took my hand and lowered her head.

No, it's not a big deal.

I don't mind.

Mou, Carol.

Chapter 108

I'm Lured Into The Forest By A Mysterious 2nd Year Boy

I made another ribbon of Light and had Carol put it on my head.

Matching, matching.

When the two of us make the ribbon sparkle together and are reflected in the mirror, it gives off a sense of closeness.

Ah, why are there no purikura photo booths in this world?

If I had a purikura, I could turn it into a sticker and attach it to various things.

It feels squishy when our cheeks are pressed together.

Uhehehehe.

“Okay, it looks good, I think I’ll give the boys handkerchiefs,” I said.

“It’s nice, it’ll stand out if the shiny cloth comes out of their breast pockets,” Carol said.

Uhihi, good, good.

“Well then, I’m sorry for bothering you,” I said.

“Yeah, see you later, Makoto,” Carol said, waving at me as she cut medicinal herbs to throw into the alchemy pot.

I waved back and left the alchemy room.

I wave to Anne-san at the sales office and go down the corridor.

Anne-san also smiled and bowed.

“Now then, let’s go take a bath,” I said.

“Right,” Dulcie said as she suddenly appeared next to me.

For some reason, she has the bath set that I kept in my chest.

Ueh, will Dulcie wash every inch of me again?

I frowned, but Dulcie smiled.

“The glowing ribbon is wonderful,” Dulcie said.

“Isn’t it, isn’t it?” I said.

Feeling happy, I touch the end of the ribbon and see it shine.

The light reflecting off the glass in the hallway is beautiful.

Students passing by look back at me.

Eh-hee-hee, it stands out.

When I was smirking and let my guard down, I was escorted to the underground public bath and Dulcie washed my every nook and cranny again.

Kusoooo.

My hair is shiny again.

The ribbon was also attached beautifully.

Ah, I want a hair dryer.

If you were to make a hair dryer using a magic tool, it would be like applying Wind magic to a cylindrical object to blow out air and using Fire magic to raise the temperature.

The magic power supply is Fire or Wind magic stones, and if you combine a switch circuit and a temperature control resistance circuit, it’s good.

Oh, it’s surprisingly easy, isn’t it?

Did I know someone with a Wind attribute?

I wonder if the Fire will be Curtis-nii-chan, or if I can form a magic circle myself.

There is no plastic, so wood will burn, and metal will get hot.

I wonder if stone would be good.

I have to do a development cheat.

When I left the public bath, I suddenly realized that my part-time job

at the cafeteria had ended, so I had nothing to do until evening.

Gununu.

At times like this, you should go for a walk in the school.

... Also, what should I do if I receive something from Bianca-sama?

It seems that this is where Bianca's former residence used to be.

Should I avoid entering the ruins?

The wind is cool outside the girls' dormitory.

It will cool down your hot body.

I wander around the school grounds.

Fountains, crumbling walls, and other things that look very old may be remnants of Bianca-sama's mansion.

It's been 200 years, so it will collapse.

I wonder if there's a book in the library about Bianca-sama's mansion.

I don't think it would.

There was only one biography of Bianca-sama there.

The library in the Great Temple is more likely.

If Light magic is space-time magic, then it's likely that there is also magic of past knowledge, but Bianca-sama is stingy, so she probably won't tell me.

It's a shame because if I had that, I'd be able to witness the days before Bianca-sama's mansion was gone.

Even if you ask me to come up with it myself, it's like catching a cloud.

I want to invent precognition, past knowledge, and teleportation magic.

But if I cheat too much, I feel like I'm jumping over people's understanding, and it's scary.

Even now, it's mostly a cheat, so maybe it'll be in moderation.

While thinking, I head towards the pond from the courtyard.

A fence is being built around the pond.

A tradesman is working.

It's terrible to say, but the pond is dangerous after all.

The dense forest is getting closer.

I wonder if I'll enter from a different entrance to the forest today.

"Makoto-sama, there's a suspicious student," Dulcie said, her voice the only thing in my ear.

There was a pale-looking male student in front of me, waving his hands.

"Dulcie, follow me as a shadow," I said.

"Understood," Dulcie said.

But it's suspicious.

Super suspicious.

As I got closer, the boy's tie was blue, he was a sophomore.

"So-Sorry, you're a saint candidate, aren't you?" he said. "A friend of mine was attacked by a monster in the depths of the forest and was injured. Can you come with me?"

"..."

Eh?

What is this blatant trap?

Let's do something a little more natural.

What if I have an escort?

I fire a nano-sized Light sensor magic ring.

Pii-nn.

Hmm, there are two more boys in the forest, and a carriage and a man at the end of the path.

Can Dulcie and I handle it?

Should I call someone?

“I understand, it’s an emergency, so let’s go together,” I said.

“Ah, aah, th-this way.”

This guy is sweating so much.

Are you sick?

“Why are there monsters in the school forest?”

“I-I don’t know, I was suddenly attacked by a wolf monster, and my companion was injured.”

Hm? He has a bandage on his left hand.

It looks like the index finger is missing.

Are you one of the Dokuro Corps?

“Was that finger lost to a monster?”

“Eh, ah, no, y-yeah, yeah, it was treated in a hurry,” he said.

No, it’s not the bandages you put on in a hurry.

“Please lend me your hand,” I said as I took the strange student’s hand. **“Extra Heal.”**

An index finger grew through the bandage.

It’s amazing, as expected from Extra Heal.

It’s a healing magic that can restore even missing limbs.

“Eh, wawah, huuuh?!”

“This is fine, please wait a moment.”

While I was at it, I put my hand on his head and cast **“Cure.”**

Alright, you look better.

“...Ah, thank you, ah, Saint Candidate-san...”

“I’m Makoto, the daughter of the Kimball family,” I said.

“I-I’m Ryan, from House Cathode, a baron family.”

I see, Ryan, you look honest, but you shouldn’t join Duke Pottinger’s faction.

Also, I don’t want the Dokuro Corps around.

When I pressed Ryan, who seemed to want to say something, to go deep into the forest with me, I saw two 2nd year boys that were sitting on their poop.

They both look pale, what is it? Were they out all night?

“Gueheeh, looks like you’ve fallen right into your trap, you false saint.”

“Ueheehee, isn’t she cute? Hey, why don’t we have fun with her first?”

Dulce seemed to come out with anger, so I stopped her with my hand.

“Kyaa, you deceived me, what terrible people!”

My girly scream echoed through the forest.

Now then, how should I kill them?

Chapter 109

Let's Flash First And Then Think Later

Warning: Rape threats, drug abuse.

I entered a battle stance, lowered my center of gravity, and Ryan stood in front of me as I pulled out Kogitsunemaru and the Unicorn dagger.

Oro?

“Milka, Amos, stop it already,” Ryan said. “This person is a real saint, you’ll get the shit beaten out of you.”

“Huh? What did you say, Ryan?”

“There’s no way a little flatty like this is the saint, she should be a lot bustier.”

Ryan, beat ‘em up, beat ‘em up lots...

And you, bastard, Amos, it’s the same deal as Yuru-san.

It is written in the Kojiki that those who comment on a maiden’s chest will go to hell.

“Stand down, come on, you’re scared, your ass is shaking so badly!!”

“I’m going to fuck this woman hard now, guhihihi,”

“I’m not standing down, I’ve been awakened, I’ll protect the Saint-sama!!” Ryan cried as he drew his sword.

Milka and Amos also pull out their swords as if they were caught by surprise.

“Oi, what are you doing~? You bunch of brats.”

An ugly ou-chan man came from the depths of the forest.

“Grave-san, Ryan’s gone insane.”

“This guy is talking about helping the fake saint.”

“Aah?” Grave snapped. “What are you talking about, Ryan, are you saying that you’ll betray me, aahn?”

Ryan’s shoulders tightened.

“Aah, that’s right, but it’s all after I took your drugs, I threw away my pride as a knight!” Ryan said. “The presence of the Saint-sama gave me back the light and the soul of chivalry!!”

Chieh, I was going to kill him, but if Ryan comes forward to my aid, I won’t be able to do it.

But, drugs?

“Aahn, you don’t need this anymore?” Grave taunted, pulling a bottle of pills out of his pocket.

Ryan’s throat makes a loud gulp.

“Once you know this pleasure, there’s no one who can escape it, so there’s no way you don’t need it,” Grave said.

“I-I don’t need it!! I won’t rely on those drugs anymore!!” Ryan screamed.

What the? Did he drug his subordinates and force them to commit crimes?

Aren’t you an idiot? What would you do if you lowered the performance of your subordinates with drugs or something else?

Grave dropped the vial on the ground.

“Ryan...!!”

Grave’s left hand grabbed Ryan’s neck as he was distracted by the vial, and then he lifted him, strangling him.

Oh, you’re surprisingly strong, Grave.

“Don’t mock me, you brat!!”

Glaive landed a heavy punch to Ryan’s solar plexus.

“You’ve already reached the point of no return, now watch your saint get defiled.”

“Gahah...!” Ryan gasped.

With a look of terror on my face, Dulcie held me back with one hand.

“Hehehe, Ojou-chan is so cute, I’ll put this on you now so you can’t resist,” Grave said, taking something like a collar from his pocket.

“W-What is that? Sto-Stop it,” I said.

It’s probably a magic seal collar.

“What is it? There’s nothing to be scared of. It’s a magic tool that prevents magical power from leaving the body, ehehe.”

“N-No way you’re doing that,” I said

“Even if you don’t want it, I’ll have you wear it, Amos!!”

Amos, the big idiot, lunged for my left hand.

?

“Ahaha, the magic tool that emits flashes is in your left hand, what a shame, you’re offering your virginity to me here.”

Grave brings his face closer to me with a disgusting smile on his face.

“Stop,” Ryan groaned as he latched onto Grave’s leg.

But was kicked in the solar plexus and rolled over.

“You’re a real idiot, aren’t you, Grave?” I asked.

“Haa?”

“Light.”

I will create a ball of Light, and this time I will add 12 times more magical power to it.

If I put so much magic into it, when I collapse it, it will still affect me, so I cover my eyes with my right upper arm.

Bahyun!!

Uhahahaha, the flash was so big that it hit my eyes even if I covered it with my upper arms.

“Ugyaaaah!! Eyes, my eyes~!!!”

Oh, how weak humans are to flashing lights.

Or rather, Grave’s black eyes turned white after getting exposed at such short range.

With this, he’s blind.

I cover my eyes and close the gap to the writhing Grave.

“Yes, Lolita! No, Touch!!”

“UUGYAAAAAA-AAAHHHHH!”

With a squishing sound, my toes crush Grave’s vital points.

Grave rolls around on the forest floor while screaming.

“Serves you right,” I said.

Let’s crush the jewels of the other guys.

It’s dangerous to go back right away

I kick Amos in the crotch, while he’s still cradling his eyes.

“Ugahaa!!”

His eyes are discolored because he was so close to me.

Next is the vulgar Milka.

Kurae.

Mekyou!

“Guwarabaa!!”

Ryan is also rolling over with his eyes covered, but well, this guy going to be fine, right?

The saint candidate is kind to those who have changed their minds.

A short distance away, a blond-haired boy was lying down.

Did I miss him?

When I approached and tried to kick him, another guy grabbed my leg.

Geh!!

Huge, he's big like a bear.

He looks sturdy and has some extra flesh on his body, like a professional wrestler from my previous life.

A body shape that is likely to be preferred by Gachihomo.

It's a type that doesn't appear in BL or otome games.

—This bastard is really strong...

I felt blood draining from my head.

This guy can compete with Linda.

No way, one of the Ten Greats?

I have to run away!

“Leave Makoto alone!”

Dulcie jumped in and fired a flurry of strikes.

He easily handles it with one hand.

This bastard can still see with one eye!!!

Chapter 110

Why Is Second Prince Lloyd Here?

Warning: Mentions of suicide, infidelity, and desecration of corpses through necromancy.

Dulcie drew her fist with a demonic expression.

“I will never let you try to kill my mistress again!!”

Something gathers around her fist like a tornado.

Wh-What is that? That skill seems like some kind of secret technique.

The big bear man was still holding one of my legs, and now he closed the gap with Dulcie and grappled her.

Dulcie’s technique has no effect at zero distance!

“We’re not the enemy,” the big man said in a deep voice.

Huh?

Dulcie has something wrapped around her fist like a tornado and makes a quizzical face.

The big man let go of my leg.

“If you destroy that person’s jewels, even Saint-san will be in trouble,” the big man said, pointing at the blonde boy wriggling around on the ground.

Hmm?

“My eyes, my eyes,” the blonde boy said as he raised his head.

Ara, it’s Lloyd, the Second Prince.

What is he doing in the depths of this forest?

I walked up to the Prince and put my hand over his eyes.

“High Heal.”

“Uwaa, my eyes have healed, it doesn’t hurt anymore, and you, ah, Saint Candidate Makoto-kun, you’re Makoto-kun, aren’t you? What a relief, what a relief, I’m glad you’re alright.”

“Uruse,” I said without thinking, giving the Second Prince a chop on the head.

“Itai, what are you doing...?” Lloyd asked.

“Don’t talk all at once,” I said.

“O-Okay,” Lloyd-chan said, feeling depressed.

“Le-Let go of me,” Dulcie grunted.

“Ah, my apologies for this,” the big man said.

Dulcie was freed from the big man’s grapple.

“You smell good, though,” the big man said.

“What,” Dulcie said, blushing before she slapped him.

“What the hell was that for? Hahaha,” the big man said.

What is with this master and servant?

“Why are you in a place like this, Second Prince Lloyd?” I asked.

“Iyaa, I saw you, Makoto-kun, being invited to the forest by a suspicious 2nd-year student, and when I followed you, I was blinded by a tremendous flash of light,” Lloyd said.

I listen to Lloyd’s account while healing Ryan and the two evil 2nd year students’ eyes.

“And this person is?”

“He’s my bodyguard, Rick,” Lloyd said. “He’s extremely strong.”

Hoo-hoo.

He certainly has a good physique and looks very strong.

Ah, I’m sure he was in the background in Lloyd-chan’s scenes several times.

Because he was so big, his face wouldn’t fit on the screen.

He's not the type who wields a sword brilliantly, but the type who fights with brute strength and durability.

He's quite strong.

Well, the First and Second Prince's bodyguards are the Royal Guard Knights, so their strength is guaranteed, but I think Rick is so strong that there aren't many people above him.

"Give me Rick-san," I said.

"I-I can't do that," Lloyd said, "he's an important bodyguard given to me by Otoo-san, and I like him, too."

"Chie, stingy," I huffed.

"You have Linda Crable, don't you?" Lloyd said.

"Linda-san is crazy, so it's hard to use her," I said.

"N-No, were you really that selfish of a girl?" Lloyd asked.

Lloyd-chan and I praised Rick-san, and he smiled broadly.

It's good, he's a True Warrior-san.

But Lloyd-chan is quite beautiful.

The older brother, Prince Kevin, is slender and has the feeling of a nobleman, but Lloyd-chan feels like a cute shota boy.

Well, on the inside, he's a charlatan.

"However, you're beautiful, Makoto-kun, I should have gotten to know you sooner," Lloyd said. "Why don't we go to the capital's town next time, to go and enjoy ourselves? There's a lovely play showing right now."

"Oh no, it's too troublesome, and you ask this even though His Highness has a fiancée and a candidate for a royal consort," I said.

"Chie, it'll be fine, being a student is living in a lover's paradise," Lloyd said.

While saying that, he holds my shoulders, the playboy bastard.

I stand up, brushing his hand away with my elbow.

Lloyd-chan appears when the Playfulness and Beauty parameters are increased.

He calls you “Makoto-kun” when you speak to him in the hallway.

Since he doesn’t turn down dates, the difficulty level of capturing him is relatively low.

Second Prince Lloyd likes to play and is very talkative, so date events are quite fun.

However, once his likability increases and you enter his exclusive route, everything changes and becomes a horror scenario.

Jealous of the main character who became friends with Lloyd, his fiancé Juliet Campbell, daughter of Marquis Campbell, commits suicide.

The main character and Prince Lloyd were taken aback by this, but unfortunately, the situation was not just that.

The daughter of Viscount Syncercia, Madeleine Syncrecia, and the daughter of Baron Caird, Sara Caird, were both candidates for concubines and yet also died of a mysterious illness.

In reality, Juliet-sama’s Otoo-san, Abraham-sensei, was a necromancer who had resurrected Juliet-sama as the strongest undead lich, using the cursed item of a demon’s heart and the lives of the other two royal consort candidates.

By the way, it was Vivian-sama who sent the demon’s heart to Abraham-sensei.

The motive is harassment because she seems to despise the main character just that much.

Juliet-sama, who has turned into a demon lich, also revives the royal consort candidates Madeleine and Sara as undead.

And so, in the royal capital of the night, the battle with the main character and Second Prince Lloyd begins, against a swarm of undead that fills the city.

This is the guy.

The setup stage is flashy, but that’s because Lloyd-chan is a guy who is all about showmanship.

Lich Juliet-sama was strong, but since the main route-requirement parameters are Playfulness and Beauty, the battle wasn't that tough to compensate.

The Light magic spell Turn Undead is very effective against undead.

By the way, Vivian-sama is captured by Juliet-sama on the way and is turned into a zombie.

What a pity.

Or rather, I also have to save that gloomy psychotic girl, Juliet-sama, don't I?

Isn't it cursed, the royal capital at this time?

Kusoo.

Chapter 111

Practically Killing Grave and Setting New Goals

Warning: What technically counts as “Police Brutality”, graphic depictions of violence, discussions of criminal underworlds pushing drug abuse and addiction in their victims, and implied sexual assault.

Well, I don’t care about future Lloyd-related conflicts for now.

It all started with the problem of Juliet-sama not having any friends, so I’ll just get to know her normally and throw her into the Pentia Club next door.

Umu, perfect.

I feel like the solutions are relying more and more on others, but it’s okay, it’s okay, the main character doesn’t have to carry the burden of everything, no problem, no problem.

“Well then, Makoto-chi, I want someone from the royal family to handle Grave,” Lloyd-chan said as he looked down at the terrible Grave.

Grave is groaning while holding his eyes and crotch.

“Umm, what should I do?” Ryan asked.

“We need to get him to reveal the source of the drugs and the extent of the contamination,” Lloyd said. “Will you cooperate with us, Ryan-kun?”

“Sire, I’ll do whatever the Second Prince says!!” Ryan said as he got down on one knee and bowed his head.

The two idiot friends of his bowed their heads in the same way.

“What are you going to do with this guy?” I asked.

“I’ll have him thrown into the basement of Graak’s Tower,” Lloyd said.

“G-Graak’s Tower, n-no, don’t!! A-Anywhere but there!” Grave pleaded.

“Urusai, Grave, I’m going to make you vomit up everything in the Tower’s basement,” Lloyd said.

“No, please no, I’m going to defect to the Royalist Faction, so let’s leave it at that,” Grave said.

“I don’t need scum like you, I can’t trust you, your methods are wicked, and you’re also an idiot,” Lloyd said.

Hmm, Lloyd-chan also seems like a normal prince when he condemns Grave with cold eyes.

Even though he’s always so playful.

Graak Tower is a place where the kingdom keeps its worst criminals.

There’s an outrageous torture chamber in the basement, and it’s said that the also outrageous torture technician will do outrageously horrible things to you.

Yada, yada, it’s a barbaric time, isn’t it?

On the other hand, even if you bring Grave to the Great Temple, they’ll do the same thing.

If someone with power decides he’s a sinner, he doesn’t have human rights anymore.

Whether it’s a noble or a commoner.

“Rick, break Grave’s legs,” Lloyd said.

“Right,” Rick said.

“Don’t do it, gyaa!!”

Poor Grave’s legs were trampled on by Rick’s thick feet and snapped.

“Can I fix his eyes, Prince Lloyd?” I asked.

“Hmm, can you fix just one eye?” Lloyd asked.

“Can do, can do,” I said.

I put my hand over Grave’s right eye.

“Extra Heal.”

A white glow emanated from the palm of my hand, and the light returned to one of Grave's eyes.

"Help me, help me, Saint-sama, you're the saint, show me mercy, I don't want to go to Graak Tower," Grave cries and pleads.

Muh.

"Ah, that's right," I said, "where are you locking up the lady you involved in the poisoning attempt?"

"P-Pamela Gauffre, ah, about her..." Grave asked.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"S-She's not dead, sh-she's locked in the hideout..." Grave said.

"Makoto-chi, we'll take care of that, it might be a little too much to bear for a lady like yourself," Lloyd said.

"Nn, now that you've said that, I can't just let him alone," I said.

Grave shook his head in a panic, probably shaken by my murderous intent.

"N-No, we've done nothing of the sort, she can still get money from her parents' house, but it's just, you know, she really likes the drugs..." Grave said.

"Kisama, you've drugged a viscount's daughter!?" Lloyd yelled.

"Oi, show me to the hideout right now," I said.

"Un-Understood, understood," Grave said.

We all got on the carriage that Grave was riding.

But there are too many people.

Milka and Armos, who can't be trusted, are sent back to the school, and Lloyd-chan will ask about them later and dispose of them then.

Me, Ryan, Lloyd-chan, and Grave get into the carriage.

Rick climbed into the coachman's seat.

"It hurts, it hurts," Grave moaned.

“Uruse,” I grumbled.

“Anas.”

I cast magic with an anesthetic effect on Grave’s body.

His face visibly relaxed and he began to doze off.

It would be easier to heal his broken legs, but it would also be a problem if he could escape on foot.

“That’s amazing, Makoto-chi,” Lloyd said.

“Well, it’s no big deal,” I said.

“The Saint-sama’s magic is wonderful,” Ryan said.

I’m kind of scared that Ryan is going to become a fanatical believer.

It would be a shame if he asked the Temple Knights for a job.

Well, Temple Knights are treated better than knights of the kingdom, and their work may be easier.

The carriage runs through the downtown area of the royal capital.

It’s a surprisingly good carriage with little vibration, and I’d like to give it to Serviche-sensei.

“Ryan, how many students are addicted to drugs?” I asked.

“There are about a dozen students,” Ryan replied. “Many of them are from the lower-class aristocrats. The drugs come in pill form and also an inhaled form.”

“Inhaled form, opium?” I asked.

Lloyd-chan made a bitter face.

“With my healing magic, I can cure their addiction,” I said.

“Are you serious?!” Lloyd said.

“Yes, that magic cleared my head of the fog, thank you, Saint-sama.”

Drug addiction physically changes the state of the brain, so it’s not something you just have to put up with to be cured from.

Cure with Light magic feels like rewinding the body to the state before the addiction took hold, so I think I can save students who have been addicted to drugs fairly recently.

Well, if they take drugs again after that, they're ruined.

"Why would a student at the Magic Academy be asking about drugs to begin with...?" I asked.

"Grave gave me a drug that would relieve my fatigue and make me feel refreshed..." Ryan explained. "I didn't think it was a dangerous drug."

Yes, the first step with drugs is, "This is just a drug that doesn't really matter." isn't it?

But even a few times can have an effect on your brain, making it impossible to stop.

Is the drug Grave manufactured a stimulant?

Is it opium that you inhale?

What do you want to accomplish by destroying the students of your own faction?

Does Vivian-sama herself know?

Either way, we have to destroy the entire supply chain.

Chapter 112

The Rescue Operation Of The Viscount's Daughter, Pamela Gaufre

However, the drug is a stimulant.

It's a drug that I can't imagine being implemented in an otome game.

This world is lagging in the development of chemical medicine because of alchemy.

Cure potions can treat a variety of illnesses, so there is no way they can create medicines that work on each condition specifically.

Therefore, even if there were drugs, they would only be ones that directly affect the person, such as plant derivatives like opium or cannabis.

How do they make sedatives, though?

I've only heard that it smells really bad.

By the way, some of the things that act as painkillers and anesthesia are derived from monsters.

It's a medicine that can be taken from the body of a monster whose attacks cause sleep and confusion.

These are supposed to be just a few alchemists making them for medical purposes.

It's suspicious.

Was the producer a reincarnated person?

It would be troublesome if there was a reincarnated yakuza.

It looks like they're developing a pistol at this rate.

Depending on the caliber, a Barrier probably won't be able to stop the bullet.

That's a terrible thought.

The carriage shook and stopped.

When I went outside, I saw that there was a suspicious mansion.

I spread out a ring of nano-sized Light.

Pii—n..

There are two men and two women inside. It looks like there are several people in the basement, but I don't know for sure.

"Hmm, I came here without a plan, but I don't think we have the strength to hold this place after we take it," I said.

"Yes, I agree," Dulcie said as she came out. "If the enemy comes, it might be taken back and burned to the ground."

"What is the nearest force from here?" I asked.

"Perhaps the Knights of the Royal Castle?" Dulcie asked.

"When do you expect they'll arrive time if you leave to summon them, Dulcie?" I asked.

"Maybe an hour or so," Dulcie said.

"Please request the Third Knight Order of the Royal Castle," Lloyd-chan said. "They are mobile cavalrymen, so they are faster than regular knights. Show this to the knight commander and make your plea, Dulcie-kun."

Lloyd-chan pulled out a medallion from his pocket and handed it to Dulcie.

"Understood," Dulcie said before she jumped up and flew towards the direction of the royal castle that could only be vaguely seen from here.

"Huh?" Lloyd asked.

"Was she using the Weight Fist?" Rick said. "That's unusual, isn't it?"

"Such a rare intelligence maid... won't you give me Dulcie-kun, Makoto-chi," Lloyd said.

"No way, Dulcie is my cute maid," I said.

"Kusou, good for you," Lloyd said.

I feel so proud that Dulcie is wanted.

I tried to make a face at Lloyd-chan.

“Rick, you’re going to make Dulcie-kun fall for you, marry her, and bring her into the Royal Faction,” Lloyd said.

“Fufu, that sounds good to me,” Rick said.

“Hey, don’t make fun of my Dulcie, big guy,” I said.

“Fufu, fufufu, ah, you’re good, too, Saint-san,” Rick said.

Now then, joking around aside:

“Is it possible for four people to suppress them?” I asked.

“Rick can do it by himself,” Lloyd said. “However, it would be difficult if someone could escape and bring in reinforcements.”

“Let’s quickly take control and wait for the knights to arrive while we’re inside,” Rick said as he gagged Grave and tied him up with rope.

Grave seems to be asleep due to the anesthesia spell.

“I will protect the Saint-sama,” Ryan said, stepping forward.

Nn, maa, do your best.

I won’t say that everything will be fine as long as Rick is here, or that I can’t read the atmosphere.

I’m probably the strongest person next to Rick.

I emit a nano-sized Light magic ring to detect people in the room.

There was one man in the room near the entrance, and another man on the second floor.

There are two women on the second floor, I think they are Pamela and her blonde maid.

Rick grabbed the door handle and put a lot of pressure on it, it broke and the door opened.

What tremendous power.

“Hmm, what the? What happened?”

Rick punches a thug-like man in the stomach, knocking him unconscious.

Yeah, with Rick's unparalleled muscles, there's no need to do anything else.

We enter the room.

It smells kind of like pipe tobacco.

The place is a mess and the windows are dirty.

Ryan tied up the thug with rope.

"There's no one else on the first floor," I said. "There's one man and two women on the second floor."

The four of us open the inner doors and go to the back of the house.

There are dirty hideouts everywhere.

Just do some cleaning, why don't you?

Rick walks up the stairs with his back hunched.

"Ah? What are you, guah."

When we went upstairs, a yakuza-looking man was lying unconscious.

When I opened the door at the back, smoke wafted out.

"Did you buy food~, hm~, who are you guys~?"

The person who was there was the Viscount's Daughter, Pamela Gaufre.

She has dark circles under her eyes, her hair is unkempt, and her eyes are out of focus.

She was lying on the bed, looking listless.

On the side table was a hookah, or a shisha, or something that produced smoke.

"We're here to help you, Gaufre-san," I said.

"What do you mean~? Help?" Pamela said. "I'm not in trouble~"

She looks gaunt as if her cheeks had been shaved off.

Haven't you been eating anything decent?

Rick-san brought in a blonde maid from another room.

She's also haggard but in better condition than Pamela-san.

"Oh, Ojou-sama," she whimpered.

"Oh, what's wrong with you, Sara~? You look so scary~," Pamela hummed.

"What is this, what happened here, why is Ojou-sama like this?" Sara said.

"What were you doing here, Sara-san?" I asked.

"I cook breakfast and dinner, and they don't let me go out much, they don't let me see the young lady, things like that," Sara said.

"What are you going to do, Makoto-chi?" Lloyd said. "Pamela-san is completely debilitated."

"It's going to get worse in about a week," Ryan said.

"Can you fix it?" Sara asked.

"Leave it to me, this is a job for the saint candidate," I said.

I took the water pipe from Pamela and moved it to the corner of the room.

"Aah~~, aaaah~~," Pamela moaned.

Urusee.

"High Heal."

I surrounded Pamela's head with High Heals.

Chapter 113

113 - The Enemy Knights Have Arrived At The Hideout

"Cure All."

After High Heals, I cast a higher level spell of Cure.

This will get you back on track no matter what kind of addiction you have.

Pamela-sama's eyes came into focus and the light in them returned.

Magic is convenient, in my previous life in Japan, she would have needed to be hospitalized for months.

"Huh? Ah? Ah, the fake saint? Huh?" Pamela-sama said, confused.

"Ojou-sama...!!" Sara cried as she hugged Pamela-sama.

"What, huh? What am I doing, or rather, I stink," Pamela said.

"Sara-san, please wash Pamela-sama," I said.

"Yes, thank you very much, Saint-sama," Sara said.

"Umm, for some reason, I remember Grave-san recommending me some medicine," Pamela said.

"It's drugs, Ojou-sama, he got you addicted to drugs!" Sara cried.

"Huh? Is that so?" Pamela said, confused.

She doesn't understand what's going on, she should go take a bath first.

Meanwhile, Rick was wandering around the house with Ryan.

"Prince, would you please come to the basement?" I said.

"Understood, I'll go now," Lloyd said.

I also have nothing to do, so I will follow them.

"It might be dangerous," I said.

"The saint candidate seems to be a surprisingly sturdy person," Lloyd said.

"Sturdy..." I muttered.

The two of us walk down the stairs to the basement.

"Ah, Makoto-san, you're here, too?" Ryan said.

"Wow, this is amazing," I said.

The basement was full of suspicious wooden boxes.

Ryan is opening the lids with something like a crowbar.

“Is there some kind of drug like opium...?” I asked.

“I couldn’t have imagined this amount was in the royal capital,” Lloyd said.

The drugs alone must be worth a fortune.

We checked the safe and a lot of money fell out of it.

“Will this be the end of the Pottinger family?” I asked.

“No no, Grave did it, they didn’t know he was victimizing people, and that’s that,” Lloyd said.

“So they’ll let it slide,” I said.

“It’s a ducal family, so it’s better to hold onto it as evidence until they lose a little more power, and then attack them all at once for certainty,” Lloyd-chan said, grinning.

“Were they trying to use drugs as a source of funds?” I asked.

“From this amount, yes, I think it’s one of the preparations for the shadow war,” Lloyd said.

“They’re getting ready?” I asked.

“If Vivian-sama and Kevin-onii-san get married, the ducal family wins, and if the marriage can be annulled, the Royal Faction wins,” Lloyd-chan said. “The full-scale shadow war was supposed to take place next year or the year after, but someone made a big deal. It seems like it was a lot faster thanks to your rampage.”

“I see, there must have been some of those troublemakers among them,” I said.

“No one expected them to storm in the Great Temple’s area, which makes me really happy as a royalist,” Lloyd hummed.

“Tsk, fisherman’s favor,” I said.

It doesn’t seem like Grave was running the drug operation himself.

There's someone higher up the chain.

They probably manufacture drugs in the Pottinger Duchy.

Probably one of the Ten Greats.

"There are knights coming from outside!!" Ryan yelled from the top of the stairs. "They have the emblem of Duke Pottinger!!"

"Chi, was there a detection alarm spell applied to some room?" I asked.

"They certainly arrived quickly," Lloyd said.

We ran back to the first floor.

Rick and Ryan were at the window, looking out.

"A total of 30 cavalymen, there may be more," Ryan said.

"30 cavalymen, huh?" Rick said.

He put on the helmet that was behind his back.

"Hold tight here, I'll go out and scatter them," Rick said.

"Will you be alright?" I asked.

"Well, I'll do something about it, at least," Rick replied.

"Wait a minute," I said.

I put a Barrier around Rick.

"Ooh?" Rick said.

"It's a Barrier," I explained. "It will deflect some strikes off it, and it will make a clicking sound when it deactivates."

"This is a good thing, it's a Barrier like Mary-sama's divine protection, from the stories I read when I was a child,"

Rick said.

"Also, as long as you're alive, I'll heal any injuries you may get," I said. "If you're in trouble, retreat back here."

"It's fine, I can't believe that I can fight under the protection of a

saint, it's truly a knight's honor," Rick said, laughing loudly.

"The saint candidate is ridiculous."

"It's not a person that fights against the Demon King for show or just gets drunk on power, is she?"

Rick pulled out a giant mace from his belt.

"Well, I'm off," Rick said, casually opening the door and stepping out like he was just going for a grocery run.

Is it possible to fight 30 mounted knights by yourself?

If Rick-san is overwhelmed, Ryan-kun and I will have to protect Lloyd-chan.

Rick in full armor walks slowly.

The reason he doesn't rattle as much as you'd think is because there's a piece of cloth sandwiched between the parts that touch the metal.

He feels like an iron giant.

"I see you're with Duke Pottinger," Rick said, "so what is fully-armored cavalry doing here?"

"You suspicious knight, we heard that a thief has sneaked into the mansion owned by Duke Pottinger, so be silent and let yourself be tied up!" the Pottinger Captain said.

"Who are you calling a suspicious knight?!" Rick shot back. "I'm Rick of the Tekken Knights! I'm here to protect the Second Prince, Lloyd-sama!! So you mean to say the large amount of drugs in that mansion belongs to the Duke of Pottinger, does it?!!"

It's kind of like a play, but it seems that it's customary for knights to speak loudly about their legitimacy like this before they fight, and then proceed to clash.

"I-I don't know about that!!" the Captain yelled. "This is a muddy mess!! It pains me to hear you pretend to be Prince Lloyd-sama's knight!! All troops!! Show no mercy to the thief!"

"Roger!!"

The knights with lances rushed toward Rick-san.

He slowly raised his mace in both hands and slammed it into the skull of the lead horse.

Bokyun!!

The force of the explosion cracks the horse's head, toppling it over, and causing the man riding it to fall over, too.

“If you're not afraid of Tekken Rick's mighty arms, then come forth and face me!” Rick-san cried boldly.

Oh, he's amazing.

Rick-san is soooo strong.

Chapter 114

114 - Protect The Second Prince And Become Unrivaled With Rick-san

Every time Rick-san swings his mace, a horse collapses and the enemy knight falls off.

The fallen enemy knights are also hit by the mace and are knocked away, unable to move.

He seems like a human tempest, throwing them all around as he moves.

Lloyd-chan hugged me by the shoulders, and I thought, “What the hell is this guy doing?”, but his hands were shaking.

Ah, I see, Lloyd-chan is also nervous because it’s his first live battle.

There’s nothing I can do about it, so I brush his hand off and squeeze it.

His hands are sweaty.

“Ah, thank you,” Lloyd said.

“It’s okay, let’s trust in Rick-san.”

“Un-Understood,” Lloyd said.

Rick-san survived the first attack of the enemy knights.

It looks like there were several lance attacks, but thanks to the armor, there doesn’t seem to be any problem.

The second attack begins as the enemy cavalry goes wide around him.

Rick-san accepts his being surrounded leisurely.

It’s like yokozuna sumo.

Be strong, Rick-san.

There is only one thing you need to be chosen as the prince’s escort.

It’s not an elegant way to fight.

With impenetrable defense and sheer brute strength, Rick-san has a sloppy way of fighting.

Heavy and blunt, hard and plain, and strong.

This is mainly to the horses' detriment.

He crushes the horse's skulls, breaks their front legs, and rolls their bodies over.

A number of warhorses fall around him.

It's how the heaviest warriors fight.

He looks like a tank.

Every time the mace makes a noise like a construction site, blood spray rises high into the evening sky.

"This can't be, there's even more of them!!" Ryan said, his voice rising like a scream.

From the alley on the east side of the mansion, about 20 knights of Duke Pottinger appeared.

They're coming straight towards me.

This is bad.

"Your Highness, Ryan, close your eyes!"

"Ou!"

"Yes!"

"Light."

I launch a ball of light with 6 times the power and collapse it in front of the new knights.

PAAAAN.

Enveloped in a flash of light, the knights were confused and fell off their horses one after another.

Ka-ka-ka, barsu-barsu.

The effect is outstanding.

“This amazing, that Flash spell,” Lloyd said.

“The rest of the knights are still coming!” Ryan yelled.

Those who hid in the shadows of the knights in front of them and were not hit by the Flash and now raised their lances and aimed at Lloyd-chan.

Shall I let them have it?

Barin-barin.

The lances hit the chantless Barrier I put up and deflected them, sending them in different directions The knights fly past, losing their balance.

I place a small barrier under the horses’ feet!

Barin!

The horse tumbled on the ground thanks to its forward momentum, and the knight astride it was thrown off and launched into the distance.

Oh, it’s great I can use this.

Barriers are a cheat.

“Makoto-chi, you’re so strong.”

“Leave it to me.”

“As expected of a Saint-sama.”

Thank you very much.

“Kusoo! There are only so many of them!! The Prince, get the Prince!!”

The enemy commander raised his voice in annoyance.

Okay, if you kill the Prince, it will become a big political problem.

There is going to be a civil war.

Massive conflicts will start just like this.

While thinking about such things, I become a machine that creates

Flashes and Barriers and steadily make the knights fall from their horses.

The new knights and the original squad joined together.

Rick-san comes back dragging his feet.

“Iyaa, 50 cavalymen is extremely tough,” Rick groaned.

“No, half of them are lying on the ground, that was impressive of you, Rick-san.”

“Hehehe, I’m happy to receive your compliment, Your Highness.”

He’s taking it easy, Rick-san.

Even though his armor is pierced and a part of a lance is stuck in his leg.

“High Heal.”

When I placed my hand on the affected area and chanted a spell, the tip of the lance fell and the wound closed.

“This is a big help. If I’m with the Saint-san, I can go on fighting for forever.”

“Don’t be so reckless, Rick-san,” I said.

He also has a wound on his shoulder, so I cast High Heal there as well.

“All troops, rush in! CHARGE!!”

The enemy commander raised his hand.

The remaining cavalry charge towards us.

I put up a new Barrier on Rick-san and hung one on top of us, too.

“Come at me,” Rick-san said as he slowly stepped forward and readied his mace.

Even though half of them had fallen, it was intimidating to see the knights regroup and attack.

It looks like a terrifying monster.

Rick-san’s barrier cracked open, and a lance scraped his shoulder

armor.

He swings his mace horizontally to break the horse's neck and topple it over, the knight falls from his saddle.

Rick-san blocks the knight's counterattack and crushes him, instead.

As expected, many of the remaining enemy knights are veterans.

They accurately hit Rick-san with their lances and swords.

With minimal movement, Rick-san receives the attack with the hardest sections of his armor and counterattacks with his mace.

A roaring, heavy sound like construction equipment echoes between the people and horses.

If Rick-san collapses, I'll use a Body Strengthening spell to carry him and use a Barrier to escape into the sky.

As I was harassing the horse with small Barriers while strategizing, a loud voice rose in the sky.

When I looked at what was going on, a new knight order was rushing towards us.

Reinforcements? I thought, but the crest is different.

"It's the 3rd Order Cavalry! We're saved!!"

The 3rd Order Cavalry raised their lances as they charged and ripped through the flanks of the enemy knights.

A dull dogogon sound echoes, and the enemy knights are blown away by the lance charge.

Dulcie came down from the air.

"Sorry for the delay, Makoto-sama."

"Good timing, Dulcie," I said.

I reached up and patted Dulcie on the head generously.

She narrowed her eyes happily.

Chapter 115

115 - Once The Battle Is Over, It's Time To Clean Up The Mess

“Ah, my companions were telling me that you were a fake saint, but I guess they were wrong,” a knight of Pottinger said, “I’m happy that I met you before I perished, thank you so much, and goodbye...”

“Don’t go dying on your own, I’ll kill you myself,” I said.

I knock aside his crumpled helmet and chant a spell.

“High Heal.”

Hello, this is Makoto.

We are currently treating a dying knight of Duke Pottinger’s faction, who was talking while he was delusional from his grave injuries.

There’s no way I’d let him die and make the fight worthless.

“Ah, aaaah, oh by the Goddess, can I live yet, Saint-sama?” the knight said.

“Live and do something good with the rest of your life,” I said. “Is this the last dying one?”

“That’s the last one,” Rick said, “the rest are only seriously injured but not dying.”

Rick’s weapon is a mace, so no one had their major arteries severed, but there were a lot of people whose legs and arms were crushed.

But, I don’t know, they pour some healing potions on their wounds.

I’m more worried about the horses.

I put my High Heals on a dying horse.

“Uuu, I’m more injured than the horse...” an old knight groaned.

“Aah?” I snapped. “Horses aren’t free, right? It’s a waste to let them die, isn’t it?”

“Y-You’re more pragmatic than merciful,” he said.

I'm being bossed around, but I suppose it can't be helped.

Even the horses are alive.

As expected, nothing can be done about the horse whose skulls Rick-san caved in.

Well, let's take it home and make it into a sakura hotpot.

Even the seriously wounded were healed, and the only still-wounded prisoners of Duke Pottinger's knights were the slanderers.

"So, what are you going to do with these guys, Prince Lloyd?" I asked.

"Take them to the royal palace," Lloyd replied. "If Duke Pottinger requests their return, we will do so under conditions."

"Can't you get a ransom?" I asked.

"Since they're knights from the same country, isn't it impossible?" Lloyd said.

The young knight who had been dying earlier knelt at my feet.

"Seijo-sama, I devote myself wholeheartedly to you. Please make me your servant."

"I don't need you," I said.

"Tha-That can't be, what should I do?"

"Think for yourself, urusee," I said.

"Wait, how about putting us in some Holy Order of the Saint, we won't cause any more mischief as your servants, see?"

"The Temple Knights are full of Saint Maniacs, so I don't need them any more of them," I said.

"The Temple Knights!! That way I can fight by your side!! I'm going to leave this world and become a Temple Knight!!"

"Makoto-chi, the saint candidate shouldn't look so bitter," Lloyd said.

"Either way, you'll be taken to the royal palace, then you'll be taken away to prison, and you'll have time to cool your head and think about it," I said.

“Yes, my faith is firm and will not change for the rest of my life, even if the heavens and earth burn down, this body is for the Saint-sama,” the knight said.

Mattaku, there really isn’t any need for more Saint Fans in the Great Temple anymore.

The knights of Duke Pottinger were taken away by the Third Order.

Well, everyone under the Commander who could escape ran away.

The sky is already pitch black.

Let’s go back to school and eat some food.

I’m hungry.

“Well then, Makoto-chi, let’s go to the royal palace,” Lloyd said.

“I’d like to go back to the dormitory and eat some food there,” I said.

“Well, let’s treat you to dinner at the royal palace as a thank-you for our great accomplishment,” Lloyd said.

A royal palace meal huh?

“Well then, I have to go, I must answer for my crimes as well,” Ryan said, bowing his head.

“Umu, I’ll tell the King about you properly, if you want to change factions, then tell me,” Lloyd said.

“Yes, thank you very much,” Ryan said. “Saint-sama, I would like my family to be included in your faction as well.”

“Let’s talk about that with your Otou-san first,” I said.

“If I tell my Chichi about the drugs, he will definitely leave Duke Pottinger’s Faction,” Ryan said. “Please, I beg of you,” he said, bowing his head deeply.

Hmm.

Well, he’s a good guy.

I wonder what I should do?

“It’s fine if you get your Otou-san’s consent,” I said.

“Thank you very much, I will definitely persuade Chichi!” Ryan said before he climbed into the prisoner’s carriage headed to the royal palace.

“Come on, let’s go to the royal palace,” Lloyd said.

“Got it,” I said.

I climb into a luxurious black-painted carriage.

Lloyd-chan and Rick-san are together.

Dulcie disappeared again.

When the carriage started to move, Lloyd-chan grabbed my hand.

Hmph, when I shake it off, he looks somewhat disappointed.

“This is the first time I’ve been treated so badly by a woman,” Lloyd said.

“Well, you are the Prince, so everyone holds themselves back,” I said.

“I-Is that so?” Lloyd said. “Because I’m a prince, everyone just smiles and obeys me for my position?”

“Maybe~,” I said.

“That can’t happen, everyone loves the prince.”

“Prince Lloyd, you’re just too playful, please restrain yourself more,” I said.

“Tha-That can’t be, it’s impossible...” Lloyd-chan said, looking at his hands as he trembled.

This guy is really indiscriminate.

Even in the game, if he sees a girl, he’ll start wooing her.

“I-I understand, from now on, I will prioritize my love for you, Makoto-chi, above all else, so that it will be okay,”

Lloyd said.

Wa, don’t hold my shoulder, that kind of thing is gross.

I do an iron claw on him.

“Uu, ugaaaah, that hurts, it hurts!” Lloyd said.

“Ma-Makoto-sama, please stop being violent with His Highness,” Rick said.

“It’s Prince Lloyd’s fault for immediately sexually harassing me, I’m not at fault here,” I said.

“Do you realize it’ll be easy to say the both of you are at fault?” Rick said.

The luxury carriage smoothly ran down the night road towards the royal palace.

Chapter 116

116 - Listening To Pseudo-European Politics At The Royal Palace

I've arrived at the royal palace's carriage pool.

The roof overhangs the road, and it is designed to keep rain from passengers getting on and off the carriage.

As expected of the royal palace.

This is my second time at the Royal Palace.

It was my first time to see the King and Duke Pottinger for the first time in so long.

Donald was an asshole from the beginning.

"Welcome home, Lloyd-sama, welcome, Makoto-sama."

I was welcomed by a smiling man in some fancy gray clothes who looked like a chamberlain.

"I have to report to Otou-sama and Onii-sama," Lloyd said.

"Yes, both of them are waiting for you in the office, come now," the chamberlain said.

We walk through the royal palace guided by someone who looks like the chief chamberlain.

Unlike the main passage we entered earlier, this passage is less decorated, probably because it is used for daily work.

When I opened the heavy black door, I saw the King, Prince Kevin, and Gerald in the office.

Gerald looked at me like "Why are you here?", so I glared back at him.

"Ooh, Lloyd, are you okay?" the King said as he stood up. "My blood sank when I heard the report, don't do anything so reckless."

"I'm sorry to cause you such concern, Chichiue," Lloyd said as the King hugged him.

In this way, His Majesty seems like a kind and good king.

Prince Kevin also relaxed his cheeks and smiled at his younger brother.

It seems that the family relationship is not bad.

“I hear you captured the Shadow Operative Grave from one of Duke Pottinger’s mansions, and found a large amount of drugs hidden in them, too, that’s quite the achievement,” the King said. “Well done, Lloyd.”

“I’m very happy to receive your praise, but it’s all thanks to the cooperation of the saint candidate, Makoto-sama,”

Lloyd said.

The King approaches with a big smile on his face.

“Oh, Makoto-sama, you’ve grown up. You exposed this evil together with Lloyd, thank you. As ruler of this kingdom, we as a whole extend our thanks,” the King said before he hugged me tightly.

I see, Lloyd’s sexual harassment tendencies were due to his father.

As expected, I couldn’t use the Iron Claw on the King, so I just smiled as I was held in his arms.

“Now then, Lloyd-sama, Kimball-kun, would you please give me a summary of the incident?” Gerald said, inviting us to the reception set.

Both the King and Prince Kevin take their seats.

Prince Lloyd explains from where Grave lured me to the depths of the forest.

As expected from the royal family, he can report smoothly.

While sipping on my high-quality black tea, I blurted out what I wanted to add.

The king stood up after hearing the last part with Rick going full musou mode.

“Oh, Rick, to protect two young children and push back 50 cavalymen all by yourself, you must be unparalleled in the kingdom,”

the King said.

He approached Rick-san as he was standing behind Lloyd-chan, then firmly shook his hand.

“No, no, the Saint Candidate-sama helped me a lot,” Rick said, laughing in embarrassment.

“There seems to be some damage to your armor, but is your body okay? Should I call a healer?” the King said.

“No need, the Saint Candidate-sama healed all my wounds,” Rick said.

“Oh, by the Goddess, what a rare existence you are, Makoto-sama, supporting the heroes, truly a saint’s work, I remember my Obaa-sama used to do such things,” the King said.

Ah, I see, the King was the grandson of Saint Mary-sama.

Is that why you’re so kind to saint candidates?

“Father, are you planning to quietly ignore this lawlessness of the Pottinger family, right in the capital at that?” Lloyd-chan asked.

The King smiled. “Of course, I can’t just let it go, and I will send a severe protest to the Pottinger family.”

“It’s still too early to make a full-fledged move in the open, Lloyd-sama,” Gerald continued.

“A stockpile of drugs, an attempted assassination of the Second Prince, an attempted kidnapping of a saint candidate, I think this is enough to start a war, Gerald-kyou,” Lloyd countered.

“If we start a war now, it will be a complete civil war between the kingdom and the duchy,” Gerald said. “Our military strength is greater, but there are many incredibly powerful individuals on their side, like the Ten Greats. We won’t lose, but our national power will also be greatly diminished.”

“Ah, then the Empire will come for us,” Lloyd said.

“Yes, they’ll make a move regarding the ownership of the northern regions,” the King said. “And the most frightening thing is if the Pottinger family will defect to the Empire.”

Ah, if their power here deteriorates, there is a possibility that the

Pottinger family will simply switch sides.

Originally, the Duke of Pottinger was an important aristocrat from another country, and they had a track record of defecting, as they had with Appleton.

Mattaku, the pseudo-Europe of the Middle Ages is so full of tricks and schemes that you can't let your guard down.

Diplomacy and other things are involved, so you can't just casually crush the Duke's family.

It's a troublesome thing.

The Empire, by the way, is the Gene Empire which lies next door to Appleton.

It is an imperial military state located in the location of Germany in this Pseudo-Europe, and is constantly at war.

If I recall correctly, it was announced that HikaSora 2 would be set against the background of the war with the Gene Empire.

It's not a traditional party-based RPG, it turns into a battlefield simulation.

It seems that you can freely form a unit of good-looking guys or good-looking female students and fight as a female commander, instead of a male one.

I heard that characters with roles in HikaSora can also participate in the war.

It also sounded like the best place for Elmer and Curtis, too.

That sounds great, I wanted to try it.

Did it release in my previous life?

Chapter 117

117 - I Have A Homely Dinner At The Royal Palace

“Wouldn’t that mean a war would start immediately, Gerald-kyou?” Lloyd asked.

“Currently, the nobles are running from the Duke Pottinger’s Faction,” Gerald said. “Eventually, their might will be reduced by half. This time we have good material on them, so I think it’s not too late for us to act.”

Prince Kevin rolled his eyes. “If their force decreases, House Pottinger may become quieter,” he said.

“Hah, that greedy Donald? Aniue is too lenient,” Lloyd said.

“Still, it’s much better than civil war, Lloyd,” Kevin said.

Well, yeah, I’d like to avoid civil war no matter what faction you’re in.

“Prince Kevin, have you noticed any change in Vivian-sama’s behavior?” I asked.

“About that... she doesn’t really change, Kimball-san,” Kevin said.

If she loses Grave, her entourage will just be the Chicken Lady, Deborah?

I don’t think there will be any shadow warfare, but more harassment within the school.

Well, harassment doesn’t cause people to die, so it’s not really a problem.

“For the time being, Grave will be sent to Graak Tower to make him spill everything he knows,” the King said. “It seems like we’ll have to reduce the power of House Pottinger through secret intelligence battles.”

That ends that discussion.

Well, they have nothing against the Saint Faction.

“Then let’s have some food,” the King said. “Makoto-sama, you will

also eat with us, right?”

“Itadakimasu, Ou-sama,” I replied.

This is my first time being invited to dinner by a king.

We all walk out into the hallway.

Hold it, Lloyd-chan wants to hold hands right away.

When I shake it off, Lloyd-chan laughs and wonders what makes him so happy.

“Lloyd,” the King said.

“Yes, Otou-sama?” Lloyd said.

“When you want to capture a lady’s heart, continuity is vital,” the King said.

“Right.”

No, scold him, King!

Or rather, it’s your blood that makes Lloyd-chan so much of a playboy.

“Don’t you have any intention of marrying Lloyd, Makoto-sama?” the King asked.

“Prince Lloyd has a fiancé, doesn’t he?” I replied.

“Hmm...Juliet-sama...we allowed the engagement because she’s from a marquis’s family, but she seems to be rather mentally unstable,” the King said. “We would rather have you, Makoto-sama, than someone so unnerving.”

“I want to break off the engagement. What do you think, Makoto-chi?” Lloyd asked. “You can marry into the royal family.”

“Ahaha, I’ll think about it, Prince Lloyd,” I said.

The King and Prince Lloyd were shocked.

“Wh-What’s wrong?” I asked.

“No, I remembered a famous anecdote about Obaa-sama,” the King

said.

“When the first prince who did not go to the battlefield proposed marriage to Maria-sama after the Demon King’s defeat, she replied, *‘I’ll think about it.’* and the next day, the first prince made all the preparations for marriage,” Lloyd explained. “There was talk he came to pick up Mary in a white carriage.”

“Umm, the third prince married Maria-sama and inherited the throne, right?” I asked. “What happened to Maria-sama then?”

“A mysterious beam burned down the entire wedding venue.”

“Obaa-sama was quite the amazing person.”

I wonder what you’re doing, Maria-sama.

By the way, the Dukedom of Appleby was established by the first prince at that time.

Yuri-Yuri-senpai has the blood of the first prince.

The Queen was in the large dining room.

The butler guides everyone to their seats.

“Oh my, Makoto-sama, you’ve grown so much,” the Queen said.

“Ouhi-sama hasn’t changed, it’s making me nostalgic,” I said.

“You’re not going to raise your hand and make a statement after?” she asked.

“I didn’t understand manners at that time, so I embarrassed myself,” I said.

“It’s all fine, I like how fearless you are,” the Queen said, laughing gracefully.

“Now then, let’s have dinner and thank the Goddess for our daily blessings.”

“”I thank the Goddess for my daily blessings.””

This is the “Itadakimasu.” of another world.

The food at the royal palace is delicious, but it’s not that luxurious.

It's a normal meal.

Uhn, uhn, it's good like this.

When they're at dinner parties with foreign guests, they often serve gorgeous meals, so this is probably what they usually cook.

But I guess the whole royal family eats together.

It's a homely royal family.

I guess this is also a tradition from Maria-sama, who was born in a rural village.

Many aristocratic people tend to eat individually.

Apparently, there are many families who eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner on their own without seeing each other.

In House Kimball, we all take it together unless something goes wrong.

Even though Carol sometimes comes to the dining room for breakfast, I guess she usually eats only with Anne.

It's okay, it's not like it won't be delicious if you eat it alone.

Being alone sounds so miserable, though.

I want to do something about this too.

That said, it's brazen to go to the alchemy room and ask Carol to eat dinner with us.

Hmmm.

As I was thinking about this, dinner was over.

It was delicious.

"Makoto-sama, the royal palace and the school are close by, so you may come here often," the Queen said.

"Yes, Ouhi-sama, I do come by from time to time," I said.

Well, I probably don't come very often.

By the way, since it's the Royal Academy of Magic, the royal palace

and the academy are just a stone's throw away from each other.

There is a royal palace gate that is only used by the royal family, and the princes commute from there.

"What do you think, Makoto-chi, would you like to play some board games in my room?" Lloyd asked.

"I'm tired today, so I'm going back to the dormitory. Please invite me again some other time," I said, gently declining and leaving the dining room.

A person who looked like the chamberlain guided me to the back door.

"I'll call a carriage for you," the chamberlain said.

"Isn't it right there? I'll walk home," I said.

It was so close that I could see the lights of the dormitory through the shadows of the trees.

"However, it's not safe to walk alone at night," the chamberlain said.

"Dulcie," I said.

"Yes, Makoto-sama," Dulcie said as she appeared next to me.

"I have a combat maid, so don't worry, I'll be in good hands," I said.

"Good night to you, Kimball-sama."

I exchanged goodbyes with the person who seemed to be the chamberlain and headed outside.

Ah, the night breeze is a bit cold.

As I walked slowly, I saw a gate and the gatekeeper came out.

"Hello, good evening, you must be the saint candidate, go right ahead."

The soldier opened a large gate.

I go through the gate with my head down.

Fuu, I'm back at school.

I'm worried about Corinna-chan.

Let's go back to Room 205 as soon as possible.

When I arrived in front of Room 205, Nuts-senpai was in front of Room 207.

"Makoto-chan," she said.

"What's wrong, Senpai?" I asked.

"Is Dulcie-chan around?"

"Dulcie," I said.

"Yes, what is it?" Dulcie said.

Nuts-senpai grabbed Dulcie tightly and dragged her into the room.

What is it?

"Waah, Dulcie-chan."

"You always disappear so quickly."

"Y-Yes?" Dulcie said as she was mobbed by the Three Lacrosse Warrior Senpais with a confused expression on her face.

"Yes, here, a thank you for always cleaning room 207."

"It's a handkerchief, so use it."

"I'm so grateful that we were all brought together."

"Ah, uh, uh, why would you want to do something like that?" Dulcie asked.

"We're pretty rough and tumble, so our room is always dirty, but since Dulcie-chan came, it's become so much cleaner."

"Your job as Makoto-chan's intelligence maid is hard work, but thank you for always cleaning anyway."

"We're so grateful. Our room is now clean and I enjoy it every day."

"Ha-Haa," Dulcie mumbled.

The Lacrosse Warriors were happy because Dulcie cleaned up.

You did a good thing.

“Just take it, Dulcie,” I said.

“Y-Yes,” Dulcie said.

As she said that, Dulcie began to hold the handkerchief close to her chest.

“Thank you everyone for giving me such wonderful things. I’m very happy.”

“Think nothing of it, it’s okay.”

“It’s not that expensive.”

“If Dulcie-chan is happy, we’re happy too.”

Ha, the Three Lacrosse Warrior Senpais are nice people.

When I looked, I saw that Dulcie’s eyes were moist.

Uhn, uhn, good for you, Dulcie.

Chapter 118

118 - Dreaming Of Going To A Far Away Great Labyrinth On An Airship

“Fuooooohhh.”

“Oooooohhhh.”

A gigantic airship descended from the sky with a rumbling sound.

It looks like the airship is about to land at the second training ground.

Hello, this is Makoto.

One night after the homely dinner at the royal castle, Corinna and I are on our way to school.

I ate salty porridge for breakfast.

The side dish was ham today.

“It’s the Golden Dawn, the magic school’s much-prided airship,” Corinna said.

“It’s amazing, that something like that can fly in the sky,” I said.

“The Golden Dawn was dug out of the labyrinth by Maria-sama and donated to the kingdom,” Corinna said. “It carries the second-year students to the Gatruga Great Labyrinth.”

“If we go to the Great Labyrinth, is there a chance we’ll be able to dig up an airship ourselves?” I asked.

“It’s possible. Well, there aren’t even ten airships in the whole world,” Corinna said.

“Are they that valuable?” I asked.

“If it is found, the governments of each country will compete to buy it,” Corinna said. “The discoverer is guaranteed to be a millionaire!”

“No doubt!” I said.

My dreams are expanding.

Usually, airships are used by the upper echelons of a country to travel abroad.

That the Appleton Kingdom allows the school to use one, is because they have another airship, the Silver Castle, for overseas travel.

After all, the Appleton Kingdom is a superpower.

Airships cannot be built with current technology.

I guess you can't reproduce a high-output magic engine.

If you can dig out just the engine, the exterior doesn't matter, so you can make an airship.

It's a legacy of the Golden Age of Magic, known as the Age of Great Magic.

The Golden Dawn's legs extended from the bottom of the ship, and it landed with a thud.

How nice, how nice, the 2nd year students are now going to the Gatruga Great Labyrinth for practical training.

There is a school outpost for the Magic Academy in the Labyrinth at Gaiken Street of the Gatruga Great Labyrinth, in the morning they have labyrinth-related lectures, and in the afternoon they split up into parties and raid the labyrinth.

"But why would you drag a noble into the labyrinth?" I asked.

"Hmm? Isn't that a test of your mettle?" Corinna asked.

"It's not, what are you talking about?" someone said.

Muh, when I looked to the side, there was a sly bastard wearing glasses.

"With that understanding, you will never be able to enter the executive branch, Corinna-sama," Gerald said.

"Oh, good morning, McKnight-sama," Corinna said.

"Good morning, Gerald, why are we throwing nobles into the labyrinth, then?" I asked.

Gerald is a creature who can't say no when you ask him to talk, so

there's nothing to worry about, Corinna-chan.

"We don't know where a labyrinth will appear," Gerald said. "There is a possibility that it will appear in a noble's territory. Therefore, to prevent accidents from occurring in the labyrinth and to use the labyrinth to develop their territory instead, nobles need to learn about this phenomenon."

"Ah, so that's what it's for," I said.

"Resources also come from the labyrinth, such as monster skins, flesh, various body fluids, and magic stones divided into the six attributes," Gerald said. "If a labyrinth appears, the economic effect on the territory will be immeasurable.

That's why we study them."

So in other words, the labyrinth is like an oil field near your territory.

It feels like there are oil fields all over the place, whereas in my previous life, there were only oil fields in faraway places.

This world's magical civilization is supported by the magic stones that come out of the labyrinth.

A labyrinth suddenly appears and suddenly dies.

Scientists are researching why it grows and why it withers, but they don't really understand.

It has often happened in history that a Great Labyrinth suddenly dries up and a superpower falls into poverty and perishes.

Mattaku, that's really annoying.

I really want to go to the Great Labyrinth by airship.

I want to become a 2nd-year student as soon as possible.

There's no point in looking at the airship for hours on end, so I enter the school building.

There seem to be no updates to the wall bulletin today.

It's usually updated on Mondays.

Now then, let's do our best in class today.

I entered Class A and said good morning to Carol and Elmer.

Yaah, Carol is cute again today.

“Did you see that airship?” I asked.

“I saw it, it was amazing,” Carol said.

“Have you ever ridden one, Carol?” I asked.

“Never, you won’t be able to ride unless you are a very high-ranking noble,” Carol said.

Even the daughter of an earl has never ridden one.

It’s a rare vehicle.

Wednesday’s class consists of four classes: geography, music, social studies, and martial arts.

It’s the day of the week when there’s a lot of social studies.

For music class, students go to the music room and learn how to play basic instruments.

Boron-boron.

Music is also an important education for the upper aristocracy, so there are many people who are good at it.

It annoys me that Gerald is so good at something.

Even though he’s a bespectacled bastard.

I can even feel murderous intent in the triumphant look on his face.

In social studies classes, students learn about the political system in this country.

The world is somewhere between medieval times and modern times in my previous life, so the administrative system is becoming increasingly complex.

Unlike the days when it was okay as long as you collected taxes and managed your territory properly, it seems like people are starting to complain if you don’t properly provide services to the people of your territory.

The content of social studies lessons is that if you do something too outrageous, a rebellion will break out, so let's rule wisely.

Well, this place is a school for aristocrats.

The 4th period is martial arts class.

Cattleya-san isn't bothering me anymore, so it's a good feeling.

"Oh, Kimball-san, that's a Kodachi wooden sword."

Batten-sensei called out to me as I picked it up.

"Yes, I got a real kodachi recently, so I thought I'd try out twin swords for size," I said.

"Hmm, a kodachi and a dagger. Let's take a look," Batten-sensei said.
"Did you bring them?"

"Yes, just a moment..." I said.

Dulcie appeared and held out my kodachi and dagger.

Aren't you taking special housework training from Karina in the morning?

Maybe it was just free time?

The intelligence maids are a mystery.

Well, whatever.

"Thank you, Dulcie," I said.

"It's nothing, Makoto-sama."

Dulcie disappeared.

"This is amazing, isn't it?" Batten-sensei said as she picked up my kodachi.

Koishi-chan trotted over to me.

"Wa-waaa, what is this, myon?"

"It's Kogitsunemaru, I got it from Bianca-sama," I said.

"Haah? From Bianca-sama?"

“Yes, we have some kind of connection.”

“Can I take it out, myon, is that okay, myon?” Koishi asked.

Koishi-chan is a great sword enthusiast.

“You’re good,” I said.

Batten-sensei handed the kodachi over to Koishi-chan.

She pushes it out of its sheath and smoothly pulls out the rest of Kogitsunemaru.

The blade of the sword shone brightly.

“This is amazing, myon, this is the national treasure of the main island of Horai, myon,” Koishi said.

“Geh, I wonder if Horai will ask me to give it back?” I asked.

“No matter how you look at it, myon, I don’t think anyone will say something unscrupulous like asking you to return something that was gifted to you and has been gone for over 300 years, myon,” Koishi-chan said.

Koishi-chan’s cheeks are turning red and her breathing is slow.

She loves swords.

Truly, a sword girl.

“No matter how you look at Kogitsunemaru, it will be your main weapon,” Batten-sensei said. “The unicorn dagger can be modified and used like a main gauche.”

“Do you want me to use it as a defensive blade?” I asked.

“Indeed,” Batten-sensei said.

Professor Batten handed me a wooden parrying sword.

Hmm, will the unicorn dagger be modified?

Twin swords seem difficult.

Chapter 119

119 - What Does It Mean When The 2nd Year Students Go To The Labyrinth?

I practiced defense using the twin swords with Carol, but I missed a couple of strikes and got hit in the shoulder.

Well, it doesn't matter because it just hurts and the saint candidate can heal it with magic.

Light magic is convenient because you don't need a doctor.

Either way, it's more difficult to block than a shield and sword, so training is necessary.

"Makoto, are you really okay?" Carol asked, patting me on the shoulder.

"I'm okay, I'm okay, uhihihi," I said nervously.

Nihihihi.

When I was changing in the changing room, Koishi-chan was sneaking around behind me.

I thought she was looking at my butt, but she seems more interested in Kogitsunemaru.

Hmm, maybe Koishi-chan can use it better than I can.

"Koishi-chan, if you want Kogitsunemaru, I'll give it to you," I said, holding it out.

Koishi-chan's eyes opened wide and she retreated to the edge of the changing room, waving her hands in front of her.

"Th-Th-Th-That's outrageous, myon!" she said. "Th-There's no way I'm going to take Kogitsunemaru, since it's also a Light magic focus, myon."

"No, if you want it that much," I said.

"I just want to enjoy watching it, myon!" Koishi said. "I don't have the courage to walk around with such an amazing sword, myon!!"

“I see,” I said.

“Makoto, you’re too generous,” Carol said.

“That’s right, myon, there’s no way I’d give that to someone else, myon,” Koishi said.

Now that they mention it, Bianca-sama might get angry if I give Kogitsunemaru to someone else.

Koishi-chan taught me how to sheathe a kodachi.

Should I insert it with the blade facing upwards?

It seems to be so that it can be slashed without visible wind up in one move.

I understand.

Use your thumb to push it out, then unsheathe the rest, that’s the way.

The koiguchi seems to be used to hold the parts in place.

It seems that you have to use a lot of force when sheathing your sword, though.

Gah.

After we finished changing, we all walked down the hallway, chatting.

Hilda-senpai came walking from the other side of the hallway and waved at me.

“Makoto-sama, I was looking for you,” Hilda said.

“What’s wrong, Hilda-senpai?” I asked.

“From 1 o’clock today, I’m going to Gatraga. I wanted to inform you of that,” Hilda said.

“Ah.”

If the 2nd year students were to go on a labyrinth experience trip, wouldn’t that mean that Hilda-senpai would be gone?

I had forgotten.

Will our intelligence staff be gone for a week?

“I’m worried that you won’t be here, Hilda-senpai,” I said. “But Deborah-san will also be gone, so I guess it’ll be the same for the other side.”

“Deborah is in Class C, so she is taking a break from the labyrinth practical exercises,” Hilda said.

Oh, what the hell?!

Only this side has no intelligence agents.

“Well, maybe it was a blessing in disguise that Grave was sent to Graak Tower,” Hilda said. “Deborah can’t do any harm now.”

“I’m worried, but have a nice trip, will you be personally diving into the labyrinth, too, Hilda-san?” I asked.

“Yes, I will form a party with someone related to the Mahler family and go diving myself,” Hilda said.

“Heeee, that sounds fun,” I said.

“I’m going to buy some souvenirs, so look forward to it,” Hilda said.

“Got it, go ahead and be careful,” I said.

“Yes, well then, I’m heading out,” Hilda-san said, turning down the hallway and left towards the gymnasium.

I see, it’s a labyrinth experience trip.

“This was a blind spot, our spymaster is away for a week,” Cattleya-san murmured thoughtfully.

“It would be scary if there were no intelligence personnel, myon,” Koishi said.

“If it was a large faction, there would be backup intelligence personnel,” Carol said.

“Well, the Saint’s Faction didn’t have any other intelligence personnel to begin with, so I guess it’ll work out somehow,” I said.

“Makoto, you are so optimistic,” Cattleya said.

“It’s part of Makoto-chan’s good points, myon,” Koishi said.

“There’s no point in worrying about it,” I said.

“It is what it is,” Carol said.

I put my gym clothes in the locker and went back to Class A.

Now, what should we have for lunch?

“Hey, hey, Makoto-chi, let’s go eat,” Lloyd said. “Let’s go outside to Kodo-tei, we’ll feast there.”

“No way, that’s a top-notch restaurant for lunch,” I said.

“Huuh? It’s fine, it’s fine,” Lloyd said.

“When did you become friends with Prince Lloyd, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“Yesterday, he was the source of a lot of trouble that exhausted me,” I said.

“What are you saying? Don’t make it out like I’m some meddlesome cat,” Lloyd said. “Oh, you’re Albright-san, can I call you Carol too?”

“Huh, ah, that’s, um,” Carol said.

Mou, Lloyd-chan is just causing trouble again.

Just then, Prince Kevin came and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck.

“Lloyd, you’re being too intimate with the female students,” he said.

“Mattaku, you are indeed, Lloyd-sama,” Gerald said.

They’re preaching to Lloyd in front of the crowd.

“Eeeh, it’s fine,” Lloyd said, “she’s a saint candidate, and Otoo-sama also asked her to join the royal family.”

“Omae, you don’t do that in public...” Kevin said.

“So that’s why we should go have lunch together at a restaurant, Makoto-chi,” Lloyd said.

“I don’t like restaurants,” I said.

Then, suddenly, Curtis, Elsa, Corinna, Melissa, and Marilyn arrived.

“Huh, Prince Lloyd, what are you doing here?” Curtis asked.

“Oh, Curtis-kyou, please help me, Makoto-chi won’t have lunch with me,” Lloyd said.

“Hahaha, that’s impossible, she’s already decided to spend lunch with the members of her faction,” Curtis said.

No, I haven’t decided on that.

“Then I’ll join the Saint’s Faction as well,” Lloyd said.

“Think about common sense, whether the second prince should join the baron’s daughter’s faction,” Kevin said.

“The balance of power among the factions will also be suspect,” Gerald said. “The Saint’s Faction will jump to first place.”

“Urusaina, Onii-chan and Gerald,” Lloyd said. “If Yuri-nee could join the Saint’s Faction, then they can let me in.”

“Eh, I’m sorry if it causes a hassle, but I just don’t want you in it,” I said.

Everyone fell silent.

“Y-You said it so clearly, Makoto-chi,” Lloyd said.

“Well, no matter how she says it, Kimball-kun is right,” Kevin said.

“I want to yell, ‘How dare you disrespect the royal family!’, but Kimball is correct,” Gerald said.

Ussaiyo, you guys are annoying.

“Makoto... today we should go... to Hiyoko-Do... I’m hungry for mayo-corn...”

Elmer, you’re such an unwavering kid.

Chapter 120

120 - I'm Going To Hiyoko-Do, And For Some Reason, I'm Going To Go With The Princes Everyone from the faction went out to Hiyoko-Do.

“Why are the princes coming too, and even you, Gerald?” I asked.

“It’s okay, isn’t it, Kimball?” Kevin said.

“It’s customary for members of the royal family to go to Hiyoko-Do at least once, Kimball-san,” Gerald said.

“Father said the food was delicious there, Makoto-chi,” Lloyd said.

Onii-chan looks like he’s going to bow down to the majesty of the royal family.

Umumu.

For some reason, a large number of people flocked to Hiyoko-Do.

I don’t know why, but before I knew it, Yuriyuri-senpai was there too and was exchanging greetings with the princes.

“Do I have to wait in line? I’m royalty, aren’t I?” Kevin said.

“This is a rule that the King decided when he was a student, so let’s abide by it,” Gerald said.

“Was it true that Father came to Hiyoko-Do?” Lloyd said.

“There are certificates proving he went here as a student displayed inside the store,” Gerald replied.

We’re a little late today, so the line is a little long.

The students standing in line looked shocked when they saw the two princes together.

“Ooh, Makoto...”

Cliff-nii-chan saw me and tried to greet me, but when he saw the two princes, he froze.

“Ma-Makoto...”

“Onii-chan, bear with it,” I said. “The princes are coming to Hiyoko-Do.”

“Ah, so they really were the princes...”

Onii-chan works his way through the line while acting smart.

The line moved surprisingly quickly and we entered the store.

“So this is a commoner’s bakery? It smells good.”

“Tell me which one offers are delicious, Kimball.”

“Ah, Chichi does indeed have a signed certificate on display.”

The royal family doesn’t have any grand privileges in this country, so when they come to an ordinary place, they become indifferent.

Gerald is a natural at this.

“You can buy some freshly baked Saint’s Bread, and then you can order anything else you like. It’s a good idea to buy some soda, too.”

“Isn’t there any tea?”

“Who will serve it to you, Kevin-ouji?”

Prince Kevin looked around, there were no maids nearby, just his rugged bodyguard and Rick, Lloyd’s bodyguard.

“I see. I guess you could think of it as a type of camping.”

It’s not camping.

The prince is far away, floating high in the clouds above us.

“Dulcie.”

“Yes, did you need me, Makoto-sama?”

I placed a large silver coin in Dulcie’s hand.

“Dulcie, buy your favorite bread too, isn’t it already lunch?”

“Yes, thank you.”

Dulcie grabbed the silver coin with a big smile.

Come to think of it, Carol always bought so much bread to give to Anne.

I always thought she was just a big eater.

Dulcie was happily buying Saint's Bread and Cream Coronets.

We all go to the Royal Natural Park and sit on the grass and eat bread.

Misha-san pulls out a tea wagon and distributes tea to everyone.

"Isn't there tea now, Kimball?"

"Isn't it courtesy of Yulisha-senpai? What would you drink if she weren't here?"

"I-I see, you have a point, uhn... the soda is delicious."

"We bring in good carbonated water from the suburbs to make it."

It's an item from a nearby soda shop.

We get it wholesale and then sell it chilled in the store.

Rick-san was popping Lloyd's soda bottle crown off with just his thumb.

How much power do you have?

"Wow, it's so sweet and delicious. As expected, Makoto-chi's family home is the only one of its kind."

"Hmm, by changing the concentration of sweetness in the outer layer and inside, the texture itself has also changed.

This creates a complex flavor that spreads in your mouth, an enjoyable profile. This is a well-made product."

Stop that and eat, Gerald.

"It's delicious. Oh, it's nice to sit down and eat together," Prince Kevin said with a refreshing smile.

Well, I agree with him.

Hiyoko-Do's bread seems to be popular with the princes as well.

Otou-chan did a great job.

A strong wind was blowing, and when I looked up, I saw a gigantic airship passing overhead.

Wow, that's huge.

It's beautiful, it's decorated with various designs, mainly gold, and it looks like a ship from a dream.

"That's wonderful. I want to ride that and go far away."

"Yeah, Carol will be with me then."

"Yeah, let's go to the labyrinth together, Makoto."

Carol and I naturally hold hands.

Yeah, yeah, we'll be together forever, Carol.

Suddenly, when I looked up, I saw Yuriyuri-senpai staring at me with an evil, sticky gaze.

Carol noticed this and pulled her hand away.

Gunnu.

I felt something strange, so I turned around towards the forest.

Geh, the Dokuro Corps have come out.

That guy doesn't even look like an evil character.

"We are the Dokuro Corps! Justice..."

Oh, he's done it now, what's he going to do?

Dokuro Man turns around and consults with the person behind him.

"Who is that?"

"Is it Michael-kyou, or is that the rumored Dokuro Man? How childish..."

"Choose a job, Michael-kyou..."

Oh, is Mike in trouble because King's sons are here?

“You idiotic Ani! I’ll cut you down myself...!”

When Cattleya-san stood up, the Dokuro Corps ran away into the forest with their heads bowed.

“However, there are fewer people than last time, so why are they bothering?”

“I’m sure they were told to do so from above, Curtis.”

“It’s a typical story that nothing goes well if the top doesn’t work.”

I wonder if I made Deborah cry.

I wish she had lost a finger to Koishi like the ones before.

We put Grave out of the picture, but it looks like he’ll use a lot of cheap and stupid moves like this next time.

It would be really annoying if my textbooks were torn up.

Yare, yare.

Chapter 121

121 - Linda-san Will Come Over After School

I woke up to the feeling of someone patting my head.

Fuwaaaah.

Looks like I ate lunch and took a nap.

When I opened my eyes, I saw Carol above me.

“It’s about time for the bell,” Carol said.

Nuo, it looks like Carol was kneeling and putting me on top.

She smells good.

I turn over on my side and sniff the scent of her thighs.

“Stop that.”

Chie, the knee pillow has been removed.

Carol’s so stingy~.

Gerald is looking at me like he’s looking at garbage.

Umm.

I’m a little embarrassed.

“Now then, let’s go back to school.”

“Yeah.”

“Today as well... Chichi will be waiting... at the Magic Laboratory,” Elmer said.

“Oh, that’s right, I wonder if Monday will come again so soon,” I said.

I want to take an Alchemy Class.

Everyone returns to school one by one.

However, the number of people from the Saint Faction has increased.

Once the group grows to about 10 people, it will be divided into 3 smaller groups.

The closeness will change from the first time.

I'm nostalgic for the old days, well, though it's only been a week.

Returning to Class A, I waved to my classmates who were moving around according to their attributes, and headed to the Magic Laboratory with Elmer.

Jean-oji-san was waiting with a grin on his face.

"Hello, Jean-oji-san, don't you have a job at the Ministry of Magic?" I asked.

"Hello, Makoto-kun, I do have a lot of work to do at my desk, but right now, it's time for Light magic," Jean replied.

"Recently... Otou-san has been coming home late... so Okaa-san... is in a bad mood," Elmer said.

"Muh, is that so? Maybe he should give her some flowers."

"That's... nice," Elmer said.

Elmer's house also seems like a close family.

Peace is fine for aristocrats in specialized industries.

"By the way, what kind of Necromancy does the Campbell family have?" I asked.

"That's, ah, umumu," Jean-oji-san grumbled, his face darkening.

Hmm, doesn't the Ministry of Magic welcome Juliet-sama's family's magic?

"Necromancy... is a subspecies, of the Earth attribute... the undead... and immortality... that kind of research."

There are many subspecies of the Earth attribute.

Gravity and Ghosts?

I wonder what the subspecies of Fire are, maybe it's explosions and temperature changes.

Like this, even attribute magic has subspecies attributes.

“I see, is it okay to research Necromancy?” I asked.

“There are protests from the Temple every year, but it can’t be helped because of the attributes that naturally develop it, so there’s no way it can be destroyed,” Jean said.

“Abraham-kyouju... established necromancy... in one generation.... he was a great... sorcerer.”

“So Juliet-sama isn’t dealing in Necromancy?” I asked.

“I wonder what she does deal with, I think she was Water attribute,” Jean said.

I wonder if she, herself, can’t use necromancy.

Well, I guess I’ll have to deal with it after meeting Juliet-sama.

It’s so troublesome.

Well, today we will be experimenting with Light magic again.

Things like Heal, Light, Cure, and Barrier.

I was quite tired from being subjected to experiments until the end of the 6th period.

In terms of magical power, it hasn’t decreased by half.

I was born with a huge amount of magical power.

It’s okay to use Extra Heal.

I return to Class A with Elmer.

Anthony-sensei comes over and we have homeroom.

We were told not to make too much of a fuss because the 2nd-year students wouldn’t be there for a week.

Club activities are much easier because there are no senpais directly above me.

I wonder if the Three Lacrosse Senpais are also going to the labyrinth.

I hope they don’t get hurt.

We stand up and bow.

It's after school now.

"Are you going to do alchemy again, Carol?" I asked.

"Yes, what are you going to do, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"I don't have anything to do. Maybe I'll look for a club activity," I said.

"So I see, what do you like, Makoto?" Carol said.

It's BL manga, but there's no club that involves that.

Not the Art Club, too.

I want to do something, but there's nothing I want to do.

Hmmmm.

However, if I walk around the school grounds, something might happen again.

"I still don't know," I said.

"I hope you find out what you like soon, Makoto," Carol said.

Mattaku, yeah.

I want to read and write BL manga.

I wonder if plant paper will become cheaper soon.

Carol leaves the classroom and I get up from my seat.

Then Linda-san comes in.

"Hello," she said.

"Please return to the Great Temple," I said.

"I'm so bored," Linda said. "I've finished cleaning Bianca-sama's temple."

"Ah, thank you very much, good job," I said.

"Please go and see it with me and show me more hidden rooms,"

Linda said.

“Where did you find that out?” I asked.

“Dulcie reported it to me,” Linda said.

“My mistake, I forgot to shut up about that,” Dulcie said as she appeared.

“You can’t help it, it’s already spilled,” Linda said.

“Please don’t report about me to the Great Temple again,” I said.

“Right,” Dulcie said.

“You can’t do that, it’s the Great Temple that pays your salary,” Linda said.

“Tch,” I went.

“Is that Bianca-sama’s kodachi?” Linda said.

“Yes, Kogitsunemaru,” I replied, placing it on a nearby table.

“Wow, this is an amazing sword, even if it’s not drawn,” Linda said.

“It is nice,” I said.

Linda-san smoothly pulls out Kogitsunemaru.

A glittering powder of Light slides off the edge of the blade and rises.

“This is amazing, it’s also a conductor exclusively for Light magic,” Linda said.

“It also seems to have a function that increases the healing effects,” I said.

“It’s wonderful, it looks like the small sword among the large and small sword set that Bianca-sama received from the Emperor of Horai,” Linda said.

“Did she have a large sword, too?” I asked.

“I think it was at headquarters,” Linda said.

Oh, there’s Oyakitsunemaru over at the main base.

Well, I have a small body, so Kogitsunemaru fits me perfectly for now.

If I ever go to the Great Temple's building, I'd like to see it.

Chapter 122

122 - Thinking About Bianca-Sama At The Ruined Temple

T/N: Sorry for the late update, yesterday was a convention day.

I wasted no time walking through the forest with Linda-san in tow.

The destination is the ruined temple.

“Is Dulcie doing well?” Linda asked.

“Yeah, having an intelligence maid is convenient, she’s strong, she’s alert, and I like her,” I said.

“That’s good to hear,” Linda said.

Linda-san is a gentle person unless she loses her temper.

She can be considerate, as long as she doesn’t lose her temper.

I don’t hate her that much, either.

The abandoned temple came into view.

Scaffolding has been erected and the roof is covered in waterproof cloth.

“When I looked at the materials, I found out that it was a temple attached to Bianca-sama’s mansion,” Linda said. “It was built about 200 years ago, and it seems to have been destroyed 100 years ago, around the time the school was built.”

“There’s a statue of a goddess, so why would you destroy it?” I asked.

“Educators are always eager to punish,” Linda said.

Well, education and faith are often at odds.

“Also, I have applied to the school principal to rebuild the attached temple,” Linda said.

“How’d you convince him?” I asked.

“If the Temple provides the funds, the school has no reason to object, ah, that’s right,” Linda said. “Now we’ll have a place for the Temple’s forces to lay their heads.”

“Don’t leave too many people there,” I said. “There will probably only be a priest who will take care of the students when they want to pray and a few nuns who will manage the temple.”

“Let’s have someone from the Temple Knights with priest qualifications permanently stationed there,” Linda said.

A warrior priest, well, I guess it can’t be helped.

It seems like the lady-in-waiting types will naturally become intelligence agents.

I rolled up the waterproof cloth hanging over the door and went inside.

It was dimly lit, so I chanted “**Light**” and let the sphere of Light float in the air.

Ooooh, the goddess has become shiny.

The sculpture is well-made and looks divine.

I kneel and pray with Linda-san.

–It’s beautiful now, Megami-sama, we will rebuild the attached temple here, so please bestow your grace on the students of the school.

Linda-san stands up.

“This sculpture is the handiwork of the master Leonida himself. It’s a good thing that it hasn’t been stolen from these past 100 years,” Linda said.

“It’s huge, isn’t it? I’m glad they didn’t break off the arms,” I said.

Leonida-sama is a master sculptor like the Michelangelo of my previous world.

I wonder if it was called from the headquarters.

If the Temple is rebuilt, students will come to worship and grow in their faith.

That's a good thing.

"Let's call in good craftsmen for the stained glass and murals, as much as possible in the style of yesteryear, emulations of the original designs should do," Linda said.

"I wonder how long it will take?" I asked.

"It will take a year, but by the time you become a 2nd year student, Makoto-sama, we will be able to hold mass here,"

Linda said.

"I won't do it, it's too much of a hassle. The Great Temple is nearby, so all you have to do is call the Pope," I said.

"As always, it's the lazy option with you, isn't it, Makoto-sama?" Linda said. "Yare, yare."

I touched the base of the goddess statue and poured Light magic into it.

The wallboard fell down and I could see the stairs leading to the basement.

"This is a good thing," Linda said. "You can use it as a place to escape to in the worst-case scenario"

"I guess that's the purpose of the device after all," I said.

"There are a lot of them in the Temples, they're like shelters," Linda said. "You can't enter these unless you can use Light magic, so it's a shelter only for the Saints"

I think the situation where a saint barricades herself in a Temple is rather hopeless, but I feel a different sense of security when I create something just in case.

Even if it's not used.

The area under the stairs is still the same as when I arrived the day before yesterday, so I turned on the lights on both sides and walked smoothly.

I cast Light magic into the solid door plate.

It's a room about 12 tatami mats in size, with an altar that contained

Kogitsunemaru and a crystal ball, plus a reception set.

There's a sink and a ventilation fan, so I guess I can cook.

It's a simple shelter.

"Hou-hou, this is wonderful furniture, in the style of 200 years ago," Linda said.

Although Linda-san is ferocious, she is surprisingly well-educated.

Apparently, she went to university and studied theology.

The reception set hasn't decayed either, I wonder if there's some kind of preservation magic on it.

The leather feels nice to the touch.

I pour Light magic into the crystal ball.

Somehow, a lot gets sucked in.

There was a buzzing sound and an image of Bianca-sama appeared.

"Welcome, Makoto, Linda."

Oh, the video is different from last time.

"This video is speaking from future predictions, so there's no need for you to reply."

Linda kneels on the floor and begins to worship Bianca-sama.

"It's a blessing to see Bianca'-sama's face, I, Linda, am beyond happy."

"She can't hear you even if you say anything," I said.

"It's a matter of spirit, Makoto-sama," Linda said.

"In the distant future, there is no need for such polite words for a saint who has been excommunicated, but Linda-san's faith makes her do it."

"Yes, Bianca-sama," Linda said.

Uwah, Linda-san is crying with emotion.

Her devotion is disturbing.

“As a reward for Linda’s exceptional faith, let’s bestow upon her the magic sword Dunbargham, which was used by Saint Alexa.”

A part of the wall came off with a “Gakon!”, and a long sword fell at Linda-san’s feet.

“Thank you, Saint-sama, I will continue to pursue my faith wholeheartedly.”

“Please protect Makoto with that sword,” Bianca said.

“As you wish!”

Geh, what should I do if you give Linda-san, a master swordsman, a magic sword?

Will they seize some country as Temple territory?

By the way, it’s called a magic sword and not a “holy” sword because a holy sword can only be used by a hero or a saint.

That’s why throughout the ages, all the amazing swords wielded by the Temple’s master swordsmen are only magic swords.

Linda-san drew the blade.

The brightness of the white blade is clear, with no visible rust.

“What type of magic sword is it?” I asked.

“... It’s specialized in cutting. It feels like it can slice through anything,” Linda replied.

Also, I can make it one of those troublesome swords, the ones whose blades emit mysterious beams.

This is also a blade that can cut through armor that explicitly protects against magic.

The effect is simple, but if Linda-san wields it, it would be amazing.

“Dunbargham, the ancient dragon-slicing sword said to have belonged to the Saint Alexa. I will protect Makoto-sama with this until the end of my life,” Linda said.

“Tone it down,” I said.

“Huuh?” Linda-san said, pouting in dissatisfaction.

Chapter 123

123 - Linda-san Fantasizes About The Truth About Bianca-sama

Linda-san seemed to have enjoyed the ruins, so we headed back.

Let's use this place as a shelter in case of an emergency.

It's a place where you can take a nap without being seen by anyone.

"As expected, Bianca-sama's bad reputation was questionable," Linda said.

"Yeah, I don't think people with Prediction magic will get their heads cut off, right?" I said.

"After seeing her face, I am convinced that Bianca-sama is a wonderful person," Linda said.

"Ah, right."

This is a bad track to stay on.

Ya-nee, these fanatics.

"The flow of the anecdotes was also suspicious," Linda said. "Bianca-sama made great achievements as a young girl and as a saint, then suddenly started doing suspicious things in her later years. Excessive spending, sexual debauchery, and arbitrary politics. Even in those later years, she has not caused any trouble to the people."

"Ho-nn," I went, only half-listening to Linda-san's passionate speech as we ascended the stairs.

"Makoto-sama!" Linda cried.

"W-What?" I asked.

As I stepped out from the pedestal of the statue, Linda-san grabbed me by the shoulder.

"The only hypothesis I can come up with is that it was intentional! I think that Bianca-sama took on the stigma herself in order to create a society that was less dependent on the Sacred Heart Temple. She wanted to show society that even saints can make mistakes and be

executed. I think that's why she sacrificed herself so that humanity wouldn't become too dependent on the Saint!!"

"Well, maybe so," I said.

Aah, that might be possible.

It's like making a reputation that the Saint has fallen, a failure that would change the trajectory of the kingdom, and trying to prevent the Temple's influence from getting too involved in politics.

If politics and religion are combined, a nation will not be strong.

"Aah, what compassion, what dedication, even though her image was destroyed, people laughed at her, and she received a bad reputation that was synonymous with failure, Bianca-sama's faith remained unmoved, if you don't call her a saint, what can you call her?!"

Wah, this woman is in tears.

Isn't your faith too high?

"Only I, no, only I and Makoto-sama in the world know the truth about Bianca-sama. And this fact cannot be told to anyone, nor can it be written down in literature, for eternity, Bianca-sama's truth. The bad reputation remains, and she is mocked as a selfish and evil woman. What a great feat! What faith!! I was moved, and I will keep Bianca-sama's great deed in my heart and protect Makoto-sama forever and ever, I swear to you that I will always be by your side!"

"Haha, oh, I'm counting on you," I said.

Mattaku-youh.

If you're that impressed, I'm sure Bianca-sama would like it too.

Hey, Megami-sama.

I felt like Megami-sama was kindly smiling and saying, "Indeed." and felt relieved, but the impression that Linda-san was crazy grew even stronger.

She's a really troubled person.

Go fall in love and get married, why don't you?

When I rolled up the waterproof cloth again and stepped out of the

abandoned temple, the sky was reddish.

There were men in skull masks blocking the path through the forest.

Achyaa.

“Hahaha, false saint...huh, is that Linda Crable?”

After letting out a huff, Linda-san pulled out Dunbarghan.

Ya-Yabeee.

“Hey, Mike, surrender, Linda-san is now holding a magic sword that can cut anything!!”

“Eeeehh, that’s gotta be a bluff?!”

“It’s not a bluff, you’ll die instantly!! Run away, hurry!!”

“Hi-Hiiii!! We-We got it...!!”

The Dokuro Corps screamed and ran away.

I wonder why they’ve come calling when Linda-san is around.

Those guys have no plan.

“Don’t you run away!” Linda cried.

“You don’t have to chase them!” I yelled.

“However, kuso, you spared their lives...”

When Linda-san hit the trunk of a large tree with Dunbarghan, it tore through it like soft butter and it fell with a crunching sound.

The magic sword Dunbarghan can also be used for forestry.

“Stop using that on students,” I said.

“Eh, why? They’re your enemies, Makoto-sama,” Linda said.

“It’s a hassle to reattach severed limbs, and there’s nothing we can do if they die instantly,” I said.

“Makoto-sama is very kind,” Linda said. “I think it would be a good idea to try and get rid of people who are related to the Pottinger family.”

She often plays the role of the holy knight.

“Linda-san, the students won’t be able to keep up with you even if you use your bare hands,” I said.

“That’s true, but once they know they won’t be killed, your enemies will increase,” Linda countered.

Well, she’s got a point, but if you know that you won’t be killed, you can attack me with all your might, but I don’t want to cause too many deaths.

The school will be a brutal battle zone.

“Will you be able to compete equally with the Ten Greats, Linda-san?” I asked.

“...Up to five of them,” Linda said. “It’s tough they call out more than that at once.”

Are you confident that you can win up to 5-1?

“The Ten Greats are not individuals who fight alone but are a group of warriors in a wide variety of situations, including heavy armor, light armor, support, and long-range combat, who can demonstrate their power in a vast number of contexts. If they were to come all together as a full group of 10, even I wouldn’t be able to handle them.”

“Ah, that’s the kind of combat unit they are?” I asked.

“If I, Makoto-sama, and Dulcie team up, I think we can take about 7 of them,” Linda said. “If Albright-sama and Anne are here, I think we can stop the mobilization of the Ten Greats. Also, if Browright-kyou and Clayton-kyou are also with us, I think we can overwhelm them.”

I see. I wonder if this faction can also be used as a combined force to fight against the others.

Wouldn’t it be more reassuring if Curtis, Elmer, and Elsa were there with us?

Ah, but it’s okay if I get hurt in battle, but I don’t want my friends to get hurt or die.

It’s not easy to settle our disputes in a fistfight, is it?

That’s the trouble of faction fighting.

“Makoto-sama, please be very careful,” Linda said.

“Well, if it’s at the level of the Dokuro Corps, Dulcie and I can probably manage,” I said.

“Yes, but Makoto-sama you’re too kind.”

“I assure you I’m not,” I said.

I’m not a good-natured person.

I’m serious.

Chapter 124

124 - Dinner After A Bath

Shawa-shawa.

Dulcie's massaging shampoo into my hair feels so good that it almost makes me fall asleep.

Hello, this is Makoto.

Dulcie is currently washing my hair in the underground public bath.

After carefully washing, it will be rinsed.

After relaxing in the bathtub, I get out of the water.

Dulcie wipes dry every corner with a bath towel.

Once you get used to it, it still feels a little awkward, but you can't beat the comfort.

I put on some beautiful underwear and put on my uniform.

Ah, it felt refreshing.

My hair is also shiny and beautiful.

When I leave the public bath, Dulcie has disappeared.

Intelligence maids are useful.

When I returned to Room 205, Corinna-chan was studying.

"A bath again? You really love baths, don't you, Makoto?" Corinna said.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" I said. "Will you be having one after dinner, Corinna-chan?"

"Yes, I'll go after dinner. But taking a bath every day is a luxury," Corinna said.

"Didn't you have one at your house every day?" I asked.

“If you take a bath every day, the magic stones alone will cost a huge sum,” Corinna said. “Also, drawing water is hard work.”

It’s tough being a poor aristocrat.

However, I didn’t go to baths at Hiyoko-Do or Manor Kimball every day.

It was about once every two or three days.

There’s something wrong with the school’s dormitory, which boils water every day and allows unlimited access 24

hours a day.

It’s definitely a super public bath.

I climb into bed and read a book.

I have a history book.

I think I’ll go to the library of the Great Temple and look up the legends of Bianca-sama.

There’s something troubling about that saint, though.

200 ago, this continent and the Pseudo-British Isles were at war.

The Middle Ages here are also surprisingly long.

While I was reading that book, Corinna climbed the ladder and popped her head in.

“Let’s go to dinner,” Corinna said.

“Oh, is it that time already?” I asked.

When Corinna-chan pointed to the magic clock on the wall, it was already time for the dining room to open.

After putting the bookmark in the book, I get out of bed.

The two of us went down the stairs and headed to the girls’ dormitory cafeteria.

Wow, it was a good time for them, it’s so crowded.

Clara is restricting admission.

“Ah, sorry Makoto, it’s crowded right now,” she said.

“I know, it’s okay, I’ll wait,” I said.

“You only have to wait a little longer, okay?”

I wish I had brought a book with me.

Corinna-chan also shrugged her shoulders.

The girls’ dormitory cafeteria is very popular.

Since Ilda-san came back, it’s been extraordinarily delicious there.

“So, where did you go yesterday?” Corinna asked.

“I was having dinner with the royal family at the royal palace,” I said.

“Wow, they summoned you?” Corinna asked.

“Well, there was a lot going on,” I said.

“Details,” Corinna said.

I talked about everything from being lured out to the forest by Grave to having a royal dinner at the royal palace.

Just as the line ended, we finally entered the dining room.

Today’s menu is:

Umm, cream chicken stew, carrot salad, consommé soup, and black bread.

I put the stew that Marissa-san gave me on a tray, and then add salad and soup to it.

“Oh my, Makoto-san.”

“Marissa-san, you’re doing great, huh?” I said.

“Ilda-san is back, and the ingredients are good quality as well,” Marissa said.

“That’s a relief,” I said.

I sit down at the table and start eating.

Mogyu-mogyu.

Oh, it's so delicious.

The perfection of the stew is on a whole other level.

The black bread is also delicious.

It has a nice flavor that brings out the stew's flavor, as well.

"It's really delicious."

"Yesterday's sautéed pork was also amazing."

"Eating delicious food makes you happy, doesn't it?"

I chew the salad into pieces.

"But yesterday you had a terrible experience, huh?" Corinna said.

"Umu, Lloyd-ouji is very annoying. He helped me defeat Grave, but, you know?"

"Fumu, that's a good thing, but it also makes the opponent's future attacks more idiotic, doesn't it?" Corinna said.

"Today, Mike and his crew tried to face Linda-san," I said.

"Wow, Michael-kyou, is he dead?"

"As you'd expect, I let him escape. If he was injured then, it would be troublesome to heal him," I said.

Corinna-chan put the black bread into her mouth and shrugged her shoulders.

"We have to stop Deborah-sama. Either warn her directly or have the prince warn her," I said.

"That's the only option. You're too reckless and accidents will happen otherwise," Corinna said.

"It's troublesome when someone dies," I said.

On that note, it's miraculous no one has died so far, but it would be trouble if someone died.

Now then, since we've finished eating, I put the dishes down on the

counter.

“It was delicious. Say hello to Ilda-san for me.”

“Aiyo, see you tomorrow.”

I say goodbye to Clara and leave the dining room.

“Well then, I’m going to take a bath,” Corinna said.

“Alright, alright, see you later,” I said.

I wave to Corinna-chan and go up the stairs.

The sky outside the hallway is already pitch black.

There’s not much light at night, so there’s not much to do, either.

I guess I’ll go to sleep soon.

Chapter 125

125 - Forcing Prince Kevin To Protest Against Deborah-sama

I woke up to the sound of the maids rustling.

Yesterday, after dropping Dulcie off in room 207, I went back to room 205 and fell asleep.

Nn, I slept well.

I stretch out on the bed.

It’s sunny again today, and the light is shining in.

After getting ready for the morning, I went to the dining room with Corinna-chan.

Today’s porridge was sweet and I had breakfast.

It’s always delicious.

After finishing my meal, I went back to room 205, grabbed my bag, and headed to school.

I’m going to school with Corinna-chan.

It’s sunny and hot today.

There are crowds of people at the entrance.

I wonder if the wall bulletin has been updated.

Let's see.

“Armed Conflict On The Outskirts Of The Royal Capital. Will The Pottinger Family Faction And The Royal Faction Clash?”

The incident from the day before yesterday has already become news here.

Only the Magic Academy News is updated.

The Noble's New Bulletin remains the same as the previous article.

“Fumu, information leaked from somewhere,” Gerald said. “Is it from the Third Order Cavalry?”

“The royal palace's information control is poor, Gerald,” I said.

“It doesn't reach to the Third Order Cavalry,” Gerald replied. “Rather than that, don't call me so casually, Kimball.”

“Well, it's fine, isn't it?” I asked.

“Mattaku, what a strange woman you are,” Gerald said.

It's not productive to tease Gerald, so let's head to class.

In front of Class B, I split up with Corinna-chan and went to Class A.

“Good morning, Carol,” I said.

“Good morning, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Morning.....”

“Good morning to you, too, Elmer,” I said.

I put my bag on the desk and walked in front of Prince Kevin.

“Kevin-ouji, good morning,” I said.

“Hmm, Kimball-san, good morning, what did you need?” Kevin asked.

“Please tell Vivian-sama to stop trusting Deborah-sama,” I said.

Prince Kevin's brow furrowed.

"In that case, I have to wonder why should I care about the credibility of a daughter from a military commander, who belongs to a rival faction that opposes you?"

"If you leave them alone, people will die," I said.

"... I don't think there have been any deaths in the Pottinger Family's Faction so far," Kevin said.

"There have been none," Gerald added.

Oh, Gerald's come and stood next to the prince.

"Now that we've captured Grave, I don't think it's a problem anymore, Kimball," Gerald said.

"Yesterday, Linda-san and I went to see how the abandoned temple was being cleaned up," I said.

"Fumu, I'm listening," Kevin said.

"The Dokuro Corps showed up there," I said.

"!""

"Is Michael-kyou's life safe?" Kevin asked.

"I let him escape," I said. "He could have died instantly."

"I see, ah, so that's how it was?" Gerald said.

"What's the matter, Gerald?" Kevin said.

"With Grave captured, Deborah-sama is now the only intelligence member of the Pottinger family," Gerald said. "And her ability to gather information is low."

"Not only is it low, but her enemy threat judgment is useless," I said.

Prince Kevin looked like he didn't understand.

"If the intelligence corps is unable to assess the threat, they will send weak troops in front of a strong enemy," Gerald said. "Thus, they will send the Dokuro Corps before Linda Crable."

“Ah, I see, so that’s what you mean. I have Gerald, so it didn’t really occur to me,” Kevin said.

Well, the man next to you with the devious glasses is one of the country’s leading intellectuals.

Gerald is a political person, but he also seems to have high intelligence skills in general.

“Because their intelligence gathering ability and situational judgment are weak, the timing of sending their troops is too inopportune,” Gerald said.

“Hmm, that is a problem, isn’t it?” Kevin said.

“If we don’t do something about Deborah-sama, people will die,” I said.

“So far, it doesn’t seem like there have been many injuries?” Kevin said.

“That. Is. Because. I Have. Been. Healing. Them...!” I cried. “There was a fight where people got fingers sliced off.”

“Huh?” Kevin said.

“Is that so?” Gerald said.

“I would hate it if someone died,” I said.

“I see, since she’s a saint candidate, she can use healing magic,” Kevin said.

“Indeed,” Gerald said.

Then, he shook his head.

“That’s right, intelligence personnel generally don’t leave the main camp,” Kevin said. “I guess they only look at the numbers of injured people.”

“Ah, they haven’t seen the battlefield, so they don’t understand?” I asked.

I see, Deborah-sama retreats to the back and only looks at the number of injured people, so she gives commands that don’t make any sense.

“Anyway, Deborah-sama’s command is dangerous, even from the enemy’s perspective,” I said.

“If a few soldiers die, Deborah-san may realize that, but you don’t want to cause any deaths,” Gerald said.

“I see, yes, I’m Vivian’s fiancée, but I’m also a high-ranking member of another faction,” Kevin said.

“You could protest directly to Deborah-san, but there would be a problem with the public appearance of it all,” Gerald said.

“Muh, it’s difficult to have to worry about the enemy’s life as well,” Kevin said.

“It’s the Pottinger faction’s fault for bringing poison and swords into the student faction fight,” I said.

“That’s true,” Kevin said. “Shall I suggest to Vivian whether we can ban swords, poisons, and arrows?”

“Indeed, the royalists have no plans to use force until next year,” Gerald said.

Are you planning to use it next year?

Or rather, a battle with the Shadow Warfare Wing of Duke Pottinger?

The Ten Greats are also likely to come.

“It would be helpful for us if there were no more idiotic battles,” I said.

“As a member of the royal faction, it would be troublesome if someone died at the school,” Kevin said. “The Saint’s Faction has healing abilities, so that’s a relief.”

“Can’t we eliminate Deborah-sama?” I asked.

“It will be tough since Deborah-sama is a close friend of Vivian-sama,” Gerald said.

“Her best friend, huh? That’s troublesome,” I said.

It’s like if her best friend is doing something stupid, Vivian-sama will have to tell her to stop it.

If Carol does something stupid, I'll stop her even if it means slapping her.

And if I do something stupid, Carol will probably stop me, too.

Well, there's no way Carol would do anything stupid.

Of course she won't, she's my best friend.

Yeah, yeah.

Chapter 126

126 - Aah, Juliet, Why Are You So Chuunibyou?

Anthony-sensei has arrived, so I finish the discussion with Prince Kevin and take my seat.

Faction fighting is really troublesome.

And today's class begins.

Thursday's lectures are the national language, social studies, Demonology, and art.

Demonology is the study of monsters that exist in this world.

Right now, I'm being taught about the monsters that live near the royal capital.

It seems that various slimes, horned rabbits, and rotten cats appear in the forest of the capital.

It seems that goblins, kobolds, orcs, etc. won't appear until you go north for a while.

Regarding art, I am currently studying art history.

The Magic Academy also has historically famous paintings in its collection, so it's fun to be able to see some of the amazing paintings in action.

There are some amazing pictures in the world that will make your imagination go crazy.

So with all that, it's lunch break now.

And then there's Lloyd-chan.

"Let's go to Kodo-Tei today, Makoto-chi," Lloyd said.

"I'm not going to a fancy restaurant for lunch," I said.

"Fuyou cuisine would be fine, too," Lloyd said.

Mou, you're so persistent.

“What are you going to do today, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“I don’t know what to do, I went to Hiyoko-Do yesterday,” I said.

“Every day... I’ll have mayocorn...I don’t mind,” Elmer said.

“Maybe Elmer won’t mind, though,” I said.

I don’t like eating bread every day.

In this world, or rather, even in my previous life, there was something odd with Japan, since other people all over the world eat the same food all the time.

But I don’t like eating the same thing every day.

Curtis-chan’s posse arrived in droves.

“Hey, Makoto, what are we going to do today?” Curtis asked.

“I guess it’s something other than Hiyoko-Do,” I said.

“Uu... mayocorn...” Elmer lamented.

Let a maid buy it for you and then you can eat it.

However, if it’s a high-end restaurant, Corinna-chan would be in trouble.

With this number of people, it would be bad to ask Curtis-nii-chan to foot the bill, so I don’t know what to do.

“Okay, I’ll pay for everyone’s lunch, so let’s go to Kodo-Tei,” Lloyd said.

“Lloyd-ouji, isn’t that tax money?” I asked.

“I-I’ll take it out of my pocket money! I won’t put the burden on others...!”

“There are a lot of faction members,” I said.

“I’m already part of the Saint’s Faction, so that’s fine,” Lloyd said.

“But if I go out, I’ll be late for my afternoon class, so let’s not go to a fancy restaurant,” I said.

“It’ll be fine, skipping afternoon classes,” Lloyd said.

“It’s not good. We’re all students,” Gerald said.

“She’s right, Lloyd,” Kevin said.

“Muh, even you, Kevin-nii-chan,” Lloyd said.

Hmm, will Prince Kevin and Gerald come with us again?

Anyway, I went out into the hallway.

But there are a lot of people.

There’s Prince Kevin and Gerald with us.

Well, it’s okay since Lloyd-chan is the one paying for it.

“Lloyd-sama, Lloyd-samaaaaa!!”

There was a super high-pitched voice.

When I looked back, there was a strangely black, terrifying figure.

She was a black Gothic Lolita.

All black with frills on frills, black gloves, and black stockings.

She hides one eye with an eyepatch.

Ah, no, I had seen it in the game, so I was prepared for it, but seeing her in 3D is amazing.

She is a chuuni girl.

“Ju-Juliet!!” Lloyd stammered.

“Why did you leave me and go to lunch with someone else? I’m so saddened!” Juliet cried.

“Th-That’s a misunderstanding,” Lloyd said.

It’s not a misunderstanding, Lloyd-chan.

Juliet-sama glared at me and approached me.

“Are you the next girl Lloyd-sama is cheating with, hm?” Juliet said.

“What do you mean by this, huh? With such a poor body, do you think you can defeat me, is that it?”

Leave my poor body alone.

“I’m not helping him cheat on you,” I said. “I’m not interested in Lloyd-ouji.”

“Hyaah, that’s so cruel, Makoto-chi!” Lloyd cried.

“Wh-What are you doing, being so cruel to the second prince?” Juliet said, her whole body trembling.

“That’s... Makoto for you,” Elmer said.

Juliet’s frills also sway with her.

“Liar, you’re lying, you’re lying, you’re lying,” Juliet said. “Lloyd-ouji is so cool, so cute, and smells so good, I can’t believe there’s a girl who doesn’t like him, you’re a liar, you’re lying, you’re lying.”

Tsuuka, well, you look cool, but the way you talk is crazy, Juliet-sama.

Also, don’t let this girl sniff you, Lloyd.

“It’s not a lie, Prince Lloyd is unreliable and he’s not my type,” I said.

“Hauueehaefu,” Lloyd moaned, falling to his knees as he clutched his chest.

Prince Kevin looks on feeling sorry for him.

“You flat woman, you’re so abusive to my beloved Lloyd-ouji”, Juliet said.

Uruseiyai, she’s so annoying.

Juliet-sama came up to me and patted me on the shoulder.

—! !

There was something like a black shadow, like a miasma, on the shoulder where I was hit.

What’s this?

When I gathered light magic in my hand and hit it, the black miasma disappeared.

-A curse?!

“H-Huh?” Juliet said, surprised.

Juliet-sama slaps me again.

I will use Light magic to purify it.

“Ho-Ho-Ho-How, how are you doing this, how are you extinguishing my power?” Juliet stammered.

I hugged Juliet-sama tightly and felt the flow of miasma.

It's from inside the pochette bag on her waist.

I put my hand in her bag and pulled out the source of the curse.

It was a creepy doll with a suspicious face.

“Alice-chan...!! Stop, don't do anything terrible to Alice-chan, she's my friend, you can't, you can't...!”

Alice-chan in my hands is moving around with an eerie expression on her face.

This is a cursed doll or rather a magical creature.

“Shall I cleanse her?” I said.

“*Hyaa, stop it, I'm going to die,*” Alice squealed.

“She talks. Creepy,” I said.

“*Let me gooo,*” Alice squealed.

“Give me back Alice-chan, she's my precious friend that my Otou-sama gave me,” Juliet said, “please give her baaacckkk....”

Wow, she's genuinely crying.

As you might expect, even if it's a cursed doll, I'll be reluctant to purify someone's friend without permission.

“I'll give her back, but if anyone else has this miasma, I'll cleanse it without asking,” I said.

“Ah, Alice-chan, Alice-chan, you were scared, weren't you, of this violent brute?”

Juliet-sama isn't listening to me, is she?

I smacked my body and made the miasma from the Alice doll disappear.

Juliet-sama is about a hundred times worse than I thought.

Chapter 127

127 - Elmer Makes His Own Mayocorn

Everyone moved one by one to the top floor of the school building.

“Dulcie,” I said.

“Yes, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

“Contact Linda-san and ask her to gather her troops and come to the school, as we will be holding an inquisition after lunch,” I said.

“Understood,” Dulcie said

Carol looks at me with a quizzical look on her face.

“Just in case, Carol,” I explained.

“Is that so?” she asked.

“That doll is probably the suspicious thing here,” I said, “so, I need to question Juliet-sama’s Otou-san.”

“Shall I go with you, Makoto?” Carol asked.

“It’s okay, I’ll just accept your concern,” I said.

As long as Linda-san and the Temple Knights are there, everything will be fine.

Oh, I guess Jean-oji-san will get involved as part of the Ministry of Magic.

For now, as a member of Sacred Heart Temple, I have to question the cursed living doll.

I thought about this as I watched Juliet-sama climbing the stairs with Lloyd-chan in front of me.

Now, this is a restaurant with a high-class view.

This is the second time since I entered the school.

“Oh, I can’t believe we can eat here!”

“This is our first time with Corinna.”

“That’s right, I can’t afford this stupidly expensive place unless you pay for it,” Corinna said.

“Let’s thank Prince Lloyd and ask for something expensive.”

“Ah, I’m kind of excited.”

Corinna-chan is a small-time citizen.

There were quite a lot of people since this was most of the Saint’s Faction, two princes, and one bespectacled bastard.

It felt like we were sitting at four tables.

Lloyd-chan at the table next to me was grabbed by Juliet-sama and was calling for help with his eyes, but I didn’t know that, so it was all up to him.

Now then, what should I order?

Or rather, it’s a lunch plate.

There will be no time to order a full course.

I asked the waiter for the A lunch.

Today’s A menu seems to be beef fillet steak.

Carol ordered the B lunch of pork chop, and Corinna ordered an A lunch, too.

Elmer ordered corn in addition to his B lunch.

“You’re getting corn?” the server asked.

“About the corn... can I just order it as is... as a side dish?” Elmer asked.

“Th-That would be fine, but how much of it?” the server asked.

“A small plate... full... maybe... that would be good? And some mayonnaise...” Elmer said.

“Elmer, are you trying to make your own mayocorn bread?” I asked.

“If it’s not on the menu... then I’m fine... making it myself...” Elmer

replied.

“If you fill up a small plate, umm, that’s about three tablespoons of mayonnaise,” I said.

“Y-Yes, we’ll get it right away,” the server said.

I’ll check the taste later and adjust it to make it more like Hiyoko-Do.

Elmer is satisfied with his order.

Since it was lunch, the food came quickly.

Uhyoo, that’s fillet steak.

Pakuri, uhnn, it’s delicious.

They use good quality meat, as expected from a high-class restaurant.

“It’s delicious, it’s delicious, but it’s a shame that the food in the girls’ dormitory is also delicious these days, so I don’t think this is that amazing.”

“Ilda-san’s cooking is amazing, isn’t it?”

“That’s right, let’s go to the cafeteria again.”

“Where do you usually eat, Carol?” I asked.

“Anne will usually make me something in the kitchen,” Carol said.

“Are you eating alone?” I asked.

“Yeah,” Carol said.

“It’s better when we all eat together, so please come back to the cafeteria.”

“Indeed, I think I’ll go tonight,” Carol said.

Okay, okay, let’s reduce Carol’s solo eating habits this way.

It’s more fun and delicious when everyone eats together.

Elmer’s corn has arrived.

Wah, he put a heaping amount on a small plate.

Elmer put mayonnaise on top and stirred it.

The corn is falling down.

Elmer took a bite and his face looked like, “Oh, that’s not right.”

“Show me how it tastes,” I said.

“OK.....”

Pakuri.

Ah, the corn on this one is too good, and the mayonnaise beats it.

I add a little salt and a little pepper.

Oh, that’s pretty close.

“Ah, it feels like Hiyoko-Do’s... Makoto, thank you...” Elmer smiled and ate the corn-mayo mix on some bread.

“Delicious.....”

Elmer loves mayocorn.

“You can ask your maid to make it for you at home,” I said.

“I did just that...but... it tasted... not quite right,” Elmer said.

“Next time, I’ll ask Otou-chan to write the recipe,” I said.

“Really...?... Oh... thank you.”

Saying that Elmer ate the bread and looked happy.

Dulcie entered the high-class restaurant.

“Makoto-sama, the arrangements are complete.”

“Thank you, Dulcie,” I said.

Now then, the Inquisition will begin in the afternoon.

By the way, the Inquisition is an investigation against those who are believed to hold evil beliefs that are inconsistent with the teachings of the Sacred Heart Temple.

If it was serious, they would torture the suspect into confessing and

then burn them at the stake.

I won't go that far this time.

As long as we can get a convincing answer from the necromancer Abraham Campbell-sensei about why he gave that living doll to his daughter, there will be no problem.

The Temple and necromancy are incompatible.

This is because the doctrine of Sacred Heart Faith idealizes the circulation of souls and reincarnation.

It is in direct opposition to necromancy, which keeps souls on the earth and turns them into undead.

However, necromancy is popular in other countries, and we often fight undead on the battlefield, so it's troubling that we can't absolutely ban necromancy.

So then, what will happen at my first inquisition?

If they are practicing necromancy at the expense of the living, they must be destroyed.

I don't want to do that, though.

Chapter 128

128 - Vivian-sama Apologizes

Now then, since we'd finished lunch, I thought I was going to secure Juliet-sama, but then Prince Kevin came from another room somewhere, bringing Vivian-sama and Deborah-sama to me.

I wonder what's going on.

Vivian-sama came before me.

"I heard from Kevin-ouji, Kimball-sama, so if you so insist on bowing in apology, I would be happy to sign a treaty banning swords, bows, and poisons," Vivian said.

What are you talking about, this bitch?

"Huh? I think you should bow your head to me, but Vivian-sama, are your brains rotten?" I asked.

"Wha-What the hell is with your words?! You're just a baron's daughter!" Vivian yelled.

"That's right, that's right, know your status, Kimball-sama," Deborah added.

Uruseyo, Chicken Lady.

I stood up and faced them.

Behind the 2 of them, there are about 10 other ladies in their entourage.

But it's okay, I have a strong group of friends behind me.

"If we just quietly conclude a treaty right now, we won't have to embarrass ourselves," I said.

"What are you talking about? Your faction must have started whining because they were afraid of our use of force!!"

Vivian said.

“That’s right, you’re so cocky despite being the loser,” Deborah said.

Ah, I see. Well then, let’s have Vivian-sama embarrass herself in a flashy place like this high-class restaurant.

In order to help Vivian-sama save face, Prince Kevin intervened, but I guess he didn’t understand anything in the end.

“Currently, I am speaking as the head of the Saint’s Faction,” I said. “Our faction has grown rapidly and is currently the second largest faction after the Royal Faction.”

The customers at the restaurant were all paying attention to me and Vivian-sama.

Everyone was nodding in agreement.

Now then, this is where the sophistry begins.

“So, what is with that attitude, Vivian-sama?” I asked. “Is that how you behave towards the head of a superior faction?

Are you so addicted to armed violence that you have completely forgotten how to be polite?”

“Wh-What are you talking about...?!” Vivian screamed. “Yo-You’re just a baker’s girl who was lifted from commoner status!! You’re so impertinent!!”

“Hold your tongue, Vivian-sama, I am a Faction Head, and our faction also includes members of Duke Appleby,” I said.

Yuriyuri-senpai was looking at me with a grin on her face.

When she raised her hand, the audience let out a roar.

“Th-That’s~, I-I won’t forgive you, how disrespectful to Duke Pottinger’s family, which is connected to the royal family,” Vivian said.

She is so angry that she pulls out an iron fan with her right hand.

Kukeke, go ahead, try hitting me with something like that, you won’t be able to beat me with a war of words, so you’ll be called a violent barbarian, and it’ll be a great shame on your reputation.

“That’s why both the intelligence agents of House Wilkinson and the

shadow operatives of House Mahler are leaving your faction,” I said.
“You, Vivian-sama, lack leadership skills.”

“Insolence...!! Stay right there...!!”

Barin, Gashan!!

The iron fan that Vivian-sama swung in anger struck my Barrier and stopped.

“Wh-What is this...?”

“Maria-sama’s special Barrier spell is Light magic that cannot be replicated by magic tools,” I said.

“Y-You really can use Light magic...” Vivian said.

“I am a candidate for the Saint of Light,” I said.

Vivian-sama’s face turned pale.

“You believed I wasn’t the real deal because Deborah-sama called me a false saint and you believed her,” I said.

“I-I can’t believe this is true...” Vivian said.

“However, since I am a genuine saint candidate, the Sacred Heart Temple will fully support me,” I said.

Vivian-sama took a step back, breathing heavily.

Deborah-sama’s face was as white as a sheet.

“It doesn’t matter if we don’t conclude the Treaty Against the Use of Swords, Bows, and Poison, but the one who will be in trouble is you, Vivian-sama,” I said.

“I-I’m not in any trouble, it-it’s you,” Vivian said.

“You didn’t do anything as the faction head when your men lost their fingers,” I said.

“Huh, tha-that didn’t happen?” Vivian said.

“Deborah-sama kept you from knowing, didn’t she?” I said.

Vivian-sama looked at Deborah-sama.

Deborah-sama looks away.

“Ho-How is that possible?! For a faction member to get hurt, and injured because of m-me...”

“You haven’t paid any compensation to the injured men of your faction,” I said. “Can you really say that you’re in charge of your organization?”

“Deborah...!!”

“Yo-You’ve got it wrong, there were two or three of them, and they were knights, so they did not need to report it to you,” Deborah said.

“For such a small number of faction subordinates and yet providing no comfort to the injured, that is not something a duke’s family would do...!!” Vivian-sama yelled at Deborah-sama.

“There weren’t just two or three people,” I said. “There were more than ten.”

“That’s a lie! There was a report that they were treated, but the circumstances were too suspicious...!” Deborah-sama said, flustered as she pointed a finger at me.

“What are you talking about? Even if it’s suspicious, I healed them,” I said.

“Why would you heal someone from a hostile faction who draws a sword and attacks you?!!”

“If I show mercy to them, they’ll probably get confused next time, and then they’ll start to feel distrustful of their superiors,” I said.

Deborah-sama’s mouth dropped open.

Vivian-sama’s eyes went wide.

“That’s not true, Makoto is just a good-natured person,” Curtis said.

“...Well, that is true, but...it’s better to make it seem... like it’s a scheme...” Elmer said.

Urusaiyo, Curtis and Elmer.

“Yo-You healed their injuries?” Vivian asked.

"I healed them, Vivian-sama," I said.

Vivian-sama gritted her teeth.

Then she bowed her head a little.

Oro?

"I despise you, but for healing my subordinates' injuries, thank you..."
Vivian said.

"Vivian-sama, you can't show that to a baker's daughter!!"

Vivian-sama slapped Deborah-sama on the cheek hard enough to make a sound.

"Shut up! How much do you think I've been embarrassed by your inaccurate information?"

"B-But-But...-!!"

Tears were flowing from Deborah-sama's eyes.

Well, I guess this is enough.

If we do more than this, I'm not going to like how the Saint's Faction gets a win.

"Then, both parties have no complaints," Gerald said. "Sign this document and the treaty will be concluded. Please read the terms carefully."

Gerald produced a parchment document signed by Prince Kevin already.

Yuriyuri-senpai came over and checked the requirements.

"No problem, Ryoshu."

"Thank you, Yulisha-senpai," I said.

I signed "Makoto Kimball" under Prince Keni's signature.

Vivian-sama also looked frustrated and signed underneath.

Well, with this, there won't be any serious attacks until next year.

Congratulations.

“I will not forgive you, Makoto Kimball. I was a fool to call you just a baker’s girl. I see you now as a saint candidate and a strong enemy, and I will crush you.”

“Other than through swords, arrows, and poison,” I said. “If that’s the case, there won’t be a problem.”

“Deborah, let’s go!”

“Ye-Yes...!

Vivian-sama left the restaurant with the still-crying Deborah-sama plus their confused entourage.

Hooray, I won, I won.

“Serves you right,” I said.

A cheer went up from the entire restaurant.

Uhihi, thank you, thank you.

Chapter 129

Juliet-sama, Secured!

Gerald clapped his hands. "Impressive, very impressive, you truly are a saint candidate, Kimball."

"Gerald, you intentionally set Vivian-sama on me," I said.

"I wanted you two to fight each other. You handled it well."

Tsk, he's such a bastard.

"Well done, that felt refreshing," Carol said.

"You were great," Corinna said.

When I sat down again, Carol and Corinna-chan patted me on the back.

Uhihi.

Well, after we have some tea, let's secure Juliet-sama, shall we?

Zuzuzu.

Juliet-sama is still clinging to Lloyd-chan and talking to him about various things.

Lloyd-chan responds with a troubled look on his face.

"Dulcie," I said.

"Yes, Makoto-sama."

"Help me."

"Understood."

I stand up and walk towards Juliet-sama.

"Juliet-sama," I said.

"W-what? Do you need something?" Juliet stammered.

"I, Makoto Kimball, summon you to an Inquisition as a priestess of the

Sacred Heart Temple,” I said.

“Ha-Hah?” Juliet said. “What are you talking about? I’m the daughter of a marquis, so there’s no such thing as having an Inquisition called on me.”

“This is the right of the Sacred Heart Temple as determined by national law,” I said. “All citizens living in the Kingdom of Appleton must cooperate and clear their suspicions if they are subjected to an Inquisition.”

Lloyd-chan turns his head and stares at me.

“M-Makoto-chi... Yo-You’re kidding, aren’t you?”

“No, I won’t pretend to be a priestess of Sacred Heart Temple as a joke,” I said.

“Juliet is m-my fiancé, right?” Lloyd said.

“Yes, that’s right, but even if you are a member of the royal family, a Sacred Heart priestess can invoke the Inquisition,” I said.

“B-but, that’s,” Lloyd stammered.

I took my eyes off Lloyd-chan and looked at Juliet-sama.

“I would like to speak not only to Juliet-sama, but also to the necromancer Abraham Campbell-kyoju. I will come to the Campbell family’s townhouse. Please accompany me, Juliet-sama.”

“I don’t want to, I don’t want to, I don’t want to be tortured, I don’t want that~,” Juliet squealed.

“I won’t torture you. It’s just a preliminary investigation,” I said.

“Un-Understood, I’ll accompany you, too,” Lloyd said.

“Ueeehhnnn, Lloyd-sama~~,” Juliet wailed as she clung to Lloyd-chan.

Lloyd-chan pats Juliet-sama on the head.

“Elmer, this is why I’m skipping class this afternoon,” I said.

“Gumu... magically speaking... it seems interesting... can I accompany my Chichi...?” Elmer said.

“I was going to ask Jean-oji-san, could you go over there and ask him for me?”

“Understood... please wait at the carriage pool...” Elmer said before he got up and left the restaurant.

I attached Dulcie to Juliet-sama and took her away.

Lloyd-chan is walking hand in hand with her.

Surprisingly, you have your good points, Lloyd-chan.

“Then, I’m heading out,” I said.

“Understood, be careful,” Carol said.

“You’re always so busy, aren’t you?” Corinna said.

“Well, can’t help it,” I replied.

I wave goodbye at Carol and Corinna-chan then follow after Juliet-sama.

I went down the stairs and headed for the back door of the school building.

The Temple Knights are lined up in the carriage pool with Linda leading them, and they look very intimidating.

There are also several carriages with the Great Temple’s mark on them.

It seems that the Temple Knights came riding in two large carriages.

It’s like a large bus with six horses pulling it.

“Linda-san, this is the daughter of Marquis Campbell, Juliet Campbell, who we will be investigating,” I said. “She and her father, Abraham Campbell-kyoju, will be interrogated.”

“Understood, what’s the charge?” Linda said.

“It’s the use of necromancy without permission,” I said. “Even if they’re guilty, it’s not that bad of a crime, so don’t be too intimidating.”

“Understood, we will comply,” Linda said. “I am excited about getting

to interrogate a heretic after all this time.”

No, don't get excited.

I invited the crying Juliet-sama to a luxury carriage, and I pushed Lloyd-chan in, and then got on myself, too.

“Makoto-chi, what is that crime?” Lloyd said. “If you denigrate the marquis' family with a petty crime, even if you are a saint candidate, you won't be able to get away with it.”

“Juliet-sama, please let Alice out,” I said.

“Uuu, I won't, you're so scary,” Juliet whimpered.

“There are suspicions that human sacrifices are being used for the living dolls owned by you, Juliet-sama,” I said. “It is prohibited by national law to perform necromancy by sacrificing the living.”

“Alice-chan isn't a bad girl...” Juliet said.

“Is Alice that creepy doll?” Lloyd asked.

“Not you too, Lloyd-sama, waaaahhh!”

“Aah, sorry, sorry, Juliet, I'm sorry,” Lloyd-chan says as Juliet-sama bursts into desperate tears.

But she depends on Alice.

I don't know what it really is, but it seems like a monster or a dead spirit.

The fact that it was given to her by her father, Campbell-sensei, means it must be something related to the spirits of the dead.

Elmer came with Jean-oji-san.

“Sorry for bothering you, Jean-oji-san,” I said.

“No, no, it would be important if we were investigating Campbell-kyoju's activities,” Jean said. “Even the Ministry of Magic can't ignore that.”

“Clayton-oji-sama, please scold this ignorant person!” Juliet said.
“She's going to give me and my Otou-sama a hard time.”

“No, no, it’s okay, Juliet-kun, I’m with you so they won’t do anything bad,” Jean said. “Even if it’s called the Inquisition, it’s not that big of a deal.”

“...It’s okay, Juliet-sama...” Elmer said.

“If Clayton-oji-san and Elmer-both sama say so...I’ll put up with it,” Juliet said.

Yeah, yeah, that’s good.

Just shut up, and let the trial take place.

The group of horse-drawn carriages carrying us all headed for the Campbell family’s townhouse along the capital’s central road.

Chapter 130

What Is The True Identity Of The Living Doll Alice? (1)

The carriage is traveling along the capital's main street.

Goto-goto.

It's not the highest quality carriage, so it shakes a bit.

"However, to have the qualifications of a priestess at your age, it's quite impressive for a saint candidate, yes?" Jean-oji-san said.

"I took the exam last year," I said. "I can be in charge of a congregation that is about the size of a parish."

"As expected... it is you, Makoto..." Elmer said.

Well, thanks to that, I gained a lot of unnecessary knowledge about things like parish management and Temple management.

The exam was mainly about theology.

I have a good memory, so I passed the exam easily.

The carriage stopped.

It seems we have arrived at Marquis Campbell's residence.

I open the door and get out of the carriage.

"Uwah, the marquis' mansion looks like it's haunted~, " I said.

"Wh-What are you saying?" Juliet stammered. "Excuse me for having taste I suppose."

Iyaa, this isn't taste, it seems more like a haunted mansion than a building with a certain style.

It's a gloomy, gothic-looking building with creeping ivy covering its walls.

I wonder if the neighborhood kids are scared of them.

You could say that this is a mansion suitable for a master of

necromancy.

The carriage with the Temple's emblem comes to a halt, and armored Temple Knights step out and form up on the road.

The soldier guarding the gate approaches me for some reason.

"This is the Sacred Heart Temple," I said. "We have come to hold an Inquisition with Abraham Campbell-kyoju as the target."

"Hu-Huh, i-is that so...? An Inquisition?!" the guard shouted.

"Is Campbell-kyoju home?" I asked.

"He-He's here, b-but, could you please wait for a while?" the guard said.

"I would like Kyoju to intercede," I said.

"Ri-Right away," the guard said.

The young soldier leaned his spear against the door of the guardhouse next to the gate and then rushed into the mansion in a panic.

We wait in front of the gate for a while.

An elderly steward rushed out of the mansion, looking panicked, as well.

"I-Is the Inquisition really happening?" he said.

"Yes, in the name of Makoto Kimball, a priestess of the Sacred Heart Temple and candidate for sainthood, we are holding an Inquisition," I said.

"F-For now, please come in," the steward said.

The gatekeepers opened the main gate.

Let's take the carriages inside for now.

I leave the Temple Knights in the front garden and enter the mansion with Linda-san alone.

Following me were Lloyd-chan, Juliet-sama, Jean-oji-san, and Elmer.

As I entered the luxurious entrance hall, a handsome middle-aged man

came down the front stairs.

“Oh dear, oh dear, this is quite the odd group of guests, isn’t it?” he said. “Welcome to the Campbell Residence.”

The handsome, middle-aged man in a tight suit and monocle smiled, this was Abraham Campbell-kyoju, Necromancer.

“Abraham Campbell-kyoju, I am Makoto Kimball, a priestess of the Sacred Heart Temple and a saint candidate.

Today I have come to investigate you in the name of an Inquisition.”

“Pardon?” Campbell-kyoju tilted his head.

“Otouto-sama, this bitch is giving my Alice a hard time!! Please scold and punish her!!”

“Alice? Aah, is that the doll you mentioned? Where is it?” Linda asked.

“Juliet-sama, could you please let Alice out?” I asked.

Juliet-sama pouted but took Alice out of her pochette and held her to her chest.

“This has a human soul in it,” I said.

“... Ah, it does indeed. I will not object to that,” Campbell said.

“Didn’t you sacrifice the souls of the living?” I asked.

Campbell-kyoju laughed, amused. “She was already dead, Saint Candidate. We made a deal that we would donate some money to her relatives in exchange for the soul.”

Was she already dead?

In that case, it’s a very gray area.

“Alice was a maid who was one year younger than Juliet, and they grew up together like sisters, but unfortunately she fell ill during an epidemic,” Campbell explained. “She and I both wanted her to continue to be with Juliet, as well, so I used necromancy to have her soul inhabit the doll”

“Hmm, in that case, it’s within the scope of scientific research,” Jean

said.

“Thank you, Clayton-daijin,” Linda said.

“Is that all you are suspicious about?” Campbell-kyoju said, smiling.

A monetary transaction is made with the consent of the person in question.

There seems to be no problem so far.

“Juliet-sama was applying curses to people using Alice as a medium,” I said.

“What the?!” Campbell-kyoju cried, whipping his head to Juliet-sama.

“Th-Tha-That’s wrong, Otou-sama,” Juliet-sama stammered. “I just applied a little bit, just a little bit, of the power coming from Alice to the people that I don’t like, i-it’s not that big of a deal.”

Campbell-kyoju approached Juliet-sama and took Alice away.

“How, this should be impossible, how is there a curse, there’s no way a curse could occur,” Campbell said.

“And yet it’s happening right now,” I said.

An ominous miasma is coming out of Alice’s body and spilling onto the floor.

“I think it will cause enough miasma to latch onto people, and that Juliet-sama will be affected in the long run,” I said.

“Alice’s wishes had been fulfilled, there is no way a curse will occur,” Campbell said. “Hey, Alice, what do you want?”

“I want to be with you two, itai~, I want to be with Julie, itai, itai.”

“Do you have any memories from when you were alive?” Campbell asked.

“It’s too much~ it’s too much to handle~, but, but, together with Julie, together with her, together~”

“You still have an ego, that’s impossible, you’re supposed to be a living doll,” Campbell said.

“Is the spell different from what you expected?” I asked.

“Umu, I intended to make a living doll that would give a fixed response when you talk to her, and only move occasionally, but what’s this obsession inside her?” Campbell said. ” It’s abnormal.”

“O-Otou-sama, what happened? Is something wrong with Alice?” Juliet said.

Campbell-kyoju is rolling up Alice’s clothes and checking the magic circle underneath.

Well, it’s kind of perverted when you look at it from the outside.

He looks like a middle-aged man with a doll fetish.

Chapter 131

What Is The True Identity Of The Living Doll Alice? (2)

“Juliet, there’s a problem with this doll, I’ll keep her until it’s resolved, okay?” Campbell said.

“Ye-Yes, Otou-sama, please fix her quickly,” Juliet said.

“Understood,” Campbell-kyoju said as he stuffed the trembling Alice into his jacket pocket. “Makoto-sama, you’ve saved me, I was about to contaminate my daughter with curse miasma. I owe you my gratitude.”

“No, I apologize for suddenly invoking the Inquisition, the situation was just so urgent.”

“To make that decision must have been painful,” Campbell said.
“Thank you also to Sacred Heart Temple.”

When Campbell-kyoju said this to Linda-san, she silently nodded.

... Don’t be upset because it didn’t turn out to be a disaster, Linda-san.

That’s right, we can’t do all the crazy things because the Temple is a religious organization.

“Ah, yes, there is something I would like to discuss with the Saint Candidate,” Campbell said.

“What is it, Campbell-kyoju?” I asked.

“Makoto-sama, have you learned how to resurrect people?” Campbell replied.

“Resurrection is the highest secret technique in Light magic,” I said. “I heard that Bianca-sama was able to learn it, but Maria-sama couldn’t. I’m still at an intermediate level, so I can’t use Resurrection.”

Campbell-kyoju looked disappointed.

What, do you want me to revive someone?

“Let me show you, come this way,” Campbell-kyoju said as he led me to the back of the grand staircase.

Everyone follows behind.

Behind the grand staircase were stairs leading to the basement.

The air is crisp and cold.

When I followed Campbell-kyoju down, I found a large room, and in the center of it was a beautiful woman trapped in a crystal-like glass container.

"This is my wife," Campbell said. "After giving birth to Juliet, she died due to poor health and postpartum complications."

"Huh."

"My earnest wish is to revive my wife, Rosamia. Is there anything that your magic can do in the future, Makoto-sama?"

If Rosamia can be brought back to life, I will do anything for you," Campbell-kyoju said, bowing deeply to me.

Juliet also bows her head. "Please revive Okaa-sama, Saint-sama," she said.

.....

No, that's impossible.

"Do you know about Lady Bianca's Ressurrection spell, Kyoju?" I asked.

"Yes, I hear that she brought back all people, young and old," Campbell said.

That person is a user of Space-Time magic.

Even with Resurrection, if she could do something about it, I'd probably be able to jump over the gap between death and life...

"She's brought anyone back to life, but it doesn't work unless they're freshly dead," I said.

"Huh?" Campbell said.

"Bianca-sama's biography says that it's only possible for 3 days after death, but after that, it's impossible," I said.

“W-What did you just, then, in that case, Rosamia is already...”
Campbell stammered.

“Yes, this is just a beautiful corpse,” I said.

“Then in that case, is necromancy my only option...?” Campbell
whispered.

“Campbell-kyoju, that’s...” Jean-oji-san muttered in a low voice.

If Campbell brings his wife back as an undead, I’ll seriously
interrogate him for heresy.

When I let out my anger, Linda-san read it and put her hand on her
sword.

Oops, normal, be normal.

“They say the soul leaves the body in 3 days, so it can’t come back to
life after that,” I said.

“I, see.....” Campbell muttered.

“Has Okaa-sama’s soul already disappeared?” Juliet asked.

“It won’t disappear; the soul is immortal and reincarnates over and
over again...” I said.

The Kogitsunemaru on my waist started ringing.

Oro?

The pattern is shining.

When I gripped the handle, a glowing ball appeared in my field of
vision.

It’s near the chest of Rosamia-san’s body.

Hmm? It’s like I’m hallucinating, not seeing it.

What is that?

When I saw the light rising toward the sky, I realized that this was the
trajectory of the soul.

Is it a spell to see the trajectory of souls?

The ball of light rises into the sky.

“What’s wrong... Makoto?” Elmer asked.

“It looks like you’ve just learned how to use a Soul Tracking spell,” Jean said.

Rather than learning it, I guess it’s because it’s part of Kogitsunemaru.

What are you talking about? Are you saying it’s like Famicom cassettes, they record things for you?

The ball of light rises far into the sky and begins to move.

Waaaahhh, countless balls of light.

A group of souls is moving.

Rosamia’s soul is very bright and central, making it easy to recognize her.

I wonder what it is like, like wandering in the sky?

This feels like fast-forwarding time.

Oh, it’s circling the stratosphere, huh? Or rather, there is a stratosphere in this world.

In the darkness where my eyes were closed, countless points of light circled in the distance.

Rosamia’s soul travels through the sky, down, down, to the southern hemisphere, around the globe, and then returns above my head.

It’s amazing, now I realize that this world is a planet.

Oh, it’s coming down to the ground.

I thought it would come to the royal capital, but it landed a little further away.

“Has she been reborn?” Campbell asked.

“If it headed that way, then...” I said.

“Has Okaa-sama been reborn?” Juliet said.

“Looks like it, in that direction,” I said.

“It’s in the location of House Campbell’s territory,” Campbell said.

The glowing ball that seems to have been reborn stops for a while, then moves around.

Have you grown into a child?

They didn’t move much from a city-like place.

“Let’s go look for her, right now,” Campbell said.

“Yes, Otou-sama, let’s welcome Okaa-sama’s reincarnation,” Juliet said.

“Huh?” I asked.

It’s moving towards this mansion.

I wonder what it is...

The sphere of light came closer again.

They are moving around in the mansion above me.

—Juliet-oujou-sama, I’ll be with you.

Perhaps because I was close to the sphere of light, I could hear a small voice.

—Dan’na-sama seems like a kind person, too, but I wonder why I feel like crying when I look at him?

The voice of a small servant girl.

Ah, I see, I see.

Rosamia-san was reincarnated as the maid Alice.

Chapter 132

What Is The True Identity Of The Living Doll Alice? (3)

Alice's sphere of light moves around inside and outside the mansion.

—Juliet-ojousama, ojou-sama, I love her. My heart delights when I look at her.

Alice's small voice is filled with joy.

—It's so fun, I'm so happy, I wonder how lucky I am to work for the marquis's family.

Cheerful laughter was running around the mansion.

I see I see.

She's happy because she gets to work near her husband and daughter from her previous life.

Is she spinning around and playing with Juliet?

Alice's sphere of light then stops moving in a cabin outside the mansion.

The light gradually becomes weaker.

—It hurts, I'm sad, my body hurts so much. I can't see Ojou-sama or Dan'na-sama.

It's the epidemic.

Two years ago, a terrible epidemic broke out in the royal capital and many people died.

We were scared, too, because the bakery was swept up in it.

—Dan'na-sama said he would put my soul into a doll so that I could be with Ojou-sama forever. I'm so happy. Thank you.

The light of the soul becomes dull and small.

Ah, you turned into a doll.

-Ju-li-et-o-jou-sa-ma, to-ge-ther. Together, forever.

Their desire to be together forever becomes an obsession, and her very existence creates a miasma and begins to form the curse.

This is the curse of the undead.

A small, dull light moved around the capital, then stopped in Campbell-kyoju's suit pocket.

I took a deep breath and opened my eyes.

Campbell-kyoju and Juliet-sama are staring at me.

"Rosamia-sama's soul has taken on a new life as the maid Alice," I said.

"What did you just say?!" Campbell cried.

"Alice has received Okaa-sama's soul," Juliet repeated.

Campbell-kyoju sat down on the floor.

Juliet-sama followed suit and sat with him.

"Aah, what have I done? Rosamia who was so dear to me, Rosamia, please forgive me...!" Campbell-kyoju wails as he takes Alice out of his pocket, hugs her, and cries like a child.

"Dan'na-sa-ma~, it hurts~"

"Oh, Alice, you were Okaa-sama's reincarnation."

"I don't understand."

Juliet-sama also clung to Alice as Kyoju hugged her, and she started crying, too.

Alice was the only one looking around in confusion as if she couldn't take in the situation.

"What have I done? if I had known that, I would have gone out of my way to order medicine that would have cured the plague," Campbell said.

"Ah, that's why I felt so at ease when I was with Alice. Alice, Alice," Juliet wailed.

"I can't be without you two, either~, " Alice wailed, patting them on the shoulders.

I approached the father and daughter.

"Alice is creating a miasma out of her obsession wanting to be with Juliet-sama and Campbell-kyoju forever," I said.

"That's right, the undead who cling onto their life's desires are prime candidates for becoming evil spirits," Campbell said. "Aah, it's all my fault."

"Alice, Alice~~...." Juliet wails.

"I'll purify Alice," I said.

"Noooo! No, no, don't take Alice from me...!!" Juliet screeches.

"If this continues, Alice will continue to create curses indefinitely," I said.

"It's not a curse!! I force it on others!! I don't want to say goodbye to Alice, uwaaaaahhhnnnn...!"

Juliet-sama starts crying anew..

"You were putting curses on people?" Jean-oji-san said.

"Because Alice looked like she was suffering from the miasma, so I don't feel sorry for them," Juliet said.

"If you regularly apply curses, even to criminals, then..." Campbell said.

"Campbell-kyoju..." Jean-oji-san said before he shook his head.

"Not leaving~, not leaving~, Julie~"

Alice reached out and gently patted Juliet-sama on the shoulder.

Juliet-sama grimaced and cried.

Now, this is probably the turning point of fate.

The fate of Juliet-sama and Campbell-kyoju will probably be decided here.

If they could part with Alice and let me purify her, they would probably be able to live happily ever after.

If they stick to Alice and allow her to exist as a living doll, they will become enemies of the Temple.

Constantly engulfed by the miasma, their bodies adapt to the curse, and they turn into lichens without even intending to and start collecting materials to create undead.

This is surely the beginning of Juliet-sama's lichdom in Lloyd-chan's route.

I will not force Juliet-sama's choice.

It's someone else's choice, she's free to choose whatever she wants.

If she leaves Alice in this world, we'll just back off and prepare for a real Inquisition in the future.

After that, Juliet-sama repeatedly hyperventilates.

She probably knew in her head that returning Alice to heaven was the right thing to do.

It is her love that is resisting.

Love is our source of joy, however, sometimes it causes pain to the point of death.

Now, what should we do, Juliet-sama?

"You'll see her again, Juliet."

"Lloyd-sama... Lloyd-samaaa..."

"It's okay, you've already met her once again, and I'm sure I'll meet your Okaa-san and Alice again," Loid said.

That's how the world works, so, that's why, that's why,"

Tears build up in his eyes.

"I'm sure, I will, I will meet Elton again someday, so it will be with you too, right, Juliet?"

Elton is the name of the deceased Third Prince.

I see.

I guess Lloyd was feeling sad too.

I hope they can meet again.

Juliet-sama took a deep breath.

She stands up easily.

Power fills her eyes and she looks straight at me.

“Please, Saint-sama, please return Okaa-sama and Alice to heaven!!”

Okay, you chose well, Juliet-sama!!

Chapter 133

Returning Rosamia-Alice-san To Heaven

I clapped my hands.

“Now then, we will perform Alice’s ascension ceremony.”

The Ascension Ceremony is the final step of the Sacred Heart’s funeral rites.

It is meant to return the soul to the Goddess and make them ascend to heaven.

I pulled out Kogitsunemaru and stuck it on the stone pavement in the basement.

Without any resistance, the sword pierces the stone and stands up.

“I send the soul of this believer Alice to the Goddess. This person’s soul has come to earth and grown up, going through hardships and joys.”

When I recite the scriptures, Kogitsunemaru makes a ringing sound as if it were chanting.

Light overflows from the basement where the sword pierced it, flooding the area.

“This is.....”

“Is this Holy magic...?”

“I will dedicate the joys and sorrows engraved in this soul to the Goddess, and as a pure and innocent existence, I send Alice’s soul back to the heavens.”

The living doll Alice stands up and welcomes the light.

Normally, it wouldn’t be enveloped in light, but it’s because its soul is tainted by a curse.

It is purified with holy light before being sent up.

Suddenly, the doll falls down and a ball of light emerges from it.

“Throw away all your regrets, throw off everything including your sadness and joy, love and hate, and return to as you were in the beginning.”

My scripture recitation is also much louder than usual.

The light emitted by Kogitsunemaru supports my spine, and my voice resonates strongly from my vocal cords.

The light purifies the ball.

It removes the miasma’s taint and enhances its glow.

The ball grows larger and takes the shape of a shining white girl.

“Alice...Alice!!!” Juliet-sama cried.

“It was my fault,” Campbell-kyoju said. “Please forgive me, Alice.”

Alice’s vision looked at Campbell-kyoju and nodded her head slightly.

Then, she bowed in gratitude towards the two of them.

“Please chant along! ‘Blessings to the Sky of Light!’”

“”””Blessings to the Sky of Light!””””

Everyone in the basement speaks in unison.

The title of the game comes from the closing words of the scripture.

Ah, I understand now.

The Sky of Light is the stratosphere where souls circulate.

All humans should send their blessings towards it.

Open your hands and point them towards the sky.

Blessings upon it.

Alice’s sphere of light rises into the sky with great force.

I close my eyes.

I can still see the light.

It will rise forever and ever.

“Aah, Alice, Alice...!! Uwaaaaahhh...!”

“Aaah, aah, Rosamia, aaaahhh...” Campbell wailed.

When the ball of light reached the stratosphere, it flashed once and then disappeared.

“May the winds blow favorably for Alice as she heads to the Goddess and on her next journey.”

“””May the winds blow favorably.””””

The Ascension Ceremony ended with everyone chanting their farewell words.

Juliet-sama was crying, and Lloyd-chan was hugging her and patting her on the back.

I pulled Kogitsunemaru from the floor and sheathed my sword.

“Aah, by the goddess, I thought I could become something beyond life and death through Necromancy,” Campbell-kyoju said. “However, that was child’s play compared to this. How is nature so large and humans so small?”

Campbell-kyoju holds his chest as he struggles to squeeze the words out.

Well, he’s right, the undead aren’t that bad.

Beings without death become infinitely carefree and transform into beings different from humans.

If a person has no regrets after death, even if they become undead, they can temporarily retain the same personality they had when they were alive.

However, since there is no being alive who does not have any regrets, it gradually begins to create a miasma and becomes a mass of curses.

People say necromancers become high-ranking undead about once every 100 years, saying that they’re fine, but inevitably they become corrupted and cause a necromantic disaster that swallows up an entire city, and heroes and saints and others become corrupted, so they will need to be exterminated.

“Thank you, Saint Makoto-sama. I have woken up,” Campbell-kyoju said. “I will convert to the Temple.”

“I see, that’s a relief,” I said. “However, there are enemy countries and other people who use Necromancy, so please continue your research.”

“Understood, from now on I will research ways to counter Necromancy,” Campbell-kyoju said, getting on his knees and bowing to me.

“That’s good news,” Clayton said. “Shall we establish an Anti-Necromancy Department in the Magic Tower?”

“Let’s do that, Clayton-daijin,” Campbell said. “Let’s cooperate with the Temple and uncover the weaknesses of Necromancy.”

Well, Necromancy is troublesome, so it’s good that research into countermeasures is becoming more active.

Juliet-sama came over, her eyes red and her nose twitching. “Thank you, Seijou-sama,” she said. “Thank you for taking Alice away!”

“I don’t need any special thanks or anything, it’s a priestess’s job.”

I reached out and patted Juliet-sama’s head.

“You made a good decision, that was strong of you,” I said.

“Lloyd-sama was, Lloyd-sama was pushing me, and if it had been up to me, I never would have been able to make up my mind, uwaaannn!”

There, there, don’t cry, don’t cry.

“Prince Lloyd was also admirable,” I said. “I’ve reconsidered my stance on you a bit.”

“I see, I guess you’ve fallen in love with me, hehehe,” Lloyd said.

“Don’t even think about it,” I said, grabbing Lloyd-chan’s head and spinning it around.

“O-Ow, that hurts, what are you doing to the prince of a country...?!” Lloyd complained.

Juliet-sama was looking at me intently.

Will she get jealous again?

“Seijou-sama, I want to join the Saint’s Faction.”

Huuh?

“Makoto-chi, don’t make a sour face,” Lloyd said.

“N-No, you see, I don’t have any friends, so I want to be friends with you, Seijou-sama,” Juliet said.

Well, since the cursed miasma has been around so far, I guess no young lady has approached Juliet-sama.

Or rather, even without the curse, she still looks like a chuunibyou.

“Well that’s fine, Juliet,” Campbell-kyoju said, “I agree with you. Seijou-sama, House Campbell would like to join the Saint’s Faction.”

“Oh, I see, Campbell-kyoju, I’m the adult contact for the Saint’s Faction, and you’re most welcome,” Jean said.

“This is such a stroke of luck,” Campbell said.

Heeey, Jean-ojii-san, don’t advance negotiations without the leader’s consent.

“Then, I am officially a member of the Saint’s Faction,” Lloyd-chan said.

“You can’t be a member, Prince Lloyd,” I said.

“Huh?”

If a marquis’ daughter and the second prince join, it will surpass the Royal Faction.

No matter what, we can’t become the number one faction in the country.

Chapter 134

I Return To School And Relax In The Club Room

The carriage has left the Campbell Residence and is heading straight for school.

“What a wonderful thing you showed me, Leader,” Jean-oji-san said as he sat next to me.

“Iyaah, it’s nothing special, it’s just a normal priestess’s duty,” I said, feeling embarrassed.

“I’ve never seen an ascension ceremony where I could feel the magical power of the Goddess so intensely,” Jean-oji-san continued. “It was amazing.”

“... I felt close to the Goddess...” Elmer muttered.

That’s right, the average person doesn’t feel very close to the Goddess.

Even I feel Her presence sometimes.

It seems like the power of the Goddess comes from underground.

The general public’s impression is that it falls from the sky, but that power comes from the depths of the earth.

I wonder if it’s an image of the Earth Mother Goddess.

It is also an image of a hot spring.

Maybe the Goddess is a hot spring.

“How long till Alice be reincarnated, Saint-sama?” Juliet-sama said as she held Alice’s doll, now an empty vessel.

“Maybe in about a year,” I said.

“So it’s going to take some time, huh?” Juliet-sama said. “Could you please tell me where Alice will be reincarnated?”

“Soul-tracking magic is useless there because it consumes a lot of magic power,” I said. “This time it seems it was special.”

“Is that so? Chieh,” Juliet-sama huffed, pouting.

I don’t really feel like researching the reincarnation destination of a dead person.

I’m sure everyone wants to know, so I feel like they’ll be busy investigating.

I think it would be better to just say it can’t be done.

It also feels kind of sneaky.

“I think it’s a good idea to be kind to little children because they might be the reincarnation of a loved one,” I said.

“Yeah, that’s very good,” Lloyd-chan said, nodding.

I feel like this is the underlying reason why the elders of the Sacred Heart Temple are so kind to children.

When I looked out the window, I saw a large carriage of the Temple Knights turning onto the road to the Great Temple.

When I waved to Linda-san, the driver, she smiled and waved back at me.

It was the first Inquisition in my life, but I’m glad it went well.

I’m glad Linda-san didn’t get into a situation where she had to become violent.

Our carriage arrived at the school.

We park at the carriage pool.

When I got out of the carriage, Jean-oji-san didn’t come down.

“Well then, Makoto-kun, see you tomorrow,” he said.

“Yes, it was a great help to have you come with us, Jean-oji-san,” I said. “Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it, I don’t mind, I’ll do whatever you need, so feel free to ask,” Jean-oji-san said.

And with that, he closed the carriage door.

The carriage drives away towards the Magic Tower.

I'm glad I got to know Jean-oji-san, he helped me in a lot of ways.

"...I'm going to the Magic Club... later..." Elmer said.

"Thank you, too, Elmer," I said.

"...It's nothing."

After saying that, Elmer smiled and walked towards the club building.

Now then, what should I do?

Lloyd-chan and Juliet-sama follow behind me as I walk towards the club building.

"What are you two up to?" I asked.

"You're going to the faction's meeting room, right?" Lloyd-chan said.
"We're going, too."

"That's right, that's right,," Juliet-sama said.

Before I knew it they're up to something again, I haven't been able to catch my breath.

Well, it's fine.

When I went to the meeting room, Corinna-chan was studying at the table, and when she looked at me, she raised her eyebrows.

"Okaeri," Corinna said.

"Tadaima, Corinna-chan," I said.

"Juliet, this is Corinna, she's a great civil servant," Lloyd said.

"I see, it's nice to meet you," Juliet said. "My name is Juliet, and I'm the daughter of the Campbell family."

"Well, well, I'm Corinna Ceverus, nice to meet you," Corinna-chan said, standing up and bowing to Juliet-sama.

Ah, I guess I should hold a study session too.

The midterm exam is after the Welcome Dance Party, but it looks like it's coming soon.

Lloyd-chan is an easygoing guy and doesn't seem to be interested in Corinna-chan, who at first glance seems like a plain girl.

If she were to change her glasses or something and be known as a beautiful girl, she would probably be pursued by guys she doesn't like, so I think it's best if she stays the way she is.

"It's a very comfortable room," Juliet-sama said. "Is it okay if I come by here every now and then?"

"Since you joined the faction, there won't be any problems," I said.

"Me too, me too," Lloyd said.

"Please refrain from that, Prince Lloyd," I said.

"Huh?"

Lloyd-chan is really annoying even though he's outside the faction.

"The Saint's Faction is going to a dance party, right? I'll be there too," Juliet-sama said.

"Is your escort going to be Prince Lloyd?" I asked.

"Indeed, I'll escort her," Lloyd said.

"I'm so happy, Lloyd-sama, I love you so much~, " Juliet squealed.

Aaah, mou, stop messing around already.

I added Juliet-sama's name to the participant column on the blackboard.

The cuckoo clock on the wall chimed three times.

Is it 3 o'clock?

And who brought the cuckoo clock?

"Carol brought the cuckoo clock," Corinna said.

"Is that so? It's cute," I said.

"It is wonderful," Corinna said.

It's 3 o'clock, so I think I'll have some tea.

“Dulcie,” I said.

“Yes, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

“Please make me some tea,” I said.

“Understood, right away,” Dulcie said.

The tea Dulcie made me was okay.

She won’t get very good at it all at once, but she’ll get better at it eventually.

A spring breeze came in through the open window and shook the white curtains.

Ah, it’s nice to have such a relaxing time.

Time to kick back.

Chapter 135

Stopping EX Potion Creation In Carol's Alchemy Room

Shyawaaa.

Hello, this is Makoto.

Currently, I am being washed again by Dulcie in the public bath.

Corinna-chan is also with me.

Ah, it feels so good already.

Once again, I leave the bath shiny and squeaky clean.

I was dried with a bath towel and dressed.

Fuu, so refreshing.

“Thank you, Dulcie.”

“It’s nothing.”

Dulcie put the soiled clothes in a bag, bowed, and disappeared.

Mattaku, what kind of technique is she using to do that?

“You know, it sure is convenient having her,” Corinna said.

“Should I tell Dulcie to wash you too, Corinna-chan?” I asked.

“Don’t do that, it’s embarrassing,” Corinna said.

She’s right, it feels good, but it’s embarrassing.

The two of us walked down the hallway of the girls’ dormitory and headed for room 205.

I raced up the stairs with Corinna-chan and headed to our room.

It’s red outside, and the sunset sky is starting to spread from the west.

When I entered the room, the curtains on Karina-san and Margot-san’s beds were closed.

I watched Corinna-chan put the bath set in the chest so as not to wake them up, and then we went outside.

“It’s a little early, but I’d like to go to the dining room,” Corinna said.

“Let’s go to Carol’s room first,” I said, “when it’s time, we’ll all go to the dining room.”

“I see, you’re looking excited, Makoto,” Corinna said.

Ta-ta-ta, I start running down the hallway.

“Th-That’s sneaky, Makoto,” Corinna says as she runs off after me.

“Kukuku, there’s no cowardice in battle,” I said.

The two of us ran down the hallway and up the stairs.

Haa-haa.

Haa-haa.

I stumble towards the west wing of the fifth floor.

I wonder why there was even a competition with Corinna-chan.

Anne-san was at the alchemy shop counter and was looking at us with a half-smile.

“Is Carol there?” I asked.

“Yes, she’s here,” Anne replied.

When I went to the door, Carol opened it for me.

“You two are sweating so much, what’s wrong?” Carol asked.

“We ran upstairs,” I said.

“Makoto is so unfair,” Corinna said.

Carol burst out laughing. “Come in and I’ll get you something cold,” she said.

Oh, that’s helpful.

Refrigerators are widespread in this world.

It's the type that you put Water magic stones inside a box to cool it down.

Since it's an otome game world, you can even eat ice cream.

The Otome is a creature that would die in the summer if she can't eat ice cream.

Corinna-chan and I sat on the sofa in the alchemy room and drank the apple juice that Anne brought us.

Oh, it's cold and delicious.

"Have you finished your alchemy brewing?" I asked.

"There's just one more EX Potion left to make," Carol said.

"Huh? An EX Potion?" I asked. "Is there a demand for something like that?"

"It's an expensive drug, so it's made to order. I received two orders," Carol said.

"By the way, how many dolancs is one?"

"5 million dolancs for the school's price," Carol said.

"Fuwah, 10 million for 2, isn't that ridiculous?" I said.

"The material costs are high," Carol said.

...This is a medicine that doesn't need to be made.

"Carol, isn't it a second-year noble's son who ordered it?"

"Huh?" Carol asked.

Carol looked at Anne.

"Yes, it's the second-year son of an earl and the son of a viscount," Anne replied.

"It's the Dokuro Corps, they have the funding, you see," I said.

"Ah, I see," Carol said.

Corinna-chan nodded deeply.

“You don’t have to make it,” I said. “I’ll make it for you. It’s a waste of expensive raw materials.”

“Do you want to do that? If you make it, it will only last for about a month,” Carol said.

“That will help the other side, too,” I said.

“Is it alright, Carol?” Corinna said. “You can do a lot of better business this way.”

“It would be better to preserve the raw materials,” I said. “You never know what will happen. It’s not like you’re in big trouble with money.”

Carol laughed softly.

Hmm, my wife is a good girl, isn’t she?

“I wonder what’s going on with the injured Dokuro Corps members from baron’s and knight’s houses. They must be in trouble.”

“Why don’t you go ask Michael-kyou?” I said. “We’ve signed a treaty.”

“Ah, is that so?” Carol said. “Shall we go tomorrow after school?”

Carol put the suspicious object that seemed to be an ingredient for an EX Potion back into the refrigerator.

Or rather, didn’t they get apple juice out of that same fridge?

“You’re so kind, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Th-That’s not true,” I said, “come on, I wouldn’t want you to die or lose your finger in a faction battle. Also, I wouldn’t want you to spend a lot of money.”

“There’s no way I’m going to help someone who came to kill me, but you’re a saint, after all,” Carol said.

“Yes, she is a saint indeed,” Corinna said.

Stop it, don’t worship me together.

Mouuu.

After drinking the apple juice, the three of us headed to the dining

room.

It's easier when Carol is here because we can use the elevator.

There was a clicking sound and when the elevator opened, Juliet-sama and the maid were there.

"Ah, Saint-sama~, I'm so happy, this is destiny~, " Juliet said.

"What the?" I asked.

"Let's have dinner together," Juliet said. "I was about to invite you by going to your room on the second floor, Saint-sama."

The three of us got into the elevator.

"I haven't seen you in the dining room, Juliet-sama," I said.

"There's a cooking maid in my room on the 6th floor who cooks breakfast and dinner for me, but after all, I want to eat with the Saint-sama, wouldn't you~?' Juliet said.

"If we were to eat together, it would be food for the lower-class nobles, is that okay?" I asked.

"No problem at all, this is my first time eating at the cafeteria, so I'm looking forward to it, it sounds fun," Juliet said.

"Okay, so that's that, I guess, ah, this is Carol, the daughter of Earl Albright," I said.

"This is our first meeting, Campbell-sama," Carol said.

"Oh, hello, I'm so happy to have gotten to know you, Albright-sama, you're so famous for your alchemy," Juliet said.

As expected from the daughter of a marquis, she is very good at making connections.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened.

As I was going outside, Carol was a little puffed up and pinched my upper arm.

I wonder what it is?

"It's okay! The person I love the most is you, Carol," I said.

She felt a little upset, so I hugged Carol and patted her on the back.

“Ho-Hold it,, Makoto, stop it!”

“Wahahaha”

Pan-pan.

Suddenly, I noticed that Yuriyuri-senpai was looking at us from far away in the shadow of the dining room door, with eyes like a hungry cat’s.

Umumu, there are a lot of lilies hiding in the shadows.

Chapter 136

Dinner With Carol And Corinna-chan, With Julie As Well

Everyone enters the dining room.

It's relatively early, so it's not crowded yet.

"Ah, Makoto, good evening, you're early today," Clara said with a smile.

"Well, yeah, ah, Carol and Julie-chan, please pay here."

"Oh my, you're calling me Julie-chan, I'm a little happy about that~, " Juliet-sama said, wriggling in delight.

It's just that calling her that is long and stiff to say.

"Mattaku, flirt."

"Just a flirt, right?"

Urusaina, Carol and Corinna-chan.

Carol took out her wallet from her pockets and paid 5 small silver coins.

Juliet-sama's maid pays Clara.

At the counter, I take today's main menu and place it on a tray.

Today's menu was sautéed spring cabbage and pork.

It looks delicious.

The other dishes were potato salad, egg and tomato soup, and black bread.

I put everything on the tray, add a cup of tea, and take it to a nearby table.

"Oh, Ojou-sama, I'll do it for you," Juliet's maid said.

"No, everyone is doing it, so I'll do it too," Juliet said.

Awawa, Juliet-sama comes walking in with a tray, but perhaps she's not used to it, it's wobbling and the things on top are about to fall off.

Otto, Corinna-chan saves the cup from falling over.

"Ah, thank you, Corinna-sama," Juliet said.

"It's nothing, Juliet-sama," Corinna said.

Somehow, Juliet-sama's tray made a soft landing on the table.

I'm sweating.

"It's my first time carrying a tray, it was fun," Juliet said.

The daughter of a marquis is far removed from the world.

"I offer my thanks to the Goddess for my daily bread."

And now, Carol, Corinna-chan, don't pray to me~ and don't pray to me either, Juliet-sama~.

"I'm not a goddess, so don't worship me," I said.

"You're something more like a wild animal."

"She is."

"Thank you very much~."

Stop talking, you guys.

Let's just eat.

Pakuri.

Hmmm, the pork tastes good and is delicious.

The sauce has depth and is delicious.

It goes well with the sweetness of cabbage.

"It's delicious today, too."

"Wow, that's amazing."

"Wah, you're kidding me, it was this delicious!?"

“The chef here is Ilda-san, and she’s the daughter of the Ecliptic Pavillion’s owner,” I said.

“Ah, the taste is definitely similar~ Lloyd-sama took me here~, it’s was so good~,” Juliet said.

If this taste is 500 dolancs, it’s a cheap deal.

Delicious, delicious.

Ah, eating delicious food makes you feel fulfilled.

“Aah, the tomato and egg soup is delicious too, the taste really soaks in,” Carol said.

“It does~, and it’s fun to eat with everyone~,” Juliet said.

“Indeed it is, Juliet-sama,” Carol said.

“That’s right, Caroline-san,” Juliet replied.

The two looked at each other and smiled.

That’s nice.

After all, we all have to eat together.

When we eat together, I feel like we have become friends.

Haa, it was delicious.

Now, let’s clean up and get out of here.

It’s time for the cafeteria to start getting crowded.

“Ah, oh my, there’s no dessert,” Juliet said.

“There isn’t,” I said.

“We don’t have it,” Corinna added.

“I’m starting to miss it a little,” Juliet said.

“Ojou-sama, when you get back to your room, there will be pudding for you,” Juliet’s maid said.

“Well, that sounds good,” Juliet said. “Let’s go back and eat some pudding.”

Good for you, daughter of a marquis.

After taking the tray out to the tableware return slot, Juliet-sama turned to me and decided to curtsy.

“Everyone, I had a great time today, may I join you all again tomorrow?” Juliet said.

“I don’t mind,” I said.

“Let’s do this again,” Carol said.

“I would also welcome you, Juliet-sama,” Corinna said.

“Thank you, I’m so happy,” Juliet said.

Juliet-sama leaves the dining room with her maid.

Even if you look at her from behind, she looks like a chuunibyou.

“She’s a strange person, but I think we can get along well,” Corinna said.

“That’s rude, Corinna. But it seems like we can manage,” Carol said.

“It seems like she doesn’t have many friends, so please make friends with her,” I said.

“Well, it’s for the sake of the faction, so it can’t be helped,” Carol said.

“She’s the daughter of a marquis, so it can’t be helped for me, too,” Corinna said.

I met Melissa and Marilyn in the hallway leading out of the dining room.

“Oh my, Makoto-sama, have you finished your dinner yet?”

“Yeah, are you going next, Melissa-sama?” I said.

“My apologies, I wanted to join you, but today I’m going to eat with Marilyn,” Melissa said.

“I’m glad that the food in the cafeteria is delicious,” Marilyn said. “I guess it’s all thanks to you, Makoto-sama.”

“Guess so, well then, till next time,” I said.”

“Yes.”

“Till next.”

Even though Marilyn is big and rugged, she still looks like a lady.

If she develops under Curtis’s watch, she will become a female knight with a feminine touch and fighting ability.

There are a lot of rough-and-tumble female knights, especially Linda-san.

It looks like she will be selected as the queen’s bodyguard.

She’s certainly a great talent.

“The number of people in our faction has increased, although it was so small a week ago.”

“At first, there were just four of us: Makoto, me, Curtis-kyou, and Elmer-kyou.”

Ah, it feels like those days were so long ago.

Why did it swell up so much again?

Well, the more people there are, the better it is because there are more options available.

Chapter 137

Arriving To School Like A Villainess

I woke up to the sound of the Maid-sans going through their morning routines.

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Morning.”

“Good morning.”

I greet Karina-san and Margot-san from my bed.

Fuwaaaah.

I can't remember sleeping late, you know.

After eating dinner yesterday, I went back to Room 205 and slept.

There aren't many light sources in this world, so I have no choice but to sleep at night.

I saw the two Maid-sans off, brushed my teeth, and relieved myself.

Corinna-chan also woke up and changed her clothes.

Today is Friday, the sky is cloudy.

“Now then, breakfast, breakfast.”

“Let's go to the cafeteria.”

I grabbed my school bag, left the room, and locked the door.

I walk slowly down the hallway.

“I'm so sleepy.”

“If it's cloudy, you'll be even sleepier.”

“There must be a difference.”

When I went to the dining room, Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san were there.

“Good morning.”

“Morning, myon.”

“Morning.”

“Good morning.”

These two members of the Swordsmanship Group also seem to be doing well.

The four of us lined up at the counter.

“Today I’m going to have salty porridge.”

“I’m going sweet, with nuts.”

“Give me salty porridge, myon.”

“I want something sweet.”

Today’s side dish to the salty porridge was sausage and eggs.

Everyone grabs a tray and sits at the table.

“Itadakimasu,” I said.

““I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.””

You guys, don’t pray to me.

The students at the next table were also bowing their heads to me in prayer.

Stop that!

I eat the porridge in spoonfuls.

Ah, today’s salty porridge was made by Ilda-san, and it’s even more delicious than usual.

Delicious, delicious.

“Good morning, everyone.”

“Good morning, Julie-chan,” I said.

Juliet-sama came, too, and brought a tray of porridge to our table.

“Everyone, may I join this time?” Juliet said.

“Well, I suppose you could.”

“Say no more, Juliet-sama.”

“Then, let’s have some breakfast together as well,” Juliet-sama said before she smiled.

She’s wearing an eyepatch, but she’s cute.

By the way, although she wears an eyepatch, it doesn’t seem like she has a medical condition in that eye.

It’s a fashion eyepatch.

“I’m glad to meet you, myon, I’m Koishi, myon. I’m from the Cominvich Viscounty,” Koishi said.

“I’m Juliet Campbell, it’s nice to meet you, Koishi-sama,” Juliet said.

“My name is Cattleya,” Cattleya said. “I belong to the Pickering Barony, but for certain reasons, I am staying with House Mahler.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you as well, Cattleya-sama.”

Now, it seems that the people Juliet-sama hasn’t met yet are Curtis-onii-chan and Elmer.

Ah, I haven’t introduced her to Yuriyuri-senpai, either.

As expected, I don’t think the number of students from earldoms or above will increase anymore, but the number of students from baronies or below is likely to keep doing so.

Even now, when everyone gathers together, the meeting room seems to be overflowing.

I’m starting to have a headache about the Saint’s Faction Party after Golden Week.

It’s beyond the scale of a banquet held by a baron, but I’d like to believe that Jean-oji-san who belongs to a marquissate will do something about it.

I guess it’s meant to be a meeting for the adults, but the students are the main stars of the Saint’s faction, so we need to think of an event

that we can enjoy.

After finishing breakfast, I led everyone to school.

I kind of look like a villainess with an entourage.

That's right, this is how you can create a group of henchmen.

One by one.

At the entrance to the school building, I met Gerald again and he gave me a disgusted look.

"Good morning, Gerald-sama," I said.

"Stop calling me by my first name, Kimball-sama," Gerald said.

"Just give it up already."

"You truly are a free-spirited woman."

I guess I'm used to having to deal with Gerald every morning.

"Good morning, McKnight-sama," Juliet said.

"Ah, Campbell-sama, I heard that you approached the Saint's Faction," Gerald said.

"It looked like it would be fun, so I asked Seijou-sama to let me in," Juliet said.

"Hmm...I guess you're feeling a little brighter now," Gerald said.

"My, my, I'm happy to hear that from you, McKnight-sama."

No, Juliet-sama, don't praise Gerald at all.

Well, it must be true that she became brighter after Alice ascended to heaven.

"However, if you move to the Saint Faction, won't you feel uncomfortable in Class C?" Gerald said.

"Oh, my, that's right, that's going to be trouble," Juliet said.

"We are both from marquises, so if you don't mind my help, I can assist you with the transfer procedures to Class B."

“Are you sure? McKnight-sama, you’re such a gentleman.”

“I want to maintain a good relationship with House Campbell.”

Oh, will you take care of the process?

You have some good points, Gerald.

“Can you do it?” I asked. “Gerald, I can help you.”

“It’s not for the Saint’s Faction, it’s from a fellow marquis,” Gerald said. “Now, let’s go to the staff room, Campbell-sama.”

“Yes, McKnight-sama.”

The two of them went to the staff room together.

Too bad, it was originally something I should have done.

I owe Gerald a favor.

If he gets hurt somehow, I’ll try to heal him.

“Gerald-sama is so wonderful.”

“Come back to earth, Corinna-chan.”

Pokah.

“Oww, what are you doing, Makoto?” Corinna asked.

“Don’t have any romantic feelings for that bespectacled bastard,” I said.

“Makoto, you just don’t understand Gerald-sama’s charm.”

I don’t even want to understand what it is.

He has a nice face, but he’s a bespectacled bastard.

Chapter 138

When I Was Away At Martial Arts Class, Dulcie Caught Two Dress-Samas

“Good morning, Carol.”

“Good morning Makoto.”

As usual, my best friend is preparing for 1st period and reading her textbook.

She’s so great, isn’t she?

She’s so cute, isn’t she?

Uhehehehe.

Well, today’s classes are History, Music, Ethics, and Martial Arts.

Lectures, lectures~.

I love classroom learning.

My brain’s performance has improved, so my memory is good, my recall speed is fast, and I have no complaints.

It’s a cheat, a cheat.

I feel like I’m cheating, but it’s just something I was born with.

No wrongdoing here.

Now, after completing the first 3 classes, it’s time for martial arts.

I change into gym clothes and head to the martial arts hall.

After Batten-sensei’s humorous introduction, it was time for practical training.

I would like to practice with Carol, but I teamed up with Koishi-chan to have her teach me some kodachi techniques.

Cattleya-san was sparring with Carol in my place.

“Loosen your grip, the moment you hit the opponent’s body, you squeeze, myon,” Koishi said.

“Seriously? Isn’t it difficult?” I said.

“If you get used to it, you can do it unconsciously,” Koishi said.

I learned how to hold a kodachi from Koishi-chan.

It seems that you grip the hilt loosely to increase speed, and then squeeze and apply force at the moment of impact.

Horai Sword Arts are difficult, aren’t they?

Koishi-chan also has a parrying sword in her left hand and a wooden kodachi in her right hand.

After all, she has been practicing swordsmanship since she was a child, so her movements are beautiful and precise.

“You’re good, you’re good, Makoto-shyan, you’re so talented, myon,” Koishi said.

Well, my motor nerves are also a cheat, so it’s interesting because I can do it as soon as I learn it.

I learned and practiced various ways to cut, such as upper cut, lower cut, diagonal cut, and hasso cut.

Since there’s a parrying sword in one hand, I can only cut with the other, but in critical situations, it seems better to cut with both hands.

With two hands, you have different degrees of freedom of movement.

It’s possible to switch back and forth between the grips.

“Ouch.”

“Are you okay, Cattleya-san?”

“I failed to dodge. The flail’s trajectory is difficult to read.”

Cattleya-san is holding her shoulder.

Ah, the flail’s head will bounce if you don’t catch it with the core of your sword.

“Can you use Heal?”

“Please go ahead, Makoto.”

“Sorry about that.”

“It’s my fault for failing to avoid it, so there’s no need for you to apologize for anything, Caroline-sama.”

“Still.”

I cast Heal on Cattleya’s shoulder.

“Heal.”

Cattleya’s shoulders were wrapped in a pale light.

She smiled and bowed to me.

“Fighting with various weapons will give you experience,” Cattleya said. “Now that I’m healed, let’s continue.”

“Yeah”

Alright, alright.

I’m kind of jealous, but that’s okay.

There’s no need to be jealous.

Koishi-chan patted me on the back soothingly.

The final bell rang, and the martial arts class ended.

Hmm, hmm, I learned a lot of kodachi techniques today.

It’s still a long way from being able to fight freely, but I think I’ll get used to it eventually.

I change into my uniform in the changing room and return to the classroom.

In front of Class A, standing in the hallway were two Dress-sans who appeared to be from Class C, Dulcie was keeping an eye on them.

“Makoto-sama, I have detained two female students who entered Class A’s room and tried to damage your desk,”

Dulcie said.

Fueh, desk vandals are pretty insidious.

“Is that true?” I asked

“... Umm, the thing is,” one of them started.

Dulcie banged on the pillar, making a loud noise.

“It-It-It’s true, Makoto-sama, you’ve been so cocky lately, you know?”

“We just decided to tear up your textbooks, but ah, no one told us to do it.”

You were ordered to do so.

I wonder what Deborah-san is thinking.

It’s confusing because the temperature difference is so vast from poisoning attempts and the Dokuro Corps attacking with swords.

“Dulcie, please take them to Anthony-sensei in the staff room.”

“Understood. Let’s walk quickly.”

Dulcie took the Dress-sama’s with her.

“This is such a pain,” Carol said.

“But Dulcie was at the classroom, who was at the changing room?” I asked.

“It seems like Anne is in charge of that, and so they’re dividing themselves to keep an eye on everything,” Carol said.

Our intelligence maids are convenient.

It helps to prevent mischief.

If your textbook gets torn up, it won’t be life-threatening, but it will make you uncomfortable.

When we entered the classroom, Elmer approached us.

At the same time, Curtis, Elsa-san, Corinna-chan, Juliet-sama, Melissa-san, and Marilyn have also joined Class A.

“Today... let’s go to Hiyoko-Do...” Elmersaid.

“Yeah, let’s buy some bread and eat it at the park,” I said.

It’s cloudy in the sky, but it doesn’t look like it’s going to rain.

“I agree, Hiyoko-Do is delicious,” Lloyd said.

“Lloyd-sama, this is my first time going to a local bakery,” Juliet-sama said.

“Uhn, uhn, I’ll teach you how it works, Juliet.”

“Yahn, I’m so happy~,” Juliet squealed.

Will Lloyd-chan come too?

As I looked at the couple with furrowed brows, Prince Kevin and Gerald also arrived.

“What are you doing? There’s something different with you both,” I said.

“I wish we were free to go a local bakery,” Gerald said.

“It’s a shame, rather, there are many members of the Royal Faction who have been members since they were children but don’t have many daily interactions with each other,” Kevin said.

“Don’t the royalists have any events?” I asked.

“There are public events, but faction members don’t get together for lunch daily,” Kevin said.

Well, even if it happened, it would probably be if the Prince joined the student council in his 2nd Year.

They don’t gather much during the 1st year.

When you think about it, the Princes and their inner circles are lonely people.

“It can’t be helped, I’ll let you guys join us,” I said.

“Thank you, Kimball-san,” Prince Kevin said, smiling.

A handsome guy should keep his eyes sparkling.

We-Well, it's not like I'm feeling my heart thumping or anything.

Chapter 139

The Ribbon's Magic Square Is Magically Modified By Elmer And Jean-Oji-San We all head out of the school and walk toward Hiyoko-Do.

Unfortunately, the sky is cloudy, but there doesn't seem to be any worry about rain.

Cliff-onii-chan was standing in front of Hiyoko-Do, and he looked at me with a disappointed expression on his face.

"What is it?" I asked. "Don't make such an unpleasant face."

"No, tha-tha-that wasn't what I was doing, Makoto. Irrashaimase," he said, regaining his composure and greeting the Ouji-samas with a smile.

"Umu, we're back here again."

"...I would like the recipe for mayo corn..."

"Oh, Elmer, I'll ask him from the recipe, I'll get it from Otou-chan for you."

"Good day, Cliff-san."

"What's so delicious here~? It smells so good."

Cliff-onii-chan is frozen in place when everyone suddenly starts talking to him.

For now, everyone lines up and goes inside the store.

Everyone buys bread and soda, then they go back out.

By the way, the bread is put in flax bags, but when you return it, they put the bread in a different bag.

The returned bags can be washed and reused.

It's eco-friendly.

We all put down our bread bags and head to a nearby natural park.

We spread out the mat, sit down, and eat.

It feels good to feel the wind.

“Wah, Lloyd-sama~, Saint’s Bread is sweet and delicious~, why is that~?”

“It’s delicious, isn’t it, Juliet? And it’s just Hiyoko-Do’s special touch.”

This ba-couple is getting excited.

Umu, umu.

Gerald frowns as he bites into onion bacon.

It doesn’t seem to be a particularly bad response.

“Muh, it’s delicious.”

“Gerald, try to look more like you’re enjoying it,” Kevin said.

“No, it’s because I’m a man, I can only smile when I eat food. Hmm, but I’ll have to remember that onion bacon bread is delicious.”

“Mattaku, this is just like you, Gerald,” Prince Kevin said as he laughed and took a bite out of his hot dog.

Is it BL, or rather, Kevin x Gerald?

Is it okay to fantasize?

Or rather, I think Gerald is a total bottom after all.

Carol is focusing on sweets today as well. “The new cream coronet is delicious,” she said. “I guess it’s custard cream inside it.”

“Oh, I thought you might like it, Carol, so I suggested it,” I said.

“I do like it, Makoto, thank you.”

No, no, what is it, what is it?

Just seeing that smile on Carol’s face makes me happy.

I want to make chocolate coronets, but I don’t have cacao beans as the raw material.

It’s an imported product so it’s ridiculously expensive.

It’s not profitable to make high-quality chocolate into sweets.

Unless it's a special item for Valentine's Day or something, it won't sell well.

It's fun to have lunch in the park with everyone from your faction.

I don't think the Dokuro Corps will appear any more.

After eating, we all headed back to the school.

"Prince Kevin, won't you have lunch with Vivian-sama?" I asked.

"We eat together on Tuesdays and Thursdays," he replied.

I see, it's tough for the prince, too.

I wonder what the Prince and Vivian-sama are talking about during lunch.

Returning to Class A's room, everyone splits up into their respective attributes and scatters.

With my Light magic, Elmer leads me to the Experimental Magic classroom.

It's an afternoon of being experimented on by Jean-oji-san and Elmer.

"Oh, my, does that ribbon have a magic circuit drawn on it?" Jean-oji-san said.

"Yes, it's a glowing ribbon I made to mark members of the Saint Faction's, for the new student's welcome dance party," I said.

I activated the switch at the end of the ribbon and it lit up.

Shiny, shiny, glow, glow.

"Oh, this stands out, doesn't it? How nice, how nice. Show me the circuit, why don't you?" Jean-oji-san said.

What is this? It's not worth asking the head of the Ministry of Magic to look at it.

With that in mind, I untied the ribbon and handed it to Jean-oji-san.

"Hohou, quite well written, isn't it? Is this your first time making a magic tool?" Jean-oji-san said.

“Yes, Carol taught me about it,” I said.

“Albright-sama is also quite an alchemist, after all. Hmm, we can bypass this part of the operating circuit.”

“...The storage circuit diagram is... outdated... it looks like this, now...”

Elmer drew a sophisticated storage circuit on parchment.

Hohou, is it a new model?

“It’s well done considering it’s your first time,” Jean-oji-san said. “It would be more efficient to use magic power if you swapped this circuit with this circuit.”

The Minister of Magic and his son are constantly modifying the magic circle I drew.

“It looks cool when the light moves on the surface of the cloth, doesn’t it?” Jean-oji-san said.

“What should we do?” I asked.

Or rather, is it possible to do such a thing?

“Create a circuit to divide the surface into sectors... and then insert a command circuit to make it glow in sequence...”

Elmer said.

“It’s difficult to make it smaller, ah, that’s right, we have to use a new type of issuing relay circuit,” Jean-oji-san said.

It seems so unreasonably technical that I can’t understand it with my knowledge.

The circuits written in alchemy ink on the parchment become more and more complex.

When Light magic is injected, lines of light start to move.

This can be developed into a computer display.

“I can’t draw such detailed things one by one, though,” I said.

“You can print alchemy ink patterns using copperplate printing,”

Jean-oji-san said.

“Can you do that?” I asked.

“Serviche-sensei recently developed it. I’ll ask her about it when I get back to the Magic Tower,” Jean-oji-san said.

If I could print it, I would be able to print even the most detailed magic circuits.

That might be good.

Oh, it looks like plans are being made for mass production of glowing fabric.

Even with the original circuit, it would take a lot of time to hand-draw each circuit grid one by one.

For now, I had Elmer and Jean-oji-san draw a super detailed circuit on their handkerchiefs, and poured Light magic into it.

Elmer drew the circuit, so the glowing is weak, but it moves in a complex way, so it stands out.

“This is amazing!” Jean-oji-san said.

“It’s the standard emblem of the Saint’s Faction...even at the dance party...it’s very noticeable...” Elmer said.

The two check how it looks by putting the glowing handkerchiefs in their breast pocket.

It seems to be very popular with the two magic otakus.

Okay, let’s get Serviche-sensei involved and increase the production of Light cloth!

Chapter 140

After School, I Go To Heal The Dokuro Corps

Anthony-sensei's homeroom is over.

Umu, umu, it's now after school.

"Carol, do you know the name and class of the student who ordered that EX potion?" I asked.

"I do, Anne?" Carol said.

Anne-san appeared.

"They are Glenn Quigley, the son of Earl Quigley, a 2nd-year in Class B, and Bartolomei Myszkowski, son of Viscount Myszkowski, a 3rd-year in Class A."

"A 3rd year student?" I asked.

"Indeed, judging from the name, I think they're probably an exchange student from the Dwarf Kingdom," Anne said.

"There are a lot of students like that," Carol said.

"It seems like there are a lot of exchange students coming from the demi-human kingdoms, isn't there?" I said.

Uoh, demi-humans are coming to the school?

But this person is from the Dokuro Corps, right?

Well, alright, the EX potion is very expensive, so let's get around to that later.

"Then let's go get them healed," I said.

"But is it okay, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"It's better for the other side to say there's no grudges with us," I said.

"I see," Carol said.

I leave Class A with Carol.

Anne-san disappeared again.

The 2nd year's classrooms are at the back of the 3rd floor.

I go up the stairs and pass the tasteless restaurant for lower-class nobles.

This is my first time coming around here.

There aren't many students because the 2nd year students are going to Labyrinth Training.

When I opened the door to Class A, 2nd Year, there were still a few students left.

Oh, Ryan-kun, I found him.

"Ryan-kun," I called out.

"Ah, Seijou-sama, what happened?" Ryan asked.

"Is Quigley-sama here?" I asked.

"Umm," Ryan said, looking around the classroom and stopping at a boy sitting at a desk by the window.

Is that Glenn-san?

As Carol and I approached, Glenn-san noticed and raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, it's you, Fake Saint, wh-what do you want!?" he barked.

"Hello, Quigley-sama," I said, "I'm Makoto Kimball."

"Hello, my name is Caroline Albright," Carol said.

Glenn-san's face turned red and he looked angry.

"I see, kisama!!" he cried. "When you found out that I was a member of Duke Pottinger's Faction, you decided not to sell the EX potion to me!!"

"No, we didn't do that, Glenn-san," I said.

"Then what are you here for?! Give me the EX potion and leave now!"

"I asked her to stop brewing the EX potion," I said.

“Kisama...!! Kisamaaa!! I needed it!! The EX potion!! If this keeps up, my future as a knight will be ruined!! Yo-You’re such a dirty schemer!! What are you planning to make me do?!!” Glenn yelled.

“No, it’s nothing in particular,” I said.

I placed my hand on Glenn-san’s bandaged right hand.

“Extra Heal.”

A pale light enveloped his right hand, and a finger appeared inside the bandage.

As always, it’s kind of a creepy spell.

Glenn-san’s eyes widened and he squeezed and flexed his newly regenerated finger.

“W-why? Why would you...?”

“Fuhn, it would be a pity if you lost your finger in a fight between students,” I said.

Glenn-san wrapped his fingers around his new one and held it, then rested it on his forehead as if praying.

“W-What about the money? I’ve got it ready,” Glenn said.

“I don’t need it,” I said. “If you have to, just donate a little to the Great Temple. Also, what about the other guy whose finger was cut off? If you’re a baron or below, you won’t be able to prepare money for an EX potion.”

“W-Why are you saying you’ll heal me for free?” Glenn asked. “You and I are from rival factions.”

“Those of you who bring out swords to fights between students are idiots, and those of you who get your fingers cut off in retaliation are even bigger idiots!” I yelled. “But you’re not soldiers, you’re students, and students should have plenty of room to make mistakes.”

“Th-Thank you... I appreciate it... there are three more people, one in Class B and two in Class C,” Glenn said.

“Come on, show me to them,” I said.

When I kicked my chair away, Glenn-san slowly stood up.

This guy is quite handsome.

“You are... a real saint,” Glenn said.

“Of course, Deborah-san was just spreading random lies about me,” I said.

“I see, so that’s how it was,” Glenn said. “I heard that you healed the other guys as well. I thought that was a lie and that Albright’s EX potions cured them.”

“No matter how rich House Albright is, they can’t have that much leeway for EX potions,” I said.

“You’ve got a point,” Glenn said. “It’s certainly strange to use a drug that costs 10 million dolancs at market price for just a lost finger.”

With Glenn-san leading the way, I went around to the other students who had lost their fingers and applied **Extra Heal**.

For some reason, Ryan-kun was also following me.

Everyone thanked me through tears.

Well, that’s just right.

Even though there is another cure, it is expensive.

“Is this the last of them, Glenn-san?” I asked.

“Yes, we’re the only ones who lost fingers,” Glenn replied, “there are others who have different injuries, but they can manage them with regular potions.”

“Alright, see you then,” I said.

“Kimball-sama, uh, do you have any requests?” Glenn said.

“Nope,” I said.

Glenn-san gave a wry smile.

“Isn’t there something missing here?” Glenn said. “After all, you’ve gone this far out of your way for us, and we’re also saddened if there’s nothing more we can do in turn.”

“Ah, then in that case, there may be another battle in my 2nd year, so

I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't target non-combatants then," I said.

"Is that really all you need?" Glenn asked.

"Oh, it'll be fine, I'd be okay if someone like me is targeted, but I'd be in trouble if someone from a faction that can't fight was targeted, so I'm leaving it to you," I said.

"... Fuu, somehow, we got the depths of your compassion all wrong," Glenn said. "Okay, I'll talk to Michael-kyou and stop the inhumane methods at the battlefield. Thank you, Kimball-sama, for your help."

Glenn-san bowed his head deeply.

Hmm, since he's a member of the Dokuro Corps from an earldom, I wonder if he's an executive of a faction.

All in all, Glenn-san seems to be a very nice person.

I bow my head back and leave Class C, 2nd Year.

Well, next up, let's go see Dwarf-san.

Chapter 141

I Heal Dwarf-Senpai's Wounds

I quickly ran up the stairs with Carol.

No, I don't really have to run up the stairs, but I'm running because I'm an impatient person.

We go up the central stairs to the 4th floor.

When I passed by the upper-class noble's restaurant, I saw the 3rd year classrooms.

I open the door for Class 3A.

There are quite a few people there.

Even though we are only 2 years apart, they all look like adults.

"Is Myszkowski-sama here?" I asked.

"You mean Bartolomei? Isn't he supposed to be in the blacksmith's training room?" a calm-looking 3rd-year student told me.

"Thank you," I said

"Don't worry about it, Kinteki-san."

"Please stop using that nickname," I said.

"Ahaha, sorry, sorry."

I waved to the kind 3rd-year student and closed the door behind me.

"Where is the blacksmith's training room?"

"It's the training building next to the assembly building," Carol said.

"It's also where the alchemy training room is located."

"Oh, over there?"

Once you get down to the 1st floor, use the breezeway to head to the training building.

It's a really big school.

As I walked through the covered walkway, it started to rain.

"Oh, man, it's raining."

"It looks like it'll stop tomorrow."

"Saturday is when I go to the Great Temple, so I hope it does."

"Are you staying at the Baron's home for the night?"

"I am," I said.

"It's going to be a little lonely here."

"It's just for one night, I'll be back soon."

"Yeah, I suppose so."

I have a casual conversation with Carol in the pouring rain.

We're under the roof so I don't get wet, but the temperature has dropped and I can smell that unique scent of rain.

Saaah, the heavy rain was pounding the trees.

Fortunately, the roof of the breezeway continued all the way to the training building, so we didn't get wet.

There are no umbrellas in this world.

When it rains, everyone gets hit and doesn't even run.

I think I'll wear a raincoat if it rains too hard.

As a Japanese person, it just feels strange, but it can't be helped because that's the culture.

We walk through the dimly lit hallway of the training building, and at the end of the 1st floor is the blacksmith's training room.

When I opened the door, goooh, a gust of hot air came rushing in.

Nuo, this place is incredible.

The source of the heat is a large furnace with a fire in it, where one macho man picks up a red hot iron with tongs, and another macho

man hits it with a hammer.

I feel dizzy from the heat and the roar of sounds.

A Hammer Macho Man approached.

The sound has become quieter.

“What is it, Kawaiko-chan?”

“Is Myszkowski-sama here?” I asked.

“Buchou is over there.”

Saying that Macho Man pointed to the corner of the room.

An oyaji with a small beard was sitting dejectedly in a chair.

Gakkin, gakkin, again, the noise restarted.

It’s such a hot and noisy place.

“Are you Myszkowski-sama?” I asked.

“Ah? Who are you?” he said.

What can I say? Even though he’s only a 3rd year high school student, he looks like an incredibly old dwarf.

He has a bandage on his right thumb.

“I’m Albright, the school’s alchemy potion seller,” Carol said.

“Oooh, oooh!! So you made the EX potion I’ve been waiting for? Where, where is it?”

I stepped forward.

“Buchou-san, where is the wound?”

“Huh? Oh? Who are you? The wound on my thumb is already healing.”

“If it’s starting to swell, a Hi-Potion will be fine,” I said.

“Eh, is that so? I don’t know much about alchemical medicine,” Myszkowski said. “I want to heal this thumb right away and create something to present at the Summer Sword Festival.”

I took Buchou-san's right hand.

“High Heal.”

“Wa-Waaaaaaaah, the pain is gone, you're amazing!”

Buchou hurriedly removed the bandage and moved his healed thumb.

The noise stopped and the two Macho Men looked at me.

“Buchou, that person is a saint candidate.”

“She's the Kinteki-reijou.”

“Stop calling me Kinteki,” I said.

“Ah, you're a miraculous saint!! You healed my thumb with Light magic!!”

Buchou got excited, grabbed me by the shoulders, and shook me.

Wow, even though he's small and about the same height as me, he's incredibly strong.

“Hey, let me go, Oyaji,” I said.

“Oh, sorry, I got excited,” Myszkowski said.

“If you have injured fingers left, you'll be fine with a Hi-Potion, it doesn't have to be an EX potion.”

“I see, I see,” Myszkowski said. “Alright, you've treated me, how much will it cost?”

“The ingredients for the EX potion were going to go to waste, so you're fine not paying us,” I said.

“That can't be done, that can't be done,” Myszkowski said. “Even if I get treatment at a Temple, they'll charge a ridiculous amount of money, so I can't just do that.”

This dwarf is so annoying.

“The Hi-Potion costs 200,000 dolancs,” I said. “If you want to pay for it, donate it to the Great Temple.”

“I want to pay you directly, Saint-san,” Myszkowski said.

“I’m Makoto, of Baron Kimball.”

“I’m Bartolomei, of Viscount Myszkowski,” Bartolomei said.

“Understood, Bartolo-buchou,” I said.

“You’ve changed all of a sudden, gahaha, Saint Makoto-san.”

“Just Makoto is fine,” I said.

“Ouh, Makoto-chan, I want to pay you,” Bartolomei said.

I don’t need money.

In my previous life, we were Edo natives who came to Tokyo from the Tohoku region.

But in this world, I was proudly born and raised in the royal capital.

Ah, I got an idea.

“Well then, could you please modify this into a parrying dagger?” I asked, handing the unicorn-handled dagger to Bartolo-buchou.

“Oh, it’s pretty good. It seems expensive for a main sword but for a parrying dagger?” Bartolomei asked.

“It’s because I’ve got this as my main weapon,” I said, rotating my hips to show Kogitsunemaru.

“Uoh, what is that? Show me.”

“Go ahead,” I said.

Bartolo-buchou quietly pulled out Kogitsunemaru.

Sparkling powder of Light rises into the air.

“This thing...”

Bartolo-buchou stared at Kogitsunemaru.

After staring at it for a long time, he took a deep breath and sheathed it.

“I see, if you have this one, you’ll want to use the other as a parrying dagger,” Bartolomei said. “I understand, leave it to me.”

“Thank you, Bartolo-buchou.”

“Hehe, you showed me some good things, so I’m going to get fired up.”

Okay, it looks like we can have it modified into a parrying blade within the school.

And it’s in kind, so it’s even sweeter.

Chapter 142

Talking With Dwarf-Senpai Over Tea

Guided by Bartolo-buchou, we exit the blacksmith's training room to the classroom next door.

The forge is not an environment where people can stay for long.

Oh, it's so cool outside.

The two Macho Men also come in and sit at the table.

I thought there would be no tea, but a dwarf maid-san came and made some tea for me.

Oh, this is my first time seeing a dwarf girl.

She looks like she is in the upper levels of elementary school, and her body is plump and heavyset.

Her smile is cute.

Also, the tea is delicious.

She doesn't have a beard, she's just a normal beautiful girl.

"But Bartolo-buchou, what did you do to hurt your thumb?" I asked.

"Well, you know, I'm graduating this year, so I was pushing myself too hard to make a sword that would win the grand prize at the Summer Sword Festival," Bartolomei said. "I accidentally put my hand on the anvil and hit it instead of the metal."

"There are a lot of injuries in the Blacksmithing Club, so we're grateful for your help, Seijou-san."

Macho No. 1 corroborated Bartolo-buchou's claim.

Macho No. 2 nods.

"I was also shown an amazing sword, so I'll do my best to make a new one in time for the summer," Bartolomei said.

"You're working so hard. Is the competition at the Summer Sword

Festival that important?" I asked.

"It's a contest to decide who is the best swordsmith in Appleton," Bartolomei said. "If I win, I'll be the pride of my country when I go home."

"I think you should be proud of yourself whatever happens when you return to your home country," I said.

"No, the Dwarf Kingdom is proud of its skills because its citizens have opened stores in the royal capital," Bartolomei said. "My main competition is other dwarves."

Ah, I see. There are many dwarf-run blacksmith shops and weapon stores in the royal capital.

Are his opponents professional blacksmiths?

"Are normal human blacksmiths no good?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say they're no good, but in the end, dwarves have an advantage," Bartolomei said. "But there's also one amazing human in the running, and I'm looking forward to seeing what they'll bring out at the Sword Festival."

Hou, hou, are there any humans who can do blacksmithing on par with dwarves?

That's amazing.

"There are a lot of great swords in the museum in the royal capital, and I learn a lot when I go to see them, but I guess the truly great ones are stored in the vaults," Bartolomei said.

"If it's a holy sword, it'd be in the Great Temple's treasure vault," I said.

"What was that?!!" Bartolo-buchou yelled as he shot up. "You meant that just now?! The legendary holy swords! In the Great Temple!!"

"Uh, yeah. I think there were about three of them," I said.

""""Three of them?!!""""

Wh-What is it? The two Macho Men and even Maid-san stood up.

"It's the Sacred Heart Temple that supports heroes and saints, so after

they die, their equipment is donated to them,” I said.

“Aren’t the legendary weapons and armor located at the main headquarters of the Sacred Heart Temple?”

“When the Demon King’s army attacked the main headquarters,” I said, “they evacuated the treasures to the Great Temple here. After that, they asked them to return it, but they seem to be ignoring the request.”

“C-Can I take a look at them, Seijou-sama?” Bartolomei asked.

“Ah, it’s probably okay. As long as I’m with you,” I said.

The four members of the Blacksmithing Club knelt..

“””””We beg you, please let us go~.””””

“No, no, you don’t have to kneel on the ground or make any show of it,” I said.

Chill out, you guys.

“It’s a holy sword, a holy sword. Makoto-chan, you don’t understand how amazing they are, do you??”

“I want to see the holy sword, how it’s made, and how it’s maintained.”

“I want to see the work of the best blacksmith of that era.”

“Me three, and if we’re with the Saint, she can activate them.”

Does Maid-san also have blacksmithing as a hobby?

Is she a member of the club?

“I’ll take you with me, so don’t kneel before me,” I said.

“Uoh, when are you going?”

“Um, I’m planning to go to the Great Temple tomorrow afternoon,” I said.

“Let’s go!”

“Please take me with you.”

“Wah, I have to prepare some sketchbooks.”

“It’s amazing, it’s amazing, it’s like a dream to see the holy sword.”

Both Coral and I love the enthusiasm of the Blacksmith Club.

How badly do these guys want to see the holy sword?

“What kind of holy sword is it? If I don’t know its biography, I’d also like to know its creator.”

“I-I don’t know,” I said.

The Blacksmith Club members were about to grab me, but Dulcie suddenly appeared and held them back.

“Stop that, it’s rude,” Dulcie said.

“Haah, ah, sorry, Makoto-chan.”

It seems like the guys in the Blacksmith Club have come back to their senses.

“The holy swords in the treasure room of the Great Temple are Hawkes of the Hero Yvonne, Eckesax of the Hero Stefan, and Ryzin of the hero Lars.”

“””Oh!!!”””

The Blacksmith Club cheered at Dulcie’s answer.

I don’t remember which one it was, but I do remember that there was one golden sword.

“Amazing, amazing, that Hawkes was in the Great Temple all this time?”

“Is this the ancient dragon slayer Eckesax? Seriously? You’re not kidding?!”

“I heard that Ryzin was lost in the disaster, but I wonder if it is still around?”

“The material of Hawkes were from the Dwarf Kingdom, and were made by the Buchou’s ancestors, I believe,”

Dulcie said.

“Uoooh, my ancestors are amazing, I definitely have to see their work now,” Bartolomei said.

The members of the Blacksmith Club are so excited.

“Hey, Makoto, I think the members of the Swordsmanship Club led by Curtis-kyou would also like to see them.”

“Ah, Curtis does seem to like swords. Cattleya-san also seems interested in them,” I said.

Tomorrow, I’ll take everyone who wants to go to the Great Temple.

I’m sure the children at the orphanage will be happy too.

“Then, will you come too, Carol?” I said.

“Yes, I’m going to go since it’s a great opportunity. I wanted to go to the Great Temple once. They sell a lot of potions.”

Oh, that’s right, the Healing Magic Priests alone can’t run the healing clinic in the Great Temple, so they use a lot of commercially available potions.

Speaking of commercially available potions, it’s all Albright-stamped and made by Carol’s parents.

Am I going to the Great Temple with a large group tomorrow afternoon?

Chapter 142

The Swordsmanship Group And The Fashion Group Get Excited At The Meeting Room I say goodbye to everyone in the Blacksmith Club and leave the Blacksmith Training Room.

Ooh, it's raining outside, zan, zan, it's pouring down.

I head through the breezeway to the assembly building.

The temperature has dropped and it's chilly.

"It depends on what's going on in the meeting room for me, but what about you, Carol?"

"I have to do some alchemy, see you at dinner," she said.

"Understood, see you later," I said.

"See you," Carol said before she walked down the breezeway towards the school building.

There is no roof from the school building to the girls' dormitory.

Are you going to be okay, Carol?

I found room 155 open when I got there.

It wasn't locked, so someone must be inside.

"Ah, Makoto-sama, hello~."

"Greetings."

"I haven't seen you since lunch, myon."

"How are you doing, Ryoushu?"

"Everyone, hello."

In the meeting room were Melissa-san, Marilyn, Koishi-chan, and Cattleya-san.

They seemed to be sitting around the table, chatting and eating sweets.

“Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san, aren’t you two in the Swordsmanship Club?” I asked.

“Since there are no 2nd-year students around, the girls are having afternoons off this week, myon,” Koishi said.

“The boys are still around, though,” Cattleya said.

“So the boys are still active because they have 3rd-year students?” I asked.

“There aren’t many girls in the Swordsmanship Club, myon,” Koishi said.

I see.

There aren’t many female students who aim to become female knights.

I grab a piece of chalk and write on the built-in blackboard.

“Meeting for going to the Great Temple to see the Holy Swords this Saturday afternoon.”

“”“Holy Swords!!””

Wow, the two sword girls bit immediately.

“We-We’re really going to see them?” Cattleya said.

“I want to see it, myon, I want to see it, myon!!” Koishi said. “A holy sword is something that I’d never see in my life.”

“It’s amazing, I can’t believe I can see the holy swords of the Great Temple!” Cattleya cried.

“The members of the Blacksmithing Club said they wanted to see it, so I thought maybe the people from our faction would also like to see it, especially Curtis,” I said.

“Curtis-sama is going to love this, myon!”

“Let’s invite Elsa-sama too, you’re right,” Cattleya said.

They look happy, don’t they?

“Makoto-sama, Makoto-sama, are you going to the Great Temple?” Melissa asked.

“I go to the Great Temple every Saturday afternoon,” I said.

“Ara, I’d like to go too~,” Marilyn said.

“The Great Temple is a majestic building with many wonderful carvings,” Melissa said. “We only go there for the Christmas Eve Festival, so it would be fun for everyone to go and see it.”

Surprisingly, Melissa-san and Marilyn also bit.

I wonder if this is going to the Great Temple with the entire Saint’s Faction.

Well, it is the Saint’s Faction, so there are a lot of believers.

“Makoto-sama, that white ribbon is neat and lovely. It matches Carol-sama’s,” Melissa said.

Oh, Melissa-san, you caught it immediately.

Marilyn is also getting into it.

“I’m thinking of using it as a marker for the Saint’s Faction at the New Student’s Welcome Dance Party,” I said.

“My, that’s a great idea,” Melissa said.

“Maybe it’s a little plain, though,” Marilyn said.

“No, Marilyn, this thing shines,” I said.

I place my finger on the ribbon and apply magic to the switch circuit.

Pika-pika-pika, it flashes bright.

“Uwaaah, that’s so wonderful, that’s so wonderful.”

“When you said it glows, Marylin’s eyes are locked on it, it’s so wonderful~~!”

“Oh, it’s so beautiful, myon.”

“Hmm, you can clearly see your enemies even at a dimly lit dance party.”

Hey, Cattleya-san, what are you planning to do at the Dance Party?

“How much does it cost for us to buy it, too?”

“I would buy a shiny ribbon like this for hundreds of thousands of dolancs.”

“I’ll give it to you for free, it’s handmade,” I said.

“”Maaaa...!”” the fashion duo squealed, delighted.

“I’m so happy, myon.”

“I’m so grateful even though I already owe you so much.”

The glowing ribbon is a big hit with everyone.

“Thank you, everyone can participate with the shiny ribbons,” I said.

“I’m looking forward to it. I can brag to the girls from other factions.”

“What about the boys?”

“I’m going to make their handkerchiefs shine.”

“Okay, I guess we should just cut down the ones that don’t have glowing handkerchiefs.”

“That’s not the point of the mark, Cattleya-san.”

What’s with your brain, Cattleya-san?

“This ribbon magic circle was hand-drawn, but with Elmer’s help, we’ll mass-produce something even more amazing, and then we’ll hand it out to everyone,” I said.

“Isn’t that even more amazing?”

“I’m making something that has moving lights,” I said.

Marilyn has a thoughtful look on her face.

“I wonder if this will sell?”

“Well, there are definitely people who want them. Shining decorations are wonderful.”

“Maybe I’ll talk to Hilda-san when she gets back. It certainly looks like it’ll sell.”

“Marilyn, the trend of shining ornaments in the royal capital is starting with us!”

“I don’t have to think about coordination, it’s so wonderful!”

The Fashion Group is booming.

Is it okay to sell them after the Welcome Dance Party is over?

The next Saint’s Faction mark should have a different color of light.

Or maybe the white light will be limited to the Saint’s Faction.

Yeah, yeah.

Let’s talk to Hilda-san when she comes back.

Since her family specializes in fabrics, they probably have sales channels as well.

I took off my ribbon and put it on Melissa-san and then Marilyn.

“Marilyn would prefer a choker-like style worn around the neck rather than on the head.”

“Well, that’s fine, isn’t it?”

Yes, Marilyn is rugged, so she looks better wearing it around her neck than on her head.

“Koishi-sama, you should have it on your head, you’re going to be cute.”

“Uhhya, I’m so embarrassed, myon.”

Koishi-chan with a little ribbon on her head is as cute as a kokeshi.

“I guess I’ll wrap it around my arm,” Cattleya said.

“No, Cattleya-san-sama, you’re beautiful, so if you put it on the side of your head, you’ll look great.”

“Oh-Oh, th-that does look pretty nice, umu.”

Cattleya-san also looks at her reflection in the mirror and doesn’t seem to look all that bad.

Chapter 144

Let's Take A Bath And Go To Dinner

Shyawaa.

It's Makoto, and I'm currently being washed again by Dulcie in the underground public bath.

Oh, mou, it feels so good.

Paradise, paradise.

"She's just a baron's daughter, but how can she have her body washed by a maid just to show off?"

"She's so conceited, even though she's a fake saint."

Dulcie's movements stopped, and she began to look angry.

Stop it, those reijous don't have any martial arts skills, so they won't stand a chance against you~.

When I looked, I saw two naked reijous washing their bodies.

"What is it?" I asked.

"N-no, nothing, we were just talking among ourselves."

"Ah, indeed, ohhoho, don't worry about it."

"Ah, I see, as an olive branch, Dulcie, please wash the two of them, too."

"Yes, fufufufufu".

The two young ladies looked shocked.

Dulcie approaches the ladies mercilessly and begins to wash them.

"Ah, oh, please stop~~!"

"Don't do that, I can wash that part myself~~."

The two young ladies were screaming, but by the time their hair was

washed, they all looked enchanted.

Fufun, they're making mesu faces.

"T-Thank you very much....."

"How shiny I am..."

Alright, I won.

That's that.

Dulcie and I left the public bath in high spirits.

I have my hair dried by wrapping it in a bath towel.

Ah, I guess I'll have the Blacksmith Club make a hair dryer.

If you build a frame out of metal and surround it with wood, it will be sturdy.

It would be easier to process if it was square instead of the round one I had in my previous life.

It seems like Elmer and Jean-oji-san will make a complex magic circle if I ask them.

I think I'll ask the Blacksmith Club tomorrow.

I'm wearing underwear, a bra, and a uniform, and I look fresh and clean.

I leave the dressing room, walk down the hallway, and go up the stairs.

It's already dark outside and it's raining heavily.

When I returned to room 205, Corinna was studying with the magic light on.

She's always doing her best.

"Oh, Makoto, are you done taking a bath?"

"Yes, Corinna-chan, are you going to go there later tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, it's better at night, I can sleep well that way," Corinna said.

That's true.

But it gets quite crowded at night.

The public bath in the early evening is nice because there aren't many people there.

"Let's go have dinner."

"Umu, we should."

Corinna-chan closes the book and stands up.

"Now that I think about it, I wonder why Margot-san is still here at school."

"Oh, oh, I see, Heather-senpai should have gone to the Labyrinth as well."

"Margot remains behind to conduct intelligence activities within the school," Dulcie said as she suddenly appeared.

"Is that so?" I asked.

"There are rumors that a new intelligence maid will be coming from the Pottinger Duchy, so I supposed she stayed behind to watch her."

"Ah, it's true that it's tough for the faction to have no shadow operatives," I said. "Will the intelligence maids be reinforced?"

Well, I guess there's no need for intelligence maids in the labyrinth.

Margot-san seems to be able to do things like scouting for enemies without any trouble, but more importantly, is she going to defend her nest, the school?

Fumu, fumu.

"Anne is gathering information on the new enemy intelligence maid. I'll let you know if I find out anything."

"Thank you, Dulcie."

Tentatively, I patted Dulcie's head.

Her hair is thin and it feels good.

“Ah, and I’m sorry to send you out in the rain, but please go to the Great Temple and ask if it’s okay to enter the treasure room tomorrow, and tell them that I’m coming with a large group from the Saint’s Faction.”

“Understood.”

Dulcie smiled and disappeared.

“Now then, let’s have dinner.”

“I’m game with that.”

We go out into the hallway with Corinna-chan and lock the door.

Juliet-sama and her Maid-san approached with little footsteps, hate-hate.

“Makoto-sama~, let’s have dinner together~,” Juliet said.

“Yeah, fine by me, Juliet-san,” I said.

“Maa, please call me Julie-chan. We’re best friends, after all.”

“Ahaha, I’m sorry, Julie-chan.”

“You really are a ladykiller,” Corinna muttered.

“You’ve got it wrong,” I said.

But when did we become friends?

Well, it seems like Juliet-sama doesn’t have many friends.

The Maid-san that Juliet-sama always takes with her has a sharp posture and seems to be highly skilled.

“Is your maid-san a domestic maid, Julie-chan?” I asked.

“That would be incorrect, she’s not a domestic maid, she’s a grand maid, royalty among maids.”

“Ojou-sama, I’m embarrassed.”

“Isn’t that fine? You’re amazing, Claire~. A grand maid is a top-class maid who has the housework skills of a domestic maid, the combat strength of an escort maid, and the wit of an intelligence maid. ~~”

Another new type of maid has appeared.

I wonder if a grand maid is a high-class maid with a general-purpose role.

“The pay for that seems to be high, huh?” I asked.

“It certainly is, but when it comes to a marquis, it would be embarrassing not to have a maid of this caliber with you~.”

Like I thought, I guess the quality of the maid also depends on the appearance and stubbornness of the nobles.

Living an aristocratic life is expensive, so it can't be helped.

Claire-san's face turned red and she seemed legitimately embarrassed by Juliet-sama's compliments.

She seems like a nice person.

Chapter 145

Commander-San Confronts Us Again In The Girls' Dormitory's Cafeteria Juliet-sama is with us, so we all take the elevator to the 5th floor.

Chin.

I walk down the hallway on the 5th floor.

Anne-san was at the alchemy counter, and when she saw me, she smiled.

“Are coming to invite us to dinner?” she said.

“Yes, is Carol doing alchemy?” I asked.

“It’s almost over, I’ll let you know when,” Anne said.

Anne-san stood up and disappeared into the back.

As I walked towards the door, I heard a clatter and Carol popped out.

“Ara, Makoto, Corinna, Juliet-sama, welcome,” she said, welcoming us into the alchemy room.

“It smells curious, doesn’t it~? It feels very calming~,” Juliet said.

“It smells like herbal medicine, because there are many medicinal herbs that have a sedative effect,” Carol said.

Ah, I see, the smell of medicinal herbs is soothing.

I sit on the sofa and drink tea while waiting until Carol’s alchemy is finished.

“Oh, it’s delicious, I’ve never had such delicious chamomile tea before~,” Juliet said.

“Thank you,” Anne-san said, smiling before she returned to manning the counter.

“The 2nd year students who purchase most of my stock aren’t around, so it’s about half the usual amount,” Carol said.

“Alright, done.”

Smoke rose up, and it seemed like the potion was completed.

“Anne, please bottle it.”

“Understood.”

“Now then, let’s go to dinner,” Carol said.

We stood up and left the alchemy room.

When I went out into the hallway, rain was pounding against the window glass.

Is Dulcie okay?

I hope she doesn’t catch a cold.

We take the elevator down to the 1st floor.

The narrow elevator is crammed with the members of the Saint’s Faction.

Chin.

In the elevator hall were Melissa-san, Marilyn, Koishi-chan, and Cattleya-san.

“Ah, you’re here. Let’s have dinner together, Makoto-sama.”

“Were you waiting for me? Thank you for that, let’s eat together.”

It’s fun to be with everyone.

Beside me, Carol is already looking excited.

Everyone lines up at the counter and eats the food of the lower aristocrats.

Today’s menu consists of chicken cutlet, coleslaw salad, corn potage soup, and black bread.

The chicken cutlet is quite large and seems filling.

I poured a cup of tea for myself and sat down at the table.

Everyone also sits down.

“Today’s chicken cutlet is warm and looks delicious.”

“Compared to the meal I had a week ago, it’s like heaven and hell, myon,” Koishi-chan says while picking up the salt bottle.

This girl puts a lot of salt on everything.

“Itadakimasu,” I said.

“””Thank the Goddess for my daily bread.””

Stop it, you guys, don’t pray towards me.

I brought the chicken cutlet covered in demi-glace to my mouth.

Sakuri.

Howaaaah, the delicious flavor of the chicken comes out from the warm cutlet.

This is delicious.

The deep sauce is also a nice touch.

Ah, it’s delicious.

“It’s delicious, Makoto!”

“Yes, it’s well-fried, juicy, and delicious.”

Yeah, yeah, it’s fun and happy to eat next to Carol.

It’s a little exciting to see our shoulders touching.

“Koishi, you put too much salt on yours.”

“This is normal for me, myon.”

“Where is Koishi-sama’s hometown?”

“It’s up in the freezing north, myon,” Koishi said.

“It looks like winters must be tough there, aren’t they?”

“There’s so much snow piled up to a clade, myon, it’s so hard to shovel, myon,” Koishi said.

“A clade’s worth of snow sounds ridiculous.”

A clade is a unit of measurement, about a little less than a meter.

It snows a lot in the north.

While we were eating our food, Commander-san came to stand next to our table.

“Hmm, it’s quite fun to see all the lowly louts all gathered together.”

“... It is so amusing, Kelly-senpai.”

“I feel so happy about it, now that Hilda Mahler is at the labyrinth.”

“By the way, Kelly-senpai, aren’t you going to the labyrinth, too?” I said.

“I can’t go to such a barbaric place!” Commander-san said. “I’m of noble birth. Some of your male companions include the sons of marquises and margraves, but the women of your Saint’s Faction are all of low status, therefore, you should all show deference to me, come on.”

Commander-san looked around at us with a frustrated look on his face, and then her eyes landed on Juliet-sama who was drinking her soup.

“Kelly? Umm, I think you’re Kelly from Earl Horst, and I greeted you at the tea party the other day,” Juliet said.

“Hah-Hahi,” Commander-san gasped, “Campbell-sama.”

“I heard you say we should show deference to you, but I think I misunderstood~,” Juliet hummed. “Did you say you were going to show deference to me, the fiancée of the Second Prince, Lloyd-sama~?”

Yare, yare, Commander-san is out of luck.

She stood straight and motionless, bowing her head at a straight 90 degree angle to Juliet-sama.

Well, I don’t think the daughter of a marquis would normally be eating the food of the lower nobles in a place like this.

“Th-Tha-That was just a joke, and I never meant to insult you, Campbell-sama.”

“Oh, what a relief~~,” Juliet said. “Then, you go bow over there and show deference to me.”

All of that came in a cold voice.

She’s always trilling her words and is a chuunibyou, but in a place like this, she’s definitely the daughter of a high-ranking aristocrat.

“I-It can’t be helped, Campbell-sama...” Commander-san said, lowering her head and feeling disgusted.

I can hear chuckles coming from around.

“Everyone from the Saint’s Faction are my dear friends, so I won’t forgive you for treating them so frivolously, that’s fine by you, isn’t it?” Juliet said.

“Un-Understood, I have no excuse,” Commander-san said.

“Go and leave now.”

“Thank you very much.”

Commander-san left the dining room with her shoulders shaking.

“Thank you, Julie-chan,” I said.

“You’re welcome. But what about the other ladies?”

“Well, they’re just following their leader,” I said.

Ah, but Commander-san and Carol are daughters of earls and are on the same level.

I wonder if Carol could have chased her away.

When I looked at Carol thinking that, she smiled.

“It’s easier with Juliet-sama because she is superior to me.”

“Why are you reading my thoughts?”

“Makoto, you’re easy to understand.”

After saying that, Carol smiled like a flower blooming.

Chapter 146

Morning Life Goes By Without A Single Incident

I was reading a book on my bed with a small Light spell out when I heard the curtains start to make noise.

“I’ve returned.”

It was Dulcie.

When I opened the curtains, I saw a wet Dulcie.

“Wah, that must have been tough,” I said, “hurry up and take a bath.”

“Right, this is the reply from Kyouko-sama.”

“I see,” I said.

Both Dulce and I whisper.

Everyone else is already asleep.

“It seems there will be no problem entering the Treasure Room, and Linda-sama will accompany you,” Dulcie said.

“Hmm, that’s good,” I said.

“She said they will be happy to welcome visitors from the Saint’s Faction to the Great Temple”

“Umumu, they don’t have to welcome us, but, well, it’s fine, thank you Dulcie,” I said, patting her wet head.

Her hair was damp and fluffy.

“Now, go take a bath,” I said.

“Yes, Makoto-sama, good night,” Dulcie said.

Dulcie went down the ladder without making a sound.

I lay down on the bed and canceled the Light spell.

Oyasuminasai.

I woke up to the sound of the Maid-sans getting dressed.

When I opened the curtains and looked at the window, it was cloudy outside.

Fortunately, the rain seems to have stopped.

“Morning.”

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Good morning~, fuah, I’m so sleepy.”

Both Karina and Margot are doing well as usual.

When the Maid-sans went to work, Corinna-chan came out of bed and stretched out.

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Good morning, Corinna-chan, the rain has stopped.”

“That’s a relief.”

When she opened the window, a damp breeze blew in.

It feels a little chilly.

“I should make tea...” I muttered.

Just as I was saying that Dulcie came in with the kettle on.

Were you waiting outside until I called for tea?

“Ah, thank you,” I said.

“No, it’s nothing,” Dulcie said.

“Sorry for always bothering you, Dulcie-san.”

“No need to apologize, Corinna-sama.”

Dulcie makes tea.

Umu.

The taste is okay.

Ah, but warm tea wakes me up.

I take a deep breath and drink the tea.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was gone.

Intelligence maids are useful.

I brush my teeth, relieve myself, change my clothes, grab my bag, leave the room, and lock it.

“Okay, let’s go have breakfast,” I said.

“Umu,” Corinna said.

When I raced down the stairs with Corinna-chan, I saw Melissa-san, Marilyn, Juliette-sama, Koishi-chan, and Cattleya-san waiting for me.

I thought it would be a good idea for Carol to come as well, but then Carol came out from the elevator.

“Morning, everyone, were you waiting?” I asked.

“I wanted to eat with you all.”

“It tastes better than eating alone, myon.”

“Umu, umu.”

We all enter the dining room one by one.

It’s quite crowded.

“Ah, Kinteki-san, we’re getting up soon, so take our place here.”

“Wow, thank you. Also, stop calling me Kinteki,” I said.

A group of 1st-year students who sometimes sit next to me at breakfast spotted me and called out to me.

“Then, Makoto, save the table for us. Would you like some sweet porridge today?” Corinna said.

“Thank you Corinna-chan, you’re so sweet~,” I said.

I accept their offer and sit at the table instead of them.

Everyone comes in with trays.

“Here, your food, Makoto.”

“Thank you, Corinna-chan.”

Corinna-chan placed a bowl of porridge in front of me.

Thank you, thank you.

We all had breakfast while chatting happily.

Fun, fun.

After all, it's nice that the food is delicious.

It's a refreshing start to the day.

After finishing my meal, I returned the empty container to the return slot and left the cafeteria.

“I guess everyone's bringing their bags with them, oh, I forgot mine!”

“It's a girl's common sense, myon.”

Those who hadn't taken their stuff with them bid farewell and headed back to their rooms.

We left the girl's dormitory with only those who brought their stuff.

The sky is still cloudy, but there's no sign of rain.

“It's rare for me to go to school with you, Carol.”

“Come to think of it, this is my first time.”

I walk side by side with my best friend.

It's quite fun.

It's a real good time.

We pass through the entrance of the school building.

It seems like the wall bulletin hasn't been updated today either.

Maybe it's because there aren't any 2nd-year students around.

Everyone goes up the stairs one by one.

It's a faction parade.

This is how the villainess's posses are made.

I guess it's something to do with factions.

Because faction members like to hang out and move around, they gradually start to form a group, and when it comes to moving, they all move in unison.

In front of Class B, we separated from Corinna, Marilyn, and Juliet.

The rest of us arrived at Class A.

Living in a dormitory makes it easy to go to school.

"Good morning, everyone"

"Good morning, Elmer."

"Good morning, Elmer-sama."

"Good morning, pyon."

Or rather, why is the Female Swordsmanship Group in Class A?

Both Koishi-chan and Cattleya-chan are surprisingly good at both academics and martial arts.

I sit down at my desk and pull out today's textbook.

Today's classes are mathematics, geography, the national language, and magic theory.

Okay, let's do our best today too.

Chapter 147

Again, We Bought Bread At Hiyoko-Do And Went To The Natural Park

The morning classes are done.

Ah, my memory is better than in my previous life, which makes studying easier.

Basic specs are important.

The bell rang at the end of the fourth period, and Anthony-sensei came in for homeroom.

It's the weekend when the 2nd-year students aren't around, so they're not taking off to the streets.

I wonder what I should do tomorrow, Sunday, and if I should go lie in my dormitory instead.

I'd like to go out somewhere to play, but hmmm.

Maybe I'll go see a play with Carol.

In this world, theater is the equivalent of the movies of the previous life.

There are many types of performances, from small hut plays to plays in large theaters.

"Do you watch plays, Carol?" I asked.

My best friend looked up at the ceiling and hummed.

"I've never seen one before," Carol said.

"Haven't you ever gone to see plays?" I asked.

"There was only a small hut in our territory, and I didn't have time to go see it," Carol said.

I guess Carol was busy working in her territory as well.

She's so diligent.

“Su-Sunday,” I said, “if you don’t mind, would you like to go see a play with me?”

“Sunday, huh?”

Carol thought about it.

Dokidoki, my heart goes.

“You want to go to a play? I’ll take you there. Yes, with Albright-san and me, there’s a good play going on at the National Theater right now. There are always empty seats for the royal family, come on, it’s at the balconies, think of it as a guest room on the sides.”

LOIIDDDDD.

When I tried to hit Loid-chan with the Iron Claw, Yuriyuri-senpai gave Loid-chan a reality check first.

“Loid, come here a moment, there’s a law in this world that says it’s the death penalty for a man putting himself between lilies, yes?” Yurisha said as she pinched him.

“Ouch, ouch, Yuri-nee!!” Loid screamed as he was dragged away to a corner of a room. “You haven’t pinched me like this since we were kids, let go!”

Mou, Loid-chan, serves you right.

I looked at Carol and she said,

“I’ll think about it.”

And then, she smiled softly.

Ummu, I wonder what this is.

But well, I have to find out what kind of play is being performed and if I can get seats.

Is this something I can ask Dulcie to do?

If things go well, I’ll have a date with Carol, a date spot for two consecutive weeks while the production is ongoing.

Ushishi.

“Are your classes done? So, what do you want for lunch today?”

Before I knew it, Class B had also met up with us.

Huh, instead of lunch I want to think more about tomorrow’s date.

Well, I guess I can’t help it.

“Let’s buy some bread at Hiyoko-Do again and eat it at the park,” I said.

“Sure thing, then we go to the Great Temple?”

“Is Curtis coming?” I asked.

“He’s bound to go, right? It’s not often you get a chance to see a holy sword in the Great Temple’s treasury.”

“Fumu... the Great Temple...let’s go...”

So maybe Elmer is coming, too.

Well, I feel sorry for him if he’s abandoned by the rest of his friends.

“I went to see the holy swords with Obaa-sama once when I was a child.”

Hey, what the heck is Prince Kevin doing in our conversation?

Are the princes a bunch of friendless loners?

“Are you saying I should invite you in a roundabout way?” I asked.

“Kimball, don’t give such a nasty look to the prince of your country,” Gerald said.

“Hahaha, I’d like to see them, too,” Kevin said. “Kimball-san, would you mind letting us tag along?”

“Well, do whatever you like, are you coming too, Gerald?” I asked.

“Of course, wherever Kevin-ouji goes, I’ll follow him.”

Definitely a loyal dog of the royal family.

Most of the people from the Saint’s Faction have gathered, so we start walking one by one.

I meet up with the four members of the Blacksmith Club in front of the entrance to the school building.

“Are you going to the Great Temple now?” Bartolomei asked.

“I’ll buy lunch at a bakery and eat it at the park before heading out, Bartolo-buchou.”

“I’d like something like that for lunch.”

“Lunch is important.”

“Ghnnn.”

Mattaku, there’s nothing I can do about that impatient dwarf blacksmith.

We all went to Hiyoko-Do, bought bread, and went to a natural park.

It’s cloudy, but there’s no rain, so that’s good.

The grass is a little damp, but the cloth underneath doesn’t seem to let water through.

I guess it’s waxed cloth.

“Oh, fuck, what’s with this delicious bread? Even though I was at the school for two years, I didn’t have anything like this!”

Bartolo-buchou is eating the bread while cursing.

Let’s eat quietly.

“Gerald, is that onion-bacon bread delicious?”

“Hmm, Kevin-ouji, if you ask me, this is the truth.”

“...That’s ridiculous... totally ridiculous words...the truth, is mayocorn.”

“What is it, Elmer-kyou, is it really that delicious?”

“A piece... let’s share... Gerald-kyou.”

“Hmm, then you can eat part of my onion-bacon bread, too.”

Elmer and Gerald are tearing up their favorite bread and exchanging it.

Between those two, which one is the top, and which one is the bottom?

I predict that Gerald will be the one to take all the shots, but they're both intelligent archetypes.

"Hmm, it has a strange taste, and it's certainly delicious, but my favorite is definitely onion-bacon."

"I see...but... onion-bacon isn't bad, either..."

"Isn't it, isn't it?"

"I like hot dogs. Sausages are delicious."

"Ouji likes simple things."

"Hot dogs... seem to be king."

"Then, it's suitable for me after all."

Prince Kevin gave a warm smile.

Wow, he looks like a child in his 1st year of high school.

Even though it's said that the Royal Faction is the largest in the country, the only ones hanging out at the moment are Prince Kevin, Gerald, and Loid-chan.

I thought while leaning on Carol and biting into my Saint's bread.

It's a bit chilly, so the area where our shoulders touch is warm and feels good.

Chapter 148

The Saint's Faction Visits The Great Temple

Now then, moving on, since we've finished our lunch, we all head towards the Great Temple.

We walk down the main street of the capital.

The sky is cloudy and it's a little chilly, but I feel warm on the inside because I just ate.

Gerald moved next to me.

"Thank you, Kimball, for listening to Ouji's wishes and helping me," he said.

"Well, don't worry about it," I said.

"There is another reason besides loneliness that Kevin-ouji is approaching the Saint's Faction," Gerald said.

I knew it, he was lonely.

"What is it?"

"The Royal Faction is the largest faction in the country, but its faction head is the King, not Kevin-ouji," Gerald said.

"I guessed as much," I said.

It's like the center of the Pottinger Faction is the father Donald, not his daughter Vivian.

"Secret wars are also being carried out by the royal palace's Intelligence Division," Gerald said. "They are currently inciting a rebellion in the Pottinger Duchy by stirring up disturbances, but there is a fear that the target of their ire will be directed towards the Saint's Faction."

"Ah, so if I show you that I'm friendly with Kevin-ouji, I can prevent it," I said.

"It's just relief, though," Gerald said. "Currently, the kingdom's largest intelligence group the 'Tower' is moving."

“Those on the 3rd floor of Graak’s Tower?” I asked.

“They’re also keeping an eye on your movements, but if you notice anything, please let me know,” Gerald said. “If the Royal Faction and the Saint’s Faction are at odds, only the Duke’s Faction will be happy.”

“Understood,” I said, “Because of the ‘Tower,’ I can’t get into a fight with the other party, it’s a scary prospect.”

The Saint’s Faction is a defensive faction that opposes the Duke’s Faction and is time-limited for 3 years. To the Tower, however, we’re just another faction against the Royal Faction.

If you don’t show your friendship, they will show their fangs.

Hilda-san might be happy about having to fight behind the scenes with a full-fledged intelligence agency, but I’m worried about it.

It would be wiser to adjust ourselves so that they don’t believe we’re a target at all.

While we were talking, we arrived at the Great Temple.

“Maa, so this is the Great Temple~?” Julie said. “It’s my first time being here~.”

“You were in your territory so often, weren’t you, Juliet?” Lloyd said.

“That’s right~, Lloyd-sama let’s go together for the New Year’s Eve Festival~,” Juliet said.

“I-Indeed, I’ll think about it,” Lloyd said.

Lloyd-chan, take Juliet-sama to the Holy Night Prayers.

He’s a really fickle person with a wandering eye.

Linda-san was standing in front of the Great Temple, and when she saw us, she bowed deeply.

“Everyone from the Academy, welcome to the Great Temple of the Sacred Heart,” Linda said.

The Holy Knights behind her also bowed in perfect order.

These guys really look great.

At a glance, you can't even tell they're Saint fanatics.

Sasasa, Linda-san shuffled over to my side.

"You have two princes and McKnight-kyou," she said.

"They came along because they wanted to see the holy swords," I said.

"They're so cocky just because they're from the royal family..." Linda grumbled.

No, what's this about Linda-san?

This person has no respect for the royal family.

As we all walked up the grand staircase, the children from the orphanage suddenly arrived, and there were so many people that we stopped.

"Makoto-nee-chan, are these your friends?"

"Yeah, we're friends from school," I said.

"Hello, are you from the orphanage?" Carol called out cheerfully.

But, the children at the orphanage were shy and fidgeting.

I think their attitude is quite different from when they were with me.

"We'll all go out later, so please wait at the orphanage," I said.

"U-Understood."

"Please come quickly."

"Everyone is waiting for you."

After saying that, the children said goodbye and ran towards the orphanage.

"Everyone is so cute, myon."

"Thanks to Makoto-sama's kindness, they seem to be good children."

No, no, they're all bad kids just putting up acts, Melissa-san.

We climb the grand staircase and walk through the corridor lined with statues.

“Maa, it’s a statue of the hero Lash-sama, he has a nice face, doesn’t he?”

“As expected of the Great Temple, it’s full of wonderful statues.”

“Oh, that’s a statue made by the previous generation of the Gonanju family.”

“So the Dwarf-sans are also making the sculptures, are they~?”

“Indeed we do, so leave everything that uses handiwork to the dwarves, Nee-chan.”

“How confident~!”

Hey, Bartolo-buchou, that person may look like a chuunibyou, but she’s the daughter of a marquis...

Well, I don’t think it can be helped because she doesn’t look like the part.

“It’s a statue of Maria-sama. Is the vacant spot beside her yours?”

“I heard there was a statue of Bianca-sama, Carol.”

“Ah, I see.”

We stop in front of the statue of Maria-sama and offer a prayer.

Maria-sama who was alive until 20 years ago is still very popular.

We send our prayers secretly to the empty space beside her.

Bianca-sama has shown me a lot of favors.

I actually like the fact that she’s willing to take on the role of a villain.

“However, the construction technology of the Great Temple is amazing.”

“Magnificent... splendid... but pure...”

“I’m glad we came. It was my dream to come here with Curtis-sama.”

“I-I see, that’s good to hear,” Elsa said soberly.

Well, unless it’s at a time like this, you wouldn’t be able to visit the Temple with a muscly meathead like Curtis.

Everyone gathers in front of the huge statue of the Goddess in the back and offers their prayers.

—Goddess, everyone from the Saint's Faction has come. Please protect us so that we can graduate from the school without losing a single person.

When I prayed and looked up, I felt like the Goddess was smiling at me.

I really appreciate it, Megami-sama.

Chapter 149

Since We've Come To The Great Temple, We Give Our Greetings to Kyoko-sama After praying, we all headed to Kyoko-sama's room.

"I'll go greet Kyoko-sama, so please wait a moment," I said.

"Shouldn't we all go and give our greetings together?"

Yeah, it's a pain, though.

"Well, it's fine, isn't it?" Linda-san said. "Even if you're the prince of a country, you don't often get to meet Kyoko-sama."

"Well, no, the others could just wander around nearby," I said.

"Understood~, " Juliet said. "Lloyd-sama, let's go look at the stained glass."

"Ah, aah, I meant, I'm a prince, so I'm going to say hello to Kyoko-sama," Lloyd said. "Please go with Melissa-kun."

"Kyaa, I'm so happy to hear you say my name, Lloyd-sama," Melissa squealed.

"I-I leave it to you, Melissa-kun," Lloyd said.

"Yes, Juliet-sama, this way, please," Marilyn said.

"Ah, please do come back~, " Juliet said

Melissa-san and Marilyn took Juliet-sama to the stained glass windows.

Yuriyuri-senpai also followed.

"Oh, wait, if it's stained glass, we'd like to see it too," Bartolomei said.

"Sure do, Buchou," one of his club members said.

The Blacksmith Club, Bartolo-buchou included, also followed the Fashion Group.

"Carol, are you going to greet Kyoko-sama with me?"

“Yes, he’s been buying a lot of potions from me,” Carol said.

And what about the Swordsmanship Group?

“You can watch the training of the Temple Knights from the east terrace,” I said.

“Oh, that sounds great,” Curtis said. “If we have time later, I’d like to arrange something with Linda-san.”

“Understood, Lord Browright, I will face you myself if you would like,” Linda-san said.

“I’m looking forward to that, thanks for the offer,” Curtis said before he led the Swordsman Group eastward.

“Be gentle, Linda-san,” I said.

Linda-san smiled silently with a shark-like expression.

Ummm, let’s pray for Curtis’ soul.

Now, I enter Kyoko-sama’s room with the two princes, Gerald, and Carol in tow.

When Kyoko-sama sees me, he gets up from his chair, smiles broadly, and asks to shake my hand.

When I held out my hand, Kyoko-sama firmly grasped it with both hands and shook it.

“Yaah, it’s been a week, Saint Makoto, did you bring your friends from school today?” Kyoko-sama said.

“Yes, I brought them here because the school’s Blacksmith Club wanted to see the holy swords,” I said. “Everyone from my faction also wanted to come to the Great Temple, so I brought them here.”

“The Saint’s Faction, aah, how sweet it sounds,” Kyoko-sama said. “If I were 40 years younger and still at school, I could have joined the faction and gone on a rampage together with you. What a shame.”

We don’t need a young pope.

It looks like he’s going to cause as much trouble as Linda-san.

“Also, the princes wanted to see the holy sword, too, so I brought

them along,” I said.

“Oh, is that so?” Kyoko-sama said.

He looked at the two princes and Gerald as if they were sacks of potatoes.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you today, Kevin-ouji, Lloyd-ouji, it’s been a while,” Kyoko-sama said.

“It’s been a long time, Your Holiness Kyoko-sama,” Kevin said. “We’ve come to see the holy swords today.”

“It will be a good merit for members of the royal family to see the holy sword,” Kyoko-sama said. “Please follow the Saint Makoto and Linda-san to the treasure room.”

“Thank you. It’s the first time I’ve seen it since I was little, so I’m looking forward to it,” Kevin said, bowing to Kyoko-sama.

Kyoko-sama nodded back, took one of his hands, and patted him on the shoulder.

“Also, Kyoko-sama, I would like to introduce you to my best friend, Caroline Albright,” I said.

“Oh, you’re from Earl Albright’s family,” Kyoko-sama said.

“I’m happy you recognized me, I am Caroline from Earl Albright’s family.”

Carol decided to curtsy cutely.

Kyoko-sama also smiled and laughed.

“The Albright family always supplies us with various potions, which helps tremendously,” Kyoko-sama said. “After all, there are some areas where the Temple’s healing power alone is not enough.”

“I’m glad to be of service,” Carol said.

“We could say the same to you,” Kyoko-sama said. “I would like to increase the amount of potions delivered again, so we’d like to ask for your help.”

“Yes, thank you very much for that,” Carol said.

In the Albright territory, they sell special potions to educational institutions and religious facilities at low prices.

Although the profits are low, the volume is high, so it seems like good work.

The Pottinger Duchy also produces potions, but the major sales channels are controlled by Albright Territory, so it seems to be difficult.

I suspect that's the reason Vivian-sama treats Carol as her enemy.

Most troubles in the world are tied to money.

After having a quick chat with Kyoko-sama, I leave his office.

Although he is a busy person, he is a friendly and nice person.

"Then please show us to the treasure room, Linda-san," I said.

"Understood, right away," Linda said.

"Oh, before that, Dulcie," I said.

"Yes, what is it?" Dulcie said.

"Go to the east terrace and tell Curtis to come back," I said.

"Understood," Dulcie said.

Dulcie started running.

She's extremely fast.

I wonder if she uses the Weight Fists to lighten herself.

"Anne, go to the west side and call Melissa and the others near the stained glass windows," Carol said.

"Understood," Anne said before she ran westward.

She's not that fast.

"The intelligence maids are so convenient and nice, aren't they?" Lloyd said.

"Lloyd-ouji, you have Rick-san, don't you?"

“Rick doesn’t make me any tea for me.”

“Ha-ha-ha, I can’t make tea, either,” Kevin’s bodyguard said.

Prince Kevin also has a strong bodyguard behind him.

He felt my eyes on him and smiled.

He looks thinner and more fearless than Rick-san.

“My name is Jack, from Viscount Krauser,” Kevin’s bodyguard said.

“The Krauser family is a prestigious line of royal retainers,” Kevin said.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Saint Candidate-sama,” Jack said, smiling and bowing his head.

I guess he’s number two in the Royal Guards.

He looks really strong.

Well, it does matter if the prince’s bodyguards are weak.

“Gerald, don’t you employ any intelligence maids or intelligence butlers?” I asked.

“Our family has been a political family for generations, and we don’t have any need for intelligence services,” Gerald said.

“Isn’t it inconvenient?” I said.

“There’s no need for it,” Gerald said. “Nothing good will happen if politicians become obsessed with intelligence.

They get blinded by the information in front of them and misjudge the big picture.”

“I see, you’re right, there are many people like that throughout history.”

“Hmm, you’re correct despite being you, Kimball,” Gerald said. “Impressive work from Clark-sensei, I have to say.”

“Urusee, leave me alone.”

Mattaku, can’t you ever talk without a backhand afterward?

Chapter 150

We Pull Out The Holy Swords From The Treasure Room

Now that everyone is back, let's head to the back of the Great Temple with Linda-san as our lead.

We leave Kyoko-sama's office and go further inside.

At the end, there are stairs heading down, and we descend.

The first basement floor is a prison, the Temple's Intelligence Maid Headquarters.

We go down to the 2nd basement floor.

It's dark and a little cold.

A passageway stretched out in a straight line from the 2nd basement floor.

"A warehouse?" I asked.

"Yes, it contains food such as wine and meat, as well as financial documents of the parishes under the jurisdiction of the Great Temple," Linda said.

I see, there are various things behind the doors on the left and right.

A magic light dimly illuminates the hallway, but it's dark, so I cast a Light spell and make the sphere float.

"Thank you."

"It's so dark, after all."

Linda-san continued down the hallway and stopped at a large metal door at the end.

"It's such a huge iron door," I said.

"It's a door made of adamantite," Linda said.

Why are you making a door with such rare metal?

That is a not insignificant amount of money.

Linda-san took out a key from her pocket and inserted it into the keyhole.

A magic circle spreads all over the door, spinning around in a complicated manner.

There was a “gakari” sound and the door opened.

“Oh, that was a lot of show, wasn’t it?” I asked.

“Behind it are treasures that match the value,” Linda-san said. “It is the crystallization of 3,000 years of history of Sacred Heart Temple.”

It was introduced with grandiose words, but when you step inside, everything has cotton covers thrown over them and it’s rather plain.

“It’s not a museum, after all.”

Apparently, there are also antique furniture, paintings, and sculptures.

There is also a picture of a person who looks like Kyoko-sama giving his greetings after the cotton cloth has come off.

Just like that, Linda-san goes inside.

However, there are also shelves, and there are many treasures.

Treasures in religious facilities like this are easy prey for thieves.

Approximately once every 50 years, there is an uproar over something stolen or a treasure trove broken into.

There are also cases where some criminal monk steals the treasures.

Apparently, there are two or three holy swords that were stolen from the headquarters and disappeared somewhere.

There’s no way a holy sword would be resold.

I guess they’re not stupid, at least.

“There were many thefts at the main Temple, but the treasure vault of the Great Temple has never been broken into,”

Linda said.

“Umm, is there adamantite in the walls?” I asked.

“More so than that!” she cried. “The ceiling, walls, and floor are luxuriously covered with adamantite to prevent thieves. When they say impregnable, they think of the treasure vault of the Great Temple!!”

How much money did you spend making it so~?

I can only think that the previous Kyoko-sama was an idiot.

I wonder if there were a lot of donations because Maria-sama was still alive.

It's a shockingly heavy expense for equipment.

Well, if the Temple were to be attacked, it would probably also be the place where the upper echelons would make their final stand.

It's the same room as Bianca-sama's room in the Abandoned Temple.

Linda-san unlocked the armory in the back.

From inside, three swords wrapped in cloth were placed on the table in the center.

“Now then, Saint-sama,” Linda said, gesturing to me.

“Me?” I asked.

“Who else could handle them?” Linda said. “All the treasures in the Great Temple belong to the Saint.”

Is there such a thing?

Temple property belongs to the Temple.

I removed the old cloth and placed the three holy swords on the table.

There are various shapes.

The basic color is white, and various colors are used for key points.

I picked up a medium-sized broad sword and drew it a little.

“Yaa, yaa, hello there, how many years has it been? I am the holy sword Hawkes, of the hero Yvo...”

Pakuri.

“Why did you sheath it again?!” Bartolomei yelled. “It’s the holy sword Hawkes!!”

“Tha-That sword was talking, it was creepy!” I yelled back.

“Why wouldn’t it be? If you say the holy sword Hawkes, isn’t it famous for being a talking sword? You’re the Saint, so why wouldn’t you know that?”

“Uruseyo, Bartolo-buchou! I don’t know anything about the specs of the holy swords!!”

Is it something called the Intelligent Sword?

“Please hurry up and pull it out again, I feel sorry for it.”

“Eh,” I said.

I feel bad doing that, though.

There was nothing I could do about it, so I pulled it out again.

“W-What were you doing?!” Hawkes yelled. “This Sword was created as a holy sword, but this is the first time This Sword has been treated like this, Saint Makoto!!”

“I-I was so surprised,” I said.

“Well, it’s fine, you still look like you’re a young saint. I am a forgiving holy sword.”

“Don’t pretend I’m just an ignorant kid, I’ll break you.”

“M-My owner this time seems to be quite violent this time, come then, pour Light magic into me and consecrate This Sword as your divine weapon.”

“No, I don’t want to?” I said.

Shin, silence fell over the treasure room.

“What was that!?! This Sword is a holy sword! A supreme treasure that everyone strives to obtain!! Why would you say that?!”

“I have Kogitsunemaru, and I don’t have the hips to carry a Sacred Weapon, too,” I said.

“Haa?” Hawkes scoffed. “What kind of weapon do you refuse to drop in favor of This Sword? My friends Ekcesax and Ryzin both have their thoughts, but they can’t speak them!! This Sword can advise in times of crisis, so show This Sword if that weapon you hold is worthy of hanging on a Saint’s waist!”

Kogitsunemaru made a ringing sound.

“Nnh-nhhhhh! You are the Light Kitsune’s Sword of Horai, created by Kokusai! Why are you here? I’d have been happiest to see you and Bianca-sama thrown to the flames together. Nuuu, so does that mean that you chose Saint Makoto as your master, mean that in the future there will be a full lineup of fox blades, large and small? Nuuu, does This Sword have to spend another 100 years alone? It’s so hard, so tough, so sad, so lonely...!”

What can I say? Thing thing is so annoying.

Can I put him back in his sheath?

Chapter 151

The Blacksmith Club Makes Molds Of The Three Holy Swords

The Blacksmith Club pulls out the holy swords from their sheaths and makes molds.

This is step of the process is copying the shape of the sword, blade pattern, etc. onto parchment.

“Fummu, what a wonderful piece of craftsmanship,” Bartolomei said.

“Your hands feel very sensitive to This Sword, this indicates you are a descendant of the person who created This Sword,” Hawkes said.

“Hah, Hawkes-sama, my ancestors have given me the opportunity to examine you by making you.”

“Umu, it’s exciting to be reunited after thousands of years,” Hawkes said.
“This Sword asks you to investigate the structure of the metal and work to improve your blacksmithing skills.”

“Yes, sir,” Bartolomei said.

This sword Hawkes seems kind of bossy.

Macho No. 1 took Eckesax.

Oh, he has two beautiful blades in a dull color lined parallel to each other, with a short gap between them.

I think it’s supposed to look like a stag beetle.

“I wonder why the blade is split into two,” I said.

“So do I, this is the first time I’ve seen the real Eckesax,” Macho No. 1 said.

“Wouldn’t it be possible to know if Saint-san gives it Light magic?”
Macho No. 2 asked.

“Let’s try it,” I said.

When I grasped the handle of Eckesax and poured Light magic power into it, I heard a low hum and the jewel in the handle began to glow.

Holding the heavy Eckesax with both hands, I cast a bit of Body-Strengthening magic and readied myself.

Does this guy specialize in thrusting techniques?

It kind of feels like that.

I try poking into empty air.

There was a “gashyu” sound, and the blade split into left and right sides, and something that looked like a gun barrel appeared between the blades.

.....

A Luger Lance.

Someone who reincarnated had recreated the weapon from Fafner of the Azure...

It's a gimmick that after piercing the enemy's Barrier with the holy sword, this attack widens the holes to the left and right and fires a beam of light magic into the target.

What atrocity...

It's a weapon against dragons and demon lords.

“What do you think it is?” Macho No. 1 said.

“It's like a gimmick to penetrate enemy Barriers,” I said. “Usually it slices while it's closed.”

“Ah, there are demon lords who specialize in defense, so I guess that's a countermeasure against them,” Macho No. 2

said.

Macho No. 1 and Macho No. 2 began making the Excesax molds.

The dwarf Maid-san pulled out Ryzin.

This holy sword is small and slender.

“It's amazingly made,” Maid-san said. “I wonder how strong and flexible it is despite its thinness.”

“It’s quite a beautiful holy sword,” I said.

“I hear that the hero Lars was always on the latest trends and has a lot of infamous affairs,” Maid-san said. “I understand now, it seems like this equipment was made for a handsome playboy like himself.”

That’s another annoying hero.

The princes and Curtis-onii-chan are peeking at the holy swords from behind the blacksmiths making the molds.

“I see, it was Ryzin that I saw when I was a child.”

“That’s right, this is the first time I’ve seen one speak or open up.”

“Ryzin has the appearance of a holy sword, after all.”

“That opening blade gimmick seems interesting. Is it going to be part of the main thrust?”

“I wonder if they’ll cut items into small pieces.”

“They’re so cool, myon.”

Carol watched the holy swords with bright eyes. “It’s like I’m watching living witness to history. It’s amazing.”

“Are holy swords and magic swords magic tools, too?” I asked.

“It’s both a magic tool and a weapon,” Carol said. “You can’t make a first-class holy sword or magic sword unless both of those disciplines interlock perfectly. Wah, such a detailed magic circle.”

“The storage circuit...but the way it’s connected...is this the Phoenix magic stone...?”

“Yeah, maybe it’s the regeneration circuit?” Carol said. “Wah, I want to take it apart.”

“Please stop trying to disassemble them, Albright-sama,” Linda-san said with a wry smile.

Well, you can’t disassemble historical and cultural properties.

“Regeneration circuits are indispensable for ultra-high-end weapons, Makoto,” Carol said. “With this, they are maintenance-free and can be used forever without having to work them at a blacksmith.”

“There are some... circuits that have been lost,” Elmer said. “Let’s make a note of them... and research them with my father...”

I see, Carol is also an alchemy otaku.

She’s addicted to the holy sword’s magic circuits.

When I looked around at the Fashion Group, even though they had free time, I found them pulling out picture books and pictures to look at.

In the corner of the room, there was a glass shelf with jewelry of all sizes displayed on it.

Don’t crowd there either.

While the molds were being made, Hawkes kept talking to Bartolobuchou.

They’re so annoying.

“Saint Makoto, isn’t it so cunning of you to supply magic power only to Eckesax? Give some to This Sword, too.”

“If I give you magical power, you will be consecrated and become exclusive to me, right?”

“Oh, that’s not true at all,” Hawkes said. “This Sword just said because there was nothing else it could say, This Sword is always reserved for heroes and saints. The last time This Sword received a Light magic charge was 30 years ago, so This Sword thought it was about to run out.”

“If the magic power disappears, will your ego disappear?” I asked.

“No, This Sword’s thoughts will just go into dormancy.”

“It’s fine as long as you’re dormant. Isn’t it painful to be stuck in a treasure trove while you’re aware of what’s going on?”

“Well, it’s tough, but This Sword gets to talk to its fellow holy swords, talk to magic swords, and listen to stories from the other treasures, so it’s not boring at all.”

“So there are also magic swords here, huh,” I said.

“There are 230 pieces. That large piece hanging from Linda-shi’s waist is one, too.”

“I was given the magic sword Dunbarghan, Hawkes-sama.”

“The Absolute Cutting Sword Dunbarghan is a blade that is overwhelmingly strong and durable.”

“Yes, I’m afraid this sword is too much for me.”

Well, I can’t help it, so I grab the handle of the Hawkes and pour in the light magic.

Whoa, whoa, how much is this guy going to suck in?

I used up about half of my MP.

“What wonderful magic, Saint Makoto, with this... This Sword is yours.”

“Eh, I don’t want to, you’re so heavy, Hawkes. Also, Ryzin is cooler.”

“Ho-How disrespectful! Ry-Ryzin is definitely amazing and beautiful, but This Sword’s performance is better. Go out and try it.”

“Eh, that sounds like a pain,” I said.

“How lazy are the saints of our time!! I’m worried about the future!!”

I don’t want a sword that says things like that.

Hawkes is so bossy.

Incidentally, I also put light magic into Ryzin.

Ryzin flashed as I heard a pleasant sound.

It’s happy, it’s happy.

“Would you like to try out the performance of the holy sword at the training ground? Makoto-sama,” Linda said.

“Sure thing, I’m sure the holy swords and the others would like to go out once in a while,” I said.

“Of course! If you try the performance of This Sword, you will certainly want to carry it around with you, so hurry up, Saint Makoto.”

You’re so annoying, Hawkes.

We exit the treasure room with the three holy swords.

No, they're heavy, so Linda is the one holding the swords, not me.

It seems like it would be an interesting performance test for the holy swords.

Chapter 152

Let's Test The Performance Of The Holy Swords

There is a training facility for the Temple Knights on the east side of the Great Temple.

So, I'm standing there, holding Hawkes.

It's dangerous for everyone, so they stay in the audience seats.

"So, what can you do, Hawkes?"

"Put your strength into This Blade, and shout out loud This Sword's call, Hawkes, come forth!!!"

I hold Hawkes squarely in front of me.

"Hawkes, come forth!!!"

At that moment, a blade of light shot out from Hawkes's blade and turned into a great sword of light nearly two meters long.

Uoh, amazing.

"This Sword of Light is the blade of condemnation for a saint, nothing can stop it!" Hawkes yelled. *"This is the holy sword of holy swords that slew the evil dragon, the demon lord, and the great demon lord, This Sword, Hawkes!!!"*

Fuoooooooooooo.

I just hit the target wooden dummy with the blade of light.

Zhyun!

Without any reaction in my hands, the top half of the wooden dummy evaporated.

"AMAZINGGGG...!" I yelled.

"Indeed, indeed, Saint Makoto, now, you, too wish to put This Sword on your waist!"

"No, I don't normally need this kind of attack power," I said. "It's so

long and difficult to use in dungeons.”

“Huh-HUUUUHHHH?! Why, why, why would you say something like that?!” Hawkes yelled. *“This Sword is a holy sword, a holy weapon that every good child dreams of, ho-how is this...?”*

You’re so annoying, can I put such a huge sword on my waist?

If I were to carry it around, I would have to carry it on my back.

Besides, it’s quite heavy.

I put the noisy Hawkes back into its sheath and silenced it.

Also, the fact that it’s so blunt and noisy is a negative point.

The reincarnated saint wants to live a quiet life.

I handed Hawkes back to Linda-san.

I take Eckesax from her, instead.

This sword is also different.

The handle is long.

When you pull it out of the sheath, it vibrates with a low buzzing sound.

Ah, it looks like the two blades are resonating and making a sound.

Since the main technique is a two-handed thrust, the stance is also unique.

Somehow, it feels like holding the handle teaches you the movements.

It feels like you’re standing with half your body in front of your opponent.

–Eckesax, don’t you need me to shout something?

BUHN.

It seems unnecessary.

I slowly approached the wooden dummy.

Hmm, am I going to perform a special move like there’s a Barrier

placed about 50 centimeters in front of the enemy?

When I exceed the distance, I use my whole body to thrust upwards.

When Eckesax's blade reached its full length, it seemed as if he had reached an imaginary Barrier, and the blades spread out to the left and right with "jyakin" sound.

Along with the feeling of Light magic being absorbed from the handle, the area around the base of the blade glowed white.

—Uu, this feels dangerous.

In the nick of time, I tilted Eckesax before the beam was fired so that it would burn the wooden dummy's feet.

BASHYIN!!

The pure white beam burned through the base of the wooden dummy, leaving a gaping red-hot hole.

Hiii, that was close.

It almost destroyed the Temple's facilities.

Nice, I changed his trajectory well.

"Ah, that was dangerous."

"Terrifying, that. Is this the beam that Maria-sama used to burn down the first prince's wedding ceremony site?"

"Ah, no, it is said that Maria-sama sent out the beam herself."

Do you have Beam magic among your own spells?

How strong is Maria-sama's fighting power?

She went to the Demon Country and killed the Demon King normally.

Eckesax quickly dissipated the heat and closed the blade.

This holy sword is also difficult to use.

Unless your opponent is a dragon or something like that, the beam will over-penetrate and everything behind the opponent will be in danger.

Looks like it would be difficult to use in dungeons.

I go to the remaining wooden dummy and slice it normally.

Sakuri.

Oh, the sharpness is also quite good.

However, it's too big to carry around.

When I thought that, Exckesax changed the color of its jewel to blue.

Oh, I'm sorry, but you're too strong.

Like I thought, even though it's a holy sword, I don't think it would be good to keep it in the treasure room forever.

If it were me, I'm confident that I would become stressed out and turn into an evil sword in 10 years.

I sheathed the sword and returned it to Linda-san.

Next is Ryzin.

It is the smallest and most slender of the three.

When I pulled it out, I heard a loud noise.

Prepare yourself, Ryzin.

It's a fencing-type stance, and the bulk of the maneuvers are likely thrusts and cuts.

Maybe this one has some kind of special ability?

I pour in Light magic while being guided by the handle.

There was a "fahn" sound, and the area became quiet.

What is this?

The birds flying in the sky move slowly.

Is time being stretched out?

Or rather, am I moving at super high speed?

Is it super advanced Haste (High-Speed Action) magic?

I try approaching the wooden dummy.

It doesn't seem like the speed is such that atmospheric friction would be a concern or that the air would become viscous as you move through it.

I can move fairly normally.

I try cutting into a wooden figure.

Shupa-shupa.

Oh, it's incredibly sharp.

I mean, what a cheat weapon this is!

Still holding Ryzin, I walked towards the audience seats and waved.

Oh, it's funny how Carol's eyes slowly follow me.

I'm moving several times faster than humans.

When I stopped the magic flow going into Ryzin's handle, the sound returned to the area.

"Oh, Makoto-sama, before I knew it you were over there!"

"It's like Ryzin's ability. It lets me move at high speed."

"Ah, the hero Lars was called Lightning Flash Lars, but was it because of his sword's ability?"

Oh, that was interesting.

I put Ryzin back into the sheath.

"What do you think? If Ryzin and I are together, it won't be a nuisance."

"Right, even Ryzin's blade size is perfect, isn't it?"

Holy swords are generally for strong men, so I guess they're too big for me as an underage girl.

"Can I borrow the holy sword?" I asked Linda.

"If the Saint-sama wishes to use it, Kyoko-sama won't complain," Linda said. "The treasure trove is yours, after all."

“Would he let someone from the Saint’s Faction wield them, instead?”
I asked.

“...That’s... you’ve thought of something ridiculous, Makoto-sama,”
Linda said.

“It would probably be boring for the Holy Sword-sans and others to
just stay stuck in the treasure room,” I said.

“They’re weapons, so he won’t show you any leniency,” Linda said.

“Iyaah, but, he’ll listen if I talk to him.”

Linda-san shook her head.

“Just how kind are you? I understand, please choose the person you
want to hold the holy swords. I will do the testing and if I am
satisfied, I will approach Kyoko-sama myself.”

And with that, Linda smiled like a hungry shark.

Uwaah, yabee.

Well, but, it’s okay because it’s not me it’s directed to.

Chapter 153

Distributing Holy Swords To The Swordsmanship Group

I had Dulcie call the Swordsmanship Group.

They are slowly coming down from the audience seats.

“What did you need, Makoto?” Curtis asked.

“Curtis, do you want to have a holy sword?” I asked.

“Huh, is that alright? I want to handle one, I really do,” Curtis said.

“Oh, I didn’t mean just now, but forever,” I continued.

“Huh.....?”

Curtis-onii-chan froze.

“No, Makoto, isn’t the holy sword only available to those who can use Light magic?” Cattleya said doubtfully.

“It’s just that it can’t do amazing Light attribute attacks, but I think it can be used as a magic sword that’s better than normal,” I said.

“However, don’t you feel it’s a shame for us to wear such important historical and cultural heirlooms on our waists?”

Cattleya said.

“Well, this Holy Sword-san and the others think otherwise,” I said. “I thought it would be a pity to leave them in the treasure room all the time.”

“If you say that, Makoto-shyan, then that solves that problem, myon,” Koishi said.

“I can’t walk around with three swords that big,” I said.

I don’t like even having one of them.

“Un-Understood,” Curtis said, nodding gravely, “it’s been my dream since I was a child to own a holy sword. Even if I can’t use the power of Light, it’s an honor just to have one.”

“Then, Curtis should have Hawkes. Cattleya should have Eckesax, and Elsa should have Ryzin,” I said.

“There’s nothing for me, myon,” Koishi said.

“It seems like I’ll be able to get Kogitsunemaru’s great sword counterpart in the future, so I’ll leave that one to you, Koishi-chan,” I said.

“You’re kidding, you’re kidding, myon! I-I-I-I can’t hold a sword that big, myon!” Koishi-chan said, retreating while waving her hands in front of her.

I took Hawkes from Linda and gave it to Curtis-onii-chan.

“So this is Hawkes...” Curtis said.

“Hello, are you the new temporary master? This Sword is Hawkes, the strongest holy sword in history, please take good care of it.”

“O-Ou, I’m Curtis, pl-pleasure to be working with you,” Curtis said.

“You seem to be young, Curtis but quite skilled. This Sword will coach you and make you even stronger, don’t worry about a thing, This Sword will train its master like it were just child’s play, hah-hah-hah-hah.”

Curtis-nii-chan’s expression soured.

Yep, Hawkes is a Yana guy, a real jerk.

I give Cattleya Eckesax.

Is the Eckesax a bit big for her upper back?

Well, better than mine though.

“Fumu, this is the holy sword Eckesax...” Cattleya said. “When you thrust with it, will it destroy the target with a beam of light, won’t it?”

“Will there be a beam this time?” I asked.

Cattleya-san readied Eckesax and fired a thrust at the few remaining wooden dummies.

Gashun!

Whoa, the blade split into left and right and worked as intended.

The base of the blade glowed, and a thin beam of light shot out and punched a hole in the wooden dummy.

“Ooh, this is amazing,” I said.

“It’s not as strong as yours, Makoto, but others can still attack with the beam,” Curtis said. “It’s hard to dodge.”

“Yes, Curtis-sama. This is nice, straightforward, and simple, and I think it looks like it’ll fit me,” Cattleya san said as she stroked Eckesax’s handle affectionately.

As if to answer, Eckesax made a buzzing sound.

“Can I also activate Hawkes?” Curtis asked.

“Fumu, I think we can deploy the blade of Light, albeit to a limited extent,” Hawkes said.

“Let’s start it up,” Curtis said.

“Then, raise This Sword high into the sky then say the call!” Hawkes said.
“Hawkes, come forth!”

“Hawkes, come forth!!”

A blade of light suddenly appeared around Hawkes’s blade.

It doesn’t seem like it will be twice its length this time.

“This is amazing...!” Curtis said.

Curtis-onii-chan swung his blade, and the head of the wooden dummy flew off with a suban, suban.

It’s literally burnt with Light, so the sharpness is amazing.

“Curtis, stop swinging This Sword around,” Hawkes said.

“What’s wrong, Hawkes?” Curtis asked.

“This Sword’s magical power is running out. It seems like it won’t be able to expand the blade for that long. Saint Makoto, please put your magic power into This Sword.”

“Huh?”

Mattaku, it's a really troublesome sword.

The fuel efficiency is also bad.

I injected magic into Hawkes and Eckesax.

I guess the limit for Eckesax's beam attack is 3.

Finally, I received Ryzin from Linda-san and handed it to Elsa.

Oh, since Elsa is tall, the length of Ryzin seems to be just right.

"It's a very beautiful sword. It's a blade pattern that looks like it'll suck your eyes in," Elsa said.

Ryzin trilled as if it realized that it had been praised.

"Well then, is it alright, Ryzin?" Elsa asked.

Fuaahn, Ryzin hummed, Elsa-san started moving like a fast-forwarded video.

Ah, I was like this too.

"That's about a quarter of Makoto-sama's speed."

"Huh, you don't mean I was moving at that speed?" I asked.

"It was so fast that I couldn't follow it with my eyes."

The speed that Linda-san can't follow with her eyes is a ridiculous one.

The fast-forwarded Elsa-san slashed, shupan, and struck the wooden figure.

Like I thought, it's amazing that Elsa's core doesn't even shake.

"Houh, Elsa-sama you have a knack for swords, that's surprising."

"She seems like a genius. She might even be stronger than Curtis."

"Three very interesting people. I'm getting more excited about this," Linda said.

Ah, Linda-san is a battle fanatic, after all.

"Now then, let me determine whether you are worthy of possessing

the holy sword,” Linda said.

“Then I’ll bring you a wooden sword,” Curtis said. “It’s been my dream to fight you, Linda Crable.”

“A wooden sword? Indeed, I’ll be using a wooden sword,” Linda-san said, smiling fearlessly as she picked up a wooden sword from the training ground.

“You all should use the holy swords,” Linda said. “If you can land even one blow on me, you will pass.”

“Wait, what?” Curtis said.

“I’ll show you, Curtis-sama, what a real swordsman is like.”

“Don’t regret those words, Linda Crable,” Curtis said. “Makoto, I’ll rely on you if she gets hurt.”

“Ah, I understand,” I said.

Well, there’s no need for that.

Curtis-onii-chan, you still don’t know the real Linda-san.

Chapter 154

Showdown! Linda-san V.S. The Saint's Faction's Swordsmanship Group
(1)

“Let us go, Curtis,” Hawkes said.

“Ouh, I’ll make Linda-san Crable blow bubbles when we’re done,”
Curtis replied.

Curtis-onii-chan held Hawkes in an upper stance.

Linda-san readied her wooden sword and smiled.

The two faced each other.

“Nuuu, what extraordinary skill! She may have reached the level of a modern-day Sword Saint,” Hawkes said.

“Sw-Sword Saint, what are you talking about?!” Curtis yelled. “I’m the guy who will become a mithril adventurer in the future!!”

While they had that banter, Curtis-onii-chan moves around Linda-san, as if looking for an opening.

Linda-san looked as calm as usual.

“Now then, Curtis-kyou, the first fall is yours.”

And with that, Linda-san quickly approached Curtis and casually hit him with the wooden sword.

Curtis-onii-chan was blown away.

He’s a guy whose skills are so different from hers that it won’t even be an even match.

“No-Not yet,” Curtis-onii-chan said as he quickly got up, “I’ve still got one more.”

“Maa, maa, first of all, one person at a time,” Linda said. “Curtis-kyou, you took the initiative, let me test someone else next.”

“Gununu,” Curtis grumbled.

“Curtis, relax, it’s just as Linda-dono said,” Hawkes said.

Curtis took a step back and took a deep breath, suu.

Cattleya-san steps forward.

She bows silently, pulls out Eckesax, and prepares it in a unique thrusting technique.

“Okay, come at me, Cattleya-sama,” Linda said.

Yah! Cattleya-san cried as she thrust into Linda-san with explosive spirit.

Linda-san gently moved to the side, and she pressed the handle of Eckesax with her hand.

“Too straight, much too straightforward,” Linda said. “Don’t you remember what the Dark Knight taught you at House Mahler?”

“When I’m fighting someone like you, it’s rude to use the sneaky techniques you just learned,” Cattleya said.

“Then thank you for that,” Linda said.

BAHN, Linda-san slammed the wooden sword into Cattleya-san’s torso and sent her flying away.

Cattleya rolled backwards.

And then, she stands up, coughing loudly.

“That’s right, stand up to me as many times as you like, that’s what a knight is,” Linda said.

“Right!!” Cattleya said.

Linda-san now faced Elsa-san.

“Yoroshiku onegaishimasune.”

“Umu.”

Elsa-san pulls out Ryzin and stands straight.

Linda-san put up a combat stance for the first time.

Elsa-san’s skill is comparable to that of a master swordsman, so it’s a

good fight...

But it didn't happen.

Linda-san closed the distance in an instant, and Elsa-san's Ryzin was thrown away.

"Kuh."

"It's just talent. You don't have enough training. You're also confused," Linda said.

"W-Why so?" Elsa said.

"Why so? Swordsmen are creatures that understand many things when they exchange blades. There's no need to abandon your ways as a lady, you can balance both."

"I see, is that so?" Elsa said.

"The reason why most women who swing swords are so violent is due to their personality," Linda said. "Even if you keep practicing as you are now, Elsa-sama, you won't become so brutish."

"Is that so...?"

For some reason, Elsa-sama felt relieved, maybe she was starting to resolve something.

Then, Linda-san mercilessly kicked Elsa-san and rolled her to the ground.

"Now, if everyone was serious, you'd be dead by now," Linda said "Come back at me as if you were resurrected and given a second chance."

After that, twice each time, the Saint Faction Swordsmanship Club was left rolling on the ground.

Koishi-chan also attacked her with her wooden sword, causing her to get rolled over twice.

Linda-san's skill is overwhelming.

Since it involves grasping the opponent's movements and dealing with them, the person being attacked must feel like they've been tricked.

"I've got the hang of most of you guys, so let's all fight at once," Linda said.

"Three people with holy swords, Koishi with a wooden sword, and four people are a huge disadvantage! Don't underestimate us!"

"Fool. That's the level of difference in skill between you all and Linda-dono."

"Nuuuu," Curtis growled, "everyone, get together and we'll have a strategy meeting!"

"Umu, Curtis, This Sword is fond of people who don't give up, so I'll give you all some advice."

Linda-san was grinning as she watched the Swordsmanship Club gather for a strategy meeting.

These guys are really otaku when it comes to swordsmanship.

Carol came down from the audience and lined up next to me.

"I wonder if they can beat Linda-san if all four of them come together?"

"It's impossible," I said.

"So, it's not just a fluke or something?"

"Linda-san is not at a student's level, and she has killed several people, so there is no chance," I said.

"Huh? Does killing people have something to do with your ability?" Carol asked.

"You put your life on the line with a powerful enemy, kill them, and live with the weight of what you've done for the rest of yours, that's what it means to kill someone, so there's a difference between someone who has killed before and someone who hasn't, their minds are completely different."

"Ah, I see..."

Carol lowered her eyes and then looked very far away.

Hm?

I wonder if Carol has killed someone too...?

Somehow, it feels like that.

“Are you alright?” I said.

I hugged Carol’s shoulders.

“Huh, what’s this?”

“No matter what, I love you, Carol.”

“... Nn, Makoto, thank you.”

I wonder what happened.

It must have been painful and terrible.

I hope someday I can listen to your story and cry with you.

I don’t want to ask someone for their painful story.

Whether it’s Dulcie or Carol, all you have to do is stay close to them until they feel like saying something.

I’m sure that once you feel lighter, you’ll decide to talk.

I’ll be waiting until then.

Uhn.

I think that’s the way I do it.

“Okay, the strategy is decided, let’s go, Linda Crable!!”

“Alright, come at me,” Linda said.

And then a fierce swordfight began.

Chapter 155

Showdown! Linda-san V.S. The Saint's Faction's Swordsmanship Group
(2)

“WAIT A MINUTEEEEEE...!” I yelled.

At that, everyone stopped and dropped what they were doing.

“Wh-What is it, Makoto?” Curtis asked.

“I just had an idea,” I said.

I walked towards the Saint’s Faction’s Swordsmanship Group.

I pull out Kogitsunemaru and give it to Koishi-chan.

“Is-Is this okay, pyon?” Koishi asked.

“That makes it four holy swords, and also...” I said.

I whisper Kogitsunemaru’s abilities into Koishi-chan’s ears, which Linda-san doesn’t know about.

“Ah, that’s great, myon,” Koishi said.

“Ishishi,” I snicker, “I think you’ll be able to outsmart Linda-san one time out of ten. Good luck.”

“Understood, thank you, myon, Makoto-shyama,” Koishi said.

I put Koishi-chan’s wooden sword on my shoulder and returned to Carol.

“So we’re going to be fighting with four holy swords total, are we?” Elsa said.

“It will definitely give us one shot to win this and let us all handle a holy sword, right?” Curtis said.

“I see your enthusiasm, now come forth!” Linda cried.

The Swordsman Group formed a formation.

Curtis is in the lead, Elsa-san is in the back left, Koishi-chan is in the back right, and Cattleya-san is behind them.

Linda-san grinned and readied her wooden sword.

“Let’s go!! Linda Crable!!”

“I’m ready!!”

Curtis kept his stance high and ran towards Linda-san.

It’s a completely different step than before.

The stiffness is gone.

Hawkes was swung at high speed, and Linda-san flicked it away with her wooden sword.

When Linda-san was about to step in, Elsa-san slashed with Ryzin.

Curtis takes a step back and delivers a thrust with Hawkes.

“Yoshi, yoshi, good cooperation,” Linda-san said.

She laughs like a shark, deflects Ryzin’s attack, and uses the hilt to block Hawkes’s thrust.

“I’ve got you now!!”

Cattleya-san rushes straight back in from the recovery and thrusts at Linda-san.

With a clang, the blade split left and right, and white light gushed out from the base.

Oh, you’re going to shoot a beam like this on your first move?

“Don’t announce the timing of your attack!” Linda cried.

She lowers her stance as if crawling on the ground to avoid the beam.

“Kuh!” Koishi-chan spun around and swept up Kogitsunemaru.

As if dancing, Linda-san and Koishi-chan circled back to back, and Linda-san’s wooden sword tried to slice off her neck.

Koishi-chan rolls forward as hard as she can to dodge it.

“Are you kidding me?” Curtis asked.

“Even if you multiply your power by 4, you won’t even be close to reaching the 30 warriors’ strength she has!”

“Don’t talk during battle,” Linda-san growled as she swung her wooden sword at Curtis.

Elsa-san blocks the slash with Ryzin.

Cattleya-san’s dragged her sword along the ground, stirring up dirt as she approached Linda-san.

“Twist and thrust.”

Linda-san raised the flat of Eckesax’s sword with the bottom of her palm and smoothly dodged it.

Cattleya-san bows and pulls her feet back.

I wonder what they’re planning.

Even though there were four of them, they didn’t touch Linda-san at all.

In fact, no matter how you look at it, all the attacks are being read.

This must be due to a lack of skill on everyone’s part.

They’re not very good at technique, so Linda-san easily picks up their actions.

Since it’s being read, they can’t decide to use the deadly Light magic attacks.

It’s a vicious cycle.

In other words, Linda-san is extremely strong.

“Charge, Curtis!”

“Ouuuhh!”

Oh? Suddenly, Curtis’ movements changed.

Smooth steps, as if he had improved several steps at once, his body movements had no gaps.

“Kukuku! This is interesting, is it the ghost of the hero Yvonne?”

Linda-san laughed fiercely and blocked Curtis’s sword head-on.

“Ah, I see!”

“How, everyone suddenly started moving better? What’s going on?”

“The holy swords have memories of their original owner’s movements. Those are the movements of the heroes of old.”

“So, can they win?”

“No, you see, their heights are different, and their training methods are different, so they can’t just become the heroes like that.”

It’s amazing, both Cattleya-san and Elsa-san are moving well.

The hero’s movement support is amazing.

However, Linda-san is still handling four people at once, it’s looking bleak.

It feels like they don’t have a lot of leeway, but they do have it.

“Yah, isn’t it so extravagant to be surrounded by three heroes and one saint!?” Linda cried.

Oh, Linda-san looks happy.

Cattleya-san unleashes a three-stage thrust.

Erza-san began to accelerate, following the hero’s splendid movements.

“Hawkes, come forth!!”

“Yoshi, let’s get serious, Curtis!!”

Hawkes’ blade shines.

If it comes into contact with the wooden sword even once, it will be over, but Linda-san slips through it and dodges, then swings the wooden sword.

If the blades touch even once...

But when it comes to speed, Linda-san avoids it.

Elsa-san’s accelerating slashes strike out at Linda-san like a furious wave, coming from the direction she had dodged in.

Even high-speed continuous attacks can’t stop Linda-san from moving.

It was too fast for Curtis to intervene.

Cattleya-san jumps on Curtis’s back and launches into the air, twisting and falling towards Linda-san while delivering thrusts.

Elsa-san quickly drew a semicircle to block Linda-san’s hypothetical

escape route.

Linda-san isn't looking at Cattleya-san.

She's looking for Koishi-chan.

Koishi-chan was spinning around her and moving on sliding feet, she slashed at Linda-san as if swinging Kogitsunemaru with all her might.

GAN!!

Kicking the ground hard, Linda-san also jumped back, dodging Cattleya-san's falling thrusts and Koishi-chan's slashing attack.

Koishi-chan continued to pursue Linda-san on her feet.

Many Light sword slashes fly.

Linda-san brought her wooden sword forward to block the slashes.

—Now, Koishi-chan!

Kogitsunemaru glowed and slipped through the wooden sword.

—Alright!

Just as I was thinking that, Linda-san twisted her hips to avoid the slash.

What kind of reflexes does she have?!

No way, even though they used all the secret techniques of the holy swords, not even a single attack landed.

“Alright, I lose.”

Linda-san's priest's robe was cut open, revealing her pale belly.

“I-I made it, myon...” Koishi said.

She felt weak and fell to the ground.

Curtis and Cattleya-san also fell sprawled to the ground.

Elsa-san kneels, too.

“Yah, I had no idea you had the ability to pass through things,” Linda-san said, smiling and patting her stomach.

“And even though the edge of the blade should have reached the skin, there was no injury.”

“Ah, with the healing sword’s ability, it slipped through the wooden sword and hit me in the stomach, but since it heals from the cutting edge, there is no wound left on a human body.”

“It’s a slash that can’t cut, isn’t it?”

When I use it, I can cut various parts, such as specific parts or just nerves, but it seems like I can only use it as a healing sword if the user’s attributes don’t match.

“H-How strong are you, Linda-shisho?”

“Ridiculously so,” Hawkes said. “It’s like a miracle that you hit her, Koishi-sama, but Linda-shisho remains terrifying.”

“Thank you very much, Linda-shisho!!” Curtis said, getting up and bowing.

“Umu, do your best wielding Hawkes, won’t you?” Linda-san said, grinning.

Cattleya-san also stands up and bows to Linda-san. “I learned a lot, and I will continue to work hard, Linda-sensei.”

“Hmm, Cattleya-sama, you may be stupid, but a stupid knight, so cheer up.”

For some reason, Linda-san seems to be in a really good mood.

The Dwarf Maid-san is sewing Linda-san’s sliced robes back together with a sewing kit.

Elsa-san stood up and bowed deeply to Linda-san. “That was wonderful, Linda-kyou,” she said.

“Ah, thank you, I’d like to praise your performance as well, Elsa-sama.”

“Yes, I’ll keep doing my best.”

Finally, Linda-san went to the collapsed Koishi-chan and patted her head.

“Well done, Koishi-chan.”

“Ah, thank you, myon, I would like Linda-sensei to teach me again, myon.”

“Oh, come anytime.”

Well, that’s a relief, everyone.

“Amazing, amazing, the battle with the holy sword, Master Linda-san’s movements, these guys’ guts, oh, the sword strikes are so amazing.”

“Buchou, hurry up, and let’s start forging.”

“I feel like I can really make something like those swords.”

Looks like the Blacksmith Club had something to gain as well.

Chapter 156

Showdown! Linda-san V.S. The Saint's Faction's Swordsmanship Group
(3)

“Iya, iya, it’s an incredible feat for these wonderful 1st-year high school students to take on Linda-shi, the pride of our Great Temple,” Kyoko-sama said as he came down from the audience seats while clapping his hands.

Oh, Kyoko-sama, were you watching?

“I heard what you were talking about, and I think I can lend you the holy swords,” Kyoko-sama said. “I have created the loan certificates here, please read the terms and conditions and sign it.”

And with that, Kyoko-sama held out the documents.

Wow, word gets around fast.

Or rather, is this really okay, since we’re using the treasures of the Sacred Heart Temple?

Kyoko-sama is really kind to me, and I’m a little ashamed of it.

“””Thank you, Kyoko-sama.”””

The Swordsmanship Group expressed their gratitude in unison.

Curtis and his friends lined up and started signing the documents on the desk in the practice area.

Then, Kyoko-sama approached Koishi-chan.

“You don’t seem to have a holy sword,” Kyoko-sama said.

“Ye-Yes, myon, my martial art is from Hora, myon, so I have no choice, myonyo.”

“Let me lend you this,” Kyoko-sama said. “It’s the only Horai magic sword among the magic swords of the Great Temple. It’s called Hyoukamaru.”

“I-Is that okay, myon?!!”

Saying that Koishi-chan looked at Kyoko-sama and me alternately.

It's fine, go ahead and borrow it.

"You are none other than a swordsman from the Saint's Faction. It's worthy enough for you."

"Th-Thank you very much, myon, Kyoko-shyama!"

"You are the hero who struck a blow against Linda-shi, it's praise you have earned," Kyoko-sama said. "Besides, all the people around you, Koishi-sama, Saint-sama, have become great people. I'm sure Curtis-kyou, Elsa-sama, and Cattleya-sama will all become swordsmen who will come to represent our time in history. And you, as well, of course."

Kyoko-sama winked mischievously.

"I used to be just a cheeky little priest, but ever since I became close to the previous Saint Maria-sama, I have been promoted rapidly, and now I've found myself the pope," Kyoko-sama said. "Maybe there's something in there that will bring you good luck. That's why I'm sure all of you who gathered here at the school will be able to rise to fame without end, so please do your best."

"Yes, Kyoko-shyama, I'll do my best, myon!"

Kyoko-sama held out a blue scabbard, then handed it and its sword to Koishi-chan.

"Can I take it out, myon?" Koishi asked.

"Go ahead, Hyokaimaru is yours."

"I'm just borrowing it, myon," Koishi said.

With that said, Koishi-chan put the scabbard on her waist and smoothly drew her sword.

It was a blue sword that seemed to draw you in.

Frost slowly began to form on the blade, and the sword turned light blue.

"Its special ability is a freezing attack," Kyoko-sama said. "Among the magic swords on this continent, it's called the Ice Brand Sword."

It's amazing, it's a sword that has the additional effect of freezing when you cut with it.

It is extremely effective against flame-based enemies!

Koishi-chan smoothly sheathed her sword and bowed deeply and deeply to Kyoko-sama.

That's good, isn't it?

"That's great, Koishi, now here, sign the loan document," Curtis said.

"Yes, Curtis-shyama."

Koishi-chan was excited as she headed towards the desk.

Alright, the Saint's Faction Swordsmanship Group did a great job.

Linda-san is also in a good mood and smiling.

After signing, the Swordsmanship Group handed the documents to the priests and came before me.

"We did it, Makoto."

"Please praise Curtis and the others, this is the great glory that we could not have achieved if we were missing even one person."

"You were all great! Everyone did their best."

When I praised them, everyone's serious expressions broke at the same time.

"It was thanks to Makoto-chan and Kogitsunemaru, Bianca-sama's movements were so amazing," Koishi-chan said as she handed me Kogitsunemaru back.

I take it and put it on my waist.

You did well, little fox.

When I tapped the handle, it rang happily.

"However, it looked like the blade slipped through the wooden sword."

"It's called a healing sword, and it has the ability to pass through

matter for a moment,” I said.

“Is there a cut Linda-shi’s stomach, just like on her clothes?”

“After passing through the wooden sword, it regained its cutting power and sliced through her clothes, and also made a shallow cut on her stomach, which it healed while cutting.”

“Come again? Can it do that?”

“Isn’t it meant to cut someone despite wearing armor and heal them through it?”

Perhaps.

“Ah, I see, wow, that’s an interesting ability.”

“I felt the cut, but it didn’t hurt,” Linda-san said while she patted her stomach.

“I don’t know why, but it doesn’t seem to hurt.”

“Isn’t it strange that Horai’s holy sword is a sword that prioritizes medical treatment?”

This is an ability unique to Kogitsunemaru, and depending on who wields Kogitsunemaru, it seems to have a different ability.

I’m looking forward to seeing Kogitsunemaru’s other versions at the main Temple.

“Okay, everyone, let’s go to the orphanage and play with them. Everyone will be happy to see us.”

“You’re taking care of orphans, aren’t you?”

“Yes, everyone is happy when they see me, Carol,” I said.

Carol lowered her eyelids and smiled.

The Saint’s Faction begins to move one by one.

“Thank you, Kyoko-sama.”

“Makoto, you can do whatever you want with everything in this Great Temple, whether it’s the holy swords or the demonic sword.”

“No, no, that’s outrageous.”

“Makoto, you are so modest and likable. Well then, see you later.”

“Yes, I’m heading out.”

We parted ways with the Kyoko-sama and went up the east terrace of the Great Temple.

It’s almost three o’clock, time for snacks.

The children are waiting.

Chapter 157

Playing With The Children At The Orphanage

When we all went to the orphanage, the children suddenly approached us.

“You’re late, Mako-nee!”

“Makoto-onee-chan, welcome back.”

“Mou, you should come more often.”

“Ahaha, sorry, sorry, did you guys miss me?” I asked.

“Yeah, we missed you.”

I’ll be in trouble if the kids turn hostile to you.

“Makoto, you like children, huh?” Carol said.

“Yeah, it’s fun to be with them,” I said.

“Are you Makoto-onee-chan’s friend?” one of the kids asked.

“Yeah, I brought all my friends today, and this girl is Carol, my best friend.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Waah, Onee-chan smells like Obaa-chan!”

“Ahaha, I’m making medicine using alchemy,” Carol said.

“You smell good, I like it.”

Carol is also encouraged by the children.

“Hey Makoto-chan, we’re heading home,” Bartolomei said.

“Aah? You can play with the kids in return for getting to see the holy swords,” I said.

“Mhm, I’d like to go home quickly and forge the swords, but I don’t mind now that you’re offering,” Bartolomei said.

“Ouh, hello.”

“Wow, your beard is so big, um, uh, umm.”

“That’s a Dwarf-san, this is my first time seeing a Dwarf-san, can I touch your beard?”

“Ahaha, that’s fine,” Bartolomei said.

Bartolo-buchou and the Blacksmith Club also started being swarmed by the children.

The dwarves are so popular.

Melissa-sama is nervous.

“I-I’m an only child, so I don’t know how to handle children,” Melissa said.

“It’s okay, my family is full of children, so leave it to me, Melissa,” Marilyn said.

“Teach me, tell me what to do, Marilyn,” Melissa said.

“Oh, you’re such a huge lady.”

“I’m Marilyn Gogol, nice to meet you,” Marylin said.

“Nice to meet you, Marilyn!!”

Marilyn picked up that girl and lifted her high.

The girl was very happy.

“Wah, us kids are small, but I guess some of you are the same size as us, huh?”

“I’m a halfling, so I’m not a child, I’m your onee-san,” Misha said.

“No way! We’re about the same!”

“You’ve got it wrong,” Misha said.

Misha-san is having trouble with the children’s energy.

Yuriyuri-senpai was watching this with a smile on her face.

Help her, why don’t you?

“Is the onee-san with glasses Mako-nee-chan’s friend?”

“Yes, we share the same room in the dormitories,” Corinna said.

“Wow, that’s great, that’s great, living in the dormitory at the Magic Academy must be so nice.”

“It is fun, but where are the kids going to study?” Corinna asked.

“Umm, well, it’s the seminary, and after we graduate we’ll become a Ni-san or an Otera-san, you know?”

The future for children in orphanages who could study in the seminaries was becoming bureaucrats for the Temple.

Children who are unable to study may find a regular job and enter working society, or some may become maids at Maid Schools.

The Maid School here trains domestic maids.

Intelligence Maids are not trained here.

“Oh, that’s an amazing sword! Is this a holy sword, Onii-chan?!”

“That’s right, it’s the holy sword Hawkes, I’m borrowing it,” Curtis said.

“Are you serious?! Onii-chan, are you a hero?”

“I’m not, but they lent me it specifically to protect Saint Makoto,” Curtis said.

“Uooohh, you’re a knight who protects Mako-nee-chan?! That’s cool!!”

“Little children, train your bodies and study hard, and the future will open up to you.”

“”Uwaah!! The sword spoke!! Amazing, amazing!!”

Boys also started coming to the Swordsmanship Group.

It seems that Curtis-onii-chan also likes children.

Cattleya-san is flustered, not knowing what to do.

Elsa-san laughed and patted the children’s heads.

As expected of your feminine power, Elsa-san.

“Hey, is Nee-chan’s sword a holy sword too? Which is it?”

“This is Eckesax, the sword of the hero Stefan.”

“Stefan-sama! I knew he was the person who slayed dragons!
Amazing, amazing!”

In response to the boy’s request to pull out her sword, Cattleya-san draws and shows it to him.

“Oh, it’s a Horai sword! Samurai? You, Onee-chan?”

“My Ojii-shyan was a samurai, myon.”

“Uwah, your Oji-san, you’re from Horai, that’s amazing, yeah?! And you’ve got a northern accent, too.”

“Is this your first time meeting someone from the north, myon?”
Koishi asked.

“Uuhn? One of the deacons is from the north, so you must be from the same region, myon!”

“It’s nice to have people from the same hometown, everyone is doing their best, myon,” Koishi said.

A serious-looking megane girl came in front of Carol.

“Umm, ah, are you Albright-sama, the alchemist?” she asked.

“Yes, I’m from the Albright family,” Carol said.

“My attribute is Earth, and I want to become an alchemist. What should I do?”

“Well, if you study and practice alchemy, you can become an alchemist.”

“There are no alchemy classes at the seminary,” the glasses girl said, grimacing sadly.

Ah, it’s tough to become an alchemist unless you have a certain amount of Earth magic.

Carol laughed and patted the girl on the head.

“What is your name?”

“Na-Natalie, I want to be an alchemist.”

“Can you come to the Academy on Saturday and Sunday? If you help me with my work, I’ll teach you alchemy in return.”

“Ar-Are you serious, Albright-sama?!!”

“Yeah, we need a lot of alchemists in our territory, so when you grow up, Natalie, I’ll have you come to Albright territory as an alchemist.”

“Thank you so much!! Wow, Wow!! I’ll even get a job! I can live in the capital of Falnégard!”

Natalie’s excitement is skyrocketing.

It’s quite difficult to learn the basics of alchemy.

“You’ve made a cute apprentice, huh?”

“Yeah, I’m looking forward to teaching her.”

Carol gently stroked Natalie’s head and smiled.

Mou, my wife is such a nice person.

Chapter 158

Let's All Eat Snacks At The Orphanage

After everyone deepens their friendships with the orphans, we all move to the orphanage's cafeteria.

I couldn't believe the faces the children made then.

"What's wrong? Last time you were excited to have snacks," I asked.

"Iyaa, that's the thing."

"Ever since Ilda-san returned to the school, you know."

"The food doesn't taste good anymore."

Eating delicious food is both good and bad.

You can't help but compare them, you know?

"Well, I guess it's nice to have a snack, isn't it?" I said.

"Well, that's right."

"I'm jealous that you can eat Ilda-san's cooking every day, Makoto-nee."

They're even jealous of me, huh?

The door to the dining room opened and a Ni-san came out with a tray of cupcakes.

Huh, there's Ilda-san too.

"Kyah, Ilda-mama!!"

"Uwah, uwah, why are you here?"

"I heard that everyone was missing me, so I decided to come only on Saturdays and Sundays when the school is free to let me," Ilda-san said.

"Yatta, banzai!!"

“”””Banzai, banzai!””””

The children’s excitement is rising.

The power of delicious food is amazing.

“Come on, Makoto-sama, this way, please,” Ilda-san said.

“Thank you, Ilda-san, for coming to the orphanage,” I said.

“It’s alright, seeing the happy faces of the children is the best reward,” Ilda-san said, smiling.

That’s a nice smile.

I bit into the still-warm cupcake.

Uwa, so delicious.

“It’s delicious, as expected from you, Ilda-san,” I said.

“Whether it’s a cake or a dish, it’s completely different when Ilda-san has a hand in it,” the Ni-san said. “She’s really talented.”

We drink tea while eating delicious cupcakes.

“Hmm, how delicious it is. It’s no wonder that she’s a purveyor to the royal palace.”

“Right? It’s very delicious.”

“Delicious, delicious,” Lloyd said. “I asked Juliet, she said you’re the daughter of Kodo-Tei’s owner?”

“Yes, Lloyd-ouji-sama,” Ilda-san said.

“I want you to work in the royal palace,” Lloyd said.

“Don’t try to monopolize the chefs for the common people, Prince Lloyd,” I said.

“Umumu, I was thinking about scouting when the girls’ dormitory cafeteria opens again,” Lloyd said.

“Ara, thank you,” Ilda-san said. “But, my cooking is not something that would be accepted in the royal palace.”

“I don’t think the same, but well, think about it, won’t you?” Gerald

said.

“Gerald, stop it,” I said.

“You stop it, Kimball.”

Mattaku, when there were too many children around them, Rick-san and Jack-san built a wall against them, but you royals are so brazen.

After having a snack, I play with the kids on the playground.

As expected, the princes are also breaking down their bodyguards’ walls and interact with the children.

“Ar-Ar-Ar-Are you really Prince Kevin? I-I saw you on the balcony at the New Year’s festival last year,” an orphan girl said timidly.

“I am, you are all children of the kingdom, so please do your best and become good citizens,” Kevin said, speaking kindly.

Yah, girls do love princes, don’t they?

“Your name is Nancy, isn’t it? You’re quite cute. How old are you?”

“I-I’m thirteen years old, Prince Lloyd.”

“Yes, you’re very cute, why don’t you come here...itatata, Juliet, that hurts!”

The Chara Prince tries to put his hands on Nancy, but Juliet-sama pinches his butt.

No Touch, Lloyd-chan.

We had fun playing with the kids until the evening came.

The sky is now red.

“Well, we’re going home, see you next week,” I said.

“Eeeh, we’ll miss you so much, Mako-nee-chan~.”

“Uhn, but I’m going home already,” I said.

“I don’t want you to, I don’t want you to.”

“Uhn-uhn, sorry, I’ll be back,” I said.

Unfortunately, I will be separated from the kids.

Everyone was saying goodbye to each other.

We all descend the grand staircase one by one and emerge onto the main street.

“It was fun, the kids are so cute.”

“I could see Makoto’s kind side.”

“Sto-Stop it,” I said.

The entire Blacksmith Club came together in front of me.

“Well, that’s it for us,” Bartolomei said. “I’m more motivated after seeing all these amazing things. I’ll let you know when I have the materials for the shield sword. See you then, Makoto-chan.”

“Ouyo, ganbatte, Bartolo-buchou. Everyone in the Blacksmith Club, too,” I said.

“Ouyo, I’ll make something amazing.”

“I got some interesting information about the design and structure of the holy swords.”

“I’m going to go home and repeat it in an experiment.”

“My arms are going to be sore.”

I’m glad the people in the Blacksmith Club are in good spirits.

I am feeling it, too.

Two black-painted high-class carriages then glided towards us.

“It looks like the carriages have arrived to pick us up,” Gerald said. “Thank you, Kimball, for today, I was able to see some interesting things.”

“Thank you, Kimball-san. It was wonderful,” Kevin said.

“See you at school next week, Ryoshu,” Lloyd said.

I don’t remember agreeing to Lloyd-chan’s joining the faction.

“I’m going to the royal palace with Lloyd-sama,” Juliet said, “We’ll

have dinner together. Makoto-sama, see you next week.”

“Ai, ai, Julie-chan, see you then,” I said.

“Yes, indeed~.”

The royal family plus Juliet got into the carriage and left.

“What will you do now, Makoto?”

“I’ll walk to the Baron’s mansion and stay the night there,” I said.

“I see, the Swordsmanship Group will probably eat something and return to the school.”

“Are you going to do that?”

“Can we come with you?”

“Meri-Meri and Marilyn, come on, come on, you can go, how about Yulisha-senpai?”

“Indeed, may I join you, Browright-kyou?”

It looks like the Swordsmanship Group and the Fashion Group will have some tea together and then go home.

“What about Corinna-chan?”

“I don’t have much money, so I’m going to go home and study. I already had a snack earlier,” Corinna said.

“Maybe I should do that too, Corinna,” Carol said.

Hmm, will Carol and Corinna go home together?

Somehow, I feel jealous.

No, I suppose I can’t help it, though.

“That’s right, why don’t you both come with me to the baron’s mansion?” I said. “I want to introduce you to Otou-sama and Okaa-sama.”

Oh, the three of us can do this together.

On the way back, I could just have the baron’s carriage sent out for the two of them.

“Giving my greetings to Clark-kyoju does sound nice.”

“Yes, I would like to give my greetings, too.”

“It’s decided, then, let’s go,” Linda said.

Hey, Linda-san, did you confuse something?

Don’t just invie yourself.

Chapter 159

Introducing My Two Best Friends To My Adoptive Parents

The four of us stroll down the street at night.

As the sun goes down, bars open for the night, and drunken people begin to walk around.

The atmosphere is terrible, but Linda-san has a worse look in her eyes, so even the hawks that approach us quickly run away.

“It’s a real help to have Linda-san here.”

“Indeed it is, indeed it is.”

Linda-san has a smug look on her face.

Tch.

As I strolled down Central Street, we found Baron Kimball’s house.

“Wow, it’s such a peaceful home,” Carol said.

“It’s bigger than ours,” Corinna said.

“Now then, come in, come in,” I said.

I said hello to the Kimball family steward and entered the baron’s mansion.

“Ah, welcome home, Makoto,” Otou-sama said.

“Makoto, welcome home, are these your friends?” Okaa-sama said.

“Yes, these are my friends Carol and Corinna,” I said.

“Good evening, my name is Caroline from Earl Albright’s family.”

“Good evening, my name is Corinna and I am from Baron Ceverus’s family.”

“I am Clark of the Kimball family, I’ve heard all the rumors about you.”

“I’m Hannah, all three of you are welcome here.”

Well, we don’t have to welcome Linda-san.

Otou-sama and Okaa-sama let all three of them inside.

Let’s all have tea together in the dining room.

“Now that we have the opportunity, Makoto-chan, Okaa-san was so happy that I almost cried when I heard you were giving me a dress.”

“No, I’m always indebted to you,” I said.

“I thought it was strange because the Mahler family’s daughter came over, but she said she would make it for me and Brad,” Okaa-sama said. “I appreciate it, but is it really okay not to pay for it?”

“Yes, I designed the dress and it was well received, so Hilda-san decided to buy the design from me, and the cost of the formal dress will be offset from there,” I said.

“If it does well enough, me might just make a profit, too,” Corinna said.

“Is that true, Ceverus-san?” Okaa-sama asked.

“We have a contract for design royalties,” I said, “so if sales of dresses made in Mahler territory increase in the future, we will receive a share of the profits.”

“Maa, Makoto-chan, what an amazing child you are, Okaa-sama is so proud.”

“Makoto, you’re so versatile. It’s amazing,” Otou-sama said.

Otou-sama, Okaa-sama are always impressed by what I do.

I’m a little proud, too.

“Is Albright-san’s Otou-san going on adventures again?”

“Yes, this time he’s going south. He’s hopeless and I’ve given up on him,” Carol said.

“Otou-sama also knows about your Otou-san, Carol,” I said.

“Speaking of Dennis Albright, he’s among the only five people in

Appleton who're Mythril Rank adventurers, the rumors say."

"That's amazing, isn't it?" Corinna said, surprised.

Mythril Adventurers are the highest ranked in the adventurer guild.

This is the position that Curtis-onii-chan is aiming for.

"He's always searching for rare alchemy materials and going on adventures, and so he never returns to his territory.

His work keeps getting pushed off, and it's difficult."

Ah, since her Otou-san hasn't come home, Carol is managing the territory on his behalf.

It seems that Carol is also the one who is running the sales channel for alchemy medicine.

"I want to grow up quickly and concentrate on managing the territory with Corinna," Carol said.

"Well, if I fail the Treasury Department exam, you could take me to Albright territory," Corinna said.

"I hope you fail the selection exam, then," Carol said.

"Stop it!"

I'm pleased to watch the interaction between the two of them. Otou-sama and Okaa-sama also smile and look at it like it's so nice.

"I've heard a lot about the two of you from Makoto," Otou-sama said. "I hope you'll continue to support Makoto."

"Both of you are strong young ladies, and am quite happy to have met you both," Okaa-sama said. "Please, continue to take good care of Makoto."

"No, no, I'm the one who's indebted to Makoto," Carol said.

"Honestly, she's very unconventional as an ojousama, but she's a very loving and honorable person," Corinna said.

"She's always helped us, too."

My parents and two best friends bowed to each other.

Stop it, you'll embarrass me.

Mou~~..

Carol and Corinna refused my adoptive parents' request to go eat dinner with them.

"I wish we could eat together."

"We're going to disturb your family gathering," Corinna said.

"You have good parents, don't you?" Carol said. "Clark-kyoju and your Okaa-san are both fine people."

I also feel happy when my parents are praised.

Thank you.

"Then I'll escort you to the school," I said.

"We'll just use a carriage," Linda said.

"It's not close to the school, but I didn't expect it to be this close, still," Carol said.

"It's closer than mine, I'll just walk," Corinna said.

I wonder where Corinna's house is?

Let's go hang out sometime soon.

I walk my two best friends and Linda to the door.

"See you tomorrow then. Are we going to a play then?" Carol asked.

"Oh, I forgot to ask Dulcie," I said.

"Going to a play, you said?" Dulcie said as she came out. "If you need a reservation, I'll start running now."

"Iyaah, it's a waste, I haven't decided which one I'm going to," I said.

"That's an example of useless boyfriend behavior," Corinna said.

"Urusai," I said.

Linda-san put her hand on her chin and thought.

“The ladies of the Temple said *The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake* made them both laugh and cry,” she said.

“Then I’ll go make a reservation,” Dulcie said.

“Dulcie, you don’t need to, it’s so late.”

“It’s still early in the evening. It’s okay, Makoto-sama.”

With that, Dulcie ran off like the wind.

“Dulcie is happy to be of help to you, Makoto-sama,” Linda said.

“Eh, wait, I haven’t introduced Dulcie to Otou-sama and Okaa-san yet.”

“Later, after you have free time again, you can introduce her,” Linda said.

“Got it, I’ll do that.”

Carol, Corinna-chan, and Linda-san walked away down the main street.

I felt a little lonely, so I waved goodbye a little.

Chapter 160

While Eating Dinner, I Will Report On The Past Week To My Baron
Parents After chatting with my parents in the dining room for a while, Dulcie came back.

“Makoto-sama, I’ve bought your theater tickets,” Dulcie said. “There’s a performance at 3 o’clock in the afternoon.”

Saying that Dulcie handed me two wooden tags.

“Wah, thank you, Dulcie.”

“It’s nothing.”

When I hugged Dulcie in joy, Dulcie narrowed her eyes.

“Oh, how much was it? I’d like to pay you back,” I said.

“I was cashing in the bounty from the criminal we subdued the other day,” Dulcie said. “That’s how I paid for it. It’s 5,000 dolancs each. I’ll give you the rest.”

Dulcie pulled out a leather bag from her pocket and handed it to me.

Oh, there are 4 large gold coins and a lot of small change inside.

I pulled out 240,000 dolancs worth of coins and returned the leather bag to Dulcie.

“Makoto-sama, I receive a sufficient salary from the Temple,” Dulcie said.

“Dwango was defeated by the two of us, so I’ll split it with you, Dulcie.”

“But.....”

“Think of it as a bonus,” I said.

And with that, I patted Dulcie on the head, and she reluctantly put the leather bag in her pocket.

Dwango was taken down by Dulcie alone, so she could have taken it all.

But I'm sure she won't like receiving all that money.

So, well, let's do something for Dulcie for 250,000 dolancs

Maybe I should buy her a dress from the Mahler territory.

Dulcie has black hair, so I think a blue dress would look good on her.

Let's talk to Hilda-san when she comes back.

"Is that girl Dulcie-kun, Makoto?" Otou-sama asked.

"Yes, this is Dulcie, the intelligence maid assigned by the Temple."

"I am Dulcie, it's a pleasure to meet you, Dan'na-sama, Okugata-sama," Dulcie said, bowing deeply.

"So you're the Temple's intelligence maid, aren't you?" Otou-sama said. "You seem to be quite a hard worker."

"Maa, aren't you cute? Nice to meet you, Dulcie-chan," Okaa-sama said.

"Likewise, thank you very much," Dulcie said.

"You must have been waiting to get home, so let's have dinner together," Okaa-sama said.

"Ah, um, I'm a maid, so..." Dulcie said.

"Isn't that okay? If you're Makoto-chan's maid, your mistress will be with you too. Right?" Okaa-sama said.

"Dulcie, come with me to dinner," I said.

"..... Understood."

Or rather, I wonder where and what Dulcie usually eats.

I guess she eats at the girls' dormitory cafeteria.

Ummu.

Let's ask her next time.

Now that Dulcie is with us, the 4 sit around the table together with the family.

I'm so happy that I feel like I have an imouto.

"Is it delicious, Dulcie-chan?" Okaa-sama said.

"Yes, Oku-sama, it's very delicious," Dulcie said.

"I'm a historian, so I sometimes hear rumors about intelligence maids, but this is the first time I've seen one in person," Otou-sama said. "It must be a tough job, isn't it?"

"No, I'm not that good at intelligence or housework," Dulcie said.

"Dulcie has incredible fighting ability," I said.

"That must be of great help," Otou-sama said.

"If you work hard, you'll definitely be good at housework and intelligence, Dulcie-chan," Okaa-sama said.

Dulcie looked embarrassed and shy.

She's cute, isn't she?

"Then, Makoto, tell me what happened at school this week," Otou-sama said.

"N-No, it's nothing big. We had an alchemy class, and then, erm, we fought Emil of Pottinger's 10 Greats..."

"The 10 Greats of the Duke?!" Otou-sama yelled. Did they come out already? So what happened? Did Dulcie-kun defeat them?"

"N-no, I lost my temper and defeated him myself..." I said.

"Ouh....." Otou-sama gasped.

"Makoto-chan, don't be too much of a tomboy," Okaa-sama said.

Well, I wasn't at the level of a tomboy, but Emil was annoying me so there was nothing I could do about it.

"Also, I found an abandoned Temple at the school and received the short sword that Bianca-sama left behind," I said.

"Bianca-sama's short sword? Isn't she the Seijou-sama from 200 years ago, how would that happen?"

“Th-There were some ruins left, and, you know, it was there.”

“She was the Executed Saint, are you okay with that blade?” Otou-sama said.

“Yeah, it’s okay. It looks like a sacred sword from Horai,” I said.

I lifted my hips a little so they could see Kogitsunemaru.

I can’t speak bluntly about Bianca-sama even to Otou-sama.

It would be troublesome if a book was written about the truth.

“Also, I was called by the school principal and told to transfer to the seminary,” I said.

“What did you just say?!”

“That can’t be right! That’s unreasonable!”

“Ah, it’s okay,” I said, “I threatened to start a Holy War on Duke Pottinger’s second official residence to turn it into a vacant lot because Vivian-sama was abusing her rank, but I backed down..”

“Ooouuuuh...”

“Ma-Maa, it was nice that you backed down...”

Hmm, my baron parents are looking pale again.

A lot happened this week, too.

“Ah, and then...”

“Th-There’s still more...”

“Every week is amazing with you, Makoto-chan.”

“I was lured into the forest and almost killed, so I decided to take revenge, but...”

“Wh-What was that?”

“Ar-Are you okay, Makoto-chan?”

“Yeah, well, I managed to defeat the person in charge of Shadow Warfare for Duke Pottinger, but I also ended up involving the second prince, Lloyd-sama, in my Flash spell, hahaha.”

“” ...”

“He was cured, so there was no problem, but after that, I went to Duke Pottinger’s hideout and discovered illegal drugs, and then his knights attacked.”

“” ...”

“We fought together with Lloyd-ouji’s bodyguards, and in the end, we repulsed them with the help of the Third Order of the Royal Knights.”

“” ...”

“It’s true, Dan’na-sama, Okugata-sama.”

“No, I’m not doubting her, Dulcie-kun...” Otou-sama said.

“Dulcie was there too, and she fought with me,” I said.

“Ah, is that so.....?”

Somehow, my baron parents’ eyes are dead.

W-why so?

“For some reason, Hilda of the Mahler family defected and also joined our faction, making it the second largest faction in the country, and we concluded a treaty with the Pottinger family to prohibit fighting with swords, bows, and poisons. I think it will be peaceful from now on.”

Doya, they all paused.

“That’s an intra-school treaty, isn’t it?” Otou-sama said.

“Yes,” I said.

“There are several loopholes to that. The Pottinger family is good at finding loopholes and attacking through them, so be careful.”

“Is that so, Otou-sama?”

“Still, I don’t think anything will happen right after you signed the treaty,” Otou-sama said. “Fuuh, mattaku, even if they don’t interview the people involved and get behind-the-scenes stories, when they write your biography in the future, Makoto, it’s going to be as thick as a dictionary.”

Yeah, I also think that if things keep going like this, it's going to end up being like a taiga novel.

There are a lot of troublesome things surrounding the Saint Candidate.

Chapter 161

Staying Overnight At The Baron's Mansion And Then Returning To School

After the meal was over, Dulcie disappeared.

“Ara, I wonder where Dulcie-chan went? Okaa-sama asked.

“She usually hides,” I said.

“It must be a technique from the Maid Village. It’s quite strange, isn’t it?” Otou-sama said.

Both my adoptive parents were also looking around.

Well, it’s not something that an amateur can find.

I could find her using Light Sonar magic, but I think I’ll stop.

After finishing my meal, I took a bath at the baron’s manor.

“Dulcie, you don’t need help with the bath.”

“Ugghhh.”

“It’s too small, so get out,” I said.

“..... Yes.”

Dulcie disappeared again.

The bath in the baron’s house is small, so there’s no way Dulcie can wash me.

Jyuba-jyuba.

Ah, it’s been a long time since I’ve had a relaxing bath alone.

I wash my body properly.

I wash my hair properly as well.

Tomorrow, Dulcie will probably wash me thoroughly in retaliation, but well, that’s fine.

I get out of the bath and pat dry with a bath towel.

Fuu, that felt refreshing.

I love baths.

I said my goodnight to Otou-sama and Okaa-sama and entered my room.

Haa, time to calm down.

I like Room 205, but I need time to be alone.

Iyah, maa, Dulcie is probably somewhere, but I hope I can't see her.

Tomorrow I'll go back to school and go to a play with Carol at 3 o'clock.

Uffu-fufufu.

I'm looking forward to it.

After the play is over, it will be evening.

Shall we have dinner together and go home?

But the food in the dormitory has become delicious.

Free delicious food is quite appealing, isn't it?

No, it's not free.

Suyaa.

I woke up.

It's bright all around.

Where, am I?

.....

Ah, the baron's mansion?

Yes, yes.

Fuwaah.

I stretch out on the bed.

Now, I thought it was time to change clothes, but the uniform hanging on the wall had been replaced with a new spare one.

Did Dulcie take the old one with her?

She notices details well.

That's great, Dulcie.

I brush my teeth, relieve myself, and change into my uniform.

When I left my room and headed to the dining room, Otou-sama Okaa-sama were both seated there already.

"Good morning, Otou-sama, Okaa-sama," I said.

"Good morning, Makoto," Otou-sama said.

"Good morning, how's Dulcie-chan?" Okaa-sama said.

"Dulcie," I said.

She won't come out.

"She doesn't want to be asked to have breakfast with us, so she won't come out," I said.

"Well, she's already like a child to us, so she doesn't have to worry about that," Okaa-sama said.

"Dulcie probably has some pride in her profession," Otou-sama said.

It's not good to infringe on those areas too much.

We eat breakfast together as a family.

I hear about politics from Otou-sama, and social gossip from Okaa-sama.

A relaxing daily life is fun.

I think it's a very important time.

I hope my baron parents stay healthy forever.

In this world, when people die, they die quickly.

Well, as long as I'm here, I won't let any pestilence or killing knives come close to the baron's house.

Because the saint candidate has cheats.

"Well then, I'm going back to school," I said.

"Huh, are you leaving already? Let's relax until noon and have lunch together," Okaa-sama said.

"No, I have something to do at school," I said.

Sorry, Okaa-sama, I have a date with my wife today.

I have to get there early and make some preparations.

"Is that so? Then be careful."

"Indeed, don't be too much of a tomboy."

"Yes, I'll be careful."

Well, even if I'm careful, there are many cases where bad guys come along and make things a mess anyway.

When I left the Baron's mansion, my parents came to the door to see me off.

The two of them waved at me until we got far away.

Ah, I'm so happy that I feel so loved.

As I was slowly walking toward the school, two large men who looked like trouble stood in front of me.

"Hold it, Kawaii-ko-chan.."

"Guhehhe, come play with us."

Dulcie appears next to me.

"I will eliminate them," she said.

"Wait a minute, Dulcie," I said.

"Alright," Dulcie said.

The two thugs' eyes widened when they saw the maid suddenly appear.

"Did someone ask you to come after me?" I asked.

"No-No, no one did."

"Y-Yeah, we're doing this voluntarily and we're not being paid by anyone."

"It's not something you do on a Sunday morning. Normally people like you would sleep until noon."

The brown-haired guy who looked like a thuggish ani pouted.

"N-no, I guess the weather was nice today, you know?"

"O-Ouh, I thought I hoped something good would happen last night, so you know, yeah."

"You don't have to pay back yesterday's deposit even if you don't complete your mission, so just go home now."

"N-No, I don't think we will."

"Because we're honest delinquents."

Hmm, if I can't prove it happened inside the school grounds, does the treaty with Duke Pottinger have no effect?

I guess this is the loophole.

But it's not even a bounty target.

From the way they act, it seems like the simple scheming of an ojousama, so I guess Deborah-san is behind this.

"What do you want to do?" I asked. "Think about it, we're all like this, so no help is coming."

"That's right, you should just give up, Nee-chan."

"You guys are really stupid, the Great Temple is near here," I said.

"W-Why would be? I'm not scared of some monks."

"That's right, that's right, what about your Goddess, huh?"

“You’re surrounded by the Temple Knights,” I said.

The two delinquents look around.

About 50 Temple Knights appeared from the shadows and surrounded us.

“Silas-san, what happened to Linda-san?” I asked.

“Today she was going out as Kyoko-sama’s escort, Seijou-sama.”

“”Saint!?””

“What a relief, it looks like you guys don’t have to be beat up after all,” I said.

“Mattaku, Taicho indeed has no mercy,” Silas said.

“I want to beat these guys too, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

“Stay, Dulcie,” I said.

The delinquents turned pale and knelt on the ground in a spectacular dogeza for forgiveness.

“”We’re so sorry!!””

“Do you guys think you can just apologize for trying to touch our precious Seijou-sama?” Silas barked.

“Maa, maa, Silas-san,” I said.

“Isn’t it beyond the point of asking you for mercy, Makoto-sama?” Silas asked.

“Stop it,” I said.

When I questioned the delinquents, they said that a well-dressed man appeared at the bar yesterday and gave them their deposit.

He said that if they kidnapped a blonde girl wearing a school uniform, he would pay them the rest.

“Yoshi, let’s catch that man. He might be working for Duke Pottinger,” Silas said.

“We didn’t know, please forgive us, Saint-sama,” one of the

delinquents said.

“If you cooperate with Silas and the other knights, I will forgive you,” I said.

“”We got it, we got it.””

Maybe it’s someone from Deborah’s family, Earl Wyeth.

Even though they had just signed a treaty.

It’s so annoying.

“I wanted to beat them...” Dulcie muttered as the delinquents were taken away by the Temple Knights.

Chapter 162

The Enemy Intelligence Maid Angelica's Attack

We have the delinquents taken away by the Temple Knights.

For now, if a well-dressed gentleman shows up at the bars tonight, we'll secure him.

Moving on, let's walk towards the school.

It's sunny today, perfect for a theater trip.

Uffufu.

Hiyoko-Do came into view.

I think I'll buy some for lunch.

Should I buy some for Carol and Corinna?

If I have any left over, I can put it into a stockpile.

Before I knew it, the bread in my storage chest had disappeared.

Well, I'm the one eating it.

"Good morning, Onii-chan," I said.

"Good morning Makoto, did you just come from the baron's house?"

"I did," I said.

I said my morning greetings to Cliff-nii-chan in front of the store and went inside.

I tell my Otou-chan my order and choose bread for three people.

Well, six pieces of them, actually.

Girls don't eat more than three or four pieces of bread at once.

If we eat in the alchemy room, Anne-san will make us some herbal tea, so we don't need soda.

After I paid, Dulcie appeared and put the bread in a linen bag.

“I forgot about you, Dulcie, what would you like?”

“Uh, um, ah, Saint’s bread and a hot dog...”

“Here you go, for always taking care of Makoto for us, Dulcie-chan,” Otou-chan said.

“No, I’m the one being taken care of...” Dulcie said.

“What are you talking about? You are the one taking care of me,” I said, reaching out and patting Dulcie on the head.

She squints and stays still.

After putting Dulcie’s portion in the linen bag, she disappeared.

“Oh, ooh? She’s gone.”

“That’s the kind of maid she is, Otou-chan,” I said.

I paid Otou-chan and left Hiyoko-Do.

I stop by so often that it doesn’t feel like I’ve moved out of my parent’s house at all.

I would like to eat at Hiyoko-Do once in a while, but the timing just doesn’t seem right.

Okaa-chan’s cooking is simple but delicious.

Once you get to Hiyoko-Do, you’ll see the school just right there.

Since it was Sunday morning, there were many students out on the town.

There were no 2nd-year students, so the crowd was a little thin.

I pass through the school gate and head towards the girls’ dormitory.

When I suddenly noticed, Dulcie and Anne-san were next to me.

“Anne-san, what’s wrong?” I asked.

“It’s the enemy,” Anne said. “Threat level A, The Killing Curse Angelica. She’s an intelligence maid of the Pottinger family.”

In front of me was a girl dressed as a maid with a cheeky face, who was currently glaring at me.

“If it isn’t you, Makoto-sama, the saint candidate?” she said. “My name is Angelica, and I’m an intelligence maid belonging to the Pottinger Duchy, pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“Help me out,” I said.

“Huh?” Angelica said.

“Help me out, please get the right information and stop Deborah-san,” I said.

“..... Huh?”

A look of doubt appears on Angelica-san’s face.

“Do you understand the current state of the second official residence of Duke Pottinger?”

“I-I understand, but why is a Seijou-sama from a hostile faction worried about Deborah-sama?” Angelica asked.

“Because your intelligence system isn’t working properly, your faction keeps making stupid moves, and it’s causing trouble for us, too,” I said.

“... St-Stupid moves?”

Well, you should do reconnaissance properly.

“You sent Michael Pickering to harm me because you didn’t have enough intelligence.”

“Y-yes, I believe it’s because we’re at war,” Angelica said.

“Yes, I don’t mind that in itself, but at that time, I was going to see an abandoned temple with Linda-san.”

“Eeeeehhhhh?!” Angelica squealed. “He ran to where the Mad Angel is!!?”

“I panicked and sent him off quickly to let him escape, but you know, he was still in serious danger,” I said.

“Y-yes, that was a close call. Th-Thank you for letting him escape...”

Angelica’s forehead was covered in sweat.

“Since it’s too dangerous, we made a treaty between the Royal Faction, the Duke’s faction, and the Saint’s Faction that we wouldn’t use swords, bows, and poison, but since Deborah is an amateur, I don’t know what she’s going to do,” I said. “To be honest, Angelica-san, you shouldn’t come out and just help me.”

“...”

Angelica froze, staring at the ground.

“Have you not read the report?”

“I-I thought it was strange that she was writing things that sounded too good...”

“You should talk to Glenn from the Skull Brigade and Mike, there should be discrepancies between what happened at the scene and the documents left behind,” I said.

“I-I understand, thank you,” Angelica said. “... I will still challenge you, but... I-I appreciate your help!”

Anne-san and Dulcie came forward.

“Do you think you can win 2-on-1, Ange?”

“Fu-Fuhn, Anne, and the stranger Dulcie, e-even if the two of you offer yourselves, that would be cowardly, so why not do it one-on-one?”

“Fuh, I’m going to send you running right now,” Anne-san said as she pulled a dagger from her waist.

Angelica also took a long whip from her waist and readied it.

“Stop, don’t force Angelica-san to run away,” I said.

“But, Makoto-sama,” Anne said.

“I don’t know what Deborah-san will do if we leave her to her own devices again, we also need accurate intelligence in the second official residence of the Duke of Pottinger,” I said.

Angelica-san looked at me with a somewhat troubled expression.

“This is how intelligence maids decide on who is leading.”

“Without you, the second official residence of the Pottinger family will

fall in vain,” I said. “Until Victor joins the war next year, I’m counting on you to help us.”

“W-Why are you talking about Victor-sama?!” Angelica yelled.

Ah, no, it was information about the game.

“Ah, you see, I’m a saint candidate, after all,” I said.

“... You’re a terrifying being, Saint Candidate...” Angelica said. “Okay, I’ll stand up for your side here. But remember, Anne, Dulcie, this time is different from when we were at the Maid’s Village, and I’m the one who will rule this school!”

“That’s impossible,” Anne said.

“.....Impossible,” Dulcie muttered.

“W-Why so?!” Angelica cried.

“Because Margot is here...”

The moment Angelica heard Margot’s name, her eyes widened and a look of fear appeared on her face.

“Wh-Wh-Wh-Why is Margot here, thi-this is the Appleton Kingdom, the venue for the Intelligence Maid Summit Battle!!”

“I don’t know why that lazy maid is here and not in Wilkinson territory, but she is,” Anne said.

“So now that you know... please be quiet, Angelica.”

“I-I understand...”

Angelica-san shrugged her shoulders and staggered out of the school.

I’m wondering, but is she going to the second official residence of the Duke of Pottinger?

But is Margot really that amazing?

She’s a friendly girl who always says she’s sleepy.

Chapter 163

When Angelica-san is gone, the intelligence maids are also automatically gone.

At the school gate, there was just a lone saint candidate standing without any obvious reason.

Now then, moving on, where should I go?

In an otome game, it feels like the movement map is popping up.

> Alchemy Room

> Room 205

> Faction Meeting Room

I guess it feels like that.

Well, there are places I can go to if I want to, like the abandoned temple deep in the forest or the Blacksmith Club room, but for now, I don't want to go there.

Carol will be in the alchemy room, and Corinna will be in room 205.

There might be someone like Melissa-san in the meeting room.

So, the alchemy room is my only choice.

I entered the girls' dormitory, said hello to the dormitory guards, and went up the stairs.

I ran up to the 5th floor and stopped to catch my breath.

Why do I have to run up the stairs each time, you ask?

It's because it's a pain to walk up to the 5th floor.

As I walked down the hallway with my back hunched over, Anne laughed at me as she manned the store.

She was probably just downstairs earlier.

How are you staying ahead of the curve?

... The elevator?

Even maids who are related to the earl's family can ride the elevator.

Kusou, that's unreasonable.

We need to stop discriminating based on social status!

"I'll let Ojou-sama know you're here."

"Please do."

I staggered down the hallway to the front of the alchemy room.

Just as I arrived, the door opened and Carol stepped out.

"Ah, Makoto, welcome back."

"I'm back, Carol."

"Sa, come in, come in."

It seems that Carol was doing alchemy again, with suspicious smoke rising from the cauldron.

What can I say? She's a hard worker.

"I got us seats in the play, The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake, at 3 o'clock today," I said.

"I see, I heard that's a popular play, I'm looking forward to it, how much did the tickets cost?" Carol asked.

"I invited you this time, so I'll treat you," I said.

"Oh, that seems like a shame," Carol said.

"You can buy me something next time, Carol," I said.

"Yeah, let's do that," Carol said.

Carol took the wooden tag and smiled.

Ushishi, I'm looking forward to it.

It's for 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or rather it's 10 o'clock now, so we have plenty of time.

As I was sitting on the sofa drinking the herbal tea that Anne-san had made for me, smoke rose and the alchemical potion was completed.

“Today’s potion is blue, huh?” I said.

“Yeah, it’s an antidote, you wouldn’t need it, Makoto,” Carol said.

“I don’t need it, but do you need to make that many of them?” I asked.

“You don’t need much near the capital, but you do need it when diving into nearby dungeons,” Carol said. “Poison is a terrifying thing”

“If you don’t have a poison antidote, in the worst case scenario, you might even die, is that it?” I said.

“Indeed, if you can’t get rid of the poison, you’ll slowly lose your strength and die,” Carol said. “It’s said that adventurers who don’t have enough money often die because they couldn’t have bought antidotes.”

I don’t want to slowly die even though I’m conscious.

You shouldn’t skimp on potions, but adventurers’ earnings are unstable.

There are times when you don’t have money.

Potions are also quite expensive.

It doesn’t have a long shelf life, so use it up within a week.

If you think about it, being an alchemist is a good business.

It’s definitely profitable.

Carol asked Anne to bottle it, sat down on the other side of the sofa, and started drinking herbal tea.

A relaxing atmosphere flows through the reception set of the alchemy room.

Ah, Carol’s cheeks look so round and soft.

I want to poke and squish them.

“What is it? You’re looking so closely,” Carol said.

“It’s nothing, it’s nothing,” I said.

It’s sunny and warm today, with a gentle breeze coming in through the open window.

Haah, now is the best season in the capital.

I don’t know what it is, but the climate is more like the Kanto region of Japan than the climate of Europe.

Well, it can’t be helped since it’s an otome game.

When I was chatting with Carol, we started talking about the ribbon that the Clayton family had magically modified.

I untie the ribbon and show it to Carol.

“Wow, the Director of the Magic Agency is amazingly talented, after all,” Carol said. “I see, he’s done a good job at omitting inefficiencies.”

Carol brought some parchment and copied the magic circle.

“Ah, he was modifying the structure of the inversion circuit? That was a blind spot. I see.”

Yeah, even if I follow the circuit with my eyes, it’s too complicated and I can’t understand anything.

Carol turns the switch on and off, checking the movement of the light.

“It’s nice to see the light move so flashy, but it’s also difficult to write when it’s so detailed.”

“I heard that Serviche-sensei had developed an alchemy printing method and that he would use it instead,” I said.

“The alchemy printing press is the latest in alchemy technology. I’d love to see it.”

“Let’s ask Serviche-sensei to teach us together,” I said.

“Yes, let’s learn together.”

Carol is really serious about alchemy technology.

If she had been born in modern Japan, she might have become an engineer.

“Come to think of it, I want to make something like this,” I said.

I drew a schematic diagram of a hair dryer on parchment.

“Hmm, it’s a weapon that attacks by creating flames with a Fire magic stone and spraying them with Wind magic.”

“It’s not a flamethrower, the fire just raises the temperature of the wind,” I said.

“So it’s not a flame weapon?” Carol said.

“It’s a tool that blows warm air and dries your hair,” I said.

“Hmm, does the warm wind dry your hair?” Carol asked. “Wouldn’t it be better to use a Water magic stone to reduce the humidity in the wind and blow dry air?”

Ah, I see, it doesn’t have to be the structure of modern Japan.

I couldn’t think of a dryer using dry air.

But what about condensed water?

I guess I’ll build a tank somewhere to store it.

“The structure is simple, so you can easily draw the magic circle,” I said.

“Let’s make a model out of parchment to help out,” Carol said.

“We should,” I said.

With that, Carol began to draw a magic circle on the parchment in her hand.

“Well, let’s make something using Fire magic stones and Wind magic stones,” Carol said.

“Yeah, yeah,” I said.

“Anne, bring out a Fire magic stone and a Wind magic stone,” Carol said.

“Yes, Ojou-sama, what size?” Anne asked.

“It’s an experiment, so something small is fine,” Carol said.

Carol received a small pinky-sized red magic stone and a green magic stone from Anne-san and fixed them on top of the magic circle.

“If you don’t experiment with something that has been weakened, it will catch fire if you make it normally,” Carol said.

“I don’t need it to be a weapon,” I said.

“The magic circle of Fire at the bottom of the tube heats the air, and the magic circle of the tube generates Wind.

Yoshi,” Carol said, rolling up the parchment with the magic circle written on it.

“Will it work?”

When Carol poured magical power into the switch circuit, a strong wind blew from the end of the tube.

“It’s strong, we need to add more resistance circuits.”

When I channeled the magic power once again, a wind similar to the hair dryer from my previous life came out from the end of the tube.

When I put my hand over it, it blows warm air.

“It should be like this, right?” Carol said.

“Wow, Carol, you did it so quickly,” I said.

“It’s just a basic circuit, so it’s easy and simple.”

Why couldn’t the humans of this world create something so simple?

This isn’t the time to be making a flame spear or something.

I drop some water on a blank piece of parchment and use a magic hair dryer to blow hot air onto it.

Buoooooooo.

Oh, it’s drying, it’s drying.

“Ara, it’s dry,” Carol said.

“It’s true, Ojou-sama, I was skeptical too, but it really does dry things out,” Anne said.

“Right?!” I said.

I was so happy that I looked at them both.

Carol and Anne looked at the magic hair dryer with odd expressions.

Chapter 164

Taking Corinna-chan To The Blacksmith Club

Before I knew it, Dulcie had arrived, holding a prototype hair dryer and pouting.

“Makoto-sama, let’s go take a bath now,” Dulcie said.

“I don’t want to, what are you talking about?” I said.

“I’d like to try this out,” Dulcie said.

It looks like she’s pouting as she wants to use it.

I wonder if she’s frustrated because she couldn’t wash me yesterday.

“Do you want to use the bathroom here?” Carol offered unnecessarily.

“I’m not going to use it,” I said.

“Makoto-sama, let us borrow it,” Dulcie said.

“No.”

“Let’s go in together, Makoto,” Carol said.

I was about to shoot out of my seat in excitement.

A bath with Carol!

It’s the “kya-kya, ufufufu”!!

And when my hands were shaking on my hips, Carol smiled.

“I was kidding.”

“Kusoooooooo!!” I swore.

“Ufufu, sorry. There’s still time, so let’s invite Corinna and go to the Blacksmith Club, shall we?” Carol said.

“Yes, there’s still time,” I said.

As Carol stood up, I straightened out my hips.

“So where is Corinna-chan now?” I asked.

“I’d guess she’ll probably be studying in her room alone, she sure likes studying,” Carol said.

“Corinna-sama is currently in room 114 of the assembly building,” Anne said. “She seems to be playing Pentia.”

“I see, thank you, Anne,” Carol said.

...I wonder how they do this, the intelligence maids.

I guess they know the location information of so many people.

Well, whatever.

We leave the alchemy room and take the elevator to the 1st floor.

We walk along the breezeway and head towards the assembly building.

When I knocked on the door of the Pentia club, there was loud shouting.

What is it?

“Yes, coming, who is it?”

“It’s Makoto,” I said.

“Ah, Saint-san, welcome.”

President Carter welcomed us with a smile.

“You were making noise just now, what happened?” I asked.

“Well, Corinna-san defeated Evan in a novel way, so everyone got excited.”

When I entered the room, I saw Corinna-chan with a disappointed look on her face and Evan-senpai with his back hunched in gloom.

“I’ve been a pentia player for 5 years, but I lost to Corinna-sama who started it less than a week ago...”

“Evan-senpai, you relied far too much on your queen.”

“Yes, I’ll take note of that,” Evan said.

Corinna-chan is amazing.

It's probably because she's good at mathematical thinking.

"Oro, Makoto, Carol, what's wrong?"

"I'm going to ask the Blacksmith Club to make a tool idea I have, but could you come with me, Corinna-chan?" I asked.

"Okay, but what is your tool idea?" Corinna asked.

"A hairdryer," I said.

"Hmm? What, is it 'something that dries out objects using Fire and Wind power'? Is it a tool that can cause famines in enemy countries?" Corinna asked.

"I wouldn't make such a politically powerful tool. It's a tool to dry your hair after taking a bath," I said.

"? Your hair will dry quickly if you wipe it with a bath towel, right?" Corinna said.

People from another world have never experienced hair drying using hot air, so they don't understand.

I put some magic into the prototype hair dryer and blasted hot air onto Corinna's head.

"It's warm... hee.."

Your reaction is slow.

I thought this would be a big hit, but I guess it's a little tough to sell.

Could I sell something they don't know how to use?

Well, I can make one and have Dulcie use it.

I don't want to make money off this, I want a hairdryer!

With Corinna-chan added, we leave the Pentia Club room.

"By the way, weren't we going on a date?" Carol asked.

"We are, it starts at 3 o'clock," I said.

"*The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake*, wasn't it? I'm looking forward to it,"

Carol said.

“It does have a reputation for being interesting,” Corinna said.

“Corinna-chan, have you ever gone to the theater?” I asked.

“I’ve never seen a play because I don’t have the money for it,” Corinna said.

“What about a concert, Corinna?” Carol asked.

“No, the entertainment of lower-class nobles is to go to the free park and look at the flowers and take a walk,” Corinna said.

“So healthy.”

“It’s not that interesting,” Corinna said.

“Isn’t it fun to bring your lunch and go see flowers with your family?” Carol asked.

“My family doesn’t do anything that fancy,” Corinna-chan said.

And with that, she made a tight smile.

Although they are poor and have no entertainment, Corinna-chan’s house seems to have a lot of fun with each other.

It’s Carol’s house where the problems are.

It’s just the father and child are busy all the time, so the daughter must be lonely.

Even if there is someone like Anne-san who is like family.

Maybe we should plan a cherry blossom viewing event.

I’m sure Carol will have fun with her friends.

I think I’ll order the food from the girls’ dormitory cafeteria, for an additional fee.

In this world, there are picnics, but I don’t think there will be cherry blossom viewing.

Ah, are there cherry blossoms in this world?

There were flowers that looked like those dancing in the air during the

graduation scene, but what were they, really?

Maybe I'll look into a plant encyclopedia or something.

While I was thinking about this, I arrived at the Crafts Building.

Go inside and head towards the Blacksmith Training room in the back.

"Hello," I said as I opened the door, and a rush of hot air and noise hit me.

Wow, they're working hard on the blacksmith work.

"Ouh, what do you want, Makoto-chan?" Bartolomei said.

"Bartolo-buchou, hello, there's something I'd like you to make for me," I said.

"Ouh, that's fine, it's none other than the Saint-san's request, after all."

"Do you feel compelled to listen to my orders like that?" I asked.

"Well, come in, come in, oh, you're new, aren't you?" Bartolomei said.

"Hello, my name is Corinna, and I'm from Baron Ceverus's family."

"Ouh, ouh, nice to meet you, I'm Bartolomei, and I'm from Viscount Myszkowski's family."

Corinna-chan and Bartolo-buchou shook hands.

When I entered the Blacksmith Training room, the two macho men stopped their work and approached me.

"Oh, welcome, Saint-san."

"What do you need us to do?"

"There's something I want you to make," I said.

"Aah, we'll make anything."

"Leave it to the Blacksmith Club."

These guys are really reliable.

Chapter 165

The Blacksmith Club Makes The First Metal Hairdryer

“What do you want us to make?” Bartolomei asked.

“A hairdryer,” I said.

Bartolo-buchou wrinkled his eyebrows.

“Something that uses Fire and Wind power to dry the air’, you mean?” he said. “Is it a washer/dryer?”

Close, or rather, are there washer/dryers in this world?

There was a clothes iron in the cleaning room, but was there a dryer?

“It seems to be something like this,” Carol said as she handed Bartolo-buchou the magic parchment dryer model.

“Fumu,” Bartolomei hummed as he passed power through the switch circuit, and it activated with a “Booh.” “Oh, it’s warm air. Now, for the drying part... hey, bring me some glue.”

“Uoissu,” Macho No. 1 said as he brought a container with some sticky substance.

We brush the glue onto the parchment paper.

Bartolo-buchou brings the hot air from the hair dryer closer to it.

“Ooh, it’s drying, it’s drying, this is amazing,” he said.

“It looks like it would be good for drying paint, too,” Macho No. 1 said.

“Yoshi, let’s make this for the Blacksmith Club, as well,” Bartolomei said.

“Fine by me,” I said.

Oh, it seems to be popular with blacksmiths and men who are the type to become them.

Bartolo-buchou opens the parchment and checks the magic circle.

“Fumu, the formation is easy,” he said. “Do you want to glue the magic stones in place or use a pedestal type?”

“Since the magic stones will be replaced, I think a pedestal type would be better,” Carol said.

“So it’s a pedestal on top of a tube. Would you like a clip type, then?” Bartolomei said as he had Macho No. 2 bring a metal plate.

Is it an iron plate?

“I’ll draw the fire circuit, and Kenga will draw the wind circuit later.”

“Okay.”

Bartolo-buchou chiseled the iron plate to draw the magic circle on it.

Oh, is that how you draw magic circles into metal?

Macho No. 1 takes over and begins carving a magic circle of wind.

The Fire circuit line is red, but the Wind magic square is green.

The two Macho Men and Bartolo-buchou deftly bend the iron plate with a bar for leverage.

Ooh, it turns into a cylinder quite nicely.

They extend the line over the tube and attach the pedestal clip.

They place red and green magic stones on the pedestal.

They weld the handle and attach the switch circuit.

They wrap the leather neatly around the handle, avoiding the switch mark, and it’s done.

It’s so fast.

“That looked pretty easy,” I said.

“It’s because they’re from the Blacksmith Club,” Carol said.

“Try it, Makoto-chan,” Bartolomei said.

Dulcie showed up and took the hair dryer.

“Dulcie...” I said.

"I can't wait to use this," she said. "Makoto-sama, may I wet your hair?"

"Y-Yeah, does it have to be my hair, though?" I said.

"Because it will be used to dry your hair, it'll be good to test it on your hair," Dulcie said.

"I-I see."

Dulcie wet my hair with a mist and started blowdrying it.

Buihhn.

Oh, the wind feels just right.

Dulcie combs my hair and blows hot air from the hair dryer.

"This is amazing, it dries your hair in no time," Dulcie said.

"Yeah, doesn't it?" I said.

"Hoeh, Dulcie-san, let me try it too," Corinna said.

"Yes, Corinna-sama," Dulcie said.

Dulcie wet Corinna's hair with a sprayer, and started blow-drying it.

Or rather, where did she get the spay bottle from?

"Wow, my hair dried so quickly, are you serious?"

"That's amazing. Heeh," Carol hums as she touches Corinna-chan's hair.

Corinna's braids are quite long, so it's difficult to dry them.

"Would you like to try it too, Carol?"

"I-I, using it on me is..."

Carol's hair is short.

She has hair like a boy's.

Girls in this world have long hair because they have to tie it up after getting married.

The only people who have short hair are celibate Ni-sans and people who don't plan on getting married and starting a family.

I'm sure that represents Carol's despair for the future.

However.

It's not impossible, is it?

I grabbed Dulcie's sprayer and shyu, shyu, wet Carol's hair.

"Kya, Makoto, stop!"

"It's okay, it's okay," I said.

Dulcie goes behind Carol and gently begins to run the hair dryer.

Buooohnn.

"Wow, it's dry now, it felt good, my hair is kind of fluffy," Carol said.

"Dulcie is good at using the hair dryer."

"Umm, ah, please let me keep this," Dulcie said. "Or rather, I beg you. I want to dry Makoto-sama with this device every day!"

When I looked at Bartolo-buchou, he smiled and gave a thumbs up.

"Understood, I'll give Dulcie the first one," Bartolomei said.

"Thank you! I'll put it to good use!"

Dulcie hugged the hair dryer to her chest.

"This will sell well," Corinna said.

Ah, Corinna has started up again.

"Why don't we sell it here?" I asked.

"The Blacksmith Club's sales channels are for weapons and armor shops, and there is demand for work-use items, but the main market for this invention is for women!" Bartolomei explained.

"Maybe we should use the sales channel of my magic tool store?" Carol said.

"There's a lot of demand for it even for industrial use, there's a lot of

work that goes into drying things,” Bartolomei said.

“For now, let’s produce it for sale,” I said. “I wonder if you can come up with a cute design?”

“Ah, Aisha is good at that kind of thing, Aisha!!” Bartolomei yelled.

“What is it, Buchou?” the dwarf Maid-san said.

Was her name Aisha?

Aisha-san listened to Bartolo-buchou’s orders, took Unit 1 from Dulcie, and observed it with keen eyes.

“This is great! We can make variations such as smaller ones, larger ones with stronger wind power, etc,” Aisha said.

“Let’s sell them inside the school first.”

“It’s a simple magic circle, but I’ll ask Elmer to take a look at it and modify it,” I said.

“Well, I think Elmer and Director Clayton will be able to put together a more efficient circuit if have them take a look at it,” Carol said.

“We’ll sell it to the girls in the school, then sell it to the royal city center. Ah, but what about counterfeits?”

It’s a simple structure, so if you try to imitate it, it’s easy.

“If you apply to the Ministry of Magic, you can get a magic circle patent,” Carol said. “They can issue an order to stop the sale of products using similar magic circles.”

“It’s a tool that you won’t know its true value until you use it,” I said. “I don’t think any information should be leaked.

Well, we just shouldn’t use it in public too often.”

“Huh? But I’d like to use it to dry Makoto-sama’s hair,” Dulcie said.

“Let’s hide it, Dulcie,” I said.

“Understood.”

Dulcie was pouting and left alone, and Corinna and I discussed setting manufacturing costs and selling prices with Bartolo-buchou.

I guess a good civil servant can also become a good merchant.

That's amazing.

Chapter 166

I Have Carol Do My Makeup After Having Lunch

Thanks to Corinna-chan's hard work, a revenue contract was decided.

The Blacksmith Club's product sales are 60% to the Blacksmith Club and 40% to the Saint's Faction.

Isn't it too much to take 40% without doing anything? I thought so, but it can't be helped since Corinna-chan made the decision.

The parts are purchased via a fixed production fee to the Blacksmith Club, and then they are sold after they are complete.

Production costs are surprisingly low.

Looks like they'll be made by the junior members of the Blacksmith Club.

"This is a real help, I have to buy materials for the Sword Forging Contest, but I was running out of money, so I'm grateful for more funds," Bartolomei said.

"That sounds nice, it looks easy to make, so I think it'll be especially profitable," I said.

"Ah, I'll do my best to make it, so, when do you think the magic circle patent will be available?" Bartolomei said.

"Well, the Head of the Magic Ministry and the Head of the Alchemy Department will be coming tomorrow, so I'll talk to them about it," I said.

"Uheh, such important people are coming to the school?"

The Head of the Magic Ministry is here to experiment with my Light magic.

"Well then, that's it for us," I said.

"Ouh, please consult with Aisha about designs for women," Bartolomei said.

"Pleasure to be working with you," Aisha said. "I'll make a design

mock-up and bring it to you later.”

“Please do, Aisha-san.”

“This is the first job I’ve had in a while that looks like fun. I’ll do my best,” Aisha said, smiling.

This person is also energetic and attractive.

Blacksmiths have a powerful presence.

I thank Bartolo-buchou and leave the blacksmith training room.

Puwah.

The temperature is too different from the outside.

It’s almost cold here.

“Now then, let’s go eat some food,” I said.

“Are we going to Hiyoko-Do?” Carol asked.

“I bought enough for three people, you’ll eat it, right?” I said.

“Thank you for the blessing,” Corinna-chan said, praying to me.

Don’t worship me.

“Shall we go to the theater after lunch?” Carol said.

“Yes, I’m looking forward to it,” I said.

“Go enjoy your date,” Corinna said.

“Mouh, Corinna, we’re two women, so it’s not a date.”

“” ... ””

Corinna made eye contact and told me, “Carol doesn’t understand.”, so I replied with my eyes as well, “She doesn’t understand.”

Well, that’s fine.

Even when Carol comes at me and says things that sound like “Ufuuhn.” time, I slowly back off.

The good thing about Carol is that she is pure.

We all walk along the breezeway to the girls' dormitory.

We take the elevator to the 5th floor.

Ah, elevators, elevators, I love elevators.

Because it's so convenient.

When I went to the 5th floor and near the alchemy room, Anne-san welcomed me with a smile from inside the sales counter.

Carol opens the door and invites us inside.

"Now then, sit down, sit down, Anne, I'd like some tea."

"Understood, Ojou-sama."

Anne made us some fragrant herbal tea.

It smells good.

Is it chamomile?

"Dulcie, have some bread."

"Yes, Makoto-sama."

Dulcie took out a piece of bread from the flax bag attached to her waist and placed it on the table.

"Saint's Bread and one more thing?"

"Pick whatever you want, I'll eat what's left."

"Sorry, you bought it for us, Makoto, so you please choose first."

"Got it, so then, I'll have an egg sandwich."

"Then I'll have a nut donut."

"I'm taking a cream coronet."

Well, since I bought all of our favorite foods, I don't think it would have changed what we would have chosen either way.

It's a fun lunch where we chat while eating bread.

Ah, I never thought I would make so many friends before entering

university.

I thought that I could become friends with Carol, but I didn't expect to form a clique and expand the circle of people I like so much.

I want to continue like this until graduation in peace and without anything happening.

After eating two pieces of bread, I was completely satisfied.

We drink herbal tea and relax.

"It's already past lunch and we're going out, so I'm going to put makeup on you, Makoto," Carol said.

"Eh, seriously? You're really going to do it?" I said.

"Just a little, though."

"Wah, that sounds fun," Corinna said, grinning widely.

Actually, I don't wear much makeup either in my previous life or in this one.

Carol brought a makeup case and sat next to me.

She's so close that I'm a little nervous.

Carol smells good.

She smells like Chinese medicine.

Carol's fingers stroke my cheek.

It feels spicy.

"You don't need to take care of your skin, you have such soft, plush skin."

"Well, yeah."

I cast Heal on myself every morning when I wash my face.

It's almost like a baby girl's skin.

Carol took out some foundation from her makeup case and began to apply it lightly.

Ah, I feel so happy when Carol's fingers stroke my face.

My cheeks are getting hot.

"Houh, that's how you change the color?" Corinna said.

"Corinna, have you never worn makeup?" Carol asked.

"I can't buy cosmetics because I don't have money. Don't blame poor officials for their lots," Corinna said.

"I didn't mean to sound negative," Carol said. "Now, let's draw on your eyebrows a little and fix them."

"Ye-Yeah," I said.

Fuu, it feels so good.

Carol is doing something on my eyebrows with a brush.

I can't tell because my eyes are closed, but I'm glad that Carol is close enough to feel her body temperature on my skin.

Once the eyebrows are finished, she applies a light blush to my cheeks.

She's so used to it, Carol seems like an adult woman.

"Oh, you've become more beautiful, too that you weren't always pretty, Makoto," Corinna said.

"Right? I've been wanting to put makeup on Makoto for a long time," Carol said.

"What's going on? Show me a mirror," I said.

"It's going to be a while yet, so wait a minute, wait a minute."

Carol uses a brush to apply lipstick to her lips.

My lips are sensitive, so it's sticky.

It's peppery and pleasant.

"Oh, yabee, that's amazing."

"Wah."

“What is it, where’s the mirror?”

“Hold on, hold on.”

Carol leans close to me and runs the brush over my eyelids.

Hmm, hmm, it’s not that the area around my eyes is sticky, but my knees that are in contact with Carol’s, and my breathing, ah, aah.

“Right, you’re ready.”

“Makoto, omae, you’re too good a canvas,” Corinna said.

“What do you mean?” I said.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was there, blushing, and took out a mirror to show me my image.

.....

Whoa, what is this beautiful girl?

She’s strangely cute.

Is this me?

Hoeh, hoeh.

“Don’t look so dumbstruck, it’s bad for a beautiful girl’s face.”

“It’s my face.”

“Haah, Makoto is so beautiful~. It’s amazing, even though she’s only wearing light makeup.”

“You’re so beautiful, Makoto-sama...”

Stop looking at me with moist eyes, Dulcie.

Chapter 167

Walking Through The Downtown Area Of The Royal Capital Towards The Theater Afterward, Carol did her make-up and then applied make-up to Corinna-chan as well.

“There we go, you’re so beautiful aren’t you, Corinna?” Carol said.

“Right?” I said. “The glasses are ruining it.”

“Uruse,” Corinna said, “beauty has nothing to do with lower-class nobles.”

“That’s not true, I’m sure some high-ranking aristocrat will ask you to be his second wife.”

Corinna-chan grimaced as hard as she could with her beautiful girl’s face.

Even her frowning face is cute.

“It’s disappointing to just be a second wife,” Corinna said. “I’m going to make it on my own.”

“”Ooh!””

Carol and I clapped for Corinna.

Corinna rubbed off her makeup with a towel and put on her usual round glasses.

“Even just different glasses would be good.”

“I don’t want it!”

They’re not worth it to her, huh?

I wish she could be more popular if she wore glasses with even a little more transparency in the lens.

“Well then, we’re heading to the theater,” I said.

“Aiyou, I’m studying in the library,” Corinna said.

“Just like I thought, Corinna, you’re amazing.”

“Have a nice trip, then let’s go, Carol.”

“Yeah, well, see you, Corinna.”

The three of us exited the alchemy room and entered the elevator.

Ah, Carol smells like cosmetics.

I go down to the first floor and split up with Corinna at the entrance to the girls’ dormitory.

“Corinna is beautiful, isn’t she?” Carol said.

“I just thought you already knew, Carol,” I said.

“Those glasses fooled me,” Carol said. “I thought she looked a little more plain.”

“Let’s make a lot of money and gift Corinna some better glasses,” I said.

“Yeah, that sounds good,” Carol said.

The two of us chat as we pass through the school gate and head out into town.

The weather is nice today, so there are quite a few students at the school walking around.

I love capital in spring.

The flowers are blooming profusely and the scenery is spectacular, as if to relieve the frustration of winter.

The temperature is getting warmer and my body is feeling better.

Passing in front of Hiyoko-Do, we walk towards the Great Temple.

The street that runs diagonally in front of the Great Temple is the downtown area.

It’s a high-class street lined with theaters, high-end clothing stores, and jewelry stores.

We coolly walk through the beautifully decorated storefronts.

Cute clothes, beautiful accessories, and a stylish cafe.

Good, good, it's a maiden's dream.

By the way, this place is on HikaSora's date options, and Lloyd would be happy to be taken here.

Ilda-san's parents' restaurant, Kodo-Tei 1, is also located along this street.

It's delicious, but it's a ridiculously expensive restaurant.

On the way home, I should have dinner with Carol...

I also think at the same time, money~, all that money~...

Oh, I want enough money to waste it.

I want huge wealth.

If I had a huge amount of wealth, I would buy Carol some clothes.

"Makoto, do you want a dress?"

I was staring at the display window because I wanted Carol to wear it, but it seemed like she misunderstood that I wanted it myself.

"Shall I buy it for you?" Carol said.

"It-It's so expensive," I said.

Carol looked at the price tag.

Then she looks at me as if she's mocking me.

"Haa, Makoto, you would look so cute wearing this, I'll buy it for you."

By the way, Carol normally has a huge amount of wealth.

Even though she doesn't use it for herself, Corinna-chan always wants to treat me.

"It's alright, Hilda-san's dress is coming," I said.

"It's in two weeks, so you're looking forward to it, huh?" Carol said.

"I'm looking forward to seeing you in your dress, Carol~,," I said.

"Makoto, you'll look cuter in your dress."

“That’s not true, you’re really cute, too,” I said.

“Mou, you really are a charmer, Makoto,” Carol said.

I guess it’s true~.

Carol really shouldn’t have low self-esteem.

She’s incredibly beautiful, smart, caring, and considerate, and she’s my best friend and my wife.

As I was flirting with Carol, I realized too late that we were surrounded by men in suits.

Dulcie and Anne-san appear on our left and right.

This group of men looks like trouble.

Maybe a yakuza-like organization.

“Hehe, Onee-chan-tachi, let’s hang out for a bit, shall we?” the oldest yakuza guy said with a sly smile.

“I don’t want to, we won’t be able to make it in time for the play, Dulcie, Anne-san, rush them down!! Clean them up in 30 seconds!”

“”Yes!!””

The two intelligence maids defeated the yakuza group in exactly 30 seconds, and they were all on the ground crawling by the bell.

“Gugugu, im-impossible, thi-this can’t be.”

“Since I’m a saint candidate, I can sic the Temple Knights on your gang and turn your headquarters into a vacant lot, but I’m in a hurry today. So you hurry up and leave!”

“Sa-Saint Candidate!! N-No, th-that can’t be right!”

“I just told you to get out of here, do I have to say it again?” I barked.

“No-No, ex-excuse us, we’re leaving!”

The yakuza turned pale and scattered while apologizing profusely.

Honestly, mou.

Since the downtown area is close to the Great Temple, two Temple

Knights came rushing in.

“Are you okay, Seijou-sama?”

“Are you hurt?!”

“No, I’m fine,” I said. “I, the Saint Candidate, Makoto Kimball, will give orders to the Temple Knights.”

“”Yes, at once!! We’re so happy!!””

You guys are a bit like bar workers from my previous life.

“Please go to all the organized crime groups in the capital and notify them that if they get a job to kidnap a petite blonde female student, the target is a Saint Candidate, so if they take the job anyway, the Temple Knights will come to kill them all.”

“”Understood! We will enact your will at once!!””

The two Temple Knights returned to the Great Temple at full speed.

“That’s a reasonable threat,” Anne-san said, smiling.

The next group that interrupts my date with Carol, I really am calling a holy war on the perpetrators.

Footnotes

1. AKA the Ecliptic Pavilion

Chapter 168

Let's Watch The Play, The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake

After chasing away the annoying yakuza, Carol and I walk down the road to the theater.

The Royal Capital's Central Theater.

Here it is, here it is.

It's huge, it's my first time being here.

This is probably the third time in my life that I went to the theater, Brad-onii-sama brought me here about once a year.

Afterwards, he usually treated me to dinner at a fancy restaurant.

Brad-onii-sama is such a generous and handsome guy.

He also has a beautiful girlfriend, the daughter of a baron, and it seems they are getting married in the fall.

That's more important than anything else.

I handed the wooden tag to the guy in charge of admission.

They put a red stamp on it and the wooden tag is returned to me.

"An usher will guide you to your seat," he said.

And with that, a cool female guide wearing a hunting cap led us in.

It's a big and beautiful theater.

There are ladies and gentlemen gathered at the front of the hall, chatting.

You can socialize in places like this too.

Only the aristocrats and the wealthy can enter this class of large theaters; ordinary people go to smaller theaters with cheaper tickets.

"Charlotte-sama, please wait~."

“Hurry up, Brenne-sama, the play is about to begin.”

Two young ladies hurried into the hall.

“Is it starting yet?”

“We still have some time.”

What the, I was surprised, the two young ladies just now were panicking like we were late.

We also enter the hall.

Oh, it looks like a high-end movie theater.

Well, the modern movie theaters were following in the footsteps of old theaters.

We ask the usher to guide us to our seats.

It's good seats in the middle.

Dulcie was a huge help.

As I sat alongside Carol, the seats gradually filled up, the band took their positions, the audience seats went dark, and the play began.

A handsome bald man in a tailcoat came out and bowed his head towards the audience.

“Now then, everyone in the audience, today's production is *The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake*. This is a tragic love story that brings everyone in the royal capital to tears of sadness. Please, enjoy it till the end.”

Is that what you say, Zachō-san? The oji-san retreated to the wings of the stage.

The stage curtain was raised and the play began.

Here is the synopsis of *The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake*.

Grace, the daughter of an earl, was born and raised in a territory on the shores of Lake Letang in the north.

She is a very active girl who was playing on a frozen lake in winter when the ice broke and she sank into the water.

It was Joel, a hunter in the forest, who saved her life.

The hunter Joel is the hero of this play.

The actor is also a good-looking guy, wearing green tights and looking very handsome.

Grace-ojou-sama is also very beautiful and nice, with blonde hair and blue eyes, she looks like a Northern beauty.

A love story begins between Grace-ojou-sama, who is a damsel rescued from a crisis, and Joel, just a hunter.

Grace-ojou-sama goes to the spring forest and enjoys the outdoors with Joel.

The love between the two gradually grows.

As expected, there was no way the love between the forest ranger and the earl's daughter would come to fruition, and they both had a feeling that they would break up, but they still couldn't lie to themselves about their burning feelings.

Now, from the third act, the villainous steward Isaac appears, fat and hateful.

He gets in the way of their love's journey, saying it's for the sake of his ojou-sama.

Isaac's daughter, the maid Maya, is sympathetic and helps the two meet.

The third act is usually a suspenseful affair with these four people on stage, getting in each other's way and making the audience wonder what would happen next.

After the third act, there is an intermission.

"Fuh, that was so interesting."

"Right? It's so well done. The maid's movements also look professional."

"Yeah, yeah, Maya is cute. I wonder how their love will turn out."

"I'm worried because it's called a tragic love story."

The difference in status between a forest hunter and an earl's daughter is enormous.

The difference between commoners and aristocrats is stark, or rather, there is a distance between them, almost like they are different races.

I'm worried now.

The fourth act begins.

This is a sudden development.

Joel the hunter falls into Isaac's trap and is executed for hunting in the forbidden hunting grounds, accessible only to the King.

Eehhhh?!

If you are caught, you will be immediately executed.

At the moment of the execution scene, the audience was in an uproar.

Normally, if he was captured, Grace and Maya would have helped him, but that wasn't the case here.

Why was that?

Grace despises Isaac and attacks him in his office with a knife.

At the moment when the knife was about to strike Isaac, Maya got between them and was stabbed in his place.

"Ojou-sama please forgive Chichi, Joel was my half-brother."

"What was that you just said? Maya, please hold on!"

Grace's attempts at first aid are in vain, and Maya dies.

Isaac tearfully confesses to Grace that Joel was worried about being a burden to Grace and that Joel willingly fell into the trap, plotting to have himself executed.

And then, Isaac was also planning to die at Grace's hands.

"Ojou-sama, sometimes love is the poison that kills people. Now, please send me to Maya and Joel as well."

Isaac looked like a villain, but he was actually a righteous man who

was truly thinking about Grace and the earldom's well-being.

Grace wipes her tears and sheathes the knife.

“Isaac, I will not allow you to die. Please serve the earldom as much as the two who have already died. This is an order.”

“Ojou-sama,” Isaac said, kneeling down at Grace's feet and weeping.

After that, it is said that Grace ruled the territory and became wealthy as a fine countess without taking a husband.

And it is said that the old Isaac was always accompanying her by her side.

Ah, I see.

As expected, in the plays of this era, Joel and Grace cannot elope hand in hand.

It's a sad ending, but somehow it touches my heart.

Isaac was just a loyal vassal who played the role of a villain.

That's cool.

My vision became blurry and tears fell.

The sounds of sobbing could be heard from everywhere.

Suddenly, I looked at Carol...

Uwaah, I'm crying so harrddd~!!!

Wh-Wha-What happened...?!

Chapter 169

Punishing Miles-san On The Way Home From The Theater

Carol is crying profusely.

I-I'm in trouble.

"Nn, Carol, I'll lend you my chest."

"Ah, thank you, Makoto."

Carol presses her face into my chest and cries.

I felt relieved and patted Carol on the head.

"Why are you so sad?" I asked.

"I-It's reminding me so much of the past, I'm sorry..." Carol said.

"It's okay, it's okay, if you want to cry, just cry."

"Uhn, thank you, I'm sorry..."

Carol's tears wet my chest.

She must have gone through a lot of difficult things.

Did her past memories come back to her due to the plot of the play?

While everyone in the theater company was saying their congratulations to each other at the curtain call, Carol cried on my chest.

Oh, I see, I see.

I think I understand why the goddess called me, a fujoshi, into this world.

I guess it's to save Carol.

If a Puritan or a germophobe had been sent here, she might have looked down on Carol who had been violated by thugs.

I don't have any sexual experience, but I'm a fujoshi and have a lot of

knowledge about sex.

Carol, once the world becomes a little more modern, virginity won't be such an issue.

So it's going to be okay.

Even if the world tries to eliminate Carol, I will always be by her side and support her until that modern era comes.

It's okay, it's okay.

I kept patting Carol's head as she cried.

Yoshi-yoshi, yoshi-yoshi.

"Thank you, I'm glad I met you at school, Makoto."

"I was happy to meet you, too, Carol," I said. "We're indebted to each other."

"Uhn."

Carol said that, took her face away from my chest, and smiled.

Ah, Carol's smile is so cute.

I thought I'd like to have a chat, but since the theater troupe's goodbyes had finished and it was getting bright in the audience side, it was a bit impossible.

The audience began to leave.

We also get up from our seats and walk along with the flow of people.

I feel a sense of relief in my heart, similar to the feeling of relief after watching a good movie.

"That was so interesting."

"Yes, I was really touched. I'm sorry I cried so much."

"It's fine. Don't worry, we're best friends."

"Thank you, Makoto."

We leave the theater and walk around town.

It's already evening and the sky is red.

"Now then, let's go back to school."

"Yeah, thanks for inviting me, Makoto."

"It's nothing, it was fun, Carol."

"I loved the play. I never thought it would move me so much. I think I'll build a theater in Albright Territory."

"Oh, that's good, it's cultural promotion."

"I need to study theater and find out what I need."

"Ganbatte," I said.

We walk side by side through the city at dusk, talking to each other.

My steps are light and my heart is bouncing.

I also want to go see a play with Carol there.

The plays in the royal capital change with the seasons.

There are different genres of theater that are preferred depending on the target audience, but that doesn't really matter to me.

Interaction with my best friend is much more important than romance.

Yes, yes.

When we arrived in front of the Great Temple, a respectable gentleman came towards us from the central plaza of the capital as he was being chased by a large number of yakuza.

"Hawawa, hawawa, pl-please help me, Saint Makoto-sama!!"

"Wh-Who are you?" I said.

"There he is! Seijou-san! That's him, that man who asked us to kidnap you!!"

Wasn't that one of the honest delinquents earlier?

"Please help me, please help me, they're all angry and trying to attack me!" the man said.

“He tricked us and put on a front so we’d attack you, Seijou-san!!”

“That’s right, that’s right!! Our group was almost about to be crushed by the Temple Knights!!”

The well-dressed gentleman grimaced and bowed to me.

“Please forgive me, please, please, calm these people down, somehow.”

“Eh?” I asked.

I’m really reluctant, but if this gentleman gets beaten up by a group of angry yakuza, he might die.

“And your name is?”

“Th-That’s, umm,

“Spit it out already!!” one of the yakuza said.

“You bastard, we’ll get you!!”

“Don’t worry, you guys,” I said.

“””Hei!””” they cried, stopping.

The yakuza group was smart.

These guys are from the gang I met before going to the theater.

“I won’t help anyone who doesn’t even come forward with their name,” I said.

“I-I’m Miles, the steward of the Wyeth family. Plea-Please help me.”

I guess he’s from Deborah-sama’s house, like I guessed.

What should I do?

“I wouldn’t help someone who tricked gangsters into trying to kill you, Makoto,” Carol said, unusually angry.

“I really regret it. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again,” Miles said.

“If you can just say sorry, then we wouldn’t need the city guard, would we?!” Carol said.

“That’s right,” I said. “Then, as a servant of the Wyeth family, could you please post an apology on the bulletin board in the capital square?”

“I-I’ll have to talk to the head of the family about that,” Miles said.

“If you’re the steward of a townhouse, you have that much authority.”

“Ye-Yes, but, there’s,” Miles stammered.

“Deborah-san will understand, it’s okay, it’s okay.”

“I-I see, she would, but, this denigrates the family name...” Miles said.

“She planned it, so there’s nothing you can do about it,” I said.

“Th-That’s right, but, hah!”

Miles-san gasped and covered his mouth.

Even the steward can’t think properly in that house.

“If Deborah-san complains, tell her the Saint Candidate will come to her townhouse and threaten to declare a holy war on it,” I said.

“Ye-Yes!”

“Shouldn’t you declare one already, Makoto-sama?”

When did you get here, Linda-san?

Are you an intelligence maid?

Well, we are right in front of the Great Temple.

Before I knew it, the Temple Knights were surrounding us, trying to protect me and Carol.

“Ple-Please don’t do that, I beg, you, please, I’m begging,” Miles said.

“But, based on what I know, you tried to hire people under false pretenses to attack our Seijou-sama,” Linda said.

“You should have been prepared for your townhouse to be turned into a vacant lot when you did that.”

“Stop it, Linda-san,” I said. “He’s terrified.”

Miles-san is on the verge of fainting from Linda-san's bloodlust.

"Please put up a letter of apology in the Royal Capital Square by noon tomorrow," I said. "Also, Miles-san, please take responsibility, dress up as a clown, and hand out some special boiled eggs in the square."

"I-I can't do that! That's so humiliating!!"

"Makoto-sama, this man says that he'd prefer we turn his townhouse into a vacant lot," Linda said.

"I'll do it, I'll do it, so please forgive me!!"

Finally, Miles-san began to cry.

"Is that okay with everyone?" I asked the gangsters.

"Ouu, we're fine as long as Seijou-san herself is okay with that."

"It's a case where you can even get monetary compensation, but the Seijou-san is very merciful."

"She's that great, after all."

Since we have received the consent of the yakuza, let's go with this solution.

"Then, let's settle the matter."

""Ouh!""

There were cheers and applause.

"Then, we will be responsible for handing out the apology letters and boiled eggs, and we will ensure this man does it," Linda said.

Ah, Linda-san intimidated Miles-san.

Miles-san cries again.

Case settled!

Chapter 170

Returning To The Dormitory And Eating A Delicious Dinner

As dusk approaches, I walk along the main street of the royal capital with Carol.

Ah, the western sky is red.

Night is coming from the side of Not-Africa.

“I’m feeling hungry, I wonder what to have for dinner?” I asked.

“Honestly, I was thinking of getting something to eat here, but then Miles-san ran into us,” Carol said.

“Mattaku, the Wyeth family is just trouble, isn’t it?” I said.

“I heard that the members of that family were eccentric, but I never expected it to be this bad,” Carol said.

Was there a rumor about the Wyeth family among the earls’ social circles?

“Originally, it was a normal agricultural territory, but Deborah’s Oji-san was a bit of an unusual person who became interested in espionage and joined the ranks of spies,” Carol said.

“They haven’t been secret agents for generations, have they?” I asked.

“Indeed, but it seems that the Oji-san of the Wyeth family was talented and was brought up by James-okina, but it seems like that trait has not been passed down to his granddaughter.”

“She’s a fraud intelligence agent,” I said. “There’s nothing more annoying than sloppy intelligence.”

Spy Oji-san, make sure to pass on your skills to your granddaughter.

We pass through the school gate and head to the girls’ dormitory.

Ah, it feels like Sunday is over.

Sazae-san’s theme seems to be playing.

Where should I go with Carol next week?

Since HikaSora is an otome game, there are many date spots in the capital.

Anne-san will teach you various things in the game, but I never expected to go there with her mistress.

What date spots are open in spring?

Zoos, museums, concerts, botanical gardens, etc.

Also, walking through the downtown area, there's the Great Temple, a natural park, a restaurant, a weapon shop, a magic shop, and an adventurer's guild.

Ah, I'm glad I was playing the game.

I don't have a problem finding a place to go on a date with Carol.

"Well then, see you later, it was fun, Makoto," Carol said.

"Yeah, are you going to eat dinner in the cafeteria today, too?" I said.

"Yeah, it's delicious and fun to eat with everyone."

Uhn, I thought as much.

Food is for everyone to eat together.

Carol walked with a bounce in her step as she headed towards the elevator.

I take the stairs to the 2nd floor.

When I entered room 205, Corinna was sitting at her desk studying.

"Oh, you're working hard, I see?" I said.

"Makoto, you're back, huh?" Corinna said. "How was the play?"

"It was really good, it was quite interesting," I said.

"I see, do you think *The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake* will have a long run?" Corinna said.

"Seems like it," I said. "I wonder if it's getting popular?"

“It’s a big hit, I hear,” Corinna said. “Everyone keeps crying and making a fuss about it.”

“Everyone likes plays that make them cry, right?” I said.

“The public feels refreshed by crying over other people,” Corinna said.

Ah, there are markets for that.

Even in my previous life, mobile web novels from a while ago were full of sob stories.

After that, it was all about being transported to another world.

When everyone thinks there’s a market for it, everyone starts doing it.

“Now then, shall we go get dinner with Carol?” Corinna asked.

“If we’re going to eat together, let’s wait in the elevator hall,” I said.

“I agree, but before I entered the school, I never dreamed that I would be able to make a friend who is the daughter of an earl,” Corinna said.

“I had a hunch that you could become friends with Carol,” I said.

“Well, becoming friends with a saint candidate was also something I never dreamed of,” Corinna said.

“It’s a different kind of relationship. I’m happy to be friends with you, too, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“Cu-Cut it out!” Corinna said, turning red and shrinking.

Uhihihi.

The two of us leave the room together and lock the door.

We move by brisk walking.

Looking out the window from the stairs, it suddenly becomes dark.

In the elevator hall, there was the Swordsmanship Group of Cattleya-san and Koishi-san, the Fashion Group of Melissa-san and Marilyn, and Juliet-san.

Elsa-san is also supposed to be in the girls’ dormitory, but since she’s the daughter of an earl, I guess she’s having dinner in her room.

“Melissa-san, did you not invite Elsa to dinner?” I asked.

“I invited her before, but she seems to have allergies to everything, so she can only eat food she cooks herself,”

Melissa replied.

Elsa-san, Hiyoko-Do’s bread is fine, but what are you allergic to? Is it chicken?

Let’s ask her about it next time.

Carol came down in the elevator and all the girls from the Saint’s Faction were there.

“Everyone, sorry to make you wait,” Carol said.

“We weren’t here long, now let’s go, go.”

We all go into the cafeteria.

It’s Sunday, so it’s pretty empty.

Many students who go home on the weekend go back to school after having dinner elsewhere.

We line up at the counter and pick up today’s dish.

Today’s meal was sautéed pork, tomato salad, potage soup, and black bread.

“Ah, Makoto-san, welcome.”

“It looks delicious today too, Marissa-san.”

“Just leave it to me~”

I’m glad that Mariss-san has become brighter too.

I also said hello to Clara, put some tea on the tray, and headed to the table.

I wait until everyone is here.

Juliette was a hazard again today, but she carried the tray by herself with a smug look on her face.

“How nice.”

“She’s getting used to it.”

“Juliet-sama is so friendly, even though she’s the daughter of a marquis.”

“Oh, thank you, Marilyn-sama~.”

Now that everyone is here, let’s eat.

“Itadakimasu,” I said.

“””I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.”””

What the hell, even the girls next to me are praying to me, don’t do that!

Mattaku, I’m totally embarrassed.

Chapter 171

Taking A Bath After Midnight And Being Amazed By The Power Of The Hair Dryer Kapann, kapann, the sound resounds in the underground public bath.

After eating dinner, I split up with everyone else and hung out in room 205 for a while, and after it got late, Corinna and I came to the bathhouse.

As expected, it's late at night, so no one is taking a bath, so it's just me and Corinna.

Aaaahhh ~ ~ ~ ~ .

Soothing, soothing.

With the beautiful loli Corinna-chan next to me, we were naked together in a huge bathtub.

"You sure do love baths, Makoto~, " Corinna said.

"I feel like I've come back to life~, " I said. "Do I take a bath every day when we go to labyrinth training?"

"I'm sure there are no baths or showers in the labyrinth, " Corinna said.

"Gyaah, I'm going to die~, " I squeal.

I wonder if Hilda-san will be in the labyrinth today.

I hope she isn't injured or anything.

Well, I don't think there's anything to worry about since she's incredibly agile and can do martial arts to a certain degree.

Aah, it's so warm.

Now, when I step out of the bathtub, Dulcie naturally comes out and washes my body.

Mou, it's so spicy.

After she finished washing my body carefully, it was time for my hair.

Shyawa-syhawa~~~.

The feeling of Dulcie's fingers washing over my scalp felt so good that it was mesmerizing.

Aaaaahhhh.

She rinses off, applies conditioner, and finishes.

"Dulcie, please wash Corinna-chan's hair as well," I said.

"I-I'm good," Corinna said.

"I'll wash you, Corinna-sama," Dulcie said.

"Aah, ah~~~..."

Corinna is in the bath having her hair washed, squealing like a straight guy who's questioning things thanks to a handsome gay man.

1

"This is so sensual, Makoto," Corinna said after it was over.

"It doesn't just feel good, you know, it also makes your hair shiny," I said.

"Re-Really, what kind of magic is this?"

"Well then, it's time I leave," Dulcie said, bowing before she disappeared.

"What was that?"

"It's what it is."

"An intelligence maid is convenient."

"Indeed it is."

The two of us returned to the bathtub and warmed up.

Dulcie wrapped my head in a bath towel to keep it from soaking in the hot water.

Ah, it makes me feel warm.

After getting heated up, we got out of the bathtub and went to the changing room.

Dulcie was waiting in the changing room with a hair dryer and began drying my hair.

Ah, the hot air feels good.

Bui~~~n.

My hair was dry in about a quarter of the usual time and became shiny and fluffy.

When I spin around, my blonde hair shines in the corner of my eyes.

Dulcie dressed me and then headed towards Corinna.

“I-I’m good,” Corinna said.

“Let me do it, it feels really good and it’ll dry quickly,” Dulcie said.

“I, see?”

Dulcie took Corinna’s bag and started drying her hair with the hairdryer and her brush.

“It’s warm, it feels good, uh, are you done already?” Corinna said.

Corinna’s hair was dry in no time.

Corinna’s hair is silver-colored and quite beautiful with her braids undone.

“Wow, it’s so shiny, fluffy, and beautiful. Thank you, Dulcie.”

“No, no, that’s nothing to thank me for,” Dulcie said, a big smile on her face before she disappeared.

“Th-That was amazing of Dulcie,” Corinna said.

“Hoeh, you’re so shiny Corinna-chan,” I said.

“Don’t just touch people’s hair, ei,” Corinna called out before she did the same.

We faced each other and stroked each other’s hair, enjoying the sensation.

Glossy, glossy, shiny, shiny~.

I wait for Corinna-chan to get dressed and go out of the changing

room.

The girls' dormitory is now dim and quiet, with all the lights turned off except for the nightlights.

“Now, let's go back to sleep.”

“Bedtime, bedtime.”

The two of us walked down the hallway, up the stairs, and headed to room 205.

I unlock the door, take off my clothes in front of the chest, and change into my night clothes.

I climb the ladder, lie down in my bed, and have a good night's sleep.

I woke up this morning to the sound of the maid-sans getting ready.

When I opened the curtains, the morning light came in.

The weather is nice today, too.

“Morning.”

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Good morning~, Makoto~”

Margot-san looks sleepy as usual.

After seeing off the two maids, I go down the ladder and change my clothes.

Corinna-chan also wakes up while rubbing her eyes.

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Good morning, Corinna-chan.”

After I relieve myself and brush my teeth, Dulcie comes in with a kettle.

Having tea in the morning has become a habit.

I thanked her and drank the tea that Dulcie had made for me.

Umu, average.

Well, even though the taste is average, it has the effect of waking you up.

“Now then, to have some breakfast.”

“Shall we head to school?”

I grabbed my bag, left room 205, and locked it.

When I went down the stairs and went to the elevator hall, the usual people were waiting for me.

“Good morning, Makoto-sama.”

“Good morning, myon.”

“Good morning, everyone”

“Morning.”

We all say hello.

When the elevator dinged, Juliet and Carol came out.

“Well, good morning everyone.”

“Everyone, good day.”

“Good morning, Julie-chan, Carol.”

Now, let’s all have breakfast.

It’s sweet porridge today.

I’m looking forward to it.

Footnotes

1. Not the exact translation, but I can’t get what the original figure of speech is supposed to be in English without sounding offensive or strange. It’s something closer to “a straight man on a park bench being eaten (slang term, not literal) by a handsome gay man.”

Chapter 172

The Intelligence Maid Works Behind The Scenes At School During The Night (Dulcie's POV) (1) *POV: Dulcie*

I feel very happy when I wash Makoto-sama in the bath.

I wonder if it's okay for a sinful, unclean woman like me to touch the pure, unblemished body of a saint, but I can't resist my desire to take care of Makoto-sama, so I wash her and ask her to keep doing it.

Makoto-sama's body is truly beautiful, and even as I wash her body, I can't help but notice her adorable protruding breasts and her lovely humble mounds.

It is as beautiful as a statue of an angel crafted by an old master sculptor.

And she's alive and moving.

Perhaps it should be called a miracle that she was born into this world.

When I look at Makoto-sama, a sweet, pleasant, heat-like mass forms in my chest, and I feel like I want to scream out loud.

However, I'm a maid, and even if my life depended on it, I can't do such a trivial thing.

However, I can say that I am fortunate in this life to be able to take care of Makoto-sama with all my passion.

I will wash Makoto-sama's sparkling golden hair.

Oh, how it feels to touch, if you say it's the hair of an angel from heaven, I'd believe you.

Carefully and painstakingly, it becomes soft as I lather shampoo.

While Makoto-sama's hair is being washed, she closes her eyes and is mesmerized, so cute that I can't help but admire her.

Does she feel good?

When Makoto-sama looks so comfortable being treated, it makes me

happy too.

“Dulcie, please wash Corinna-chan’s hair as well,” Makoto said.

“I-I’m good,” Corinna said.

I also wash the hair of her schoolmate, Corinna-sama.

Her wish is my command.

“I’ll wash you, Corinna-sama.”

“Aah, ah~~~~...”

Corinna-sama is not as beautiful as Makoto-sama, but she is pretty enough and I enjoy taking care of her.

Although her status is the daughter of a baron, she aspires to become a financial officer in the royal castle in the future, she’s such a talented woman.

She is one of Makoto-sama’s best friends, so I’m sure she’ll be successful in her career.

I guess the only time I can get close to her is now, as a student.

I also finished washing Corinna-sama’s hair.

She’s been wearing her hair in braids for a long time, so the hair near the knot looks a little rough.

I pour the conditioning solution on that area, and then spread it evenly over all of it.

Then I wash it off in the shower.

“This is so sensual, Makoto,” Corinna said.

“It doesn’t just feel good, you know, it also makes your hair shiny,” Makoto said.

“Re-Really, what kind of magic is this?” Corinna said.

“Well then, it’s time I leave,” I said.

I bow and activate my stealth skill.

This skill is a technique that uses the magic called “Gaze

Visualization” which is attached to the commemorative ring that Maid Village gives each graduate.

When you use this spell, people’s lines of sight will appear in a cone shape, so it is a technique to bypass that and disappear from their notice.

I stand quietly at the edge of the bathroom where no one can see me, waiting until Makoto-sama requests something.

The two of them in the bath are also cute.

You could say that this is eye candy that only a maid can partake in.

“Nagamimi News Report: Curtis-sama snuck out of the dormitory and went out to play in town. We’re tracking Ento, a butler, and he seems to be going to his usual haunt, so I don’t think there’s anything to worry about.”

Nagamimi-san’s regular news has been flowing into my ears.

This is an information network that only Anne and I, the intelligence maids, have access to since Curtis-sama joined the Saint’s Faction.

Nagamimi-san will tell you the information she obtained using Wind listening magic about what the faction members are doing.

She was the one who reported to me the other day when two evil ojou-samas were trying to play a prank on Makoto-sama’s locker.

She lives in an apartment near the school and is said to be bedridden.

She has excellent hearing, and is able to keep track of events within the school through sounds, and use Wind magic to communicate them to us, the intelligence maids, and Curtis-sama.

I asked Makoto-sama and Carol-sama to be able to use this wonderful intelligence tool as well, but Curtis-sama wanted to keep it a secret from Makoto-sama, so it is currently only used by intelligence maids.

Curtis-sama is a generous man, but he is sometimes stingy.

Although it is limited to the school, it can be said to be an extremely high-performance intelligence technique.

The disadvantages are that since it does not involve vision, there are sometimes false alarms, and if incidents occur in multiple locations at the same time, response may be delayed.

I wish there were many Long-eared People, but it seems that even in the elf village, only one or two “Listening Ears”

people are born in a generation.

Since it is an extremely valuable ability, it is said to be monopolized by the Browright family, whose territory includes the Elf Forest.

Ah, Makoto-sama and Corinna-sama are finished taking a bath.

I’ll go ahead and go to the changing room.

I will welcome them both as they come out.

I wiped Makoto-sama’s whole body with a bath towel and removed the moisture from her hair.

Then, I take out the hair dryer that Makoto-sama gave me from my waist and run it from a distance.

I apply it as evenly as possible so as not to get too hot and damage her hair.

Bui~~~n.

As expected, the magic tool Makoto-sama developed dried her hair in no time.

Now, I help Makoto-sama wear her drawers and put on a bra.

Then let’s dress her in her uniform.

Makoto-sama naked is adorable, but Makoto-sama in uniform is also cute and wonderful.

Now then, let’s dry Corinna-sama’s hair.

“I-I’m good,” Corinna said.

“Let me do it, it feels really good and it’ll dry quickly,” I said.

“I, see?”

I dry Corinna’s long gray hair from behind.

Her hair would be a beautiful silver if the color faded a little, but the shiny gray hair also suits Corinna-sama very well.

“Fuwah, so shiny and fluffy and beautiful. Thank you, Dulcie.”

“No, no, that’s outrageous.”

When I receive a compliment, my cheeks can’t help but loosen.

No, maids shouldn’t change their expressions.

In the Maid Village, we were told to behave as if we maids were a type of furniture and fixtures.

I’m still immature in that respect.

I bowed my head deeply, cast Gaze Visualization, and moved to a position where they couldn’t see me.

Chapter 173

The Intelligence Maid Works Behind The Scenes At School During The Night (Dulcie's POV) (2) The two of them returned to Room 205.

Now then, I'll take a nap too.

I headed to Room 207.

I open the door with my key and quietly enter Room 207.

Everyone in the Lacrosse Club is sleeping soundly.

The curtains on Miriana's bed were open and her arms were sticking out of her blankets.

I fix the blanket and close the curtains.

The three people in this room are 2nd-year students who are active in the Lacrosse Club.

They are people I have never met before, and they are optimistic, open-minded, and very nice reijou-samas.

The handkerchief I received from these people is a treasure that will last a lifetime.

I changed into my night clothes and slipped into the lower bunk.

Good night.

I woke up.

When I look at the clock, the luminous paint shows that it's midnight.

Without making a noise, I get out of bed, take out a new maid outfit from the chest, and put it on.

Yoshi.

I open the door without making a sound and walk down the quiet hallway of the girls' dormitory.

The target is the forest in the school's backyard.

I use the Weight Fist on my body to lighten myself and walk quickly.

I open the window on the stair landing and leap into the air.

Ah, the moon is full today, and it's shining so brightly that it's scary.

I gently land on the ground using the lessened gravity, then kick off the ground and fly through the air.

Thanks to this special ability, I was able to move at high speed and was able to overcome many crises.

I was able to save Makoto-sama from the vicious knights of the duke's family.

It is because of my Weight Fist that a maid like me who is unskilled in other disciplines can be by Makoto-sama's side.

There are some people ahead in the forest in the school's backyard.

I spotted Anne among the figures and approached her.

Anne nods silently.

Anne and I were classmates at the Maid Village, and I always looked up to her because of her excellent grades.

She seems to have something on her mind, and she puts all her effort into all of her training, I have always admired her hard work.

Anne took the top position in the Maid Village, rejected the royal scouts, and returned to her original master, the Earl of Albright, and his family.

I never imagined that we would be able to fight side by side again after going through so much together.

Six maids are standing under the moonlight.

It's commonly known as the Cat's Coven.

It's a place where intelligence maids gather on Sunday nights to compete and exchange information.

There are four intelligence maids from the Royal Faction and two intelligence maids from the Saint's Faction.

Margot, the head maid of the Cat's Coven, is curled up like an actual cat on a large stone and grinning.

Why on earth would such a lazy person be allowed in the same room as Makoto-sama?

It's unreasonable, isn't it?

Angelica appeared with a crunching sound.

With this, all seven intelligence maids currently in the school have gathered at the Cat's Coven.

There are two other intelligence maids at the school, but they are away accompanying the second-year students on their labyrinth training trip.

"It's unusual for everyone to participate. Is there anyone who has something to report?"

The intelligence maids remain silent in response to Margot's question.

Each group uses this site when they want to share information, but there is no particular report each time we gather.

"I'm Angelica, let me formally introduce myself as a maid from Duke Pottinger's family."

"I know, welcome Angelica, I'm Margot, the head maid of this gathering."

"You are... the irreverent Margot..."

"Those titles are so old," Margot says, laughing lightly.

"Right here and now, I'm going to challenge you to a promotion battle, Margot!"

With that, Angelica took the whip from her waist and readied it.

"Well, you just arrived, so you're an apprentice maid, so you don't have the right to challenge the head maid's position."

"Kuh! You believe me just an apprentice maid?!"

"Everyone is an apprentice at a new workplace. If you defeat three regular maids, you can become a first-class maid and challenge me for

the head maid position,” Margot said.

“What kind of maid is Dulcie?” Angelica asked.

“Dulcie is a first-class maid, she defeated Cynthia the other day,” Margot said.

“Then, if I defeat Dulcie, I’ll be a first-class maid!” Angelica said.

“I wish I could defeat you myself, but Dulcie, would you like to try?” Margot said, looking at me with amusement.

Let’s do it.

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen you in action, Angelica, I accept,” I said as I stepped forward.

“How interesting, then, let’s begin the promotion battle between Dulcie and Angelica,” Margot said. “Both parties must do everything in their power to defeat the other. If a party inflicts a fatal wound on the other, they lose by disqualification. It’s just a promotion battle, after all.”

Promotion battles are mock duels to determine the hierarchy of the Cat’s Coven.

You will do everything in your power to defeat your opponent, but it is forbidden to injure them.

Combat skills matter, so for me it’s a pretty advantageous arrangement.

That said, no matter how many times I try, I can’t beat Margot.

“I’ll let you clear up your grudge from the Maid Village.”

“Just try it, Crybaby Angelica,” I said.

“Calling me that again, huh?” Angelica snapped.

Angelica’s flaw is that the blood rushes to her head quickly.

Intelligence maids stand around us.

Angelica seems to be in good spirits.

I also fix my leather gloves and take a fighting stance.

“Well then, let the promotion battle begin!!”

With that, the head maid Margot gave the signal to start the match.

Chapter 174

The Intelligence Maid Works Behind The Scenes At School During The Night (Dulcie's POV) (3) Hyuun, something screams in the night.

It's the sound of Angelica's whip cutting through the air.

I lighten the weight of my right hand with the Weight Fist and use it like a sensory organ.

The pressure of the whip moving through the air presses against my lightened hand, giving me its direction in the dim moonlight.

Angelica's weapon is a long whip.

It's twice as long as her body in all directions.

The surface of the whip is scaly, and when it hits, it tears the flesh.

It is said that the pain is so great that you'll beg for death after three strikes.

I move at high speed by kicking up fallen leaves in the forest.

My weight has been reduced by about half.

Angelica narrows her eyes and looks at me.

The darkness of night equally blocks our vision.

Paan, paan!!

The whip tries to wrap around me, but I'm not there anymore.

I closed the gap in half.

Suddenly, Angelica goes down.

There was a "hyuu", and Angelica's whip was now above my head and coming straight down.

Too bad I wasn't there when it struck, either.

I passed by it at high speed.

Angelica clicks her tongue.

Stop that, a maid does not click her tongue.

With just half a step left, I turn around and intercept the whip.

I felt Angelica gasp behind me.

It is an easy task to slap down the whip that is coming at you from above.

Zhun.

The weighted tip of the whip digs into the forest floor.

I turn around and grin at Angelica.

“What-What’s that for? It’s not over yet!”

“You may continue, though.”

If only she could swing a whip with nearly three times the weight on the tip.

Angelica lost her balance as she tried to swing around with all her might.

“The winner, Dulcie. The loser, Angelica, remains an apprentice.”

“Wa-Wait, I can still fight! I can bring it into close combat.”

Margot looked at Angelica with a shocked look on her face.

“Close quarters with an unarmed specialist? You must be crazy, aren’t you?” Margot said.

“Kuh! What is with her, she couldn’t do something like this in the village!”

“It wasn’t a good match,” I said, “if it weren’t for the long whip, we could have fought a little longer.”

“Oh, that’s right, it’s just that the match-up of our weapons was terrible, remember that, Dulcie...!!”

“Yes, yes, Angelica, you’ve also improved your arms, the speed of your whip has become much faster.”

“Fu-Fuhn, even if you praise me, nothing will come out of it.”

As usual, Angelica is an easy-to-understand child.

She may say some cheeky things, but in her heart she is honest, so she was loved by her senpais and kyokans.

“Emergency News: Intruders have now climbed over the outer wall on the west side of the school. The threat level is C, and it appears to just be thieves.”

I heard a sweet whisper in my ear.

“Margot, thieves have invaded on the west side.”

I’ll just inform Margot.

She raises her eyebrows and then grins.

“Oya, oya, oya, it’s some ignorant intruders who want to sneak into the school and steal things,” Margot said.

“Everyone, let’s go.”

“””It’s a great honor, Head Maid.”””

The intelligence maids run through the forest, making sounds and cries.

As expected, these are intelligence maids who gather at the best school in the kingdom.

There is a difference in the level of training.

I will take to the skies by casting the Weight Fist on myself.

The only companion I have is the shining full moon.

The western wall could be seen in the distance.

It was small and there were two intruders coming down a rope.

“Hehe, it turns out they didn’t mean it when they called the Magic School impregnable, huh?””

“Exactly, Aniki, let’s hurry up and get some gold and a female student.”

“Oh, absolutely, let’s rape a female student and get the money from her parent’s house to keep quiet about it, yeah?”

“I can’t wait, gehahaha.”

I landed at the same time as Margot strangled one of them to death with a clothesline.

“Wh-What the, omae...”

Anne coldly stabbed the aniki to death with a knife.

Without even letting out a scream, the aniki fell to the ground like a torn sack.

The seven intelligence maids looked at the two corpses on the ground with cold eyes.

“Where did these guys come from?”

“If I had to guess? In terms of clothes, I believe they live in the slum.”

“I’ve messed up,” Margot said, “they were saying such infuriating things, so I got mad and killed them both. I’ve really done it now.”

Margot sticks out her tongue and looks playful, but it doesn’t help if she’s stepping on one of the corpses.

“The thugs were from Karasu Alley. Before the invasion, they were talking carefree and mentioned that their friends in town would be surprised.”

As expected, Nagamimi-san is excellent.

“Margot, it looks like you’re from Karasu Alley.”

“Hmm, I see, Milan, I’m sorry to ask you, but decapitate them.”

“Yes.....”

The Royal Faction maid named Milan is a swordsman.

She took out a curved sword from under her skirt and beheaded the two thieves.

“Angelica, sorry to ask you, but please display these heads on the gate of Karasu Alley,” Margot said.

“I-I just came to the capital...” Angelica said.

“I’ll accompany you, Angelica,” I said.

“Huh, ah, that’s a waste, Dulcie.”

“Don’t worry about it. Instead, just tell me about the current structure of the duke’s family.”

“Tch, if you’re going to ask that, I can’t help it. I understand.”

Anne took out a flax bag, wrapped up the heads with it, and then handed it to Angelica.

Angelica slung the heads over her shoulder.

“Now then, let’s go, Dulcie, I’ll listen to your complaints along the way.”

“I don’t need complaints, just information.”

“You’re getting no information, just complain to me.”

Well, it seems like the inner workings of the duke’s family are still in disarray.

Chapter 175

When I Got To School, The Wall Bulletin Had Been Updated

This morning, as usual, I woke up to the sound of the maid-sans getting ready for the day.

“You look even sleepier today, Margot,” Karina said.

“Maa, nee, when I went to the bathroom in the middle of the night, the cats were gathering outside, you see,” Margot said.

“Puh, that’s not what I see,” Karina said. “As a maid, your health comes first, so you need to get plenty of sleep.”

“Indeed, Karina, you are right,” Margot said.

After saying that, Margot-san let out a soft yawn.

It seems like Margot loses sleep watching cats.

“Good morning, Margot-san, Karina-san,” I said.

“Good morning, Makoto, the weather is nice today too.”

“Good morning~, Makoto~.”

Karina is doing well this morning too.

After seeing the two maid-sans off, Corinna-chan woke up.

“Morning.”

“Good morning, Corinna-chan.”

Now, as I was relieving myself, washing my face, and brushing my teeth, Dulcie came in with a kettle.

I drink tea with Corinna-chan across from me.

Uhn, maa, the normal taste will wake you up.

“Now then, let’s go, Corinna-chan,” I said.

“Classes start again today, yare, yare,” Corinna said.

“Even though there were no classes, you were still studying,” I said.

“Math is boring and makes me sleepy,” Corinna said.

“That’s only a ‘you’ problem, Corinna-chan,” I said.

I take out my bag and put in my textbook.

Today’s schedule is the National Language, Mathematics, Magic Theory, and Martial Arts.

Also, I have my long-awaited Alchemy class in the afternoon.

I’m looking forward to it.

I go out into the hallway and lock room 205.

I trotted down the stairs with Corinna-chan.

Everyone from the Saint’s Faction was waiting in the elevator hall today as well.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning, Makoto-sama.”

“Makoto, good morning.”

“Good morning, myon.”

“Good morning, Makoto-sama, Corinna-sama.”

“Good morning, Makoto, Corinna.”

Carol is fast today, I can’t believe she arrived before us.

Chin.

The elevator chimed, and Juliet-sama came down with Claire, the grand maid-san.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting~,” Juliet said, “good morning Makoto-sama~”

“Good morning, Julie-chan, we haven’t been waiting that long.”

“What a relief~, I can’t wait to eat with you all these days~.”

“Right, it is good.”

“A while back, it wasn’t fun because I was eating alone, playing alone, and talking to Lloyd-sama just by myself, but lately I’ve become good friends with you all and it’s been really fun,” Juliet said.

Saying that Juliet-sama took Melissa-san and Marilyn’s hands.

“You shouldn’t be doing this, Juliet-sama,” Melissa said.

“Our statuses are...” Marilyn said.

“I’ve finally realized that there is no relationship between social status and people’s likability,” Juliet said. “If you don’t mind, please continue to be friends with me.”

Juliet-sama smiled and tilted her head slightly, looking very annoyed, but also very cute.

Both Melissa and Marilyn blushed and shyly agreed.

Claire-san is also smiling and seems happy.

When I entered the dining room, it was quite crowded.

It’s like we need to sit at two separate tables.

We were divided into the Swordsmanship Group, the Fashion Group, Carol, Corinna-chan, and myself.

We show our medals at the counter and receive the porridge from Marissa-san.

After getting some tea, we went to the table.

Once everyone is together, we pray before the meal.

“Itadakimasu,” I said.

“I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.”

Stop praying towards me~~.

The female students around us are also smiling and praying towards me.

Mouii, just eat.

Pakuri.

Today's porridge is salty and the thin chicken stock is delicious.

The side dish was ham.

Carol had salty and Corinna had sweet with honey.

Ah, it's delicious today too.

After eating, we say the after-dinner prayer, return the dishes, and then go to school.

We all walk together.

As expected, Cattleya-san also came to the cafeteria with her bag.

When I stepped out of the dormitory, the sun was shining brightly and it was warm.

Spring is in full swing, isn't it?

It's so cheerful.

It's not that far from the dormitory to the school building.

We all walk together while chatting.

When I entered the school building, I saw a crowd of people on the wall behind the entrance.

Another wall newspaper?

Dore, dore, what's it say?

"The Academy's Power Structure Is Shaken! The Venomous Spider Mahler family leaves the Duke's Faction and joins the Saint's Faction!"

The Magic Academy Newspaper has been updated.

This is a well-researched article.

It concisely reports only the facts and describes the changes in the school's power structure.

Fumu, fumu.

The future of the Duke's family is in trouble.

The New Noble's News has not been updated.

It's still the bulletin from last week.

I wonder if Hilda-san hit the nail on the head about who was behind all this.

"Now then, I think the unpopular members of the duke faction will start to run wild," Gerald said.

"That's right, Gerald, the Royal Faction can poach as much as they want from them," I said.

"Fumu, how disgusting, Kimball, are you saying it's alright for the Royalists to take over everything?"

Gerald looked at me, his glasses gleaming.

"It doesn't matter, if our number of members increases too much, it will be difficult to manage," I said.

"Certainly, there aren't enough management-type nobles," Gerald said. "There's the Browright family for combat and the Mahler family for intelligence. Albright-sama, you're going to learn faction management techniques from Yulisha-sama, aren't you?"

"Indeed, I've been thinking about that, McKnight-sama," Carol said.

"Should I use Grineer-sama for assistance? She's very social."

Grineer-san is Elsa-san.

More to the point, don't interfere in the affairs of other people's factions, you bespectacled bastard.

Chapter 176

Treating Batten-sensei's Knee, Too

I entered Class A's classroom and prepared for class.

This morning, we will be learning the national language, mathematics, magic theory, and martial arts.

Now then, let's do our best today too.

Then, I finished all 3 classes in a flash, and the 4th period was just around the corner.

I'm good at classroom lectures.

It's nothing to me.

It's still a 1st year class.

Now, let's move to the martial arts hall.

We all walk down the hallway with our gym clothes bags out.

"Makoto-chan, are you using two swords today as well, a kodachi and a shield sword, myon?" Koishi-chan asked as she walked next to me.

"Well, I'd like to learn it somehow by 2nd year," I said.

From the 2nd year onward, the main force of the Duke's family will arrive, so it looks like there will be more trouble yet.

I should be able to fight alone.

"Aren't you going to trace the movements of the former Seijou-sama, myon?"

Ah, for sure.

Bianca-sama's sword movements are included in Kogitsunemaru.

Koishi-chan used it against Linda-san.

I grabbed Kogitsunemaru's hilt and focused my attention on the blade.

Ouh, ouh, I can really feel Bianca-sama's sword technique.

But unfortunately, most of them use both hands.

Bianca-sama is roughly a little taller than me, so her movements are helpful.

There are about four types of one-handed movements.

"Would that be helpful, Makoto."

"There are about four one-handed techniques, I'd like to learn how to use them," I said.

"The holy sword is very convenient, isn't it, myon?"

The sword on Koishi's waist is also a rare magic sword.

It looks like the frozen sword could be used in a variety of ways.

Best of all, it looks cool when used in the summer.

Well, while we were talking about various things, we arrived at the changing room.

I went inside and changed from my uniform to gym clothes in front of the lockers.

I put kogitsunemaru and the unicorn blade in the locker.

Cattleya-san is holding Eckesax with a difficult look on her face.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I'm wondering if it's okay to just casually put the holy sword in my locker," Cattleya said.

"It'll be fine, right? Anne-san seems to be keeping an eye out."

"It will be me today. Don't worry, Cattleya-sama, I'll be watching your things for you."

Suddenly, Dulcie appeared.

"I see, if Dulcie is watching over my things, I'll feel safe."

"I feel safe, too, myon."

I wonder what Elsa and Curtis-san are doing.

Well, I don't think anyone would steal the holy swords, but it's likely that they would steal it and hide it for the sake of harassing our faction.

Let's ask the two of them at lunch.

"Ah, but I'll ask Professor Batten to take a look at the holy sword and teach me how to fight," Cattleya said.

"That's right, myon, if she looks at the actual thing, she might be able to get some hints. Cattleya-chan, you're very smart, myon."

"That's not true, Koishi," Cattleya said.

It's true that the Eckesax is used differently than a normal long sword.

Even if there is a past hero's movement, the techniques will be different for men and women.

It might be a good idea to show it to Batten-sensei.

So, after the class started and the sensei finished the announcements, the two of them immediately showed the holy sword and the magic sword to Batten-sensei.

Batten-sensei put a hand to her head.

"Wh-What happened?" Cattleya asked.

"What's wrong, myon?" Koishi said.

"Listen carefully, both of you," Battenmeier said.

"Y-Yes."

"U-Uhn, myon," Koishi said.

"Your sensei even served as the Vice-Captain of the woman's division of the Royal Guards."

"Understood, myon, amazing, myon," Koishi said.

"I heard that tragically, she had to retire due to an injury," Cattley said.

“Holy swords are used only by heroes, and I’ve never seen a magic sword, either,” Battenmeier said.

“You don’t know how to use it, myon? Do you think you can teach me any ice brand techniques, myon?”

“Can I use thrusting-type sword techniques, like an Estoc?” Cattleya said.

Batten-sensei looked sour.

“Well, if that’s all you ask that’s fine, however, I have no idea how to use Eckesax properly,” Battenmeier said.

"Yes, I suppose you wouldn't," Cattleya said.

“As for the Ice Magic Sword, there is someone in the Royal Guards who may be able to use techniques for Ice Brand, so I’ll ask him about it,” Battenmeier said.

“Waai, myon,” Koishi cheered.

Saying that, Batten-sensei takes a step back.

Ah, I guess she's been crippled from getting struck in the knee.

Fumu.

“Now, everyone, let’s do one set of attack practice and one set of defense practice. These are basic movements, so if there’s anything you don’t understand, please ask.”

“”””””Hai!””””””””

The energetic student's reply echoed throughout the martial arts arena.

“Sensei,” I said as I approached Batten-sensei.

“What is it, Kimball-san?”

"If you'd like, I'll fix your knee," I said.

“Hm? It’s a terrible injury that even a Hi-Potion couldn’t heal, don’t you know?” Battenmeier said.

“Maa, maa, let me see it,” I said.

I bent down and fired a searching beam.

Hou-hou.

Huh.

“It looks similar to the Principal’s wound,” I said. “Did you go to the same battlefield?”

“The times were different, but we were both on the Northern Front,” Battenmeier said. “The enemy was the Imperial Army.”

Is it the Imperial Army that puts curses on arrows? That’s a disgusting thing to do.

I wonder if I can heal it like I healed the Principal.

“Dulcie, get Kogitsunemaru,” I said.

“Yes, Makoto-sama.”

Dulcie appeared with Kogitsunemaru in her arms.

“Ki-Kimball-kun, what are you doing?” Battenmeier said.

“Don’t worry, it’s also a healing sword,” I said.

Actually, it would be easier to just treat the patient with a quick slash, but that would be scary for the patient.

I hold sensei’s knee and insert Kogitsunemaru.

“Aah, ah? It doesn’t hurt?”

“It’s cutting, but it’s healing quickly, so it doesn’t hurt.”

Okay, Kogitsunemaru has reached the curse source.

I stab it with the tip of the sword, pour in the magical power of Light, and make the curse disappear.

The arrowhead vessel fell to the floor with a clatter.

The curse was stronger on the Principal.

They’ve built the arrowhead from the very beginning as a curse’s vessel so that it can’t be cured even with an EX

potion.

It's a terrible thing.

I pull out Kogitsunemaru and it's over.

“...”

Oro, the martial arts field is in a state of shock.

Batten-sensei patted her knee and then jumped with a dan, dan.

Okay, it looks like she's fully healed.

“Kimball.”

“Yes?”

“I thought I'd never be able to jump again.”

“That's good to hear.”

“What are you saying? My knee is healed, it's healed, Kimball!!”

Wow, Batten-sensei hugged me and lifted me up.

Hyaa, please stop!

“Thank you, thank you!! Kimball!! Thank you so much!!”

Batten-sensei hugged me tightly and spun me around.

Sensei was crying.

Ah, if you're so happy about it, I wish I'd fixed it sooner.

Sorry, Sensei.

Before I knew it, the students were cheering and the cheers of Kinteki-sama began Stop it, omairaa!

“Thank you, Kimball, now I can try to defeat Linda again,”
Battenmeier said.

“Yo-You know each other?” I asked.

“There's not a martial arts woman in the capital who doesn't dream of defeating Linda, now I can try again, prepare yourself, Linda!!”

Hmm, I wonder who is stronger, Linda-san or Batten-sensei?

I'd like to see how the two of them duel.

Chapter 177

Batten-Sensei Thanks Me And Asks Me About The Martial Arts Tournament

“Oh, that’s right, how much does your treatment cost, Kimball?” Battenmeier said. “Sensei’s salary is meager, but I’ll pay for it even if I have to borrow money.”

“I don’t need it, what are you talking about?” I asked.

“Eh, eeeh?! This was a knee that never healed even after seeing the best doctors, I’ve got no excuse for skipping payment.”

“It’s a saint’s duty, so it’s free. If you’re interested, please donate as much as you like to the Great Temple.”

Batten-sensei froze, still gripping my shoulders.

“Kimball!! I’m so impressed!!”

“It’s fine to be impressed, so please start the lesson,” I said. “Oh, and if there’s anyone in the military with the same symptoms, I’ll fix them.”

The Principal and Batten-sensei served in the military at quite different times and were subjected to the same curse, so there are likely to be quite a few more victims.

“Ah, got it, there are definitely a lot of them,” Battenmeier said. “All of them have been suffering for a long time without being cured even after seeing a doctor.”

“If they can’t move, I’ll come to them, so please let me know,” I said.

Batten-sensei cried and hugged me again.

“Kimball!! What a good person you are!! You’re truly a saint!!”

“Well, I’m still a candidate,” I said.

Mou, let’s start class already!

For some reason, Batten-sensei announced the start of the class cheerfully.

Now then, I'll face Koishi-chan and practice using the kodachi and shield sword.

Cattleya-san is teaming up with Carol, is using a mock Estoc-style sword.

I tried waving my blade with Bianca-sama's one-handed movement.

Oh, that's so sharp.

Koishi-chan went in so cleanly that I almost dropped my mock shield sword.

"You're doing great, myon, that technique," Koishi said.

"Okay," I said.

Yeah, it's fun when your body moves the way you want it to.

After we continued attacking and defending for a while, Batten-sensei came over.

"For some reason, it seems like your Kodachi has gotten much better," Battenmeier said.

"It's the holy sword, they have a function that remembers the movements of their original owners, so I learned from mine," I said.

"Mattaku, that's so amazing. Your kodachi feels good, so try concentrating on the shield sword, instead," Battenmeier said.

"Yes, Sensei," I said.

Batten-sensei's guidance is accurate and good.

"Makoto-shyan, is it okay if I change to a longsword, myon?" Koishi said.

"Ah, that's okay~, " I said. "Koishi-chan, you need to learn normal swords, too."

"I've been using swords a lot in my club activities, so it's fine, but I really want to get used to the magic sword as soon as possible."

Koishi-chan uses a wooden sword, I use a kodachi sword, and we perform a "kan-kan" back and forth of blows instead of training the shield sword.

Oh, the longer the distance, the harder it is to block with a shield sword.

It's educational.

Interesting, interesting.

Kan-kan-kan-kan.

As I was waving my mock kodachi and mock shield sword, the final bell rang.

Wow, I'm sweating.

"It seems like you've gotten pretty good at using the shield sword, myon," Koishi said.

"Yes, thank you Koishi-chan."

Koishi-chan has been practicing Horai Toho since she was little, so her movements are stable.

The trajectory is a little different from the movement of the sword, but that's why it's a shield sword, handling it makes me think I need to practice a lot.

Batten-sensei came forward and bowed.

"Well, that concludes today's class. See you the day after tomorrow, you're dismissed.."

""""Thank you very much.""""

The ladies at the martial arts hall said goodbye in unison.

Alright, it's finished, it's finished.

Batten-sensei's knee seems to be doing well.

"Sensei, are you going to duel with Linda-shi?" Cattleya asked.

"That's right, I'll build up my body for a while and then try her," Battenmeier said.

"Do you think you're going to win, myon? The day before yesterday, there were four of us, and miraculously we only got one hit," Koishi said.

“What!? Did you guys fight Linda-sen? Tell me more!”

Haha, Batten-sensei was hooked on Cattleya-san and Koishi-chan’s story.

Cattleya-san gave a brief explanation.

“She outclassed three holy swords and one magic sword, huh? Yare, yare, she’s still amazing, isn’t she?”

“Sensei, have you ever fought with Linda-shi, myon?” Koishi asked.

“We’re 10 years apart in age, she was just starting out as a Temple Knight when I took the arrow in the knee and got discharged from the Order. I wanted to fight her at least once.”

“I’d like to see that too, Batten-sensei.”

“I’ll suggest to the Principal if we can compete in an exhibition match at the Martial Arts Tournament at the end of the first semester.”

“Wah, I want to see that, myon!”

Oh, that sounds like fun.

“Are all of you participating in the martial arts tournament?”

“Kimball, do you want to participate? It’s a volunteer system. We’ll be handing out applications for participation after Golden Week.”

“Is it just swords? What about magic?”

“Magic is reserved for the Autumn Magic Tournament. The Swordsmanship Tournament is a sword-only competition for all grades.”

“Split by gender, myon?”

“Well, last year’s winner of the men’s division was Michael Pickering-kyou. The winner of the women’s division was Patricia Beale, the daughter of Baron Beale.”

Hmm, I haven’t seen any strong women yet, or rather, haven’t they graduated?

“Has she graduated, Patricia-san?”

“Yes, it was her 3rd year then, so I wonder who it will be this year.”

“I’ll win.”

“It’ll be me, myon!”

“Maybe it’ll be Elsa-san, wouldn’t it?”

“Uu.”

“Guh.”

No matter how many people there are, they can’t beat the swordsman Elsa-san.

And since I have no chance of winning, I won’t participate in martial arts tournaments.

Participating in the martial arts tournament was a good move since the game has growth compensation.

Usually, you don’t win in your first year, but you start winning in your second or third year.

If you win, Curtis’ favorability will skyrocket, and the favorability of other targets will also increase considerably.

But, well, getting first place in the tests had better investment returns.

Chapter 178

Miles-San Comes When We Are Having Lunch At The Natural Park

It's noon.

Everyone from the Saint's Faction goes out to Hiyoko-Do, buys bread, and eats it on the lawn of the natural park.

It's already a daily routine.

"Ah, the weather is nice, and the Saint's bread is delicious."

"You could eat this every day and never get tired of it."

I stood shoulder to shoulder with Carol and ate our bread.

Soda is also delicious.

But what shall we do tomorrow?

Every day it's Hiyoko-Do.

Maybe I should look for a cheap and delicious restaurant in town.

There are only a limited number of shops that all faction members can enter.

The members of the clique are enjoying their meal in small groups of about three people each.

I mean, why are Kevin-ouji and Gerald here again?

As for Lloyd-chan, well, it can't be helped since he's Juliet-sama's bonus.

"The meals taste so delicious when we eat together, Kimball-san," Kevin said.

"Well, what were you doing for lunch last week?" I asked.

"Tuesday and Thursday with Vivian, and the other days are with Gerald at a high-end restaurant," Kevin said.

Uhee, were these two guys going on lunch dates, after all?

Kevin-ouji and Gerald weren't that popular even in BL because they weren't very novel or exciting.

Pairings where the involved were already close together aren't very interesting.

"I'm sorry for always forcing you to let us come with, Kimball-san," Kevin said.

"Well, Lloyd-ouji is here too, so we have no choice," I said.

"That's no way to speak to Kevin-ouji, Kimball," Gerald said.

"Ussee," I hissed, "you have no reason to come with us, Gerald."

"Wherever Oujii goes, I am there as well, as a matter of course."

"Quite close, aren't you?" I asked. 1

"Who' do you mean, exactly?"

Uoh, I've been hamming it up with Gerald.

Kusou, kusou.

Kevin-ouji smiled with a princely smile.

He really does have a beautiful smile, as he is the main target of the game.

Mumumu.

Iyaah, I'll feel sorry if I go into Kevin-ouji's route.

However, when it comes to the game's Lunch Events, you have to choose who to go with, and I don't think I've ever had this kind of experience every day.

It happened about once a week, and I would consider myself lucky if it appeared as an option.

It's unusual to have a lunch date with five targets every day.

This world is similar to a game, but it's real life, so there won't be any forced entry into a route.

I don't think there will be a Curtis Route since he became friendlier

with Elsa.

I also destroyed the Prince Lloyd route and the Juliet-sama's Lich transformation plot.

Also, if you ask me if I can placate Elmer's fiancée, Priscilla-sama, and defeat Vivian-sama, the final boss, I think it's possible.

The Gerald Route is good as gone by now.

I feel like things have settled down in the first half of the 1st year.

Well, I guess things will change again when the main force of the Pottinger family arrives in the 2nd year.

A group of people in glittering white armor came to the lawn where we were sitting, accompanied by a clown.

"Saint-sama, how are you this day?"

"There are two princes here, so why don't you greet them first, Linda-san?" I asked.

Linda looked at me with doubtful eyes.

"Since we are Temple Knights, the most important person we prioritize is you, Saint-sama."

Saying that Linda bowed her head to me and, as if just realizing they were there, she turned to look at the princes.

"Hello, Kevin-ouji, Lloyd-ouji."

"How thorough of you, and it's almost refreshing, Linda-shi," Kevin said.

"You look beautiful as always, Linda-shi," Lloyd said. "Nee, nee, do you have a boyfriend?"

"I do not, Lloyd-ouji, I am married to the Goddess," Linda said.

"Then, how about we go out for dinner sometime, maybe at Kodo-Tei, how's that sound?"

Lloyd-chan, you never waver, do you?!

Are you trying to woo the mighty Linda-san?!

“Iyaa, Lloyd-sama, I don’t want you to look at anyone but me~,” Juliet said.

“I-I-I’m sorry, Juliet, my eyes are always captivated by your blue eyes.”

“Kyaa, I’m so happy to hear that~, Lloyd-samaaa.”

Linda-san looks at Lloyd-chan like a bug wallowing in the garbage.

Let’s divert her attention before something happens.

“So, what did you come here for, Linda-san?”

“We came to report to you, Saint-sama,” Linda said.

And when she clenched her jaw, Simon-san brought the clown to the front.

“He posted the Wyeth family’s apology letter in the square, and from 10 o’clock, I made sure that Miles-san was distributing the boiled eggs, as promised,” Simon said.

“Ara, how was it, Miles-san?” I asked.

“Yes, about that, I had a much better response than I expected,” Miles said. “Everyone was so happy about the boiled eggs that we were finished in less than an hour.”

“Ara, that’s good to hear,” I said.

“Then, the children and housewives who didn’t receive eggs asked me to get more to give them, so we’re going back to the townhouse to replenish the eggs and give them out again,” Miles continued.

No, I only did it to embarrass him, not to please the people.

“Everyone was so happy to hear that it was a boiled egg from Wyeth territory, and I was really happy, as well,” Miles said. “I thought you were punishing me to embarrass me, Seijou-sama, but I was naive.”

“Ah, hai,” I said.

“When I saw everyone’s faces as they ate the boiled eggs, I was convinced that this was what you wanted to convey to me,” Miles said. “Aren’t the chickens your treasure? Why are you doing such stupid acts, threatening your main job?”

That's what you wished to say to me, Seijou Makoto-sama, so you ordered me to give out the boiled eggs, I'm so grateful for your guidance."

No, I hadn't thought about that at all.

It was just harassment.

Miles-san's eyes are glistening and he's crying.

"Every Monday, I will dress up as a clown and appear in the central plaza as a man handing out boiled eggs," Miles said. "The true value of Wyeth territory is its chicken eggs. Now, Ojou-sama was also in the wrong, and she failed due to her inexperience with espionage. I'm sure she'll see me and realize the true value of Wyeth territory, as well. Thank you, thank you so much."

"So-Sou, ganbarinasai," I said.

"Hai...!!"

"Sasuga Makoto-sama, even Linda-san is humbled by your thoughtfulness," Simon said.

You've got it wrong!!!

I didn't intend to make Linda-san's eyes water!!

Footnotes

1. Lost in translation. Makoto was just saying something to the effect of two people being quite close, with no subject.

Chapter 179

Deborah-San Stands Proudly At The School Gate

After finishing our meal and relaxing for a while at the natural park, we decided to return to the school.

We all chatted and walked slowly on the way back.

Deborah-san was standing proudly in front of the school gate.

Uwah, she's so mad.

Aah-hah-hah.

"Makoto Kimball!! What are you doing?" Deborah said. "Y-You turned my steward into a clown and made him post an apology letter without permission!!"

"It's because you failed in your intelligence work," I said.

"Wha-What do you mean by that?!!" Deborah yelled.

"Even though there was a treaty, you gave money to the yakuza and had them try to kidnap me," I said.

Deborah-san's face turned red and she had a look of hatred on her face.

"You-You have no proof!! There's no proof that our family did such a despicable act!!"

"Can I provide evidence, instead? Miles-san caved and handed out boiled eggs while dressed as a clown because he thought he couldn't escape the accusations, right?"

"Wh-What was that?! You were making such despicable threats!! That's it!!"

I remained silent and glared at Deborah-san.

"From now on, we're going to turn the Wyeth family's townhouse into a vacant lot," I said.

"Th-That can't be a serious threat!" Deborah said.

“Don’t you understand that the mistake you made was an abomination that deserved such retribution?” I asked.

“Y-You’re just the adopted daughter of a baron, and before that, a commoner who works at a bakery, and I’m from Earl Wyeth’s family...”

“Enough,” I said.

“Wha-?!” Deborah spluttered.

“How many times do you have to fail before you realize?” I said. “Earl Wyeth’s family doesn’t have the military strength to fight against the Great Temple.”

Deborah-san gritted her teeth in frustration.

“It’s a mercy on our part that we haven’t turned your townhouse into a vacant lot already,” I said. “If you try to take advantage of people’s goodwill any longer and do something terrible, I’m going to make an example of you.”

“Gugugu,” Deborah went.

“You’re not cut out for intelligence, and I’m sure Angelica isn’t good at it, either,” I said.

“That cheeky maid!”

“Stop it now, please stay quiet until Victor-san comes during my 2nd year,” I said. “I’m being lenient, but if the Royal Intelligence Organization the Tower targets House Wyeth, things like this wouldn’t happen.”

“There’s no way the Tower would step in here...” Deborah said.

She looked frightened.

As might be expected, the very mention of the Tower scares people.

“Gerald, you’re from the Tower, can Wyeth be a target for destruction?” I asked.

“Fumu, it’s not impossible,” Gerald said, “but the Wyeth family is a good target right now, so they might already be on the move.”

“Eh, Ge-Gerald-sama, ho-how could you threaten me like that...?”

Deborah stammered.

“What are you talking about, Wyeth-sama? Now, the weakest part of the Pottinger Faction is House Wyeth. There’s no reason a professional intelligence organization wouldn’t target you.”

“Th-That can’t be...”

“The Pottinger Faction and the Royal Faction are enemies,” Gerald said. “Just because Kevin-ouji and Vivian-sama got engaged doesn’t mean their factions have reconciled. Most of the Royalist nobles do not want the descendants of Pottinger to join the royal family. Currently, the Wilkinson and Mahler families have left the Duke’s faction in the royal capital, so they are defenseless in terms of intelligence, so it is no surprise that the troops are working to do something about Vivian-sama before her main force arrives.”

Aah, Deborah-san turned pale.

“Oh, Wyeth-san, don’t worry, there’s still time, so I’ll speak up on your behalf and tell the Tower to stay their hands,”

Kevin said, smiling as he called out to Deborah-san.

“Ke-Kevin-ouji-sama...”

Deborah-san is overcome with emotion and is getting noisy.

“So, could you please remain quiet until next year, when the treaty expires? If someone tries to find a loophole in the treaty, it will become a trust issue for both parties.”

I don’t know what he’s thinking, but underneath his smiling face, Prince Kevin has a dark heart.

Although the words are soft, they include words that guide people to his tune.

“I-I understand, I-I won’t break the treaty again.”

Oh, Deborah-san has given her confirmation.

Prince Kevin made eye contact and asked if this was okay, so I responded by saying yes.

“But, remember this! Makoto Kimball!! We can do attacks that don’t use swords, bows, or poisons!!”

“Anything is welcome as long as it complies with the treaty,” I said.

“I’ll show you the bite behind my bark now!!”

Deborah-san got angry and ran toward the girls’ dormitory.

“Is she still planning on doing something...?”

“She’s stubborn, isn’t she?”

“An attack without swords, bows, or poison, hmm, I wonder what it is, something like stopping the deliveries of chicken eggs?” I asked.

“No, the eggs from Wyeth territory are big and delicious, but it doesn’t mean they have a monopoly on the royal capital’s market.”

The girls’ dormitory cafeteria didn’t stock such good eggs.

Wyeth eggs are delicious but expensive.

“Well, if it’s not against the treaty, then there’s no reason to stop it.”

“Now that I think about it, isn’t the Tower’s intervention also a violation of the treaty?”

“Well, yes, but the Tower’s usual method is to send people in to seize important documents, so they don’t use swords, bows, or poison, so it’s a very mundane sort of destruction”

It’s probably a plan for impaction, isn’t it?

I’m sure there are some people setting their sights on the Saint’s Faction as well.

Ryan-kun might be suspicious.

.....

Well, maybe not, he fought against the Duke’s knights with Lloyd-chan.

There is no end to my doubts.

“Now then, let’s hurry up and go to class, Makoto.”

“Ah, wait a minute, Carol.”

Carol, my beloved, left me and ran off, so I ran after her.

Well, the afternoon class is about alchemy.

I need to ask Professor Serviche for help with the glowing ribbon.

Chapter 180

Talking To Olney-san In The Alchemy Lab

Now then, we returned to Class A, prepared for more lessons, and moved to the classroom.

Alchemy class with Carol~.

And with Elmer, Jean-oji-san, and Corinna-chan, as well.

I head to the alchemy lab with Carol, Corinna-chan, and Elmer.

“Elmer, there’s a magic circle I want you to see later,” I said.

“..... I wonder what it is?” Elmer asked.

“I made a hair dryer, so I’d like you to take a look at it,” I said.

“A hair dryer.... some kind of, flame-based magic tool...” Elmer said.

“I’ll show you later, it’s something to dry human hair,” I said.

“... Human hair? ... Drying it?” Elmer said.

For those who have never used it, it may not be clear to them.

Boys do tend to have short hair.

When I entered the alchemy lab, Jean-oji-san had already arrived and was talking with Serviche-sensei.

“Hello, Jean-oji-san, Serviche-sensei,” I said.

“Ooh, you’re here, everyone,” Jean said.

“Hello, I heard about the ribbon,” Serviche said, “it seems very interesting, so let’s talk after class.”

“Let’s,” I said.

Alright, the light ribbon mass production plan is progressing smoothly.

Today too, we were divided into groups based on the previous

arrangement.

We said goodbye to Corinna-chan, which left Carol, Elmer, me, and then Lyle-san in the red dress and Olney-san in the blue dress.

“Well then, today we’ll start off by practicing potion brewing,” Serviche said. “The person who didn’t make it last time will attempt to do it today.”

I see, I can’t make a healing potion today.

“Ma-May I do it, Kimball-sama, Albright-sama?”

Oh, Lyle-san is volunteering herself.

“Do you mind Elmer and Olney-san?” Carol said.

“I... I don’t mind...” Elmer said.

“I don’t mind either,” Olney said.

“”Thank you. My younger brother has been doing really well lately, and I’ve been wanting to get serious about alchemy,” Lyle said.

“That’s good. I’m glad Jerry-kun’s feeling better.”

“Yes, thanks to you, Kimball-sama, and Serviche-sensei.”

“Do your best.”

“Yes!”

Now, let’s review last week.

Elmer, Olney-san, and I cut the herbs with knives.

It’s difficult to make them the same size.

And, she can’t cut well with a knife.

Elmer cuts it into pieces well, but Olney-san is shocked.

“You don’t cook much, do you, Olney-san?” I asked.

“I-I’m an aristocrat. I’ve never had to hold a knife before,” she said.

“So I see, cut it slowly. If you cut your hand, let me know and I’ll heal it for you,” I said.

“I-I see, um, uh, thank you.”

Oh, Olney-san said thank you.

I’m happy when the person who was being snarky humbles herself like this.

Ushishi.

We cut the medicinal herbs into pieces.

We all put the medicinal herbs we cut into the basket and have Carol look at them.

“The roots have little medicinal effect, so just the middle stems are fine.”

With that said, Carol took the herb roots out of the basket and put them in the trash can.

The roots of things like spinach seem to be more nutritious, but medicinal herbs are different.

I bit into the edge of the medicinal herbs left on the cutting board.

It’s bit~ter.

“Even if you eat it directly, it doesn’t have much medicinal effect,” Carol said.

“I see, do you want to put it on the wound, instead?” I asked.

“Yes, it seems like they used to chop it up and make it into something like a poultice,” Carol said.

After the inspection was completed, Carol roughly put the medicinal herbs into the alchemy cauldron and handed the mixing stick to Lyle-san.

“How much magic power should I channel?”

“If you put in too much magic power all at once, you’ll get exhausted, so just keep it in moderation. This is about enough.”

Carol placed her hand on Lyle-san’s palm and let the magic flow through her.

That's great, I want Carol's magic to flow through me too.

I wonder what it feels like.

"Understood, I'll try now."

Lyle-san poured magic into the mixing stick and began stirring.

Guru-grr.

Guru-grr..

Bubbles gradually rise from the pot, and a pleasant smell of medicinal herbs rises.

Ah, the unique smell of the alchemy room~.

It smells good, it smells like Carol.

While someone is mixing things up, the others are idle.

I'm sitting on a chair next to Elmer and Olney-san, looking at the alchemy cauldron.

Carol is always coaching Lyle in alchemy.

Serviche-sensei is comfortable with this table because Carol is there.

"Ah, I'm so grateful to you, Tabitha has felt so much lighter these days," Olney said.

Who is Tabitha? I thought for a moment, but she meant Lyle-san.

She is Viscount Lyle's daughter, Tabitha.

"It's nothing, I just did what I could," I said.

"The ties between the Eastern Houses are deep," Olney said. "The fact that Tabitha received a favor from you, means that my family and House Gascoigne are also indebted to you."

"Are you relatives?" I asked.

"Although we are distantly related, all who live in the East help each other."

That being said, it's a pleasant, mutually supportive relationship.

“I heard rumors that the children of Duke Pottinger’s Faction were harassing you,” Olney said. “But you’re a true saint candidate. If that’s the case, you’re not just a baron’s daughter, and you’re not just a baker’s daughter, either.”

“It’s okay, I don’t really care about social status,” I said. “There are those who are terrible people even if they’re of high status, and there are those who are good people even if they’re lower in status.”

“You’re such a good person, I can’t believe I looked down on you.”

“I’m used to it, so many people look down on me at first, but when I talk to them, they understand.”

There are people like Deborah who don’t understand no matter how much I talk to them.

“If something happens, you have the Eastern Houses’ support,” Olney said. “If you have any troubles, please come and talk to us.”

“Thank you, I’m happy to hear that, Olney-san.”

Olney-san gave a small nod.

Olney-san reminds me of a friend when I talk to her, and she seems like a nice person.

There was a popping sound, smoke rose, and the contents of the alchemy cauldron turned a beautiful light green color.

Looks like the potion creation was successful.

That’s a relief.

Chapter 181

Everyone Pulls Out Of The Alchemy Lab

Carol is inspecting the finished potion.

“It can’t be put on the market, but it can be put to practical use.”

“Are you serious? I’m so happy!”

Oh, good job, Lyle-san.

Everyone divides it up and fills the bottles.

We can give out about two bottles to each person.

Good, good.

But the question is, where did the medicinal herbs disappear?

The potion’s medicinal liquid is a clear green color without any turbidity.

“Medicinal herbs completely dissolve and lose their form,” Carol said.

“Wha—how did you figure that out?” I asked.

“Makoto, your thoughts are easy to read,” Carol said.

I-I see, it’s kind of embarrassing when Carol says that to me.

My cheeks get a little hot.

By the way, I didn’t drink the healing potion I made last week.

I heard that the expiration date is about a week, so it will get worse if you don’t drink it.

Should I give it to someone?

However, there were no sick or injured people.

Should you give it to a bald sensei?

Serviche-sensei came and inspected the potion.

“As expected from the group where Carol-san is, there will be no problems at all,” she said.

“Thank you very much,” Carol said.

“Thank you so much, I made it, so I’m happy,” Lyle said.

“Lyle-san seems to have a talent for alchemy, please do keep at it.”

“Yes, Serviche-sensei!”

Well, having a job on hand is good, isn’t it?

When I looked into the group next to me, I saw Corinna-chan, so I approached her.

“How was it?” I asked.

“It’s difficult,” Corinna said. “One of my group members messed up the heat and a pot of medicinal herbs was wasted.”

“Isn’t there supposed to be a way to control the heat?” I asked.

“They wanted a proper-grade potion, you see,” Corinna said.

“Do you need one for yourself?” I asked.

“... Now that I think about it, there’s no situation where I would use a potion, so I don’t need it,” Corinna said.

“I don’t have any use, myself,” I said. “I have to use last week’s potion, but I don’t have any ideas.”

“It’s crazy that even amazing potions have expiration dates,” Corinna said.

You could say that again.

I think I’ll give it to Lyle-san and have her younger brother Jerry-kun drink it.

He is in a bad state.

“Now that I think about it, Serviche-sensei,” I said. “Last week’s Light potion is probably nearing its expiry date.

What are you doing with it?”

“Oh, I froze it in a sample preservation freezer, there’s no problem,” Serviche-sensei said.

Ah, refrigeration, that’s an option.

Is it because there are refrigerators and freezers in this world?

Just like that, the second alchemy class was over in the blink of an eye.

I guess I’ll leave the alchemy training until next week.

“Let’s talk about the Light ribbon after school. Is there a place we can meet?” Serviche-sensei said.

“Room 155 in the assembly building is the meeting room for the Saint Faction. Is that alright?” I asked.

“I don’t mind, is that the shining ribbon I was hearing about?” Serviche asked.

“Yes,” I said.

I put magic into the ribbon’s switch circuit.

“Oh, your cheeks shine beautifully.”

Otto, the ladies in the Dress Ojou-sama group were also looking at me with wide eyes.

“Jean-oji-san and Elmer remodeled it. Carol also modified the circuit.”

I put magical power into Carol’s ribbon and made it shine.

“Ah, Kimball-san, I can see you’re responsible for these, they shine well.”

It’s just a flash, but the amount of light is about twice as much.

But since the dance party is at night, I don’t think that much light is needed.

“This looks like fun, I’ll go to the meeting room around 2 o’clock,” Serviche said.

“Yes, I’ll be waiting,” I said.

“Can I go, as well?” Jean-oji-san said.

“Jean-oji-san, you’re also from the Saint’s Faction, so there will be no problem,” I said.

“Hohohoho, I’m so happy,” Jean said.

He’s certainly in a good mood.

Now then, let’s clean up and go back to Class A.

Cleaning up after an alchemy training class is surprisingly difficult, as you have to wash the alchemy pot and the knives.

After cleaning up, I head to the school building with Elmer, Carol, and Corinna-chan.

I split up with Corinna-chan in front of Class B and arrived at Class A.

Anthony-sensei came soon and we had homeroom.

It seems that problems are most likely to occur around the time when students are getting used to the school.

I guess they’ll relax and go out drinking or socialize with the opposite sex.

You have to stay alert.

Now, after homeroom is over, it’s time for the long-awaited after-school.

“Okay, let’s go, Carol, Elmer,” I said.

“Indeed, I’m excited to see the Magic Tower’s alchemy technology,” Carol said.

“The hairdryer... I want you to show me it...”

“Dulcie,” I said.

If you call into the void, Dulcie will appear instantly.

I wonder how it works.

It doesn’t seem like magic, so I wonder if it’s a skill.

“Over here, Clayton-sama.”

“Houh.....”

Elmer looked at the hairdryer that Dulcie had given him with interest and turned it on.

“It’s pretty simple... but if you don’t make it simple... it’ll be difficult to carve...”

“That’s true, too,” I said. “It would be difficult if the engraving costs went up too much.”

“Maybe something simpler would be better because it wouldn’t break easily,” Carol said.

“For now, let’s go to the meeting room,” I said.

Dulcie tries to take the hairdryer from Elmer.

“Please give it back, Clayton-sama,” Dulcie said.

“... A little longer,” Elmer said.

“This is an important hairdryer given to me by Makoto-sama, so please give it back to me,” Dulcie said.

“Then...I have no choice...”

Elmer handed Dulcie the hairdryer back.

How much does Dulcie care about Dryer No. 1?

Well, she’s happy, but I’m a little disappointed.

Chapter 182

Talking About The New Student Dance Party In The Assembly Room

I unlock the Saint's Faction's meeting room and enter.

The cleaning is perfect.

I guess Dulcie and Anne-san are busy cleaning in their free time.

It's a blessing.

Carol and Elmer took their seats.

"Clayton-kyou, there is a model here, take a look at it," Carol said.

"Understood...but... I want you to call me Elmer... Carol," Elmer said.

"Oh my, okay, Elmer," Carol said as she handed him the magic circle.

"Uh-Uhn... I was just... a little curious," Elmer said, his cheeks turning red as he opened the parchment and inspected the circle.

"Thank you, Elmer,"

Uhihi, it's nice to see friends becoming friends, right?

"Fumu... it's an orthodox... magic circle... it's a mix of Fire and Wind... still, it's amazing."

"Thank you, Elmer."

Elmer rolled the parchment into a tube to blow hot air.

.....

Hmmm, could it be possible to mass-produce a cheaper version of the dryer by making it out of parchment?

If you open it up and carry it around flat, it's not that bulky.

I guess I was too dragged down by the form of hairdryers in my previous life.

Corinna-chan, Melissa-san, Marilyn-san, and Juliet-sama came to the

meeting room.

And then Lloyd-chan came, too.

“Mou, Prince Lloyd, it’s a secret faction meeting, so could you please refrain from barging in?” I said.

“Eh, isn’t it fine?” Lloyd said. “I’m already part of the Saint’s Faction and the Royal Faction.”

“We have no need for suspicious folks like you here,” I said.

“I-I want Prince Lloyd to be here,” Juliet said.

Oh, does Juliet-sama really love Lloyd-chan that much?

“Prince Lloyd calls out to other women indiscriminately and I have no idea where he’s going to go or what he’ll do when I take my eyes off him~,” Juliet said.

“Aah.”

“Aah.”

“I see.”

“Understood.....”

“You can’t do this, Lloyd-ouji-sama.”

“Everyone is being so cruel!”

It’s the result of what you’ve done so far, Lloyd-chan.

This bastard would even try to flirt with Linda-san.

It looks like someone’s going to stab him soon.

“Are you going to modify the glowing ribbon today, Makoto-sama?”
Melissa said.

“Yeah, I’m going to consult with a great scholar from the Magic Tower’s Alchemy Department about mass production,” I said.

“Mass production! My dreams are only getting wider!” Melissa said.

“The shiny decorations will definitely stand out at dance parties, and will definitely be popular,” Marilyn.

The expectations for the Light Ribbon from the Fashion Group are incredible.

“I’m looking forward to the new student dance party with our new dresses and shining ribbon.”

“They’re wonderfully designed outfits. I’d love to see it in real life and try it on.”

“D-Dr-Dr-Dr-Dresses, you said~?” Juliet-sama said. “I didn’t know about this~.”

“Oh, that’s right, we ordered the dresses before you came into our group, Julie-chan,” I said.

“We were able to get dresses made from Hilda-sama’s territory at low prices.”

“Eh~~, I want a dress too~, one that matches everyone’s outfits~.”

“Ara, we don’t have matching dresses,” Melissa said. “Makoto-sama designed a dress that looks good on everyone’s individual features, and they look like this.”

Melissa-san showed Juliet-sama the dress design I had drawn on parchment, to cut out for sewing patterns.

Ah, they’re pinning the blame on me!

I didn’t have one for Melissa-san’s outfit, so I drew another copy.

“Gyaah, what is this, what is this?! It’s so cute!! I want it too, Lloyd-sama, look at this, look at this,” Juliet said.

“Uwah, that’s a really good design,” Lloyd said. “Ooooh, this is so cute! It looks like it would suit Juliet-sama.”

“Ah, I’m afraid we can’t make one for you~, Juliet-sama.”

“Eh, huh, am I the only one left out~?” Juliet asked.

Hmm, I’ll discuss it with her after Hilda-san returns, but she’s already a week late, so it might be a little difficult to do that.

I want to get Julie-chan a dress, somehow.

“The sewing will be done in Hilda-san’s territory, so it will take time,”

I said.

“Ah, Makoto-sama, can you just do the design?” Juliet said.

“I can do the design, Julie-chan,” I said.

“Then, I will ask our dressmakers to use that design to make one for me~,” Juliet said.

“Ah, if you do that, you won’t feel left out,” I said.

“Actually, I’d like to have done it with everyone, but I can’t be too selfish~.”

Somehow, Juliet-sama’s venom has disappeared quite a bit.

I wonder if the miasma of the dead spirits affected her mind, after all.

She’s starting to feel quite nice, doesn’t she?

“By the way, what about the Swordsmanship Group? There are no 2nd-year students, so there are no club activities, right?” I asked.

“It seems like Batten-sensei wanted them to come with her to practice, so that’s where they went,” Carol answered.

I see now.

Well, it can’t be helped if the Swordsmanship Group has something to do, so it’s fine.

Misha-san came into the meeting room with a tea wagon.

“Have some tea, here you go~,” Misha said.

“Thank you, Misha-san, but what about Yulisha-senpai?” I asked.

“She’ll come after the meeting with the dormitory master is over,” Misha said.

Is she having a meeting with Estelle-senpai at the girls’ dormitory?

I see.

“How about... converting this resistance circuit... to this format?” Elmer said.

“Ah, the consumption of magic power will be reduced, as expected of

you, Elmer,” Carol said.

“It’s simple... too much so... I can’t mess around with it, too much,” Elmer said.

“Isn’t it possible to adjust the temperature and air volume? About three levels of intensity,” I asked.

“Fumu... variable... resistance, huh...?”

“Mm, that’s a difficult thing to request, Makoto.”

“Is it?” I said.

I don’t know much about alchemy, so I don’t know if it’s difficult or easy.

Shortly after two o’clock, Serviche-sensei and Jean-oji-san came.

“Yah, we’re all here, everyone.

“It’s a nice meeting place, so comfortable.”

Now, let’s ask about alchemy printing.

Chapter 183

Showing Serviche-sensei The Ribbon And The Hair Dryer

“Where is the alchemy printing press?” Carol asked as she moved her seat closer to Serviche-sensei.

“It’s in the Magic Tower,” Serviche said. “It’s still in the experimental stage, but we’re printing circuits on various things.”

“How big is it?” Carol asked.

“It’s a collection of various devices, so I can’t describe it as one piece, but it’s about the size of this room.”

Oh, it’s about the size of a newspaper printing machine from my previous life.

“How does printing work?” Carol asked.

“It’s similar to copperplate painting,” Serviche said. “You carve the master disc, make grooves, draw the circuits, and then pour alchemy ink and print it.”

Elmer held out the original parchment for the glowing ribbon.

“This much detail... can it... produce it?” Elmer asked.

“Uwah, this is so detailed, I’m afraid it will get mangled in the process,” Serviche said. “Also, there is a format suitable for printing, where control circuits and the like are written in straight lines.”

“Fumu, is a curved circuit impossible to carve on the discs?” Jean asked.

“Rather, since we print so many sheets, there are times when a curved line gets damaged and doesn’t come out properly, Chokan, so it’s best to use straight lines,” Serviche said.

Is the format different for printed and handwritten versions?

I see, I see.

“I’ll ask you to lend me the original schematics and I’ll print them out,” Serviche said. “Is that okay with you, Makoto-kun?”

“Yes, please, Serviche-sensei,” I said. “How should I pay for it?”

“I received your Healing potion last week, so I would be happy if you could come to the Magic Tower next week to make another Heal potion in exchange for that,” Serviche said.

“I don’t mind,” I said, “it looks like it’ll be fun to go inside the Magic Tower. Carol, let’s go together.”

“Indeed, it looks like fun.”

“Me... too,” Elmer said.

“You, too, yeah, let’s go, let’s go,” I said.

I feel like I want to go alone with Carol, but Elmer has a pure desire to learn.

I can’t complain about that.

Serviche-sensei noticed the parchment dryer schematic in Elmer’s hand.

“Oh? Oh? What is this, the output of this is low for a flamethrower, however...?”

Elmer rolled up the parchment and energized the switch circuit.

There was a buzzing sound, and the warm air swayed Serviche-sensei’s bangs.

“Is it a heating system?”

“For drying... hair, I think...?”

“Dulcie,” I said.

“Yes,” Dulcie replied.

Dulcie came out, took out a sprayer from her apron, and dampened Serviche-sensei’s hair.

Since she’s done it many times, Dulcie’s movements have become more sophisticated.

Dulcie dries Serviche-sensei’s damp hair with the No. 1 hairdryer.

“Hoo, I see, it’s a magic tool that dries your hair, is it?” Service said.

“It’s convenient after taking a bath, because it dries your hair right away,” Corinna explains, but Service-sensei is too absorbed in the circuit written on the parchment to listen.

“This looks like it’ll sell well,” Service said. “What about commercialization?”

“From now on, I would like to obtain a patent contract for this magic circle,” I said.

“It’s certainly a simple circuit, so I think it will be quickly imitated and similar products will emerge,” Service said as she opened the parchment and traced the circuit with her finger.

“These suggestions for improvement are also interesting, is it your work, Elmer-kun?”

Elmer nodded slightly.

“Is this the finished product? I see, carving it into metal will make it more durable.”

Sensei is thinking for a long time while looking at Dulcie’s hairdryer No. 1.

“It looks like it could be used for drying hair or industrial drying,” Jean-oji-san said. “Have you considered that?”

“The people in the Blacksmith Club took over the production and sales,” I said.

“Ah, I see, the Blacksmith Club needs money, understood,” Jean said.

“Okay, I’ll send this circuit to the patent office,” Service said. “It will be issued in about a week, but is that okay?”

“I don’t mind, as I have to get the products made, as well,” I said.

“Also, this circuit is simple, so it’s suitable for alchemy printing,” Service said. “Would you like to make something printed on parchment?”

It’s just parchment, but it’s convenient to be able to lay it flat and carry a dryer around.

Just roll it up when you use it.

Parchment is thick and doesn't allow much heat to pass through, so it might be a good idea.

If it's cheap, even someone like Corinna-chan can buy it.

"Shall I make about 50 pieces?"

"Let's make that much first, but we'll probably have to print a lot more."

"I see."

"If you tell the Magic Tools Product Development Department, they'll probably jump at the opportunity. They're always looking for something to sell."

Does the Magic Tower have a department that develops magic tool products?

I would like to develop another world knowledge cheat, but since this world is an otome game, anything is possible.

After all, in the future, I'll become a saint in the Great Temple and spend my life taking care of children and cleaning it up.

It's a nice and easy life.

"Can I dry my hair with this?"

"You can, Melissa, Dulcie," I said.

"Here."

Dulcie wets Melissa's hair with a sprayer.

Then she uses the hairdryer on it.

"Wow, it's warm and comforting."

"I want it, too~, " Juliet said.

"Then, next time, Juliet-sama, I'll let you use it," Marilyn said.

"Wow, Marilyn, you're so kind~!"

Juliet-sama approached Marilyn.

When I suddenly looked towards the door, I saw that Yuri Yuri-senpai was looking at Juliet-sama and Marilyn through the narrow gap in the door with narrowed eyes like a bird of prey.

Kowai.

Chapter 184

I Invite Carol To Take A Bath Together, But She Refuses

“Makoto-sama, don’t look at me like you’re glaring at a poisonous insect,” Yulisha said.

“In that case, stop staring at us through the door like that,” I replied.

“Uhhn,” Yulisha grumbled.

Don’t think too long! Stop it now!

Mattaku, Yuriyuri-senpai is a gachi-yuri.

“Well then, I’ll go take these two circuits, and I’ll have them completed next Monday,” Serviche said.

“Yes, I’m looking forward to it,” I said. “If you have any problems, please let the school know.”

“Understood, as for the Saint’s Potion, will you come over on Saturday?” Serviche asked.

“Ah, I have work to do at the Great Temple on Saturday,” I said.

“Then, would Sunday be a good time?” Serviche asked.

“Carol, Elmer, is that okay?”

“I don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind, either...”

Yoshi, I’m not going on a date with Carol on Sunday, but I’m going out to the Magic Tower.

I’m so excited to be able to go to the Magic Tower filled with the world’s best magic technology.

“See you then, Kimball-san.”

“Yes, thank you, Serviche-sensei.”

Serviche-sensei smiled, waved, and left the meeting room.

“Um, Makoto-sama, I also want a hair dryer, but what should I do?”

“The magic circle patent hasn’t been approved yet, so it can’t be sold yet.”

“Huh, but I wanted to use one right away~.”

“If other people find out and imitate it before the patent, I’ll be in trouble, Julie-chan.”

There was a knock on the door, and when Anne-san answered the door, it was Aisha from the blacksmith club carrying a large wooden box.

“I’ve completed the designs for the hair dryer,” she said, spreading out the hair dryer prototypes on the table.

Uwah, so many different designs and colors.

“Waah, this is so cute.”

“It’s nice that it’s simple~.”

“The handle folds up into itself~.”

“You made a lot, Aisha-san,” I said.

“Ehehe, I got a little excited,” Aisha said. “I’ve carved a magic circle into the red wooden one and the blue metal one, so let’s put it to work.”

Melissa-san and Marilyn put magical power into the switch circuits of the hair dryers, and they start up and blow hot air to each other.

And as a serious gachi-yuri, Yuri-yuri-senpai watches the two play with each other with an evil eye.

I already told you to stop.

Once the patent is issued, I’ll probably gift one to each girl in my faction.

The boys? The boys don’t need hair dryers.

Nee.

Ah, Misha-san’s tea is delicious.

Melissa-san opened a tin of cookies from an expensive store.

Ah, this is a delicious restaurant near the theater.

There are few things that make me happier than chatting with everyone in a sunny room.

Haa, I'm happy.

Come to think of it, I wonder what would happen if I poured the Saint's Potion into the bath.

I wonder if my skin will be as smooth like using luxury bath salts.

I grabbed Carol's hand as she sat next to me.

"Ca-Carol, let's go to the underground public bath together and take a bath."

Ah, the entire meeting room fell silent.

"Ah, uuu, sono, eettoo, nee," Carol stammers.

Aww, Carol is so cute when she's blushing and flustered.

I can eat this for all three meals of the day.

But I just don't have a way to document it for later use.

And Yuri-yuri-senpai's evil eye glows suspiciously, but I don't care!

I want to take a bath with Carol!

"I-I don't feel comfortable taking a bath naked with other people, so..."

Carol turned bright red and panicked.

Fuooohh, so cute.

"Well, in the future! Carol, you and I will definitely take a bath together!! So there's no problem if we take a bath now!!"

I can hear a lot of exclamations from the other students watching this play out.

Carol turned bright red and waved his hands in front of his face.

“Ah, ano, that’s a real leap of logic, sono, etto. Aah!! I have to do some alchemy for today...!!”

Carol stood up and ran away from the meeting room.

“...”

“””””” ... ””””””

“You’re too impatient.”

Pokuri.

I got karate chopped on the head by Corinnas-chan.

It hurts.

“Is it a sign of weakness to think about a lot of things before inviting someone out?”

“I think it’s a good idea. But you’re always too sudden, Makoto.”

“Gununu.”

Yuriyuri-senpai’s eyes were watering.

Chi.

“Corinna-chan, let’s go take a bath.”

“Haah?”

“I think if I put some Saint’s Potion in the bath, your skin will become shiny.”

“Oh, it’s probably because it’s about to expire, huh?”

Corinna-chan, the expiry date has already passed.

“Then let’s all go~.”

“Julie-chan’s room has a bath, right?”

“It’s fun because we all take a bath together~.”

“Everyone, let’s go, let’s go.”

Yuri-yuri-senpai’s tension is abnormally high.

“...”

For some reason, Elmer has dead eyes.

There's only one man among the women.

“I'm going... to the Magic Club...”

“Yes, thank you for today, Elmer,” I said.

“Uhn.....”

Elmer left the meeting room with a tired look on his face.

Sorry, sorry.

There are a lot of girls in my faction.

“It feels like it's been a while since I took a bath with Makoto-sama.”

Melissa-san said with a faraway look in her eyes.

But even though it feels like a long time ago, it hasn't even been 2 weeks yet.

There are too many events happening in the early days of enrollment.

Chapter 185

The Saint's Faction Is In The Public Bath!

We all went to the underground public bath.

One after another, we filed in.

We take off our clothes in the changing room.

Actually, there are a lot of maid-sans involved, so there are a lot of people.

When we entered the bathroom, the two young ojou-samas from before were inside, and when they saw us, they looked shocked.

These girls are here from around 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

We pour some hot water over our heads and get into the bathtub.

Haah, paradise.

“Makoto-sama, you sure do love taking baths, don't you~?” Julie-sama said with a smile.

“I love them~, aaaAAaahhh,” I sighed.

“You sound like an Obaa-san,” Marilyn said, laughing.

The naked Marilyn looks like she's wearing armor made of muscles, she looks great.

“It's my first time in such a big bath, too~. I'm in such a good mood. Also, I feel like I've become very close to you all being naked together like this,” Juliet-sama said, smiling.

While we were relaxing in the bath, Yuri-yuri-senpai looked incredibly relaxed.

“Heaven, this is heaven.”

“Does Yulisha-senpai not come to the public bath much?”

“She used to come here often when she was in her 1st year,” Misha explained, “but when she became a 2nd year, Yulisha-sama started

looking at the other ladies in disgusting manners, they started protesting and demanded the administration do something about it, so she was banned.”

This person, mouu.

That’s hardcore, isn’t it?

“Dulcie,” I said.

I went to the edge of the bath and called for Dulcie, and she immediately appeared and handed me the Saint’s Potion.

“It’s a beautiful potion. Is this alright? Isn’t it expensive?”

“It’s expensive, but we have to use it. It has an expiration date.”

“There’s nothing we can do about that, then.”

She pulled out the cork with a popping sound and poured the Saint’s Potion into the bathtub.

It reacts with the water and becomes cloudy, but that cloudiness disappears in an instant.

But is it really effective?

Well, since it’s drinkable, I don’t think it’s going to be harmful.

“Ara, ara, maa, maa,” Melissa-san says as she rubs her upper arm.

“Ara, my skin is now so smooth.”

“It’s really amazing. Ah, ara, the scar I got from a tree branch when I was a child is gone,” Marilyn said.

Oh, it’s true, the scar on Marilyn’s stomach that was there a while ago is gone now.

Maybe it was because it was close to the source of the undiluted solution.

“It smells really good~,” Juliet said. “My skin is as shiny as when I took a hot spring bath~.”

Miss Juliet was pouring hot water over her face with both hands.

Everyone else begins to imitate her.

I also touch my upper arm.

Puni Puni.

... I cast Heal on myself sometimes.

So, it seems to have no effect.

“Oh, it’s so shiny, and your skin becomes amazing too. It’s a feast for the eyes, it’s a feast for the eyes.”

Yuri-yuri-senpai’s face turned red and she was wriggling.

I looked at everyone, and I definitely feel like their skin has gotten better.

It seems to have a beautifying effect.

It would be nice if it had the effect of making your illnesses better, too.

Otomes often suffer from small illnesses such as irregular menstruation and gastropotosis.

“However, Corinna-sama is so beautiful, isn’t she?”

“Ugh, stop it,” Corinna said.

“Seriously, if you didn’t talk in a downtown accent and take off your glasses, you’ll get a lot of good matches.”

“It’s fine by me, I don’t have any intention of marrying someone who decides they like me for my looks.”

If Corinna loses her downtown accent, I won’t have any friends with that accent.

I’d miss that kind of thing.

“Oh, it smells nice, it’s good for your skin, and you can relax in it.”

“It seems like it will relieve your body fatigue.”

Corinna-chan was touching Marilyn’s arm with interest.

“Marilyn-san, what did you do to get these muscles?”

“It seems like I have a body that puts on muscle easily, Corinna-sama, and just call me Marilyn.”

“I see, it’s a big deal, Marilyn, and call me just Corinna, too.”

“Ara, Corinna-sama, I can only call you Corinna-sama, I’m afraid to use anything else,” Marilyn said. “What’s really bothering me is that I’ve gained so much muscle by running for an hour in the morning, doing 300 push-ups, and 200

squats after.”

“...If you exercise that much, you’ll gain this much,” Corinna said.

“Eh, is that so? In my house, this is the least possible exercise,” Marilyn said.

The Gogol family is terrifying.

Since they are like samurai, the entire family trains hard.

“We don’t exercise even once a year,” Corinna said.

“Eh! There is a house like that?” Marilyn said.

“Neither do we, Marilyn,” Melissa said.

“Ma-Maa! You as well, Melissa-sama? My house seems to be the only special out of all of us.”

Mattaku, Marilyn is really interesting.

When I get out of the bath, Dulcie is waiting for me and then washes my whole body.

Hmm, I still can’t get used to having someone else wash my body.

Yuri-yuri-senpai, Juliet-sama, and Melissa-san were also washed by their respective maids.

While I was having Dulcie wash my hair, I heard the two mean ojousamas in the bathtub talking in low voices.

“Wha-What is this, this is amazing, your skin is so shiny.”

“The Saint Candidate was spreading some kind of secret medicine. It smells really good.”

“I have to get it.”

Well, it's just incidental to what we were doing, but I hope you enjoy the medicinal bath to your heart's content.

Chapter 186

I Go To The Martial Arts Hall To See How The Swordsmanship Group Is Doing Everyone came out of the underground public bath shiny and sparkling.

Fuwaah, the hot water was nice.

“Well then, let’s meet again at dinner.”

“Indeed.”

“Indeed~.”

The Fashion Group goes up the stairs and leaves.

“I want to drink herbal tea and chat in Carol’s room,” I said.

“Yeah, yeah, I know how you feel, but please stop,” Corinna-chan said, with a face as if she’d just bitten a bitter bug.

“Why so?” I asked.

“Carol got embarrassed and ran away, so please leave her alone until dinner,” Corinna said.

“Gununu,” I grumbled.

“Then I’ll go back to my room, as well,” Yulisha said. “I’ll be in charge of the cafeteria today, so I’ll see you later.”

“Thank you for your hard work, Yulisha-senpai,” I said.

“No, no, it was a blessing to my eyes~,” Yulisha said.

Mattaku, I really can’t help but shake my head, you gachi-yuri-senpai.

Yuri-yuri-senpai was in a good mood and headed towards the elevator with Misha-san in tow.

She can’t help it, I guess she’ll just be writhing in her bed.

Ah, but, I guess I’d do the same.

“I’ll go check out the Swordsmanship Group,” I said.

“Understood, I’ll go off to study,” Corinna said.

“Well then, I’m off,” I said.

“Take care,” Corinna said.

I split up with Corinna outside of the girls’ dormitory and left.

It’s only around 4 o’clock, so it’s still daylight.

The sky is starting to change color slightly.

I wonder where the Swordsmanship Group is.

Is it the martial arts hall?

I walk aimlessly towards the gymnasium.

Sometimes, I glare at the people saying, “Hey, that’s Kinetki-reijou.”

The embarrassing titles have stuck.

I wonder if it would be possible to change that to the Seijou-reijou or Shinden-reijou.

When I entered the martial arts hall next to the gymnasium, I found the members of the Swordsmanship Group lying on the ground, breathing heavily.

W-What happened?

“Ooh, Makoto, please bring me some water,” Curtis said.

“What the hell, Curtis, what happened?” I asked.

“Batten-sensei was so excited. The Swordsmanship Group was wiped out.”

Batten-sensei is also at the martial arts hall.

“Dulcie, water,” I said.

“I’ll hurry to the water pump,” Dulcie said as she grabbed a kettle and ran out of the martial arts hall.

There was a drinking fountain between the martial arts hall and the gymnasium, I believe.

Since it's an otome game, the capital is fully equipped with water and sewage systems.

It's hard water, so you have to boil it and let it cool down.

That's why tea is so popular.

Curtis drank water directly from the kettle that Dulcie had drawn water into.

"If you drink raw water, you'll get sick to your stomach," I said.

"When that happens, please fix me," Curtis said.

He's got a point.

"Water, myon," Koishi moaned.

"Water....." Cattleya moaned.

K-chan and Cattleya-san also flock to the kettle like zombies.

Then, Anne-san arrived.

"I brought you some water. It's distilled water."

Koishi-chan raises her voice in happiness and drinks water from a glass bottle.

Cattleya also follows.

"Oh, so cold, I'm coming back to life."

"Am I the only one drinking raw water?" Curtis said.

I feel sorry, so I cast Cure on Curtis' stomach.

Maybe he's going to be fine.

"Thank you, Makoto."

Batten-sensei also stumbled to us, putting the glass bottle to her mouth, saying, "Water, water!"

"Mattaku, what exactly were you doing, Sensei?"

"Iyaah, it's embarrassing, but I just got too excited about practice."

“How’s Sensei doing, then, Curtis? Do you think she can beat Linda-san?”

“Not at all yet,” Curtis said.

“Iyaa, I can’t believe my body has become so sluggish. It’s scary that I can’t trust my own legs.”

Looks like she’s had to do some running for a while to build up stamina.

“Aah, I still want to practice, but my body just can’t keep up.”

I had an idea.

“I just poured some Saint’s Potion in the large underground public bath in the Girls’ Dormitory, so it will help you recover from your fatigue, won’t it? Can’t you enter, Batten-sensei?”

“Hmm? I’ve never been to the girl’s dormitory’s underground bath, but I’m sure I can use it,” Battenmeier said, “the Dormitory Guards don’t seem like they have the authority to stop me.”

“Okay, everyone come in and relieve your tiredness, your skin will be so soft,” I said.

“My skin?”

“Soft?”

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san stood up and started walking.

They look like zombies and it’s honestly scary.

Batten-sensei follows suit.

“What about me?” Curtis asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. Why don’t you go to the public bath in the boys’ dormitory?”

“Nuooooooooohhhh,” Curtis groaned.

He also gets up and starts staggering away.

“Well then, see you tomorrow then, Makoto,” Curtis said.

“After you take a bath, massage your hands and feet,” I said.

“Oouh,” he replied.

Well, I’m sure the Browwright family’s butler will give him a massage.

He was a monk, after all.

I passed the three zombie women staggering along and returned to the girls’ dormitory.

As I came through the entrance, I overheard some female students gossiping in the lobby.

“So, it seems that today’s underground public bath is amazing, it makes your skin so smooth.”

“Well, I guess they brought some hot spring water or something.”

“Why don’t we go after dinner?”

“Well, I have to take a bath already, so I’m looking forward to it.”

Mou, it’s already a rumor.

I think the two mean ojou-samas spread it.

Well, it’s supposed to be effective until tomorrow, so I think it’s going to be fine.

However, I wonder if the Saint Potion could be sold as a bath salt.

Isn’t it a waste?

Well, since it’s originally a medicinal herb and the manufacturing cost is the same as a potion, I can make it at Carol’s place every day.

Let’s think about it for a moment.

Chapter 187

Let's All Have Dinner At The Girls' Dormitory Cafeteria!

When I returned to Room 205, Corinna-chan was studying.

She's always giving her all.

"How was the Swordsmanship Group?" Corinna asked.

"They collapsed from exercising too much, so I recommended the public bath," I said.

"Ooh, I think that bath will relieve their fatigue," Corinna said.

I get up on the bed and relax while reading a book.

By the way, I haven't been to the school library.

I guess I'll have to go next time.

This school has a fairly large library.

There's a whole building dedicated to it.

Apparently there are some very valuable books in there.

Let's go tomorrow after school.

Yeah, yeah.

"Makoto, let's go to dinner."

"Oro, is it that time already?"

The two of us left Room 205 and locked it.

We go down the stairs.

When I went to the usual elevator hall, the usual faces were waiting for me.

Or more importantly than that, the Swordsmanship Group is glowing.

And for some reason, there's even Batten-sensei.

“Why are you here, Sensei?” I asked.

“I don’t want to go home and cook, so I’ll eat dinner here,” Battenmeier said.

“What about your husband?” I asked.

“My husband will always be the sword,” Battenmeier said.

Hoeh, she’s a rare single woman in Appleton.

You don’t see that very often.

“Have you gotten rid of your fatigue?” I asked.

“Aah, it worked wonders,” Battenmeier said. “I’m completely relieved of my fatigue. I can even practice again after dinner.”

“Please stop,” Cattleya said.

“Stop, myon,” Koishi said.

They both looked disappointed.

Umm, there’s Melissa-san, Marilyn-san, Juliet-sama...

Carol isn’t here.

Just as I was thinking it, Carol came down from the elevator with Yuriyuri-senpai.

Her face is a little red.

Ah, it’s kind of hard to make eye contact.

“So-So, I’m,” Carol started.

“Huh?”

“So, um, I’ll probably join you soon,” Carol said.

“U-Uhn,” I said.

Uhiiii! I’m so happy.

A sudden feeling of delight spread throughout my entire body.

I see, I see, I’ll take a bath with Carol soon.

Uehihihihi.

“That smile looks more lascivious than a happy grin,” Corinna-chan said.

“It’s typical of Makoto-sama,” Melissa said.

You’re talking too loud, you two.

We all go into the dining room.

.....

What is this strange feeling?

.....

Ah, all the ojou-samas sitting at the lower noble’s tables are looking shiny.

Amazing, I feel like everyone is getting cuter.

The Saint’s Potion is amazing, isn’t it?

“Ah, everyone, your attention please!!” Yuriyuri-senpai yelled while clapping her hands.

“Currently, we are putting special bath salts in the public bath,” she continued. “You can see how effective they are by looking at the young lady at the lower noble’s tables. I believe the effects will wear off by tomorrow, so please come soon, all are invited to the underground public bath.”

The girls’ dormitory cafeteria was buzzing with excitement.

“I wonder if it’s true, but there are certainly some young ladies of lower aristocrats who are suddenly glowing,”

“It’s Kinteki-sama, Kinteki-sama has shown her favor to us.”

“I can’t stay here like this. I have to eat quickly and go to the underground public bath before it gets too crowded.”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

The ladies of the upper noble’s tables began eating their food with frightening momentum.

Waah, the public bath will be crowded.

It'll be like one of those giant tubs for washing potatoes.

Well, before that, let's have some dinner.

When I went to the counter, Clara approached me.

"Was that true? If I go to the underground bathhouse, will my skin be as shiny as yours?" she asked.

"It's true, but Clara, are you going to use the public bath?" I asked.

"When the dining room is closed, I sometimes go in," Clara said. "The giant bathtub is fun."

"Isn't it?" I said. "Everyone from the cafeteria should go inside."

"That's right, ehehehe, I'm looking forward to it," Clara said.

I take the food Marissa-san put out on the counter onto my tray.

Today's menu was guinea fowl stew, radish salad, pumpkin soup, and black bread.

Guinea fowl is a wild bird found near the capital and is surprisingly fatty and delicious.

Ilda-san seems to have made it into brown stew.

It smells good.

I pour tea into a cup and carry it on a tray.

I took it to an open table.

The ojou-samas finished eating at Mach speed and rushed out of the dining room.

The search for beauty truly captures women's hearts.

Commander-san also walked quickly, accompanied by two ojou-samas.

Take your time~.

"Itadakimasu."

“”””””I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.””””””

All the ladies in the dining room bowed and said prayers to me.

I'm not the Goddess, damn it.

Pakuri.

Mmmm~~~~, the guinea fowl falls apart in your mouth and mixes with the aroma of the brown sauce, creating an indescribably delicious taste.

Sasuga Ilda-san.

Haa, delicious.

The radish salad is crunchy, and the pumpkin soup is sweet and deep.

Haa, eating delicious food makes me feel fulfilled.

“It’s delicious isn’t it, Makoto?”

“Yeah, it’s delicious, Carol.”

Look at each other's faces and smile with my best friend.

Yes, meals are meant to be enjoyed while chatting with others.

Yes, yes.

So, I wonder when Carol will invite me to take a bath.

There's no chance it's tomorrow.

Maybe the day after tomorrow.

Ufufufufufufufufu.

Chapter 188

Estelle-senpai Calls Me To The Rooftop Penthouse

“Isn’t the food in the cafeteria really delicious?” Batten-sensei said as she covered her mouth.

“Makoto has made various improvements,” Corinna said.

“Breakfast is delicious now, myon,” Koishi said.

“This is amazing. It’s delicious, I can have this every day. I’ll take a bath and then eat dinner. It’s perfect,”

Battenmeier said.

Batten-sensei, I think you’re a useless adult.

We finish our meal and relax while drinking tea.

Haa, eating delicious food makes me feel fulfilled.

Estelle-senpai came into the dining room.

“Makoto-kun, and Yulisha, I wonder if you two could come with me for a little while?”

Ah, yabee, I wonder if she’ll be mad at me about the bath.

I and Yuriyuri-senpai were taken to Estelle-senpai’s penthouse in an elevator.

“Sorry to bother you.”

It has the same floor plan as Yuriyuri-senpai’s penthouse, but the furniture is somewhat stylish and has a Scandinavian feel.

I wonder if Estelle-senpai is from the north.

I was taken to a reception room and offered a sofa.

I sit down on the super soft sofa, almost burying myself in it.

“Now then, I’ve called you both in because of the fuss about the underground public bath.”

Ah, I guess it wouldn't have been a good idea to mix some suspicious medicine into the hot water, after all.

"So-So-So-Sorry, I'm so sorry, I won't do it again," I said.

"No, it's not a protest, Makoto-kun," Estelle said. "I've heard many voices of joy, such as how their skin has become smoother due to the hot water in the underground public bath, and how their menstrual pain has disappeared."

"Hai, hai."

"So, I was wondering if you could put that same medicine in the baths regularly. Are they expensive?"

Ah, is that what she meant?

I'm glad she didn't get angry.

"If it's expensive, it's expensive, and if it's cheap, it's cheap," I said.

"It's a homemade potion, isn't it, Makoto-sama?"

"That's right, Yulisha-senpai, it was created during Alchemy class last week, and it looks like it's a Heal potion that only Saints can make."

"I see, that seems expensive. If it's too expensive, I'll have to budget for it."

"The price is the same as a normal potion since the ingredients are the same," I said.

"Is it really that cheap?" Estelle asked.

"It's that cheap," Yulisha said.

"It is just a potion I made," I said.

The only ingredients are medicinal herbs.

If you go to the fields and pick medicinal herbs yourself, there will be no ingredient cost.

"Is it possible to buy it regularly?" Estelle said.

"If I make it in Carol's alchemy room, I can produce as much as you want, and the price is the same as regular potions," I said.

“Oh, that’s great. Many of the students have been saying that they want this to continue in the future,” Estelle said.

“It seems to me like they’d get sick of taking a medicated bath every day,” Yulisha said with a thoughtful look on her face.

“Indeed, let’s pick a day and pour it in then,” Estelle said. “Well, how about putting it on Monday, the start of the week, to calm down their spirits?”

“If it’s once or twice a week, it’s nothing to me,” I said.

“Well then, let’s pay the price for two potions,” Estelle said.

Fumu, double the price. Well, it was originally about 500 dolancs per bottle, so even if it was doubled, it wouldn’t be that much.

I don’t mind if everyone becomes healthy and beautiful by taking a bath.

“Fine by me, can I deliver it on Sunday?” I said.

“Thank you, please deliver two bottles of Heal potions by Sunday,” Estelle said.

“I’ll have my maid deliver it,” I said.

“Please do. I’ll let them in later,” Estelle said.

“It’s really effective,” Yulisha said. “Your skin will be smoother and you won’t have any traces of old injuries.”

“That’s amazing,” Estelle-senpai said, smiling.

I’m always indebted to her for her work as the dormitory master, so I’d like her to relieve her fatigue in the public bath.

“Shall we make Monday the day of the Saint’s Bath?” Yulisha said.

“Ah, that’s a good name, as expected of you, Yulisha,” Estelle said.

Don’t do that.

Maybe I could make it Heal Potion Day on Monday and Wednesday.

Well, I’ll leave that to Estelle-senpai.

“Ah, and Yulisha, there are complaints from students about you,” Estelle said.

“W-what, about me?” Yulisha asked.

“A new student said that she was scared because Yulisha-senpai was staring at her with intense eyes in the public bath,” Estelle said. “A 2nd-year student said that Yulisha-senpai looked at her butt in the bath. There are many similar reports, and the number is only rising.”

Achya, what the hell is Gachi-Yuri-senpai doing?

“It-It’s a misunderstanding,” Yulisha said, “there must have been some kind of mistake.”

“I’m certain you were banned from the public baths, weren’t you?” Estelle said.

“Since the dormitory’s executive department has been replaced, the restrictions of the last administration will naturally be lifted,” Yulisha said.

I don’t think she can just lift the restrictions and sneak into the public bath just because she’s the deputy dormitory master.

“Then, let’s re-impose the regulations,” Estelle said. “In the name of Dormitory Master Estelle Farinos, I am banning Yulisha Appleby from entering the public baths.”

“Yo-You’re killing me~. At-at least on the day of the Saint’s Bath, let me in~, I’m begging you~.”

“I’ll give you a small bottle of the Heal potion so you can take a medicated bath in your room, Yulisha-senpai,” I said.

“That’s not what I meant, Makoto-sama,” Yulisha said, “that’s not the point.”

“”You get what you deserve.””

Me and Estelle-senpai came to the same conclusion.

It’s too dangerous to release this gachi yuri into the underground public bath.

“That’s too much~~~~!!”

Yuriyuri-senpai was biting her handkerchief and crying bitterly.

Chapter 189

I'm Going To Carol's Room To Ask About The Heal Potions

I leave the penthouse and head to the elevator hall.

“Well then, I will heal the pain of my broken heart here with Misha,” Yulisha said.

“I don’t want you to use Misha-san as a toy...” I said.

“Ara, it might look like that, but Misha is surprisingly...” Yulisha said.

“Wah-wah, I don’t want to hear it, well then, good night,” I said as I trotted away.

I don’t want to hear such a suspicious story.

Mattaku.

I’m not going to worry about the gachi yuri.

I ran into the elevator and set the lever to the 5th floor.

Lower aristocrats are not allowed to use the elevator, but it’s okay if you’re called by the dormitory masters.

Chin. The elevator made a sound and stopped on the 5th floor.

I have to tell Carol what I just discussed earlier.

I paced down the deserted hallway.

The shutter of the alchemy shop is already closed.

The knocker in Carol’s room makes a loud sound, gan-gan.

“Yes?”

Anne-san appeared.

“Is Carol already asleep?” I asked.

“No, she’s still working in the alchemy room. Welcome,” Anna said.

As always, my wife works hard.

“Ara, Makoto, what’s wrong?” Carol asked.

“I was summoned by Estelle-senpai,” I said. “It was about the underground public bath.”

“Aah, I heard you put a bottle of a healing potion in it,” Carol said.

“Yeah, and they’re so popular that they want it two times a week,” I said. “Can you let me make them here?”

“Yeah, that’s fine by me, is it really that effective?” Carol asked.

“Indeed it is,” I said, “your skin is shiny and feels like it’s effective against all kinds of illnesses.”

“It seems to have a curing effect, so it might be amazing to use it as a bath salt,” Carol said.

Carol was in front of her alchemy cauldron, mixing the contents with a mixing stick and looking thoughtful.

Carol deep in thought also looks smart and cute.

With a bang, a pink chemical cloud shot up and a yellowish medicinal liquid formed.

It’s not that much, about a quarter of it in the pot.

“What kind of medicine is that?” I asked.

“It’s a Minor Cure Potion,” Carol said. “It’s cold season and many students are getting colds, so the nurse’s office is ordering it.”

Oh, she’s in charge of all the school’s medicines.

After she asks Anne-san to bottle it, Carol puts her hand inside her skirt.

As if by magic, a bottle of a Heal potion appeared.

There’s about half left.

“So there’s still some left?” I said.

“It’s sweet and delicious, so I used to lick it sometimes,” Carol said.

Uhehe, I’m a little embarrassed and happy to hear that Carol was

licking my potion for fun.

Just like that, Carol opened the door at the back.

Oh, this is the bathroom of the alchemy room.

Carol began filling the claw-footed bathtub with hot water.

And she approaches me.

Haa-haa, this is it.

I was expecting her to ask me to come in with her, but all she did was re-button the uniform I had unbuttoned.

“Why are you taking your clothes off?”

“Eh, no, it’s no big deal.”

Carol made a sour face and opened the cap of the Heal potion.

“How much did you put in?”

“Maybe about a full bottle for the public bath,” I said.

“For this size, a little bit is enough.”

Carol put a bit of Heal potion into the hot water in the claw foot bathtub.

A sweet scent wafts through the air.

“It smells good, it becomes cloudy for a moment and then becomes clear. I wonder if it’s reacting with the water,”

Carol said.

“Yes, let’s go in together,” I said.

“It’s a one-person tub, it’s too small,” Carol said.

“I don’t mind at all,” I said.

“... Ne-Next time,” Carol said.

“Chi.”

Carol rolled up her sleeves and stirred the water.

“Ah, it’s true, my skin really is shiny,” Carol said.

“It’s shiny, yeah, well then, I’m not going to take a bath with you, so can I watch you take a bath, Carol?”

“H-It’s too embarrassing.”

“Tch.”

I can’t tell the difference with Carol’s skin anymore.

I lost patience and hugged Carol.

Uhyaa, it’s soft.

“Well then, let’s chyu, chyu,” I said.

“Wait, Makoto, what are you talking about?!” Carol yelled.

“Just a little, just a little, nee, nee?”

“Ya-me-te, I’m getting mad!”

“Chyu, it’s sooo goood!!”

Suddenly, the feeling of Carol’s body disappeared.

Ah, there’s a presence behind me.

This is.....

A hand was put into my crotch from behind and I was lifted into the air.

Guwaah, she’s much better than before.

“Sasuga, Ojou-sama, this a wonderful human powerplant.”

Before I knew it, Anne-san came out and gave me a small round of applause.

“Ittaiii, itai, itai, hiihn,” I squealed.

“Seriously, Makoto?” Carol said.

“I love you Carol, so I want you to do it!”

“In-In time, mou, I’m not in the mood anymore,” Carol said.

Carol took me on her shoulders and rocked me slowly as she left the bathroom and then threw me down on the sofa in the reception room.

“If you’re too forceful, I’ll end up hating it, Makoto.”

“Ueehn, I don’t want that, you’re so unreasonable, Carol.”

“Mou, Makoto, you’re the one being unreasonable.”

I drank the chamomile tea Anne made for me.

Ooh, it’s delicious.

“It’s nice to have a shiny glow, but I’d like to add some chamomile and rose fragrance to help the bathers sleep better.”

“Oh, that’s good. It’s a healing potion specialized for use as a bath salt,” I said.

“I’ll prepare the ingredients. When will you make it?” Carol asked.

“It will be delivered on Sunday night, so maybe Sunday morning?” I said.

“Well, I’d like to go somewhere for lunch on Sunday,” Carol said.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

“About that, we saw a play, so maybe we should go to the art exhibition next Sunday,” Carol said.

“Wow, that’s nice. Are they holding any good exhibitions?” I asked.

“The Royal Palace Museum is holding an exhibition called ‘The Age of Heroes’ that collects paintings of heroes.”

“Let’s go, let’s go, let’s have fun,” I said.

“Yeah, I’m looking forward to it.”

Carol smiled softly.

Well, I’m sorry to leave this behind, but I’ll go back to Room 205.

“Well then, good night, Carol.”

“Yeah, good night, Makoto.”

Then, in front of the door, Carol leans in and kisses me on the cheek.

FUUUOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!

“We-Well then, good night!!”

Saying that Carol roughly shoved my shoulders and kicked me out of the alchemy room, and closed the door behind me.

UUHOOOOOOOOOOO.

I put my hand on my cheek and remembered the feel of Carol’s lips over and over again.

All the way down the stairs and back to Room 205.

FUOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Chapter 190

Nagamimi Surveils The School At Night Through Sound Waves (POV: Nagamimi) POV: Nagamimi

“Nagamimi Regular Report: This brief is on the current status of the members of the Saint’s Faction. The leader, Makoto-sama, is currently descending from the alchemy room using the stairs. She is laughing as if something good has happened to her. Corinna-sama is in room 205, and Carol-sama is in her alchemy room. Cattleya-sama is taking a bath in the underground public bath. Elsa-sama, Melissa-sama, Marilyn-sama, Koishi-sama, and Juliet-sama are asleep in their respective rooms. Yulisha-sama is in her penthouse.”

“Emergency Report: Five thieves who appear to be the companions of the thieves from the other day have broken through the East Wall. However, they were dealt with by the intelligence maid Gilara who rushed in and was killed. If you have a hand free, please help with the burial.”

“Warning Alert: Linda Crable-kyou of the Great Temple is moving on the outer road on the West side of the school.

Don’t accidentally engage her in battle when she invades the school. Her threat level is S+.”

“Nagamimi Regular Report: It appears that Elmer-sama has left the magic laboratory and is returning to the boys’

dormitory.”

“Curtis-sama: I will give you a regular report before bed. I picked up an interesting conversation and will share it with you. The time of interception was 21:36, and the location was the Pottinger family’s meeting room on the 4th floor of the school.”

Kachan Kachan (the sound of a teacup hitting a saucer)

“With this, we can make that damnable Fake Saint blow bubbles out of her mouth.”

“Indeed, she’s such a sinister woman who should fall now and return to being a commoner.”

“Mattaku, she’s so cheeky for being a baker’s daughter.”

“Her adoptive family is just a baron, so even though she’s a candidate for a saint, isn’t it normal for her to fear and respect us? And yet, that idiot keeps going against us and is so conceited.”

“That’s right, how arrogant of her to say, ‘You’re not good at intelligence.’ even though she doesn’t even know the basics of espionage, does she? If you allow such a backlash, we’re risking our reputations as nobility.”

“That’s right, you’re making a good point. I was just trying to be a little generous at the cafeteria, but her insistence on the rules made my friends and I think we were being cruel about the food. It’s damage to my reputation.”

“You must have had a hard time. I understand how you feel, but it’s okay. If you and I work together, we won’t have to worry about her being a saint candidate any longer.”

“Fufufu, it looks like I can see the baker’s daughter’s barking face now. I’m going to show her what I’m capable of as an earl from a nearby city.”

“You are a reliable ally, and I look forward to your continued support.”

“I’m glad to have you here. Let’s humiliate the baker’s daughter and get her kicked out of the school.”

“That’s right, we can’t stay involved with such petty matters forever. We have a big job waiting for us starting next year.”

“Ohohoho, the master’s daughter will be riding in a palanquin. It’s such a far-reaching plan, and I was impressed by how the hero came up with it.”

“We will firmly grasp the center of power in this country. To that end, we must not be afraid of making any sacrifices.”

“Ara, it’s a good time to talk about the economy as well, if it’s successful, I’d like my family to have a piece of that prosperity, too.”

“Hohoho, if we succeed, our faction will reach the pinnacle of prosperity. We have been able to induce a little profit so far.”

“I was able to meet a useful individual, and I look forward to your continued support, Deborah Wyeth-hakushaku-reijou-sama.”

“Yes, I didn’t expect you to be able to understand my discussion so well, Kelly Holst-hakushaku-reijou-sama.”

“Well then, I’ll take my leave for today, good day.”

“I will contact you again when the plan reaches the next stage.”

“Ohhohoho, I’m looking forward to it.”

Gakan, kii, bang (the sounds of a door)

“Fuhn, I don’t know if she’s truly the daughter the daughter of an earl who owns a city with a rich tradition, but she’s such an aggressive idiot. At best, I’ll take advantage of her for myself.”

Kah-kah-kah-kah-kah-kah. (footsteps)

“Hmm, it’s fine as long as the up-and-coming chicken lady is being cheeky and pretending to be a spymaster. If we can kick out the baker’s daughter together, I’ll make use of her.”

“That’s all for today’s report. Good night, Curtis-sama.”

Chapter 191

Breakfast Is Sweet Honey Porridge

I woke up with a start.

No, no, I got a cheek chu from Carol.

This is proof that my Affection Level with her has increased again.

Well, this world doesn't have a "status window" phenomenon.

When I was still just a baker's daughter, I tried saying "Status open." and changing the words a few times, but it just wouldn't open a display window.

I think there is probably status information, but I don't really understand how it relates to reality.

If I understand my likability with her, it will be easier to conquer Carol's Route.

Iyaah, I woke up refreshed, so long live Carol.

I heard Margot-san and Karina-san open the door and leave.

I forgot to say good morning.

I open the curtain and go down the ladder.

When I look out the window, the weather is nice today, so let's do our best.

"Uhhhihihi," I giggled.

"What's the matter? You're in a good mood today," Corinna said.

"Good morning, Corinna-chan," I said.

"Good morning, Makoto," Corinna said.

I wish we could talk, but it was just a cheek chu.

Maybe next time I'll give her a cheek chu back.

“You look so creepy right now,” Corinna said.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I replied.

Dulcie comes in with a kettle and it’s time for morning tea.

Or rather, why is Dulcie looking constipated?

“What’s wrong, Dulcie, you seem to be in a bad mood?”

“It’s nothing,” Dulcie said.

This is weird, Dulcie.

I drink the tea she made for me.

Fumu.

It’s as usual.

It’s something she can’t get very good at.

“Dulcie, are these good tea leaves?” I asked.

“No, it’s a normal quality,” Dulcie said.

“Yes, in that case, change it to something a little better.”

I took out a gold coin from my wallet and handed it to Dulcie.

“Even I can’t enjoy such good-quality tea in the morning,” Corinna said.

“A good cup of tea will help Dulcie learn more,” I said.

“Ah, I see, proceed, then,” Corinna said.

“Ah, thank you, Makoto-sama, I’ll do my best,” Dulcie said.

After all, you’ll be better at using slightly more expensive tea than using regular tea.

Maybe.

Additionally, I give her two more gold coins.

“Also, buy a good boiling pot and a good teapot.”

“Ye-Yes, thank you very much,” Dulcie said.

“I’ll be happy if you improve your tea skills, Dulcie, so keep up the good work,” Corinna said.

“Thank you, Corinna-sama.”

The three of us smiled together.

Yoshi, yoshi.

I throw the textbook for today’s class into my bag.

Now, let’s have breakfast at the cafeteria.

The three of us go out of the room and lock it.

Meanwhile, Dulcie has disappeared.

We go down the stairs and go to the elevator hall on the first floor.

“Morning, everyone!”

“Good morning, Makoto-sama.”

“Good morning, myon.”

“Good morning.”

“Hayo.”

Almost everyone is coming here.

I think it’s because of the bath that they feel so shiny.

Carol came down the elevator with Juliet-sama.

“Go-Good morning, Makoto.”

“Go-Good morning, Carol.”

Oh, Carol is feeling good today too, ehehehehehe.

My cheeks are a little hot.

“Hmm, what happened? Good morning~, Makoto-sama,” Juliet-sama said as she jumped up and wrapped her arms around me.

Lately, she's been doing a lot of skinship.

That's a good thing.

We all went into the dining room.

Wow, everyone looks so shiny.

It's spectacular to see so many female students with such glowing skin.

When I went to the counter, both Clara and Marissa-san were also so shiny that I smiled.

"It really was a huge help, is there going to be a medicinal bath today, as well?"

"Today is normal hot water, Monday is the medicinal bath day."

"I'm going to plan for it, it's a date, long live the medicinal bath."

"Good luck with that, Clara. Ah, I'm having honey porridge today."

Marissa-san had a smile on her face as she served me sweet porridge with honey.

I put a bowl of porridge and tea on a tray and sat down at the table.

Next to me is Carol.

Uhihihi.

Ah, I want to kiss her.

Everyone took their seats.

"Itadakimasu"

""""I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.""""

What is this, it's becoming like a ritual.

Quite a few students in the cafeteria are praying toward me.

Yamero.

I'm not a goddess or a god of beauty.

Pakuri, pakuri.

Ah, sweet porridge is delicious.

Isn't Ilda-san's ability improving day by day?

It's insanely delicious.

"Makoto, about Sunday," Carol said.

"Ah, yeah, I'm looking forward to it, Carol."

"When I thought about it, I remembered we were supposed to go to the Magic Tower to see the alchemy printing machine," Carol said.

"Ah, that's right, I forgot," I said.

"What should we do?" Carol said.

I see, on Sunday, we already had plans with Serviche-sensei.

I totally forgot.

"Well, why don't we stop by in the morning, have lunch at the Magic Tower, and then go to the museum if we have time after?"

I feel like I'm a little busy, but I can't help it.

I'm with Carol all day, waii.

"Yeah, let's do that."

Carol said with a smile as she ate some salty porridge.

I'm looking forward to Sunday.

Nima, nima.

When I finished eating, I returned the tableware to the return slot.

Julietsama also brings it herself without asking her maid, Claris-san.

How nice.

Now, I grabbed my bag and went to school.

The weather is nice, and I'll do my best today.

Chapter 192

When We Were All Having Lunch At A Natural Park, We Saw A Dragon In The Distance.

There were no updates to the wall newspaper today, so I quickly went upstairs and went into Class A.

Prince Kevin and Gerald have already arrived and are talking with each other.

“Good morning, Elmer.”

“Good morning... Makoto... Carol... lately... it seems like, you’ve been going to school together...” Elmer said.

“Recently, Carol and I have been eating breakfast together and coming then in together,” I said.

Elmer nodded deeply.

“That’s... a good thing... by the way... why are the girls... so beautiful today?” Elmer said.

“Ah, Makoto’s potion from the other day was about to expire, so she put it in the underground public bath,” Carol said.”

“I see... I think I should... take my things... into the bathhouse,” Elmer said.

“That should be fine, won’t it? Don’t you already take baths in the public baths, Elmer?”

“No... I do it in my room... it has a bathroom.”

“Then let’s throw some into the boy’s underground public bath, too,” I said.

“Indeed.....”

Now the boys at the school will be able to enjoy it, too.

Umu, umu.

Won’t this make Appleton the Magical Beauty Academy?

Sensei came in and we had homeroom.

It seems that the 2nd year students will return from the Gatruga Great Labyrinth in an airship around noon tomorrow.

Once the 2nd year students return, the school will be back to normal.

Well, the class has started.

The morning class consists of four periods: history, national language, mathematics, and magic theory.

I am completing the course smoothly.

I'm really good at classroom lectures.

It seems like my intelligence parameters are pretty high.

Cheat, it's a cheat.

Okay, class is over.

Now, lunch, lunch.

What should we do for lunch?

Class B, led by Curtis, rushed into Class A.

"Makoto, what are we going to do today?"

"I was already thinking that."

"Maybe we should go to the bakery?" Gerald said.

Why does Gerald have to stick his beak in our business?

"Well, fine by me, let's all go to Hiyokodo."

"Yeah, that's good. I guess I'll try some of the other breads today."

"Oouji, onion bacon is good."

"Mayocorn...is the choice..."

And of course, Prince Kevin is going to go with Gerald.

That's fine, but...

We all walk down the hallway of the school.

The Royal Faction is also walking with us, so we are actually the largest faction in the Appleton Kingdom.

To the sides, to the sides with you all!

I'm not saying that, but if we walk slowly, the people in front of us will move away.

Deborah-san was in front of us, looking at me with hatred.

She's glaring.

Curtis quickened his pace and went up next to me.

"The Chicken Lady is plotting with someone," Curtis whispered.

Deborah-san and Commander-san?

What are you doing?

Can you make a lot of money by exporting eggs and processing them in the city?

No, the egg dishes won't last that long, and neither I nor my faction will suffer any damage.

"What is the true nature of the plan?"

"That, I don't know," Curtis said. "Last night, they were having a meeting in the Duke's faction meeting room."

"You know everything so well"

"Maa, nee," Curtis said, smiling as he stepped back.

But somehow, it smells like a conspiracy.

I'll have Hilda-san look into it when she gets home.

After leaving the school, I went to my parents at Hiyoko-Do, it's a five-minute walk away to buy bread, and I'm taking the sons and daughters from wealthy and powerful families with me, scaring Cliff-nii-chan.

Today we have saint's bread and fish sandwiches.

It's fried white fish with tartar sauce, which I also developed using my knowledge of another world.

However, there are quite a few similar breads available at stores all over the place.

It's because everyone loves fried river fish.

Ah, I want to go out near the sea and eat seafood.

Since the capital is inland, seafood is in short supply.

Even if you could transport it frozen using a magic tool, it would be a horse-drawn carriage rather than a truck, so you wouldn't be able to get it in large quantities, and it would be ridiculously expensive to move.

"Now, try the onion bacon, Ouji," Gerald said.

"You should try... the mayo corn..." Elmer said.

"Alright, let's eat those two and a ham and potato sandwich."

The Royal Faction is completely carefree.

Prince Kevin doesn't seem to like sweet bread very much.

Everyone is excitedly buying their favorite bread.

We all go to a natural park and sit and eat on the grass near our favorite pond.

Ah, the weather is nice today too.

There, there's something that looks like a bat flying in the sky in the distance.

It's pretty big.

I add magical power to my eyes.

As expected, you won't be able to zoom in, but you will be able to see clearly.

A lizard?

Its blue scales glitter and reflect the sunlight.

A dragon?

“Carol, is that a dragon?”

“Huh? So close to the royal capital? Oh, it’s true, it’s a four-legged dragon.”

The dragon was flying quite far away and high in the sky.

I guess it’s not within the range of the royal capital.

However, there is such a big dragon near the city.

“Amazing, it’s a dragon. The Adventurer’s Guild should have a request to exterminate it.”

“How difficult is it? Defeating a dragon?”

“Well, S or SS, it’s a ridiculously difficult job.”

While we were making noise, Prince Kevin noticed and looked in the direction of the dragon.

“I can’t believe I flew so close to the royal capital,” Kevin said.

“With that color, it’s the evil dragon Adabeld, Kevin-ouji,” Gerald said.

“Is that a famous dragon, Gerald?” I asked.

“It’s a dragon that lives near the capital. There are reports of sightings once or twice a year.”

“Hasn’t there been a subjugation order?”

“That’s why we don’t know where the nest is,” Gerald said. “The subjugation order has been sent to the adventurer’s guild, but it’s hard to do anything unless we know where it lives.”

Elmer looked at the dragon while eating his mayocorn.

“There was... no damage... to humans...?”

“Not at the moment, Clayton-kyou, except that sometimes the farmers’ cows are stolen.”

Despite its ferocious appearance, it didn’t cause much damage.

However, I saw something nice and fantasy-like.

The blue dragon went between the distant clouds and disappeared.

Chapter 193

Meeting Lucas-chi In The Library

After seeing off the dragon, I ate some bread.

When I was clinging to Carol, she told me it was too hot and ran away.

Why did she do that?

It's like yesterday all over again.

Hiihn.

As I was scratching my head, Corinna-chan grabbed my hand and led me to the school.

Maa, iyaah.

I can switch tracks quickly.

And the afternoons from Tuesday to Friday are the time for Light magic experiments.

But, I'm getting tired of it.

"Jean-oji-san, don't you get tired of doing the same experiments over and over again?"

"I never get tired of it, when I get the same numbers, I'm happy, and when I get a different number, I wonder why that is, and I'm happy."

"Sakuri..."

Kusou, you damn magic otakus.

I could make a glow, I could destroy something, I could heal it, I could cure someone, I could neutralize poisons.

"By the way, what did you do with the healing potion you brought to the Ministry of Magic?" I asked.

"I gave it to the bald people who wanted it," Jean said. "50 bald people from the Ministry of Magic applied in an instant."

“I don’t think that the potion can be distributed that much, can it?” I said.

“25 people were given the genuine Light magic Heal potion, and the other 25 were given normal potions as a control experiment,” Jean said. “The bottles are opaque.”

“I feel sorry for the bald person who got the controls,” I said.

“Experiments always involve sacrifice,” Jean said.

There seems to be a huge demand for hair growth medicine.

If I don’t play this right, I’ll have to spend the rest of my life as a hair-growth drug manufacturing machine.

It seems like I can make money from it, but it’s kind of weird.

I finished today’s experiment while praying that the sadness of bald people in the world would be reduced.

I return to Class A with Elmer.

Anthony-sensei comes in and homeroom begins.

There are students who sneak out of their dormitory at night and go out into town, but if they are caught, they will be severely punished regardless of their social status.

I wonder if it’s about time for them to get used to the school and want to play around.

If they are caught, they will be kept in the dormitory for about 2 weeks.

That’s pretty tough.

Today’s class ended with everyone standing up and bowing.

Iyaah, I’m tired.

I’m not tired enough to sleep, though.

Well, what should I do after school?

“What are you doing today, Carol?” I asked.

“Alchemy, if you need anything, I’ll be in the alchemy room, so come over then.”

“I see. Can I come over and give you a chu?” I said.

“Absolutely not, I’ll use the human power plant on you again,” Carol said.

“Chieh, stingy,” I said.

Carol laughed and walked away.

Well, it’s better than fidgeting with each other in a weird way.

Let’s close the distance slowly.

Oh, I wish I could give her a chu.

I put my textbook in my bag and am off to the school building.

Where should I go?

I strolled around the school building.

By the way, am I going to explore the library?

Let’s go to it.

The Magic School Library is an independent building.

I didn’t notice it because there was a part of the library inside the school building, but there was a large structure that spanned the sky and was connected to it by a hallway.

I wonder if anyone here knows any details about Bianca-sama’s biography?

I open the heavy door and enter the library.

Hmm, it’s just like a regular library, just with a large collection of books.

The walls are lined with books.

There are bookshelves lined up in the room, and it’s a bit dusty here.

However, collecting so many parchment books must be difficult to manage.

“Yaa, Shoujo-yo, is there something you need?”

Who are you?

For some reason, a beautiful, sparkling boy called out to me.

Ah, this guy is Lucas-chi.

Although he’s not a Capture Target, he’s like a helper character limited to the library.

If you get to know him, your chances of finding a rare book at the library will increase.

If you give a rare book to Elmer or Prince Kevin, your favorability will increase.

It’s like buying fashionable items for men on the street and giving them to Lloyd-chan.

By the way, if you get a bargain at a weapon store and give it to Curtis, his favorability will increase.

I don’t feel like giving anyone a present in this life.

Ah.

“Are there any rare books on alchemy?” I asked.

“Well, the alchemy section is over here,” Lucas said.

“My name is Makoto, you would be?” I asked.

“Who, me? I’m just the book fairy, hahahaha.”

“You’re feeling strangely excited, Lucas-chi.”

“Ho-Ho-Ho-How do you know that nickname, Kinteki-sama?”

“Stop calling me Kinetki-sama,” I said.

Lucas-chi spun around on the spot.

“I’m Lucas, from the Sartomine Viscounty.”

“Nice to meet you Lucas-chi,” I said.

“You’re such a friendly girl, Makoto-chi.”

Lucas-chi struck a pose and laughed.

Then he pointed to the shelf and bowed gracefully.

“Take your time. Makoto-chi, if there’s anything you don’t understand, I’ll be over there.”

After saying that, Lucas-chi pointed to the rental counter.

You are supposed to be the librarian, Lucas-chi.

I look at the alchemy corner.

It’s full of books.

Yeah, I don’t know which one is a rare book.

Kusou, I was thinking of doing it to Carol to increase my likeability with her.

Or rather, is it okay to give someone something based on a book from the library?

Maybe that’s the act of lending it out again, saying, “I found this book, so I borrowed it for you.”

For now, I wanted to study alchemy, so I took “Alchemy – Beginner Level” and “Simple Techniques and Magic Square Conversion Knowledge.”

In the history section, there was a corner dedicated to Bianca-sama.

Ho-hou.

As expected, this is the place where Lady Bianca’s former residence used to be.

I wonder if there are any books left in her collection?

For now, let’s borrow Bianca-sama’s anecdote book.

Thank you for always taking care of me.

As if that was the case, Kogitsunemaru attached to my hip started ringing.

Chapter 194

I Leave The Library And Give A Meeting Room Key To Ryan-kun

“Lucas-chi, are there any books left behind by Bianca-sama in this library?”

“Hmm?”

Lucas-chi looked up at the stained glass near the ceiling and looked thoughtful.

“This school was built on the ruins of Bianca-sama’s mansion,” Lucas said. “It seems that various things dug up at that time were sent to the museum. Also, quite a few books have been published about her, but they are valuable cultural assets. so they would probably be stored in the underground archives of the library.”

“Can’t I read them~?” I asked.

“It’s parchment from 200 years ago,” Lucas-chi said, “so it depends on how it’s been stored, but if it’s deteriorated badly, it would be quite difficult to read it. I’d like to read it, too.”

After saying that, Lucas-chi smiled.

Yappari, he’s on the library committee, so I guess he loves books.

“Also, there are records of when this school was built in the architecture section,” Lucas said.

“Oh, that looks interesting,” I said.

I went to the architecture shelf and grabbed a book called “Royal Appleton Academy of Magic Architectural Records”.

“Then, please lend me this,” I said.

“Yeah, understood. I’ll make your library card,” Lucas said.

He also wrote the title of the book and the date and time of the loan.

“You can borrow up to 5 books, and the loan period is 1 week. Here you go,” Lucas said.

“Understood,” I said. “Well then, thank you, Lucas-chi.”

“Yeah, see you later, Makoto-kun.”

With that said, Lucas-chi reopened the book he had and started reading.

He said he was a book fairy, but I don’t think that was a joke.

“By the way, what are you reading, Lucas-chi?” I said.

“Nn, it’s a sleazy chivalry novel,” he said.

“Is it interesting?” I asked.

“... So? I’m reading this because the colors are beautiful,” Lucas said.

“The colors?” I asked.

“You know, some people can get colors from sound, but I’m a person who gets colors and images from words, so I like books that have a lot of different images and colors,” Lucas said.

Oh, I heard about synesthesia in my previous life.

It’s not magic, but the human brain is amazing.

“What do you think of that book as reading material?” I asked.

“Hmm, I wouldn’t know,” Lucas said. “It’s probably not very interesting. It’s rather bland and lacks excitement.”

“So you still read it for the colors,” I said.

“Indeed, I can see all the different colors and it’s beautiful,” Lucas said.

You haven’t changed, Lucas-chi.

“Well, see you later,” I said as I waved to Lucas-chi and left the library.

It’s bright outside when I leave the musty library building.

“Makoto-sama, would you like me to take the books to your room?”
Dulcie said as she suddenly appeared beside me, startling me.

“Ah, yeah, could you do that for me?” I said.

“Understood,” Dulcie said, jumping down from the hallway with 4 books in her hand, then she jumped up and headed toward the girls’ dormitory.

The Weight Fist is useful.

It’s a three-dimensional maneuver technique.

Well, I guess I’ll take a look at the meeting room and then go to the baths.

I go down the stairs next to the 2nd-floor corridor and follow the 1st-floor corridor to the meeting room.

When I went inside, there were the Fashion and the Swordsman Groups.

Also, Ryan-kun.

“Oro, Ryan-kun,” I said.

“Ah, Ryoushu, I was just stopping by,” Ryan said.

“Is your body okay now?” I said.

“Yes, I’m feeling great and grateful,” Ryan said.

It looks like Ryan is no longer under the influence of the drugs.

Congratulations.

“What were you talking about with Ryan, Melissa-san?” I asked.

“I was searching for the various secrets of the Pottinger family’s faction,” Melissa said.

“Ahaha,” Ryan-kun said, laughing bitterly.

“Melissa was just gossiping.”

“Ah, Cattleya-sama, don’t be so loose with your lips.”

Ah, I see, Melissa-san and Marilyn were from the duke faction, just like Ryan-kun, so there’s some talk about how they were involved with them.

“It might be difficult to be in this faction because there aren’t many

men, but feel free to come and visit us,” I said.

“Yes, thank you, Ryoushu.”

Elmer looked uncomfortable, too.

As for Curtis, he only came once for the first time.

Does this faction need more male members?

Having said that, I feel like it would be a shame to increase the number of people unnecessarily.

Let’s just go with the flow.

“By the way, why are Cattleya-san and Koishi-chan here in the meeting room? What about Batten-sensei?” I said.

“She can’t move because of muscle pain, so she’s going to take a bath right now,” Cattleya said.

“You can’t win against the waves of time, myon,” Koishi said.

Koishi-chan is so cruel.

However, I wonder if the medicinal effects of the public bath have already worn off.

I only put one bottle in there.

Let’s check it later.

“Okay, then I’m going to go take a bath.”

“I’m going too, myon.”

“Me too, me too.”

“I’ll come with you.”

“Shall we all go?”

I wish we could all go.

Maa, iika.

“Then I’ll excuse myself as well,” Ryan said.

“See you soon, Ryan-kun.”

“Yes, I will stop by again.”

Yeah, Ryan won’t come to the meeting room again.

That’s how it felt.

Everyone went outside so I locked the door.

“Ah, I’ll give you a key too, Ryan-kun,” I said.

“Oh, are you sure about this?” Ryan said.

“I want you to come again,” I said.

I took out the key to the meeting room from my pocket and handed it to Ryan.

Ryan received it as if he were worshiping a holy item.

No, don’t be that grateful.

We parted ways with Ryan and headed towards the girls’ dormitory.

If Batten-sensei was here, I might cast Heal on her.

Heal is good for muscle pain, right?

Or would it be Cure, instead?

Hmm, well, I’ll save Sensei some money when I meet her.

Chapter 195

Giving Batten-sensei A Mysterious Massage In The Underground Public Bath We all came to the underground public bath of the girls' dormitory.

Yuriyuri-senpai isn't here, but it looks pretty much the same as yesterday.

Oh, Juliet-sama isn't there either.

"Isn't Julie-chan here today?" I asked.

"It seems she went to the theater with Prince Lloyd. She said they were going to see 'The Tragedy of the Frozen Lake.'"

"Oh, that sounds fun."

Marilyn approached me as she took off her clothes.

"That's right, I suppose I should go see it, too."

"You should," I said. "Invite President Carter of the Pentia Club as well."

"Ma-Maa, iya, I don't want to, but if you say so, Makoto-sama... I suppose I should, shouldn't I?"

While Karina-san was helping me take off my clothes, Melissa-san came over as well.

"You should go there on Sunday, Marilyn."

"That's right, but can I buy a ticket?"

"I'll go with you tomorrow to get the tickets."

"Ma, Melissa, I'm so glad."

Friendship between women is a beautiful thing.

We take off our clothes and enter the bathroom naked.

Batten-sensei is in the middle of the public bath.

“Sensei, how are you feeling?”

“Kimball, about that, I’ve realized that I’m not getting any younger,” she said, casting a dark gaze into the void.

I took a shower and got into the bath as well.

Oh, there’s no smell from the hot water.

It’s like regular hot water without chemicals.

“Is it medicated? It seems like the hot water got dirty because a lot of students came in yesterday, so they replaced it.”

“Seems so,” I said.

I wonder how many students have had to have gone, that they needed to change the hot water a day later.

“Sensei, are you still feeling sore?” I asked.

“No, it doesn’t hurt anymore, I’m just tired,” Battenmeier said.

Oh, how tired is she? I can’t use Cure on it.

Disappointment.

Let’s give her a massage, at least.

“I’ll massage your shoulders.

“Hahaha, you don’t have to worry about it, ah, right there, mm, Kimball, you are good at this.”

Batten-sensei is still in her forties, and her skin is soft.

Momi-momi.

“Hm, ah, kuh.”

She probably doesn’t care, but her voice might sound too erotic.

Mattaku, you can’t do this.

That’s what I thought, but somehow my palms were glowing.

“Uwah, what was that?! That’s a huge weight off my shoulders, thank you, Kimball.”

“I-It’s nothing.....”

Ah, did I do something again?

This is something like a recovery system.

I even have a talent for massaging as a saintly skill, so I shouldn’t underestimate it!

Batten-sensei is very lively.

I feel like this is an ability that needs to be kept secret.

I don’t want to be a masseuse for the royal family.

Now that I’m warmed up, I step out of the bathtub and let Dulcie wash me.

Dulcie seems to be having fun while taking care of me.

It’s a shame that she has to wash my body all the time, so I’ll wash Dulcie next time.

Umu, umu.

Not today, though.

I have my hair carefully washed.

Ah, it feels so good.

Next to me, Batten-sensei is washing her body like a man would.

She’s so masculine, isn’t she?

“Are you going to have dinner at the cafeteria today too, Sensei?” I asked.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll eat there,” Battenmeier said.

“If you go there often to eat, it’s better to buy a monthly token,” I said.

“I see, it’s about the same price as a week’s worth, right?” Battenmeier said.

“Yes, because you pay in one lump sum, you get a discount on 7 days worth of food,” I said.

“But I don’t eat breakfast, so isn’t it a bit of a loss?” Battenmeier said.

“Well, it might be a bit of a loss if that happens,” I said. “Why don’t you tell the Principal and have him issue a staff token for just dinner?”

“That’s good, is it an employee token?” Battenmeier said. “There are discount coupons for the school’s lower-noble’s restaurant, but what about that place?”

“Well, I don’t want to go to the lower-noble’s restaurant even if I get a discount.”

Sensei poured hot water over her body and stood up.

“Alright, I’m refreshed! The bath is really useful.”

It’s probably not the bathroom’s effect, though.

But, I won’t say it.

I wrapped my hair in a bath towel and got back into the bathtub.

Haa, the bath is nice.

Biba-non-non.

Now that I’m warm, I go to the changing room and ask Dulcie to dry me off.

However, it was a bit awkward at first, but I got used to it.

The ability of humans to adapt is amazing.

It’s a problem that I can’t use the hair dryer yet.

It’s hard to dry with a bath towel.

Maybe I can ask Dulcie to run the hair dryer in room 205.

Phew, my hair is a little wet, but I feel refreshed in my new underwear and uniform.

“See you then for dinner.”

“Yes, see you.”

“See you later, Makoto.”

“See you later, myon.”

I exchanged goodbyes with everyone and left the underground public bath.

Dulcie went into the laundry room with my dirty clothes in hand.

She works hard.

She’s good at fighting, and there’s nothing to complain about here.

I run up the flight of stairs and go to room 205.

When I opened the door and entered, Corinna was studying inside.

“I’m home, Corinna-chan.”

“Welcome home, you smell nice, did you just finish your bath?”

“That’s right,” I said.

I climb up the ladder and enter my bunk.

The four books I had entrusted to Dulcie were lined up next to the bed.

Ushishi.

Maybe I’ll read until dinner.

I’ve always been a patron of the liberal arts since my previous life, so I love books.

Usshisshi.

Chapter 196

I lie down on my bed, choose a book, and open it.

Each page of a parchment book is thick, so it's heavy for the content it has.

The book I opened is Bianca-sama's biography.

Yah, old books have old-fashioned phrases and grammar.

It has a great atmosphere and I don't dislike it.

Looking at the table of contents, it appears that the book is divided into two parts: the first half is "Glory" and the second half is "Fall."

Bianca-sama was born 200 years ago as the youngest daughter of a merchant family in the royal capital.

It seems that she was successfully identified as having Light magic at the magic power appraisal ceremony when she was 13, and happily became a saint.

There were no magic schools back then, so it seems she was taken in by the Temple and raised as a saint.

It details the many miracles she performed during the first half of her life.

Yare, she turned a silo full of burnt rolled oats into good rolled oats, defeated the evil dragon that attacked the royal capital, and solved the undead disaster that flooded the city.

As you can see, it's written in detail.

The writing is beautiful and well done.

Who wrote this book?

Older books don't have the author's name.

"I wrote it myself, Makoto-chan."

Shining letters appeared on the margin and then disappeared.

.....

Don't look too far into the future and interfere!

Bianca-sama, honestly.

Does that mean she can see everything?

But what does she think?

Is the future completely determined?

Or is she looking at a future with a high probability and betting on it because she thinks she might get it?

Either way, being able to see the future seems to put a strain on the brain.

It would be stressful, wouldn't it?

Is this a propaganda book that Bianca-sama wrote herself?

I guess the Fall arc is also written in a way that she wants the public to believe it.

Well, no, if it's penned by your own hand, you won't have written many mistakes.

I think I'll read on to feel closer to Bianca.

But she's doing a lot of things.

It seems that Bianca-sama created the magic of reviving the dead when she was in her 20s.

Apparently, she was thanked by the royal family for resuscitating a prince who died in an accident.

"Heeyy, Makoto, it's dinner time."

"Uoh, has it been that long already?"

I was so engrossed in reading it that I was surprised when someone called out to me.

I put the bookmark in and closed the book.

"I'm going now," I said.

I go down the ladder and go out of the room with Corinna-chan.

I lock the door and head to the dining room.

“What were you reading?”

“It’s Bianca-sama’s biography.”

“Hee, the biography of the Evil Saint, you don’t hear about that often,” Corinna said.

“I went to the library and borrowed it,” I said.

“Oh, then the library must be huge,” Corinna said.

We descend the stairs with a pata-pata.

It’s already dark outside.

Ah, but it’s nice and peaceful this week.

I think I can report it to Otou-sama without him turning pale.

Yoshi, yoshi, peace is the best.

I also flirt with Carol.

When I went to the elevator hall, everyone from the Saint’s Faction was waiting for me.

“Ara~, Makoto-sama~,” Juliet said.

“Julie-chan, welcome back, did you like the play?” I asked.

“It was great~, I cried a lot~. Falling in love with someone of a different social status than you is so tragic, isn’t it~?”

“It was sad, wasn’t it?” I said.

Oh, if I comment too much, it will become boring when Marilyn goes to see it.

The elevator dinged and Carol came down.

She smiled and waved a little.

Uhihihi, my wife is so cute.

“Yoshi, now that we’re all set, let’s go to the dining room.”

“”””Hai.””””

One by one, they entered the dining room.

A female student suddenly stood up from her table.

She stands in front of us.

Wh-What the?

“Makoto-sama!!”

“Yes?”

“Every day, we want to take the Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath!”

The female students in the cafeteria all stood up and clapped.

What the hell, Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath?

Stop that.

“Esther-sama, the dormitory master, suggested that we have a Saint’s Bath every Monday.”

The female students let out a loud cheer.

“Hey, is it only on Mondays?”

“It’s okay, you don’t have to come in every day.”

“I had terrible menstrual pain, but as soon as I took a Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath, the pain went away, my skin became smooth, and my hair became silky. I have faith in you, I will devote myself wholeheartedly to my worship, so please let me take a Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath every day!”

“Stop calling it the Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath, or I’ll stop making the potion for it from now on,” I said.

The female student’s face suddenly changed.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, Seijou-sama, it’s the Saint’s Bath, the Saint’s Bath.”

“The baths are under Esther-sama’s jurisdiction, so if you want to

increase the number of days the Saint's Bath is available, please talk to Esther-sama," I said.

The female student nodded deeply.

"Understood, Saint-sama, I'm sorry for making you uncomfortable."

She bowed her head.

"Everyone!! Signatures! I'll collect signatures and approach Estelle-sama with a proposal!!"

Please stop pushing on to me and help each other.

"I'm going to start protesting with all my might so that I can take a Saint's Bath every day!!"

""""Here, here!!!"""

How badly do you guys want to bathe in the Saint's Bath?

In my heart, I put my palms together toward Esther-sama, praying for her.

Chapter 197

Dulcie Serves Tea In A New Cup

It seems that the activities of the Saint's Bath Protest Party have subsided, so I go to the counter.

I say hello to Clara and put the food on the counter onto my tray.

Today's dishes were white chicken stew, corn soup, cherry tomato salad, and black bread.

It's a relatively average-looking menu, but I wonder how delicious it will be under Ilda-san's supervision.

I'm really looking forward to it.

During this time, the tables normally used by the Saint's Faction are often empty.

I wonder if we're making them pay attention to us.

That's bad.

I think so, but I feel like I'm being pampered by their kindness.

Juliet-sama is getting better at carrying the tray.

That's a good thing.

I sit next to Carol and wait for everyone to take their seats.

Once everyone is here, it's time to eat.

While I was waiting, I had some free time, so I played by bumping my shoulder against Carol's shoulder next to mine, and then she yanked at my cheek without a word.

"What's wrong~?" I asked.

"Stop that," Carol said.

Carol has been feeling cold lately.

Eehnnn.

Maa, iiyah.

Now that everyone is here, I put my hands together.

“Itadakimasu.”

“”””””I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.””””””

I already said, stop doing that!

It’s a running gag.

Running gags were staples in comedy dramas, where the same joke is repeated over and over again to get laughs.

Pakuri.

Oooh, there’s cheese in the chicken stew.

Interesting.

And delicious.

The light flavor of the white stew has a depth of flavor from the cheese, and to put it simply, it’s tasty.

Ilda-san is amazing.

“It’s delicious, Carol.”

“Yeah, the cheese has a nice flavor. The corn soup is also sweet and delicious.”

Dore, dore.

Yes, it’s sweet, but it’s kept to a nice level to blend in with the flavor of the stew.

It’s delicious.

It’s a little heavy and goes well with sour-tasting black bread.

Ah, I’m so happy to be able to eat delicious food every day.

After all, food is important.

Also, it’s delicious to eat while chatting with others.

Ugh, Koishi-chan is putting a heaping amount of salt into the stew again.

Doesn't that girl have high blood pressure?

Batten-sensei is also at another table, eating heartily.

When our eyes met, she smiled.

Is that glowing palm effect okay?

I don't think there will be any aftereffects.

I think it's okay because it's a recovery technique.

As I was eating while thinking about this, I had finished my meal.

Uhn, I'm done, I'm done, I'm full.

“Gochisousamadeshita.”

I put the tray back in the tableware return slot and drink tea until everyone has finished eating.

It was a wooden cup in the dining room, filled with cold tea from a large kettle.

“Douzo.”

Dulcie poured tea from a new pot into a new cup.

Oh, when did you buy those?

Oh, both the cup and the pot have cute flower patterns.

It seems like a pretty good thing.

Above all, it's nice to be able to drink hot tea.

“Thank you, Dulcie.”

I add sugar cubes and milk and try drinking it.

Oh, it's delicious.

It's leveled up from the normal.

I don't know if it's because of the tea or the pot.

“It’s delicious, you’ve gotten better, Dulcie.”

“Thank you.”

Dulcie looks very happy.

“Really? Give some to me too.”

“Yes, Corinna-sama.”

Corinna-chan also took a sip of tea and made an “Otto.” face.

“It’s delicious, Dulcie.”

“Thank you, Corinna-sama.”

“Please give me a cup, too...” Carol said.

Dulcie only has two new cups for me and Corinna.

Just as I was thinking that, Anne-san appeared and handed Carol a cup.

Dulcie looked nervous as she poured tea from the pot into Carol’s cup.

Carol sniffed and took a sip of tea.

“Ah, it’s getting better. It’s much more delicious than the last time I had it.”

“Oh, thank you very much”

Carol’s taste is quite cultured.

She’s a much more reliable measurement than me or Corinna-chan.

“That’s good, isn’t it, Dulcie?”

“Yes, thank you”

Dulcie looked shy and then disappeared.

“Dulcie is also making progress.”

“She’s a hard worker, Corinna-sama.”

“That’s right, Anne-san.”

Well then, Anne said before she disappeared, too.

Ultimately, the power of money is amazing.

The reason Dulcie's tea was so bad was because she used cheap tea leaves.

Hence, what she produced was bad.

By the time we finished drinking tea, everyone had finished their meals.

It's Juliet-sama who eats slowly.

It can't be helped since she's a young lady from a marquis family.

The higher your social status, the better your manners and the slower you eat.

The speed at which Juliet-sama eats bread from Hiyoko-Do isn't that slow.

Dulcie appeared momentarily and retrieved Corinna and my teacups.

The cup is also stylish and cute.

Surprisingly, Dulcie has good taste.

Anne-san also appeared and collected Carol's cup.

Indeed, intelligence maids are way too convenient.

Now, let's go back to Room 205 and sleep.

Chapter 198

Elsa-San Comes To The Morning Dining Room

Now then, since the meal was over, I returned to Room 205.

I take off my clothes and change into my night clothes.

Dulcie appeared and took out a washed uniform from my chest, put the old one in a laundry bag, bowed, and then disappeared.

Should I wear a new uniform tomorrow morning?

I placed the folded uniform on top of the chest.

Thank you for everything.

Dulcie.

I feel like my standard of living has risen a few notches just by having a maid.

I climbed the ladder to my bunk, and since the magic light was dark, I created a small ball of Light and let it float.

Now then, let's continue reading.

The writing style is old-fashioned, but I feel like this writing has gotten better over time.

I saw Bianca-sama was quite the intellectual.

Well, the old writings are difficult to read because they have a lot of quotations from myths, but I make up for that with my knowledge.

I'm a saint candidate, so I know a lot of myths by heart.

After reviving the prince, Bianca-sama gets a proposal to marry him, but she refuses, saying that she is devoting her life to the Goddess.

So, it seems that she had a bad impression of the nobles of the Royal Faction.

It seems that the nation's instincts have started to take hold of anyone and anything with great power, and if they can't be taken into their

fold, they will be even more driven to destroy them, instead.

It doesn't change that countries are always greedy.

The Tower might be looking over me with interest, too.

After that, Bianca-sama went on a friendly trip to Horai and spent some time at their national capital, where she was active.

It seems like they dug out an airship from a dungeon and started riding it around, which is nice. It's a private airship for the exclusive use of the Saint.

I want one, too.

"I want one, too," I said aloud.

.....

Bianca-sama doesn't respond in glowing letters to my request.

Cheh!

Give me one.

Now, the second part is the Fall.

That said, I'll read it tomorrow.

I'm going to sleep now~.

Suyaa....

.....

.....

.....

I woke up to the sound of the maids waking up.

I open the curtains a little and look down.

"Mornin', Makoto, I'm so sleepy~"

"Makoto, good morning. It's such a nice day."

There's Margot-san who is always tired and Karina-san who is always

cheerful, both were changing their clothes.

“Good morning, you look like you’re stressed out.”

“There’s a big job today~,” Margot said.

“Your Goshujin is coming home today, so what have you been doing all week that’s got you so sleepy?” I asked.

“Uhehehehe, it’s a secret~,” Margot said.

By the way, Margot-san must have free time her Ojou-sama, Heather-senpai, wasn’t here.

What has she actually been doing?

I guess it’s an investigation into Angelica.

The Maid-sans went to work.

Or rather, where did Margot go to work every morning?

I guess she was sitting on a bench behind the school building and slacking off.

She’s a lazy person.

Corinna-chan wakes up and starts getting dressed.

I also went down the ladder to relieve myself, wash my face, and brush my teeth.

As soon as I put on my uniform, Dulcie comes in holding a kettle.

Well, it’s a morning inevitability.

I sit at the table and drink tea with Corinna-chan across from me.

Kokuri.

Yeah, it’s delicious.

“Uhn, uhn, it’s delicious today too, Dulcie.”

“Uhn, uhn, delicious, delicious.”

“Thank you, Makoto-sama, Corinna-sama.”

Dulcie genuinely smiles happily, so we're also happy when we praise her.

After drinking tea, I pack today's textbook in my bag and head to the cafeteria.

The three of us go outside and lock the door.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was gone.

We go down the stairs.

Somehow, without even realizing it, school life has become a daily routine.

A daily life with Corinna-chan, Carol, and everyone in the faction.

I hope I can maintain this daily routine until I graduate.

I guess that's what the saint's power is for.

Everyone from the Saint's Faction was in the elevator hall.

Carol is there, too.

I raise my hand in greeting.

Yuriyuri-senpai is there too.

Oh, it's Elsa-san.

What's up?

"Good morning, Elsa-san, what's wrong?" I asked.

"From today onwards, I'm thinking of having meals with you all," Elsa said.

"Oh, I see," I said.

That's a good thing.

We all enter the cafeteria one by one.

I ask for salty porridge at the counter and receive it.

Today's side dish is sausage and eggs.

It matches Carol's tastes.

I pour tea from the kettle into a wooden cup, put it on the tray, and carry it away.

I sat down at our usual open table.

It's starting to feel like a reserved table for the Saint's Faction.

That's a blessing.

Elsa-san sat in front of me, so I took this opportunity to talk to her.

"I've never seen you at the cafeteria, Elsa-san, what have you been doing so far?"

She smiled shyly.

Oh, that's a rare expression.

"I always wanted to have meals with you all, but I apologize I can only be with you around lunch."

"No, it's fine. You do what you like, Elsa-san, I won't force you to do anything."

"Usually I had my maid make food for me in my kitchen. I'm allergic to eggs."

"Oh, you had an allergy."

Or rather, there are allergies in this world too.

However, there was salty porridge, sausage, and eggs in front of Elsa.

"On Monday, I managed to take the Kinteki-rejou-sama Bath, and yesterday, since my maid was new, she served me a dish with eggs, and I accidentally ate it."

"Oh, please don't call it the Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath, it's the Saint's Bath."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Elsa said. "So, I accidentally ate it and thought I'd get a huge outbreak of eczema, but it didn't happen."

Geh, don't tell me the Saint's Bath might cure allergies, can it?

“So, I came here feeling happy that I could now have a meal with everyone,” Elsa said.

“I see,” I said.

“It might be a temporary thing, so I’ll keep an eye on it,” Elsa said.
“Makoto-sama, would you like a fried egg?”

“Ah, if you don’t want it, go ahead,” I said.

Elsa took a fried egg from her plate and put it on my mine.

“Well then, please join us in the girls’ dormitory cafeteria, Elsa-san.”

“Yes, thank you for your welcome.”

I see, the reason Elsa didn’t come to the dining room was because of her allergies.

There are a lot of egg dishes in the cafeteria.

Okay, okay, that’s great, the Saint’s Bath.

It would be great if it didn’t keep getting called the Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath.

Chapter 199

Carol Sells Bath Salts To The Royal Palace At A High Price

After breakfast, we all go to school.

The weather is nice today too.

We go through the school building entrance.

There are no updates on the wall newspaper, so there aren't many people.

We all go up the stairs together.

As expected, with this number of people, I'm not afraid of the crowd of Dress-sans in front of Class C.

Fufuu.

I parted ways with the people in Class B and joined the rest in Class A.

Then I burst out laughing when I saw Elmer.

“Uhyahyahhyahyah!!” I laughed.

“W-What... is it?”

“You're shiny, Elmer you're shiny!”

Gyaahaha.

When I looked at Carol, she was also covering her mouth and turning bright red.

You'd better laugh.

Elmer is glaring at me with a depressed expression, but his skin has become glossy, even though he was originally a handsome boy, making him look cute and beautiful.

“Curt-Curtis, too? Uppupupuppu.”

“That's right... very... shiny...”

Along with Carol, we both struggle to contain our laughter.

No, I'm sorry to laugh, but come on, you're so shiny.

Curtis is also sparkling.

Puwahahahahahaha.

Hihiii.

Gerald came over.

He's not shiny.

"Why aren't you taking a bath in the public baths, Gerald? Do you hate taking baths?" I asked.

"I'm staying at the royal palace, so what's more important than that?" Gerald said. "Now why do the students in the boys' dormitory look like this?"

"You noticed that the girls are still shiny, aren't they? This is what happened when I put the Heal potion I made in the public baths."

"It's true, Gerald-sama, Makoto-sama became very popular when she created the Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath, and we're all so shiny," a female student I didn't know barged in.

"It's not just good for beauty, it's also good for health. The students with eczema and the ones with allergies are overjoyed to see it cured."

"My chronic illness... is... certainly... curable... even in the Boys' dormitory bath... I confirmed it..."

"Hey, Kimball, kisama, why don't you present such a wonderful drug to the royal family?" Gerald said.

"Eh, I was just testing it out."

"I see, then I will officially place an order for the royal palace, so please bring as much as you can."

Prince Kevin hurriedly stepped between me and Gerald.

The prince doesn't look shiny, either.

"Gerald, you can't say something like that. I'm sorry, Kimball-san."

“Oh, it’s nothing special, I know Gerald is an asshole, so it’s okay.”

“Guuh, kisamaa.”

“There was a request to do it every week in the girls’ dormitory, so I can put out one or two a week,” I said.

“That’s a relief, Otou-san and Okaa-san will be happy. I want my parents to stay healthy forever.”

Although Prince Kevin looks flashy, he is devoted to his parents.

Well, I like both Ou-sama and Ohi-sama, so I don’t mind sharing the Saint’s Bath.

“How much does one cost?”

“I won’t charge much, 500...”

Carol suddenly stood in front of Gerald and raised one hand.

“50,000 dolancs. Just one,” Carol said.

“Wha, she was just claiming it’s 500...” Gerald said.

“50,000 dolancs,” Carol said. “Even this is a bargain. If you have any complaints, I’ll sell it to you for 100,000.”

“Fi-Fifty-thousand dolancs for bath salts? I-Isn’t that expensive?” Gerald said. “I don’t think it’s something cheap enough to use on the dormitory’s public baths once a week.”

“Do you think that a public bath for all to use and one used by the royal family is worth the same price?” Carol said.

“Guh, that’s true, but if you stand to make so much profit from it...”

“This bath salt is a rare item that only Makoto can make, so if you don’t like it, don’t buy it,” Carol said.

Prince Kevin took out a purse from his pocket and handed a large gold coin to Carol.

“Okay, please give me two to try. I wonder if Otou-san and Okaa-san will like it.”

“Then I’ll give you two as soon as I can,” Carol said.

“Hey, wait, Albright. Ouji, are you both alright with this?” Gerald said.

“It’s better than having a reputation for being a member of the royal family and skimping on payment and defrauding saint candidates, Gerald,” Kevin said.

Haa, Ouji-sama, you ultimately have the purse.

“And recently, Kimball-kun has been taking care of me by going to the bakery with me, so there’s been no problem,”

Kevin said.

“I don’t remember taking care of you, though,” I said.

“That kind of straightforwardness is what I like about you, Kimball-san,” Kevin said.

Tch.

Don’t smile so brightly, Ouji-sama.

“By the way, what does it cost to make?” Gerald said.

“It’s medicinal herbs, so how much does it cost, Carol?”

“You don’t need to know about manufacturing costs, McKnight-kyou.” Carol said.

“I do believe it’s really cheap.”

“100 dolancs, by my guess.”

“Is that worth upmarking to 50,000 dolancs?”

“It doesn’t matter if it’s expensive. If you sell it cheaply, there will definitely be someone who will resell it on the market. Effectively, it’s something you can’t get even if you pay 30,000 dolancs.”

Ah, I see, if you buy it cheap and resell it for higher, you can make a lot of money.

Carol is thinking well.

“I understand. Kimball, I’m sorry for being so unreasonable.”

“It’s fine, you’re an asshole, but you do have a good head on your shoulders, so I trust you.”

“Kuso, should I be happy or angry?”

“Just be as you normally are.”

Bespectacled bastard.

“Thank you, Carol, you’ve been a huge help.”

“It’s okay, I’ll let you into the royal palace through Albright & Co.’s sales channel, and you’ll get 30% of the fee.”

“O-Ouh...”

Carol is also chuckling.

That’s what I thought, but maybe that’s what drug sales are like.

There will probably be less trouble if you sell it under Albright & Co.’s distribution.

Since it’s Carol we’re talking about, there’s no way she’s trying to deceive us.

She’s my wife who I can trust.

“Let’s work together to make a healing potion specifically for bathing after school.”

“Yeah, that’s good.”

Carol and Alchemy, I’m looking forward to it.

Chapter 200

Flirting With Carol During Martial Arts Class

I completed Wednesday's classroom lectures with ease.

Geography, music, and social studies.

The geography is also somewhat similar to Europe in many places, so it's easy to understand, but it's also easy to make mistakes.

The Gene Empire's territory, which is Germany, is probably too vast.

It's no exaggeration to say that it's a powerful country.

James-okina was truly amazing for taking away the northern half from that powerful country during wartime.

Because it was a great success, it seems that they were able to conclude a very advantageous treaty with the Empire.

Apparently, one of the reasons why the amazing James-okina was unable to take the throne was because of the presence of Maria-sama

It is said that Maria-sama was the protector of the kingdom, and James-okina had repeated fierce shadow wars with her.

After having beaten the Demon King, Maria-sama's son was guaranteed to be on the throne as long as she was alive.

James-okina was also born at a bad time.

If he had been born a little earlier or later, he might have become king.

I guess there must be a divine arrangement.

By the time Maria-sama died, James-okina had been around too long and too elderly to take the throne himself.

However, he had lost his brilliant eldest son, Richard, in the war, and was left with only a useless second son, Donald.

Even in his later years, when he was teasing me as just a little baker's girl, he seemed a little lonely.

Therefore, in his later years, he probably wanted Vivian to marry into the royal family and wield power as a maternal relative.

Honestly, if James-okina was my age, I would have helped him take the throne.

It just did not work out for him.

But I guess that's what history is like.

It's probably a series of ironic coincidences.

I don't think Vivian-sama is suited to be a queen.

I think Prince Kevin would be better off marrying a smart royal princess from a foreign country.

I think he would make a pretty good king.

He may have a dark side for some reason, but at heart, he's a good guy.

It would be much better than making Lloyd-chan the king.

I guess I was thinking about this while looking at the map during geography class.

For music, I played the lute.

Those who are good at it are good at it.

As I said before, Gerald is way better.

I'm normal.

Pororo~n.

Social studies is, well, social studies, so listen seriously and that's it.

Now then, moving on, martial arts, martial arts.

I go to the changing room and change into gym clothes.

Too bad I made a mistake buying a bra with Carol.

I have lost my purpose in life.

Well, Carol in underwear is also cute and I love her.

“Makoto, your eyes are disgusting.”

“Huuuh~, it’s fine, isn’t it~?”

“I can’t help but feel like you’re starting to look like Yulisha-senpai lately, Makoto.”

“Ah, it’s not that bad, is it?”

“Then stop staring at me like that.”

“Okay.”

It can’t be helped.

My wife is so selfish.

Now, when I went to the martial arts hall, Batten-sensei was very active.

“Hey, everyone, good morning. Let’s do our best at martial arts today.”

Well, it’s partly my fault that she’s so energetic, so I don’t push her too hard.

I also team up with Koishi-chan who is using a Horai wooden sword, and I am a dual wielder of Kodachi, with the shield sword as the second.

Our wooden swords collide with each other.

I attack with the kodachi.

I feel like the trick is to get a feel for the shield sword.

The Horai wooden sword draws an arc, so it’s quite difficult to catch, but I’ve gotten used to it.

“You’ll get better soon, Makoto-shyan.”

“I don’t think so.”

I’m a little happy when someone from the Swordsmanship Club swings a wooden sword with me until after school.

“Ouch!”

When I heard Carol's voice, I turned around and saw her holding her fingertips and looking like she was in pain.

"Sorry, are you alright, Albright?"

"Uun, I was a little absent-minded, so I'm sorry, Cattleya-san."

Apparently, she cut her finger on the tip of Cattleya's mock estoc.

"I'll heal you~, " I said.

"Ah, please, Makoto..."

Pakuri.

Mogu-mogu.

"Why are you putting my finger in your mouth?"

"Thish, and thaht," I said.

Mogu, mogu, this is the taste of Carol's blood.

"Um, is this healing magic?"

"Hiii~ru."

While biting Carol's finger, I cast Heal through my mouth.

There is no particular rule that Heal should be cast with your hand.

You can cast it from anywhere.

When I licked Carol's finger with my tongue, the wound was gone.

Carol withdrew her hand.

"...It's healed."

"It's healed."

Carol made a sour face and wiped her hands with a handkerchief.

"Makoto..."

"Makoto-shyan..."

Cattleya-san and Koishi-chan put their hands on my shoulders.

What is it?

“Gross.”

“That was gross, myon.”

“Huh?!!”

The next thing I knew, Carol was putting her injured finger in her mouth.

“Ah!”

“! Oh, you-you’ve got it wrong! It’s different, it’s different, it was just an unconscious reflex, reflex!” Carol said.

Eh-heh-heh, it can’t be helped if it’s an unconscious reflex.

“You’ve got it wrong! Don’t grin!”

“Hehehehehe.”

Carol turns bright red and tugs at my cheeks, which is cute.

Uhiihihi.

“Hey, isn’t this you messing around, too?”

“Mou, baka!”

Carol lightly flicked my forehead.

Gunnu.

Chapter 201

Today's Lunch Is Northern Cuisine Recommended By Koishi-chan

Carol was so angry that she changed her clothes in the changing room, and kept pinching and twisting my cheek as we went back to Class A.

Don't get so angry.

Uhihihihi.

Now then, it's lunchtime.

I don't know what to do, it's a little difficult to go to Hiyoko-Do for 3 days in a row.

As I was contemplating my thoughts in my seat, the members of Class B, including Curtis, came over.

Buuuhhh!

I burst out laughing.

"Wha-Wha-What is it, Makoto?!" Curtis said.

"Cu-Cu-Curtis, you're so shiny~~. Uhahahahahahaha," I laughed.

"U-Uruseyo, this is just what happened when I took a bath yesterday," Curtis said.

"It was me... I put... Makoto's bath salts... in it..." Elmer said.

"So it's all your doing, Elmer!" Curtis yelled.

Elmer nodded sharply.

"This is... amazing, the savage Browright-kyou is now so shiny."

"Uruseyo, Gerald!! There's no point in a man being shiny."

"No, no, this is amazing. Clayton-kyou was impressive, but you, Browright-kyou, are amazing as well."

"Kevin-ouji, please stop staring at me."

“Aah, that was rude of me.”

Handsome guys shouldn't be staring at each other at all.

Isn't my imagination running wild?

Kevin x Curtis is possible.

Uhn.

“So, what should we do today, Kimball-san?” Kevin said.

“Don't you have to have lunch with Vivian-sama, Prince?” I asked.

“I'm with her on Tuesdays and Thursdays,” Kevin said.

“Oh, then what about yesterday?” I asked.

“I slacked off,ahaha.”

He's been ignoring her.

As for Vivian-sama, wouldn't it be the same as if Prince Kevin defected to a rival faction?

“Please tell Vivian-sama you're going to make up for that with today.”

“Huh, but it's more fun to have lunch with the Saint's Faction~.”

“I agree with him,” Gerald said. “Duke Pottinger's faction has such intense vanity, so it doesn't make for a very enjoyable meal with them.”

No, you have to stop this, Gerald, what are you going to do about the consequences?

“I'll go with her tomorrow, so today is fine, right?”

Mattaku, he just says it with a bright smile.

You're too much, Ouji-sama.

“It's just for today, please go with her next week,” I said.

“I understand, I understand, Kimball-san.”

Well, I can understand that having lunch with Duke Pottinger's faction is awkward.

Because it's because of Vivian-sama and Deborah-san.

Also, Mike is there.

It does not sound like a good time.

"So, where are we going?"

"I want to try a middle-class restaurant in the city."

"Hmm, I see, do you get tired of just bread?"

"Does anyone know of a restaurant that is delicious and cheap?"

Koishi-chan timidly raised her hand.

"I know a restaurant that serves Northern cuisine."

"... .."

"It-It's not that salty, myon!"

Well, I did say I wanted to try something new.

Even if it doesn't taste good, you can still laugh about it later.

"Umm, can we fit about 15 people? It's lunchtime."

"It's a pretty big bar, myon, and they also serve lunch, myon."

"Then, let's go. I'd appreciate your guidance, Koishi-chan."

"Understood, myon."

Prince Kevin looks thoughtful.

"Northern food? I've never had it."

"I would suppose it's salty."

"Well, these things are valuable experiences, so let's go, Gerald, Lloyd."

"I don't mind. I've had northern food before with a girl from the north. It was a little salty."

Lloyd-chan is as confident as ever.

Everyone leaves the classroom one by one and marches down the hallway.

Corinna-chan looks thoughtful.

“Don’t you have any money?”

“Yes, but I don’t really eat out much, so I’m a little hesitant.”

“You don’t like spending money, do you?”

“Money disappears when you spend it,” Corinna said.

“If you keep a record of Makoto’s bath salts sales, I’ll pay you for it,” Carol said.

“Are you going to do that again?”

“Hey, let’s expand our business,” Carol said.

“There’s also the books for the dryer sales, so I’ll pay you a salary,” I said.

“I see, then I guess it’s fine.”

“If you don’t spend money on lunch, it won’t be fun.”

“If I had a kitchen in my room, I would make lunch myself.”

Corinna-chan, can you cook?

“What kind of lunch will you make?”

“A ham sandwich.”

“You can buy that at Hiyoko-Do.”

Yuriyuri-senpai joined us at the entrance to the school building.

“Are you eating out today?” she asked.

“I’m going to the restaurant Koishi-chan recommended,” I said.

“Isn’t that salty?”

“It’s not salty, myon!”

Well, everyone sees Koishi-chan throwing salt all over her food, day

in, day out.

The mixed squad of the Saint's Faction and the Royal Faction will leave the school gates and parade around the royal capital.

We wander around and hang around.

Koishi-chan passed in front of Hiyoko-Do and entered the back street.

This area is a commercial district, so the security is not that bad even in the back streets.

Well, there is Curtis, Cattleya-san, and Elsa-san who have brought their incredible swords, so the thugs won't come.

We go behind the Great Temple.

"Ah, Seijou-san, hey there."

"Hey there."

"Huh, what are you doing here, you lawless criminals?"

The grinning thugs are the honest gangsters I dealt with the other day.

"Linda-san hired us."

"Since we caused trouble to the Seijou-san, we were asked to work as Temple staff."

"So I see, do your best."

"Understood."

Well, they're thugs, but they're also honest, so I guess that's a good thing.

Orphans were clinging to their legs.

Are the children fond of them, too?

Are they really that bad?

A little further behind the Great Temple, we found the place.

The Northern-style Bar, this is Nishin no Nami-Tei

So, how salty is lunch going to be?

Expectations are high.

Chapter 202

Lunchtime At The Northern Cuisine Bar, Nishi No Nami-Tei

It's the Northern cuisine bar, Nishin no Nami-Tei.

It's a public bar, isn't it?

Looks like they're having lunch at noon.

The A lunch mainly consists of 600 dolancs worth of fish.

Today's menu seems to be grilled unicorn fish.

Unicorn fish?

"It's a fish caught in the Northern seas, and it's fatty and delicious, myon," Koishi said.

"Is that so?"

In my previous life, the unicorn was a mammal, but here it looks like a fish.

The B lunch also seems to focus on 600 dolancs worth of meat.

It looks like Akorak pork sautéed with bacon.

"It's a northern specialty pork dish, myon, it bursts with bacon, myon."

"I see."

Which one should I choose?

Koishi-chan entered the store first.

Looks like they'll arrange a seat for us.

"Which one would you choose Carol?"

"Maybe the meat?"

"Then I'll take the fish. Let's share a little."

"That sounds nice."

I'm also curious about the bursting bacon.

"We can go in, myon, we were lucky, a private room was open, myon."

"That's helpful."

Prince Kevin was pleased.

Well, that's right, eating in the main dining area can cause confusion from the desire to see the prince.

We entered the store.

Oh, it's decorated with ship anchors and equipment.

I wonder if it used to be a sailor's bar.

We follow Koishi-chan and head to the private room.

"Irasshaimase."

The waitress bows her head.

It's a Northern folk costume, so cute.

It also looks like the Ainu clothes from my previous life.

"Irassha..."

The waitress looked at Prince Kevin and was confused.

"Musume-san, Ouji-san doesn't come to places like this," Gerald said.

"Ha-Hai."

"So, we're students who just look very similar student, so it's fine, yes?"

"Ha-haa...! That's perfectly fine!"

The waitress was smart.

Isn't that counterproductive, though?

It was a large private room, so everyone could fit inside and there was plenty of room.

That's a relief.

The waitress takes orders.

"I'd like an A lunch, please."

"Yes, understood."

"I'd like a B lunch, please."

"Understood."

She briskly takes orders.

There are quite a lot of people getting a B lunch.

The royal capital is inland, so it's difficult to transport fish, and even if you can catch it, it's only river trout.

Well, river trout is delicious.

"Lloyd-sama~, this is my first time in a place like this~."

"I see, Juliet, you haven't come before, do you want to go for a drink next time?"

"Eh~, what should I do~?"

Lloyd-chan, you should wait until you're an adult to start drinking.

"Koishi-kun, everyone's been saying it will be salty for a while, but is Northern cuisine truly salty?" Kevin said.

"So-Soudesune, myon, Ke-Kevin-sama, it's because people in the North are poor, everything is pickled in salt, myon, so there are a lot of salty dishes, myon. This restaurant is tailored to the tastes of the citizens of the capital, so it's not that salty, myon."

"I see, it's my first time trying northern cuisine, so I'm looking forward to it," Kevin said.

"T-This restaurant's food is delicious, so I want you to enjoy it, myon," Koishi said.

Prince Kevin smiled when he heard Koishi-chan's answer.

That's a royal smile.

Koishi-chan turned bright red.

“Please don’t woo my concubine candidate, Prince,” Curtis said.

“Are you a candidate for Lord Browright’s concubine? Well, well,” Kevin said.

“I heard that Koishi-sama was a skilled master who managed to land a blow on Linda-shi and received a Horai magic sword from the Great Temple,” Gerald said.

“Sho-Sho-Shonna, that was all a fluke, myon, McKnight-shyama.”

“Even if it’s just a fluke, it’s still a big deal. Don’t worry about it, Koishi-sama,” Gerald said.

“Ha-Hai!” Koishi said.

Or rather, Gerald seems to be bossy towards everyone.

A fish the size of a hockey mackerel with a horn was brought to me on a hot iron plate.

Oh, it’s sizzling.

The main dish fish came with rye bread, consommé soup, and a mini salad.

It is cheap at 600 dolancs.

Since it’s lunchtime, the plates are brought to you in a rush.

At Carol’s B lunch, a large piece of bacon was making a sizzling sound on the iron plate.

Oh, the big meat is nice.

Next time I come, I’ll try that lunch set.

Everyone had their plates.

I put my palms together at the A Lunch in front of me.

“Itadakimasu.”

“””I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.”””

Everyone, don’t pray towards me.

Prince Kevin, Gerald, and even Lloyd-chan.

Stop it!

I used a fork to loosen the flesh of the unicorn fish and brought it to my mouth.

Pakuri.

Fumu.

It's a fish with an indescribable flavor.

It also feels a little salty.

It's fatty and delicious.

It's delicious when eaten with crunchy rye bread.

"This is delicious. It's fish, but it has a lot of flavor," Gerald said.

"Give me some, Gerald, and I'll give you some of my bacon too," Kevin said.

Carol smiles and puts some bacon on my plate, and in return, I put the unicorn meat on her griddle.

Dore, dore?

Pakuri.

Houh, this is delicious bacon.

The degree of smoke is not that strong, and it feels like a grilled pork from a previous life.

Juicy.

With this taste and that size, I feel satisfied.

"Oh my, the fish is delicious."

"You can also have the bacon, it's lightly smoked, aromatic, juicy, and delicious."

"It's a little big, so eat some more, Makoto."

"Hmm, I'll give you some more fish, too."

I shared it with Carol and continued eating.

“This restaurant’s food is delicious, Koishi-chan.”

“It was founded by someone who was my Otou-san’s subordinate, myon. It was so successful that they opened a branch in the royal capital, myon-yo~.”

Is that so?

... Koishi-chan’s bacon is a different color.

“That bacon is different from the others.”

“It’s just like the Northern seasoning, myon.”

Ah, that’s why you didn’t put salt on it today.

“Would you like to have a bite, Makoto-shyan?”

“Please.”

Koishi-chan handed me a piece of bacon with a fork and I ate it.

.....

Shyupehhh!!

“Ahaha, it’s the Northern seasoning, isn’t it, myon?”

“What does it taste like?”

“Carol-shyan, have some, too.”

Carol also took a bite and looked like it was too salty.

It’s probably too salty, the Northern seasoning.

Chapter 203

The Airship Has Returned, But An Emergency Has Occurred

Warning: Visceral parasitic gore. If you're creeped out by the Aliens series, do watch out, this chapter goes into how horrific the monsters in this world can be.

After eating lunch at Nishin no Nami-Tei, we went outside.

It was surprisingly delicious there.

We'll come back and eat some of that big bacon next time.

Uhn, uhn.

A large airship appeared in the sky.

Oh, it's the Golden Dawn, it's back from a week of labyrinth training.

It feels like it's been a while since I met Hilda-senpai.

It won't be insensitive to go to meet someone and immediately receive a souvenir, right?

Umumu.

There's something strange about everyone in the Saint's Faction and the Royal Faction looking at the Golden Dawn with their mouths open.

In fact, everyone passing by was looking up at the sky.

Even in the royal capital, airships are rarely seen.

The airship lowers its altitude with a "goun-goun" sound.

"Kimball!!"

When my name was called, I freaked out.

Eh, who?

When I thought that, I saw Batten-sensei running towards me at full

speed.

“Haeh? Sensei, why are you in such a hurry?”

“It’s a serious emergency,” Battenmeier said. “There was an accident in the Gadruga Great Labyrinth. A party of five 2nd-year students fell into a deep floor. Two died, three were seriously injured, and they’re being kept alive with healing magic and potions!!”

“Y-You’ve got to be kidding?!”

Two people dead?

Is the Great Gadruga Labyrinth really that dangerous?

“I just got the message!” Battenmeier said. “I was wondering if you could do something about it, so let’s hurry now!”

“Yes!! Everyone, head on without me!”

“Ganbatte, Kimball-san.”

“Let’s hurry!”

I started running with Batten-sensei leading me by the hand.

“We don’t have enough time! Is there a horse somewhere?”

There aren’t that many horses, or horse carriages, or other forms of transport, even in the royal capital...

Dulcie appeared.

“Get on my back. I’ll fly you there!”

“I-I see, yeah, let’s do that!”

I put myself on Dulcie’s back.

She held my leg to her stomach and jumped up.

UWAAAAHH!

This floating feeling is incredible.

When I looked behind me, I saw that Batten-sensei had exhausted her strength and was sitting on the road, being cared for by Carol.

Dulcie lands on the roof of a private house and jumps up further.

“Dulcie, I’ll create Barriers as footholds, okay?”

The sound of the wind rushing past us was strong, and Dulcie nodded.

“3, 2, 1, now, Barrier!”

Dan! Dulcie steps on the Light Barrier I created and flies even higher into the sky.

Oh, can I jump on the airship with this?

“The airship! Jumping directly on its deck! Can you do it?!”

Dulcie nods sheepishly.

“3, 2, 1, now, Barrier!”

The airship approaches.

It’s convenient because it lowers its altitude to land on the ground.

“3, 2, 1, now, Barrier!”

We appeared right above the airship.

Dulcie twists her body to shift the point of fall.

Hilda-senpai on the deck was looking at me with wide eyes.

I waved.

Daaaaaaan!

Dulcie landed on the deck.

“Thank you, Dulcie.”

“No, it was nothing.”

Dulcie looks a little proud.

But praise comes later.

“Senpai! Is anyone injured?”

“This way, and that was a dramatic entrance!”

“The Saint of Light Candidate likes to show off.”

Dulcie disappeared.

Someone runs out on the deck.

“What’s wrong? Who are you? Aren’t you a 1st year? Why are you here?”

The fat sensei called out to me.

“I’m a saint candidate. I heard the message and came flying over. Where are the injured people?”

“Ah, aah! Aaah!! This way, this way! It’s this way!”

The sensei guided us.

We run down the stairs inside the airship.

Ah, if it wasn’t for the situation, I would want to take a look inside.

Sensei went down to the bottom floor and opened the door to the room at the end of the hallway.

“They’re seriously injured and won’t last another second. There’s one more seriously injured, and the other one’s lost part of her hand, so we can deal with her later.”

This situation is—.

“A parasitic monster!! To think that was the situation!!” Hilda-senpai screamed.

“They fell into a pit on the 5th floor. It took a while for the rescue team to arrive.”

The male student’s eyes had turned white.

Is he still alive, even?

Zururi, a multi-legged white insect appeared from his shoulder.

Rin.

Kogitsunemaru rang out.

Okay, I’ll cut him open, heal him, kill the parasites, and save him!!

I pull out Kogitsunemaru and slash at the white insect.

When cut in half, the insects disappear as if melting.

Pan!

The victim's chest burst open, releasing countless maggot-like larvae.

“Look out!! Makoto-san!!”

No problem, all the larvae hit the Barrier and stopped.

I slice the larvae up with Kogitsunemaru and mow them down.

I produced Light Analysis magic from my hand.

Pii.

Uwah, he's being devoured.

There's one bigger one, and there are countless other larvae.

His heart is still beating rapidly, and the larvae have not yet entered his brain.

I'll help him now, so please do hold on.

I pierce his lung with Kogitsunemaru, slice up the mother insect, and heal the lung that had been eaten.

With a gurgling sound, he vomits blood.

Just like that, I cut and cut and cut the larva.

I heal the damaged organs along the way.

Haa, haa.

This uses incredible amounts of magical power.

I wonder if the other two can give me magic.

I had to get a magic potion from Carol.

It felt like an elevator was descending, and with a thud, I felt the airship land.

“EX Heal.”

He lost his legs, so I regrew them.

Then, cut and cut the larva until it disappears and heal its organs.

Fine magic stones hit the floor with a “jarin-jarin.”

Okay.

“Finished.”

The victim has lost consciousness, but his face appears peaceful as he sleeps.

I’ve healed his eyes, so I’m sure it’ll be fine.

“Wow, even though you sliced him into pieces, there’s not a single scratch left on him...”

“This sword is for medical purposes, now the next student.”

“That’s right, the second student is also in critical condition, it’s been a struggle seeing them through the night.”

“Let’s go, I’ll heal them.”

Hilda-senpai was praying to me.

“Seijou-sama...”

“Please don’t do this, it’s not the cafeteria.”

“Hehe, that’s right.”

Hilda-senpai smiled slightly and bowed to me.

Chapter 204

Treating The Burn Victim Susan In The Infirmary Room On The 2nd Floor The fat sensei led us up the stairs, and the next one seemed to be one floor higher.

“Sensei, the transportation of parasitic monster victims is forbidden by national law,” Hilda said.

“I know, I understand that, but, but, Iruka-kun, Iruka-kun he, Iruka-kun, he said he wanted to go back to the royal capital, he wanted to go back...”

This sensei seems like a kind person.

His voice was choked and tears were streaming down his face.

However, parasitic monsters are too dangerous, so this seems to be a crisis in itself.

“Hilda-senpai, let’s pretend it never happened.”

“But, Makoto-san, one wrong move could have turned the royal capital into a desolate ruin,” Hilda said.

I launched a Light Sensing spell.

Kaahn.

There’s a hit.

Two rats in the back of the ship’s hold are infested by the larvae of a parasitic monster.

“I’ll wipe them all out. It’ll be no problem.”

“I’ll accept the severe punishment,” Sensei said. “There’s no need for the Seijou-san to bother with this. If Iruka-kun is saved, I’m willing to go to prison for him.”

He’s a good sensei, even though he looks like one of those overweight bastards.

When I looked at Hilda-san, she shrugged.

Let's think about it later.

The priority is to save the life of the next victim.

"Hilda-senpai, please tell the crew to wait before opening the hatch," I said,

"They're still here?" Hilda said.

I nodded.

However, even if they escape from the ship, with Sensing magic, we will be able to corner them.

Hilda-san turned and ran toward the stairs.

Sensei leads me to the back of the 2nd floor.

"Here she is, she's in a terrible state, too," Sensei said.

"Antone-sensei!! Susan won't die, right?"

A crowd of female students hanging out in front of the door grabbed the fat sensei.

"It's okay, the Seijou-sama has arrived."

"Aaah!!"

They put their hands together in prayer and look at me.

"Susan, please help Susan, Kinteki-san!"

"Do you have any magic potions left?"

"He-Here."

Three bottles of red magic potion were handed out.

Is this something Carol made?

If a student at the school has one, then it probably is.

"I'll take one," I said as I took a bottle, uncorked it, and drank it.

Mazuuu...!!

What is this chemical bitterness?

However, I felt a warm feeling at the bottom of my stomach and felt that my magical power was recovering a little.

“Thank you, that powered me up a bit.”

“Please, go ahead,” Antone-sensei said as he opened the door.

It smelled like harsh ointment and pus.

What was on the bed were the remains of a girl.

Half of her body was burnt, her left arm was missing, and her right and left legs were missing.

Does it feel like she’s been burned by fire?

“Who is it?”

There was a hoarse voice.

Is she conscious?

“The saint candidate, I came to heal you.”

I apply Light Diagnostic magic.

Pii.

She’s in terrible condition, but she’s still alive.

“I... I’ll be fine... he-heal Verona... and bring him back.”

I look at Antone-sensei.

“He’s the son of a count, Verona Ventura, the leader of her party. His arm was eaten by a chimera, but his injuries are not life-threatening.”

I nodded.

I sat down on Susan’s bed.

“You first, Susan.”

“Even if we die... it’s fine... if Verona... is saved... he’s... our hope.”

“I’ll heal Verona, and I’ll heal you too, Susan,” I said. “Leave it to me. If everyone else dies, it’ll be hard on Verona, too.”

“Even so... the two of us won’t survive...”

“Iruka-kun survived too, Susan-kun, you have to survive and support Verona-kun with him,” I said.

“Then... don’t heal me... no matter how EX potions we need... Chichi spends so much money...”

“You’re so annoying!! I just said I’d heal you!!”

I snapped and put my hand on Susan’s burnt face.

“Extra Heal.”

Susan’s face instantly healed as my hands glowed with light.

Well, even though it’s my ability, it’s still a cheat.

“Huh? What?”

“Extra Heal.”

I cast the Extra Heal on her shoulder and her burnt arm.

The tattered, carbonized skin peels off, and an arm with shiny baby-like skin emerges.

“High Heal.”

High Heal is for the burn wounds around the chest and stomach.

“Extra Heal.”

A leg grows from the missing section of the right leg.

“Extra Heal.”

The missing ankle of her right leg has returned, and the tip of her foot has reformed.

I move around to Susan’s back and heal the burnt skin with my High Heal.

“So then, what did this to you?” I asked.

“A ch-chimera,” Susan said. “It spit fire on me, it struck me, and my legs were eaten,” she said, trembling and bursting into tears as if remembering her fear of that moment.

Chimera, that's a huge deal.

"Will I be able to live, along with Verona and Iruka?"

"Live. It would be terrible if you died."

When Susan heard this, she opened her mouth wide and cried like a child.

Antone-sensei shed tears, he seems to be an emotional person.

"Susan-kun, what a relief, what a relief, aah, thank you, Seijou-san, thank you so much."

"And thanks to you for not giving up and bringing them on the airship. If there had been a victim still in Gadruga, we wouldn't have made it in time."

"No, it's not like that, it's not like that at all, it's all thanks to you."

Antone-sensei burst into tears.

Now then, there's only one more injured person.

Is he the son of Count Verona?

It doesn't seem like his injuries are life-threatening, but it seems like his heart has been damaged.

He was their leader.

I'm not very good at providing mental health care, but I guess it can't be helped.

Chapter 205

On the 3rd Floor, I Treat Verona-Senpai Who Seems To Be Falling Into Darkness Antone-sensei leads us up the stairs again.

If you go up one floor more, you'll see the deck.

It says it's a first-class cabin, so it's probably lined up with rooms where the upper-crust of the nobles stay.

However, since it takes about four hours to get to Gadrage Labyrinth, I don't think they'll be spending the night on the ship.

"Here, he just lost an arm, so if Seijou-sama is tired, we can do it later..." Antone said.

"No, it's too much trouble, so I'll fix it now," I said.

I knocked on the door, waited for a reply, and entered the room.

Verona-senpai was sitting on the sofa with dark, distant eyes.

"Who are you?"

I didn't answer and sat next to him on the sofa.

"That's right, let's talk first."

"...I have nothing to talk to you about..."

"How many have you been struggling?"

"...Two days, two days is my limit."

Verona-senpai held his head in his arms, his right hand was missing from the elbow, and there was blood on the bandage.

"You must have gone through so much."

"But, I didn't do enough! If I had made more accurate decisions, Borge and Corinne wouldn't have died, I... I..."

I slowly stroked Verona-senpai's head.

Antone-sensei looked at me with a nervous look on his face.

“Did things go well at first?”

“Ah, indeed, we really were a good party, we got along well, and even got top-class results in the labyrinth training, but we just slipped down to the 5th floor...”

“The 5th floor is huge, and there must have been some dangerous targets there.”

“On the first night, the chimera appeared, our scout Borge was defeated, and somehow it managed to escape into a defile with him...”

Did they lose their scout?

If the party's eyes disappear, the effectiveness of the whole party will drop significantly.

This chimera seems to be quite cunning.

“I couldn't go save Borge, his screams got fainter and fainter, and then they stopped...”

“That sounds so terrible...”

It's so tough, I don't think he would be able to recover.

“Still, Verona-senpai, you probably got away.”

“Ah, that's right, I abandoned Borge and ran away, I, I...”

I patted his back.

That was tough.

That's so tragic.

“The chimera attacked us many times, pushing us deeper and deeper...”

“It sounds like it's cunning.”

“It looks like a much older specimen, and looking back on it, it seems like we were being pushed into a corner.”

I guess they couldn't realize it with their scout gone.

"I spent a sleepless night, and in the morning the chimera came again, grabbed Corinne, and spit fire on Susan as she tried to save her. Iruka and I dragged Susan back and ran away, so we did our best. And then Corinne was eaten..."

Verona-senpai let out a sob.

Helping someone and abandoning someone in extreme situations.

How painful must it have been?

Oh, I'm in tears, too.

"Susan is probably dead by now, Iruka was attacked by a parasitic beast..."

"Where is that parasitic beast?"

"It was deep in the hole where we had escaped from the chimera, and Iruka was attacked and started screaming, and by that time the chimera had also stuck its head in the hole and ate my arm..."

Verona-senpai cried.

I also cried in sympathy.

"After that, a rescue team came and chased away the chimera, and I was saved. But I was left alone. There's no one in my party anymore, there's no one left."

"I healed Susan-senpai and Iruka-senpai."

Verona-senpai opened his eyes and looked at me.

"That, can't be..."

"I'm a saint candidate."

"You are... Kinkteki-sama... Makoto-kun..."

"It's impossible for the two who are already dead, but Susan-senpai and Iruka-senpai are still alive," I said.

"Se-Seijou-sama healed them to the fullest of her capability," Antone-sensei said. "Verona-kun, you don't have to cry anymore... it's okay."

"Aaah... AAAAAHHHHH! UAAHHHHH!!"

Verona-senpai hugged me and cried.

Tears were falling down my chest and it was hot.

I kept patting him on the back.

After crying for a while, Verona-senpai looked up.

“I’m sorry for being so distraught, Saint-sama.”

“I am the saint candidate.”

“I’ve heard rumors that you’re just calling yourself a saint candidate so you can go to the school, but you’re genuinely a saint.”

“Still, a candidate is a candidate.”

“You must be so modest, you’ll be the saint in time.”

“If I become the saint, I’ll be forced to do a lot of work at the Temple.”

Verona-senpai let out a small chuckle.

“Heal me, Seijou-sama, no, Kimball-san.”

“I’m fine with Makoto, Verona-senpai.”

“Yes, Makoto-kun, please go ahead.”

“That’s what I’m here for.”

I placed my hand on Verona-senpai’s missing right arm.

“Extra Heal.”

A new lower arm will soon emerge.

“Amazing.....”

I cast a Diagnostic spell of Light on him.

Pii.

Hmm, there are some areas that are damaged.

“Heal”

“High Heal.”

Okay, now there's no damage.

“Hai, it's over.”

“I wonder how much the treatment will cost, Makoto-kun.”

“Hmm, just go to the Great Temple and offer as much as you like to the Goddess.”

“Aren't you going to take anything for this? For all this medical treatment?”

“Yeah, that aside, I feel like the Light magic is entrusted to me by the goddess, so I don't really benefit personally from it.”

“The-Then, in that case, won't there be an influx of sick people coming, Saint-sama?”

Antone-sensei said this in a worried voice.

“Yes, so please just keep quiet about it being for free, it's a pain to have to send sick people away.”

“Makoto-kun, you are...”

“Seijou-sama...”

No, don't pray to me, you guys!

I'm not a goddess!

Chapter 206

After Being Invited To The Next Labyrinth Training, I Destroy The Parasitic Beasts

“Makoto-kun, can I ask you something a bit much?” Verona asked.

“What is it?”

I’m not doing anything H-related.

“Is it possible for you to come with us for the next labyrinth training?” Verona said.

“Oh, that would greatly improve the safety of the students! It might be a good idea,” Antone said.

“Well, I’m still a 1st year student and have other classes, so I can’t go to the labyrinth for even a week, Sensei,” I said.

“I-I see.”

Antone-sensei looked disappointed.

It’s not that he’s a bad sensei, but he tends to try to overcome reason with his humanity.

I don’t hate people like that, but reason is also important.

“I... I want to hunt that chimera...” Verona said.

“Oh, is that why?” I asked.

“I feel like we can’t move on unless we defeat that chimera, so please, please help us.”

Verona-senpai bowed deeply.

Hmm, I’m in trouble.

“I’ll think about it once I get permission from the school. It’s a Great Labyrinth, isn’t it?”

“That’s fine by me, I’ll talk to the principal about it too,” Verona said.
“By the way, the next Great Labyrinth training session is at the

beginning of June. Even if you go for a week, you'll still be able to complete the excursion before the next semester."

I see, if I make some bath salts in advance, the only people who will be sad are the children at the orphanage in the Great Temple and my adoptive baron parents.

"If I go, will I be the only one?" I asked.

"I think the accommodations would be fine for a few more people coming with you," Antone said.

Maybe I'll invite Carol or something.

I-It's the potions, it's convenient to have potions with us, honestly.

I'm not thinking about being able to sleep in the same room as Carol at the inn.

Uhn.

Dulcie appeared, her hand raised.

Etto.

In this world, it is not customary to raise your hand and make a proposal, but it seems that my habits have been transferred to Dulcie.

"Do you want to go to the labyrinth with me?" I asked.

Dulcie nods deeply.

"A maid-san, huh? Where did she just come from?" Verona asked.

"Ah, Verona-senpai, this is my intelligence maid Dulcie," I said.

"I'm Dulcie, a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"An intelligence maid! Can I have you be our replacement scout?" Verona said.

"I guess I could be, but in terms of classification, I'm more of a grappler maid."

"I like that, you can be used as an extra fighting force, it's fine," Verona said.

Wow, Verona-senpai is so enthusiastic.

Well, if I go, no one will die, so I guess we can pursue the chimera with all our might.

“Then, please let me know if things are finalized,” I said.

“Wh-Where are you going?” Antone said.

“I’m going to hunt the parasitic monsters,” I said.

“They’re still here!!!?” Antone screamed.

“They are,” I said. “I have asked the crew not to open the ship’s hatches until they are all annihilated.”

“What have I done...?” Antone whispered. “I’ve put the royal capital in grave danger...”

“Antone-sensei, I will wipe out all the parasitic monsters, so please pretend that none of this ever happened.”

“B-but-but, my sins are,” Antone said.

“Your sins will go unpunished, so feel refreshed and don’t worry about it.”

“W-Why, why are you doing this?”

I took a deep breath.

“Iruka-senpai will be sad if you are forced to leave school,” I said.

“Sensei, I’ll be sad, too,” Verona said. “You are Iruka and Susan’s lifesaver.”

“Also, I think the school will continue to need a sensei who tried so hard to save dying students,” I said. “I will take responsibility for annihilating the parasitic monsters. In return, Sensei, don’t admit your guilt, please.”

Antone-sensei’s face crumpled and he cried.

“Saint-sama, I’m indecisive, I don’t want to see my students die, and that’s all I did, and I haven’t done anything that deserves praise. I, I...”

“Sensei, if you didn’t do your best, both Susan and Iruka would be dead by now. I am truly grateful to you. Please don’t quit.”

Sensei cried out loud.

Wow, this sensei who cries a lot.

“Well then, see you later,” I said.

I left the 1st class cabin.

I emit a nano-sized ring of Light and sensed a wide range.

Kahn.

There are reactions from parasitic monsters in two places.

The position hasn’t changed much.

Yoshi, let’s kill them quickly.

Parasitic monsters aren’t much of a threat in the labyrinth.

They’re magically noisy, so a magician can deal with it.

However, if these guys get out and enter the city, it will be a big problem.

If they increase explosively in a city, it will become an uninhabitable place.

Once, the Empire attached a parasitic monster to a cow and used a catapult to hurl it inside a besieged city.

Within a week, the city was destroyed, and the occupying forces were no longer able to enter it.

It was abandoned and no one could come inside its walls until the hero Yvonne used the holy sword Hawkes to burn down the mother parasite, who had evolved into a brutal parasitic monster.

After that, there are no idiots who would let this kind of parasitic monster out of the labyrinth.

If things went to protocol, Iruka-senpai would have been cremated by a Fire Bolt or something, that was a given.

Well, Antone-sensei was able to push through.

That could have saved his life.

We arrived at the cargo hold.

I let loose one shot of Sensing Light magic.

Kahn.

There's a mouse in the shadow of that box.

I pull out Kogitsunemaru.

I closed my eyes and used my Light Magic Vision to see through the box and slash the mouse.

The parasitic monster larva was cut in half, dropped a small magic stone, and disappeared.

I grabbed the rat that jumped out and caught it.

"Come on, get out of the ship and live."

I opened the window and threw the mouse out.

Suddenly, Dulcie caught the mouse.

"Makoto-sama, rats are the enemy of maids."

With that, she crushed the mouse to death.

Hmm, the maids are tough on rats.

Poor thing.

I release the Sensing magic and search for the next mouse.

It's one floor up.

I cut the rats in the storeroom in half and killed them along with their larvae.

Okay, there's no reaction from the parasitic monsters from the Sensing magic.

When I went up to the deck, Hilda-senpai was waiting for me and a shaggy-bearded sailor.

“Are your concerns over?”

“They’re over. You can now open the hatch and let the students out.”

“Thank you.”

The shaggy-bearded sailor turned out to be an officer, he moved to the front and started giving orders to his subordinates.

“Thank you for your hard work, Makoto-san,” Hilda said.

“I’ll keep this matter a secret, so can Hilda-senpai make arrangements?” I asked.

“I understand, I’ll do something about it. What about you?” Hilda asked.

“I told you to him to just confess his sins to me instead of punishment.”

“You really are far too lenient, Ryoushu.”

“Sorry.”

Hilda-senpai smiled.

“That’s my favorite thing about you, so you don’t have to worry about it. We’ll take care of everything.”

“Thank you, I’m counting on you.”

There are a lot of talented people around me, which is really helpful.

I’m glad they’re following me even though I’m not good enough.

Chapter 207

The Parasitic Monsters I Thought Were The Most Evil Weren't That Bad

“Yah, are you Makoto Kimball-sama, the saint candidate?”

For some reason, here came an old man wearing shoulder pads with sparkling gold thread.

He also wears a rugged hat.

“I’m Irving Cooper, captain of the Golden Dawn,” he said. “Pleasure to meet you.”

“Oh, hello, sorry for jumping aboard before landing.”

“No, no, that’s fine. So, I heard that you annihilated the parasitic monsters, is that true?” Cooper said.

Oh, this oyaji is talking about such a delicate topic on a deck with so many people around...

Hm?

“Umm, I heard it’s against national law to transport a patient infected with a parasitic monster...”

“Eh? Ah, that’s the species that live in the Northern Labyrinth,” Cooper said. “The parasitic monsters in the Gatruga Great Labyrinth don’t have that much reproductive power. What, you thought the city was going to fall to ruin?”

“What did you say?” I gasped with Hilda-senpai.

“You have to be careful about them, but it’s not a very strong species, otherwise we wouldn’t have allowed them to take the victim aboard,” Cooper said.

“I heard that it destroyed a city, so I got anxious,” I said.

“The parasites used by the Empire are more brutal than those from the north, and the ones in the Great Labyrinth are not that bad,” Cooper said. “Otherwise, Gatruga Labyrinth City would not have been created. If they reproduced that fast, the larvae from infected monsters would

have entered the city via infected adventurers.”

“What do you do in a situation like that?”

“What, is that wizards use Sensing magic to find them and burn them,” Cooper said. “They’re hated even in the labyrinth, so they’re often burned by adventurers on the way in.”

Haah, I was surprised and at a loss.

It wasn’t that threatening.

“The students who were infected were treated and cured. The other parasitic monsters that were inside the ship are all annihilated.”

“I see, thank you very much, Kimball-kun, after you graduate from school, would you like to work as a doctor on this ship?” Cooper asked.

Wah, a flying boat doctor. It looks like I’ll have fun traveling around the world.

“I’ll think about it,” I said.

“Well, if you have trouble finding a job, come over anytime.”

The captain laughed and walked toward a room that seemed to be on the bridge.

I looked at Hilda-senpai.

“All that fuss,” I muttered.

“Truly, I’m very sorry, Ryoushu.”

“Well, what’s done is done,” I said.

I don’t like the horror of parasitic monsters spreading throughout the world.

It was an overreaction.

If things were really bad, the Captain wouldn’t have let the victim aboard no matter what Antone-sensei said.

I was the first to get off the gangway after it was lowered.

Hilda-san said she was going to get off with the rest of the group and said goodbye.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs, everyone from the Saint's Faction and Batten-sensei were there, and they saw me and waved.

"Iyah, I haven't come back from the labyrinth," I said.

"It feels like it, myon," Koishi-chan said as she smiled.

"How was it, Kimball-kun? Did the seriously injured survive?" Battenmeier said.

"Yes, I wasn't too late to save them, thank you for letting me know, Batten-sensei."

"I'm the one who should thank you. It would be a problem if too many people died at a school trip."

Batten-sensei looked relieved.

You're a good sensei too.

"Does labyrinth training involve that many deaths?" I asked.

"No way, in a normal year, no one would have died. It's only when there's a serious accident. It's a practical training where you learn the basics of adventuring on a shallow floor. I guess I was just incredibly bad luck this time."

Well, Appleton is a magic academy for aristocrats, not a serious school for training adventurers.

The bell rang for the 5th period.

"Ah, I have to go to magic training, Makoto, see you after school."

"Yeah, Carol."

After school, I'll make bath salts with Carol.

"Before that... the experiment..."

"Hai....."

To be honest, I'm already tired of experimenting with Light magic.

However, Jean-oji-san and Elmer have an insatiable intellectual curiosity and want to experiment with my Light magic.

Well, to be fair, there's no shortage of experiments to conduct.

I headed to the Magic Laboratory, dragged by Elmer.

"Hahaha, you panicked because you mistook the parasitic beasts of Gatraga Great Labyrinth for the ferocious parasitic beasts of legend that decimated a city, is that right? If you didn't know, you'd think it was so frightening."

"It's no laughing matter, Jean-oji-san," I said.

"Hahaha, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. However, Antone-sensei made a good decision. It's not something you can easily do.

He's a great teacher."

"He was ready to sacrifice his career... all to put...a dying student on the airship... he's a great man..."

"Well, I thought it was a little strange since he was lodging on the bottom floor without any issues," I said.

"If the student died anyway, I guess they wanted to cremate him on the bottom floor."

"Ah, so that's why..."

They left the senpai with the parasites infecting him because his body probably would not survive the attack magic needed to exterminate them.

Iruka-senpai was really on the edge of life and death.

"However, it is very sad that two students died," Jean said. "These are the first deaths in labyrinth training at Appleton Magic Academy in about 10 years."

"10 years...?"

Verona-senpai is so unlucky.

I'd like to do everything I can, but it's the Great Labyrinth of Gatraga.

I wish I could have gone with my own party in my 2nd year.

It might be a good idea to take a peek.

But it will be for a week.

I don't think Carol will come.

She doesn't want to be away for even a week.

I think I could call someone else...

Corinna-chan is out of the question, so it's Curtis, Cattleya-san, Koishi-chan, or Elsa-san.

If it were the members of the Swordsmanship Club, it would probably be Elsa-san, but I don't think we'll get along very well.

"Ah, I wonder if Carol could come with me."

"Take it seriously... the experiment..."

"Ah, sorry."

Elmer got mad at me.

Chapter 208

Preparing To Make Bath Salts After School

Kin-kon-kan-kohn.

“Nku!”

The experiment time was finally over, so I stretched out.

Yare, yare.

I’m getting bored by now, but I don’t have anything else to do in the afternoon classes.

If this was the case, I should have left some of the Intermediate Light magic untouched instead of memorizing all of it by the time I entered the school.

“Otsukaresama, Makoto-kun.”

“Yes, Jean-oji-san and Elmer, otsukaresama.”

“Otsukare.....”

The two of them were writing numbers on parchment without looking at me either.

Mattku, you science baka-domo.

I walk to Class A with Elmer.

Ah, but even though I boarded the airship, I couldn’t look around it.

I understand that the cabins are nice, but for me and Corinna-chan, the 3rd class cabin seems cramped.

However, will Corinna-chan be okay going to the Great Labyrinth?

She has no combat power, and it’s not like she’s good at magic, and calculations don’t have much meaning in a labyrinth.

She’d be in danger.

Hmm.

Well, there's no point in thinking about it, so let's think about it before the 2nd years come back.

I'm in Class A, so I take my seat.

Carol was already there.

"Do you do alchemy in your alchemy room, Carol? Or in the alchemy training room?" I asked.

"I think it's better at my place because I have more materials," Carol said.

Well, I guessed as much.

Even though it's an alchemy lab, it's not fully equipped with medicinal herbs, so they have to buy them from somewhere.

Carol's place has all the materials.

Anthony-sensei came and we had homeroom.

The 2nd year students have returned today, but they told us not to get together and make too much of a fuss.

It seems that students who come back from an unusual place called a labyrinth often make a ruckus when they get back.

That's what would happen if no one died in their party.

It seems like the restaurants are all fully booked for dinner.

After school, the students stand up and bow.

Hmm, the atmosphere after school is really nice.

Oh, Estelle-senpai has come in.

"Can I borrow you for a moment, Makoto-kun?" Estelle said.

"You want me? What for?"

Estelle-senpai seemed a little gloomy.

Ah, I wonder if she was petitioned to by the Saint's Bath protest group.

"Some of the female students have been pressuring us to have the

Saint's bath every day," Estell said.

"Hai, what was the result?" I asked.

"The bath will be held twice a week, on Monday and Wednesday, but will it be possible to create the potions for it?"

"Yeah, it's okay, I'm ready," I said.

"Thank the Goddess, the hard-line girls definitely wanted to add Friday night, too!"

"You must have had a tough time, too, Estelle-senpai," I said.

"Also, Yulisha came in with Misha and was crying asking for a small bottle of the stuff."

That person is a lost cause.

It was her own fault that she was banned from taking a bath with everyone else.

"About the small bottles, ask Carol?" I asked.

"Those bottles would be packaged," Estelle said. "Aren't you selling it to high-ranking nobles?"

"Yeah? I guess we can sell it to you cheaply?" Carol said.

Estelle-senpai had a quizzical look on her face.

"I'll sell it cheaply to the underground public bath, but I'll sell the personal-use bottles at a high price because that's a selfish request," Carol said. "Also, I'll sell it to the royal family for five gold coins."

"Five gold coins!! That's a rip-off"

"If you make it too cheap, it will definitely be resold, so this is to prevent that."

"Ah, I suppose you have a point," Estelle said. "So, how much will each package cost?"

Carol laughed out loud.

"One gold coin is enough for one use."

“Isn’t that expensive?”

10,000 dolancs at a time, what a luxurious bath.

“But, well, if you’re a high-ranking noble, you’ll buy it anyway,” I said. “If you have any complaints, you can just go to the underground public bath to take it there.”

“Indeed,” Carol said. “Also, if I find this being resold, I will never sell it to that person again.”

“Oh, are you going to put serial numbers on the bottles?” Estelle said.

“Yes, I have packaged bottles just like that,” Carol said.

“Looks like it’ll be profitable, Albright-san,” Estelle said.

“I’ll make money from it. Then, I’ll give it to Makoto,” Carol said. “We need money to treat the members of the Saint Faction.”

“Wow, that makes me happy,” I said.

Yay, profit-making~.

However, bounty hunting is probably the most profitable opportunity.

But I don’t want to make such bloody money.

“Let’s also use Corinna for inventory management, it should make a good investment.”

Yeah, yeah, we have to actively give money to Corinna-chan.

“Okay, then please deliver the medicine to the penthouse later. I’ll tell Yulisha.”

“Onegaishimasu, Estelle-senpai.”

Unsteadily, Estelle-senpai left Class A.

“Now then, let’s go to the alchemy room.”

“Well, let’s make some to give out,” I said. “Elmer, I’ll give you some bath salts later, so please give them to the supervisor of the boys’ dormitory.”

“Okay... also... I’d like... a personal bottle.”

“Why? Are you using it in your private bathroom?” I asked.

“I... took a big bath, yesterday... and it was... very comfortable... so, I don’t need it. Mother, however... will be very happy.”

“Okay, okay, you’re being filial to your parents, aren’t you? Elmer. Is just one okay?”

“For now...I think they’ll want one more...maybe... a lot more.”

...Won’t this bath salt become a big craze?

It’s starting to feel like it’s getting out of control now.

“It’ll sell!”

Carol made a tight fist.

Surprisingly, Carol is also a businessman.

Chapter 209

Making Bath Salts With Carol In The Alchemy Room

I ride the elevator with Carol and head for the 5th floor.

Kun, kun, Carol smells nice, like herbal medicine.

I can’t calm down.

Chin.

When I reached the 5th floor, I went out into the hallway.

Wow, there are people lining up at the sales stand.

Since their ribbons are blue, I guess the 2nd year students are here to replenish potions and antidotes.

“Anne, is the product stock okay?”

“Yes, for now, we think the sales numbers will go up today and tomorrow.”

I see, the consumption rate of alchemicals changes depending on the event.

The potion only lasts about a week, so you have to buy new ones

every now and then.

Pharmaceuticals are a good business.

Carol's territory will prosper.

"Oro, Makoto-chan."

"Ah, Senpai, welcome home."

It's Nuts-senpai from the Lacrosse Club.

"When I see your face, Makoto-chan, I feel like I really am back at school."

"I'm glad to see you two, senpai, it's been a while," I said. "How was Gathaga Great Labyrinth?"

"We were just wandering around on the shallow floors, but it was fun," Nuts-senpai said. "We hunted a lot of monsters and sold some magic stones. I wonder if Dulcie-chan is around."

"Dulcie," I said.

Dulcie appeared and bowed to Nuts-senpai.

"Hello, Miriana-sama."

Ah, that's right, that was her name.

"It's a souvenir from the three of us."

"Yo-You didn't have to do anything of the sort..."

"Just take it, Dulcie," I said.

"Yes, Makoto-sama."

Nuts-senpai smiled and took out a beautiful blue stone brooch from her pocket.

"Dulcie always has a plain outfit, so we all talked about whether it would be a good idea to add some accessories to her once in a while."

Dulcie's eyes spun then she bowed deeply.

"Thank you. Miriana-sama."

“Yeah, yeah, can I put it on you?”

“Yes.”

Nuts-senpai attached a brooch to the chest of Dulcie’s maid outfit.

The blue sparkling gemstone is so beautiful.

“Good for you, Dulcie.”

“Yes, I will cherish it.”

“No, it was cheap, so don’t worry about it too much.”

“No, I appreciate your feelings, so I will take good care of it for that sake.”

“Thank you, Dulcie.”

Ah, you’re such good people, the Three Lacrosse Warrior Senpais.

I waved to Nuts-senpai and left the sales stand.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was gone.

“Hehe, they’re good senpais, aren’t they, Makoto?”

“Aren’t they? I’m so happy.”

We enter the alchemy room.

We sit on the sofa facing each other.

And just when I thought about what’s next, Carol stood up and started making tea.

That’s because Anne-san has her hands full with sales.

“Here, Makoto.”

“Your homemade tea would be nice, Carol.”

“I can’t make it as well as Anne.”

I think it’s great enough to be included in the same league

I’ll leave the rest to Dulcie.

“Now, what kind of bath salts should we make?” I asked.

“Well, the skin beautifying effect probably comes from medicinal herbs, and the same goes for healing old wounds,”

Carol said. “I wonder if it’s the Heal spell’s ability to treat illnesses.”

“I don’t know how the elements are transformed during alchemy, but I guess so,” I said. “Also, what other medicinal effects do you want it to have?”

“Hmm, I guess it should have good sleep, stress relief, and tonic-like effects?”

Carol stands up, selects a medicinal herb from the herb shelf, and brings it over.

“Chamomile. Lavender. Shall I add some oregano?” Carol said.

“About that, it would be a problem if you put too much in at once and don’t understand why.”

“Then we should use fewer medicinal herbs than usual.”

Various things went into Carol’s basket.

“Makoto, let’s begin.”

“Let’s do it.”

I drank the tea that Carol had made for me and stood up.

In front of the empty alchemy cauldron, I picked up the mixing stick that Carol was always stirring with.

Carol frantically poured medicinal plants, herbs, and water into the pot.

“What happens if you use alchemy with milk or something?”

“It’s going to burn.”

Is that so?

Carol poured magical power into the magic circuit switch next to the alchemy cauldron.

It feels more like a new model than the alchemy cauldron in the alchemy training room.

There is a heating magic circle with Fire magic stones attached under the cauldron, which heats it up.

Now then, gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

I mix the contents of the pot with a mixing stick.

The herbal smell is nice.

Rose-scented bath salts would also be good.

Gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

Surprisingly, alchemy work takes a lot of time, and spinning the mixing stick is tiring.

A weak and sustained Heal spell is applied to the stick.

This magical power is transmitted to the liquid, causing it to undergo alchemical transformation.

Gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

Haa, haa.

Kittsuu.

“Is one pot of this enough?”

“For now, if you make one pot, it will last for a while.”

“I wonder how much is the right amount. I felt like I put one too many in the bathtub in the public bath the other day.”

“It seems like half the amount would be fine, but I won’t know until I do a little experiment.”

Gurru-guru.

Oh, the grass seems to be boiling and the water is becoming sticky.

It’s getting heavier, but I’m glad to see some progress.

Gurru-guru.

Gurru-guru.

When Carol does it, it seems easy, but when I do it, it’s hard.

Our experience is different.

Gurru-guru.

Bowaaahhnn.

A plume of pink smoke rose.

When I looked at the liquid surface, there was no shadow or shape of the grass.

“It’s a success, Makoto.”

I try scooping it with a ladle.

Hmm, it has the same feeling as the previous Heal Potion, with glittering silver particles moving inside.

The liquid itself is slightly pink in color.

I had a little drink.

Oh, it’s quite sweet and sour.

Somehow I feel better.

I scoop up the liquid with a ladle and bring it close to Carol’s mouth.

Carol’s small mouth latched onto the ladle and swallowed a little.

Uhihihi.

“It’s sweet~. I’d like to make it for drinking too.”

“We can’t do that, you will die if you consume so much.”

“That’s true. It’s a precious bath salt, so let’s not waste it. Anne.”

“Hai, Ojou-sama.”

“Put half the bath salts in size 8 bottles, and put the other half in a serial numbered size 15 bottles.”

“Understood. “

Anne started putting bath salts in stylish bottles.

“This is the No. 8 bottle?”

“Yes, it’s a bottle to put lotions in.”

I also looked at the size 15 bottle.

It’s a bottle that can only hold a little bit.

Alright, the Saint’s bath salts are complete.

Chapter 210

A Trip To Sell Bath Salts In The School

50 small bottles and 20 large bottles were completed.

According to our calculations, the large bottle should last 9 weeks, but we'll see.

Looks like we'll have to fill more small bottles soon.

"Let's go sell it right away. We can also use it in the public bath, so you can join in, too, Carol," I said.

"..... I won't," Carol said.

"Eh, what? Just a little, just a little while," I said.

"Ma-ko-to," Carol hissed.

Ah, no, this is going to get really awkward, so let's back off.

"Understood, chieh," I huffed.

"Why do you want to take a bath with me so much?" Carol asked.

"Because I love you, Carol," I said.

Carol's cheeks turned red.

"Nnmou, baka."

"Uhihi, sorry."

Where should I distribute it first?

Let's start with Yuriyuri-senpai.

It's a small bottle for her.

"I wonder where Yuriyuri-senpai is now?" I wondered.

"... She's in the faction meeting room," Dulcie said as she appeared before me.

Is that so?

There was a pause, I wonder why that was.

“Then let’s go,” Carol said.

“Got it, thank you Dulcie,” I said.

“No, it’s nothing,” Dulcie said.

“Ah, wait a minute,” I stopped Dulcie.

I stroke her head carefully.

Nade-nade-nade-nade-nade.

“Thank you, Dulcie, I didn’t praise you for your performance with the airship.”

“It’s not worth anything like that...” Dulcie says as she narrows her eyes and looks happy.

Yoshi, yoshi.

Flying maids are very useful for high-speed movement.

I packed 3 large bottles and 10 small bottles of bath salts into my bag and left the alchemy room.

“We have to get Corinna-chan first. We have to get her to write the paperwork.”

“Yeah.”

“... Corinna-sama is in the Pentia club room.”

“Thank you, Dulcie.”

I wonder if she’s listening for some information when she pauses for a beat like that.

Intelligence maids are strange.

Dulcie disappeared again.

I leave the girls’ dormitory with Carol and head to the assembly building.

From the girls’ dormitory, it would be faster to use the outer route.

Wow, the greenery is so beautiful and feels like spring.

Carol walking under the spring flowers is so cute.

Uhihihi.

“Makoto, stop making such a suspicious face.”

“Uhihi, sorry, sorry.”

“You haven’t fixed it.”

After walking for a while, the 5-story assembly building came into view.

I guess the rent for the top rooms is high.

I think I’ll make a lot of money from bath salts and move out of the current room.

I knock on the door of the Pentia Club.

“Haii.”

I heard Director Carter’s voice and the door opened.

Inside, Corinna-chan and the chubby Cecil-senpai were playing Pentia.

“Ah, Makoto, Carol, what’s wrong?” Corinna asked.

“We’ll be selling bath salts, so please handle the accounting,” I said.

“I see, fine by me,”

“I’ll pay you for your work,” Carol said.

“I suppose that’ll help. Just wait a minute, it’ll be over in a little while,” Corinna said as she moved her pieces.

“Are you playing Pentia right after you came back from Gadrage Great Labyrinth?” I asked.

“Well, to be honest,” Carter said, “I didn’t want to go to the labyrinth, but I’m afraid I won’t be able to advance in grade if I didn’t.”

“How was it? What about the Great Labyrinth?” I asked.

“I guess it was easier than I expected, we were just wandering around

on the shallow floor, but it was my first time.”

This is a normal student party.

Verona-senpai’s party seems to be too skilled.

The Gachi Labyrinth Conquest Party gathers their skills by visiting dungeons near the capital, so it seems like they can go quite deep in Gatraga, as well.

“Yoshi, checkmate,” Corinna said.

“Wow, it is! You were hiding your hero,” Carter said.

“It’s a psychological blind spot. The Queen is a diversion,” Corinna said.

Hmm, Corinna-chan seems to be getting better at Pentia.

Corinna stood up and came over.

“So then, what should I do?” Corinna asked.

“You’ll be responsible for financial management, inventory management, and serial number management for Albright

& Co.’s bath salts brand, ‘Makoto’.”

Since when did the bath salts brand have my name on it?

Well, if it’s easy to understand, it’s easy to understand.

“Oh, that’s important work, okay, okay, what documents do you need?”

“An accounting book, an inventory control book, and a number control table. There are less than 20 large bottles and less than 100 small bottles.”

Corinna-chan creates a document on parchment according to Carol’s request.

Like I thought, it’s difficult in this world because there is no Excel or other spreadsheets.

“What’s the control number for the small bottle? Six digits, okay, and the bottles start from 000001. Understood~.”

“Yappari, when I ask you, Corinna, to do paperwork, I feel a lot more secure,” Carol said.

“Well, that’s the kind of work my parents do,” Corinna said.

“Then let’s go sell it to Yuriyuri-senpai.”

I said goodbye to the members of the Pentia Club and moved next door.

When I entered the meeting room of the Saint Faction, I could smell the pleasant smell of tea.

Today it’s just the Fashion Group and Yuriyuri-senpai.

“Ara, hello, Makoto-sama.”

“Good day, Makoto-sama.”

“You’ve made it!”

Yuriyuri-senpai stood up and trotted over.

“Yes, it’s freshly made and the serial number is the best.”

“With this, my bath in the penthouse will also be a Saint’s Bath.”

I held out the small bottle to Yuriyuri-senpai and she grabbed my hand.

It’s so moist and feels creepy.

“Yurisha-senpai, it’s 10,000 dolancs per bottle.”

“... Oh, it’s expensive...but I’ll take 10!”

Yuriyuri-senpai took out a large gold coin from her wallet.

“Currently, we are limiting it to 2 bottles per person.”

“I see, can I have some change?”

“Dulcie.”

I called Dulcie, and she took out eight gold coins in change from my large wallet, and then gave it to Yuriyuri-senpai.

It’s dangerous to carry a lot of money, so I put all the money other

than small change in this wallet and asked Dulcie to carry it for me.

“Thank you very much.”

Yuriyuri-senpai was staring at the small bottle with feverish eyes.

I have absolutely no interest in what she will do with Misha-san in the bath tonight.

“Oh, is this where the Saint’s Bath comes from?” Marilyn asked.

“Yes, it’s for a small bathtub, and each one is a gold coin,” Carol said.

“I-It’s quite expensive,” Marilyn said in a strained voice.

“It’s for upper aristocrats,” Carol said.

“Like I thought, I suppose I can’t help it,” Melissa-san said with a sigh.

Well, unless you’re in an earl’s household or above, it’s probably impossible to pay a single gold coin for one bath.

Just go to the underground public bath.

“Ah, are you going to pour the Saint’s Bath into the underground public bath today?”

“That’s right, it’ll be after after I sell all of this all over the school,” I said.

“Do you mind if I come along?” Marilyn asked.

“Me too, me too,” Melissa said.

“Fine by me.”

With the addition of two more from the Fashion Group, our bath salt sales team has now become a party of five.

Chapter 211

When I Went To Find Prince Lloyd, I Met Someone From The Newspaper Club Now that we were a party of 5, we decided to deliver bath salts to Prince Kevin.

“Kevin-ouji is currently having a tea party with the Pottinger Faction in a private room of the observatory restaurant.”

Dulcie appeared and told me the prince’s location.

I wonder how she does it, I wonder if she has a navigation system like Google.

“Achyah, I can’t show my face to the Pottinger Faction’s tea party, can I?” I asked.

“Yes, as expected, where is the Second Prince Lloyd, Dulcie?” Carol asked.

Dulcie is silent for a moment at Carol’s question.

“Prince Lloyd is with a female student in the school courtyard.”

“Julie-chan?”

“It’s another woman, Leila Minton, the daughter of Baron Minton.”

“...”

“...”

“Let’s go and punch him, Makoto-sama.”

“That’s right, that’s right, I feel sorry for Juliet-sama.”

“Let’s go.”

We’ll punish the disgraceful Lloyd with an Iron Fist.

We ran toward the courtyard.

“Target found!”

That shameless Lloyd put his hand on the baron’s daughter’s shoulder

and smiled.

“Prince Lloyd~~~!!”

When I yelled, he looked at me with a shocked face and removed his hand from the baron’s daughter’s shoulder.

“Wha-Wha-What is Makoto-chi, and all the members of the faction, too?”

“What are you doing? Who is this young lady?”

“Ah, this lady, is um,” Lloyd said.

“Hello, my name is Leila Minton, and I work for the Newspaper Club. I was interviewing Prince Lloyd, but I was sexually harassed by him. I will not hesitate to sue the royal family.”

What the hell! A journalist!

“The Magic Academy News? Or The New Nobles’ Bulletin?” I asked.

“I’m in the Newspaper Club, so it’s real news, please don’t mix it up with the bastards who like slinging rumors about,” Leila said.

“I see, then, you don’t mind if I blow Prince Lloyd away?” I asked.

“Feel free to do so, or rather, I was almost about to slap him, myself,” Leila said.

“Eh, eh~~~~... is that so? Please don’t.”

I hate you so much, Lloyd.

When the Prince was in a pinch, Rick-san quietly appeared.

“Please refrain from using violence on him,” Rick said.

“If you think that, Rick-san, stop him,” I said.

“Well, Ouji won’t listen to a word I say,” Rick said.

“Chi, I can’t help it, I’ll just pinch him for Juliet-sama’s sake.”

“Uwa, stop it, stop it~!”

If you want me to quit, don’t cheat in the first place.

“By the way, did you need something?” Lloyd asked.

“Ah, yes, these are the two bath salts that Prince Kevin requested,” I said.

“Eh, why are you giving them to me...? Ah, right, he’s currently at the observatory restaurant.”

“That he is, I’ll leave it to you, then.”

“Understood, now I’ll have smooth skin, too,” Lloyd-chan said as he took the two bottles of bath salts.

Leila-san stood up.

“Oh, that’s the source of the Kinteki-Reijou-sama’s Bath!! Is that a bribe to the royal family!!?” she cried.

“Kind of, we’re selling 1 for 5 gold coins each”

“I-Is that really what you’re doing? We-Well, considering the effect, it certainly makes sense.”

If you look, Leila-san also has some shininess left on her skin.

“A lady from the Saint’s Bath Protest Group pressured Estelle-senpai and forced the Saint’s Bath on Monday and Wednesday,” I said.

“Really? That’s good news!!” Leila said before she scribbled on her notepad.

“What will the Saint Candidate-san be doing from now?”

“Next, I will deliver these to Estelle-senpai and go straight to the underground public bath to mix in the bath salts,” I said.

“Um, can I come along too? I won’t write about the off-the-record part,” Leila said.

Hmm, well, I guess there’s no harm in getting to know people from the Newspaper Club.

“Fine by me.”

“Thank you, Saint Candidate-sama.”

“I’m fine with just Makoto, Leila-senpai.”

“Makoto-sama, thank you for your continued support.”

“Pleasure to be working with you.”

I shook hands with Leila.

Hmm, I got an acquaintance from the Newspaper Club.

“Ah, and the official name is the Saint’s Bath, please don’t write it as the Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Okay, with the addition of Leila-senpai, we now have a party of 6.

“Well then, Prince Lloyd, see you later, no cheating or anything like that, alright?”

“Ha-Hai, understood.”

Now, next is Estelle-senpai.

“Dulcie, where is Estelle-senpai?”

“... She’s in her penthouse on the roof of the girls’ dormitory.”

“Thank you”

Leila-senpai watched with wide eyes as Dulcie disappeared.

“W-why does she just disappear?”

“Because she’s an intelligence maid.”

“She’s an intelligence maid from Maid Village, isn’t she? She’s amazing.”

“I hired her by chance.”

“I see, I see, the Saint Candidate is amazing.”

Ah, she realized that she came from the Great Temple. Yeah, Leila-senpai seems to be very intelligent.

We all walked along the outer road to the girls’ dormitory.

We go inside and take the elevator to the roof.

Chin.

When I rang the doorbell of Estelle-senpai's penthouse, a maid came out and let us in.

"Hello, Makoto-kun, are you ready to make the bath salts?"

"It's already completed. Right, there they are."

"500 hundred dolancs."

Carol put out her hand.

Estelle-senpai took out her wallet and paid the price.

"Wait, didn't you say it was 5 gold coins for one?"

"Providing it to the dormitory baths is a public utility project, so we keep it cheap for it."

"I see, if you're selling to the royal family, that price is considered normal."

"Indeed it is."

"If I give you 5 more gold coins, will you sell it to me?"

"Eh, I can't, we have limited stock."

"So I see, understood."

Leila-senpai nods along as she writes notes on the parchment.

"Estel-senpai, shall we take you with us to the public bath?"

"Ah, I'm going with, I want to see the effects firsthand."

We've become a party of 7.

Oh, I forgot to sell a vial to Elmer.

Well, tomorrow is fine.

Chapter 212

Going Into The Public Bath With Carol

Everyone leaves the penthouse one by one and gets into the elevator.

However, since it was a party of 7 people, there were 2 people left behind as they couldn't fit.

"Carol and I will go later, so head to the public bath first," I said.

"Understood."

"See you in the public bath."

Everyone went in the elevator.

Why is there only one of these things?

The western sky is gradually turning red and it feels like dusk is approaching.

I wonder if the temperature has dropped just a little.

"It's getting a little cold."

"Yeah, it's spring, but the mornings and evenings are cold."

Carol trembles.

I hug her from behind.

"What are you doing?!" Carol yelled.

"It's cold, and I'm still cold!" I said.

"Don't hug me suddenly," Carol said.

"I have no choice, the temperature is terrible," I said.

I felt someone watching us, so when I turned around, I saw Yuriyuri-senpai staring at us from her penthouse window with piercing eyes.

Did she come home while we were talking with Estelle-senpai?

"..."

We'll be sure to leave now.

"I wonder if the elevator will come soon?"

"I hope so."

The elevator returned and we ride on it.

When I waved to Yuriyuri-senpai, she waved back at me.

"Ah, a bath is the best thing to do when it's chilly like this."

"..."

Chieh, she's ignoring me.

Chin.

We get off the elevator, walk down the hallway, and go down the stairs to the underground public bath.

Everyone is in the changing room, and some of them have already taken off their clothes.

It's cold so I guess I'll go in later.

When I begin to take off my clothes, Carol looks disgusted.

It's okay, it's natural to take off your clothes in the bath.

"I can't help it, Anne," Carol said.

"Yes, Ojou-sama."

"Oh? Ooh?"

Carol began to take off her clothes.

"Today is special because it's cold."

"Ooooooooooooo! Carol~~"

"Don't hug me while I'm naked!"

The 7 people around me cheered and applauded.

Or rather, Estelle-senpai has already taken off her clothes.

Hehehe, a bath, a bath, a bath with Carol.

“It’s special, it’s only once.”

“Uhhhihihihi!”

Ah, my tension is rising! My tension is rising!

I bring my bath salts and enter the public bath.

“Oh, she’s here. She’s the creator of the Kinteki-reijou-sama’s Bath.”

“It’s the Saint’s Faction and Estelle-sama.”

“I guess it was the right decision to raise that protest.”

Oh, there are surprisingly many people taking baths in the evening today.

A naked young lady came up to me.

“Makoto-sama! Thank you, this is the source of the Saint’s bath!”

“Unlike the previous one, this one was newly made for bath salts.”

“Wow! I’m looking forward to it, I’m looking forward to it!”

I put the medicine into the bathtub alongside Carol.

“I don’t know how much to use. Judging by how effective it was last time, I don’t think we need this much.”

“I wonder if half of it would be okay.”

“For now, let’s put in all of it today, and next time, let’s reduce it to 2/3rds or so.”

I dripped the pale pink medicinal liquid from the bottle.

In the hot water, it turns white and then becomes transparent.

It smells like herbs.

And Carol’s skin is pale white.

I think it would be nice if there was a little more meat on her shoulder blades and ribs.

“Mou!”

Bokari.

When I was staring at her naked body, Carol hit me.

Ah, but she smells like lavender.

It smells like Tsumura bath herbs.

“Wow, it smells so good, it feels like I’m in a flower garden.”

“Maa, Melissa-sama, you’re quite poetic.”

“Yanne, don’t say that, Marilyn.”

Now, let’s take a bath.

Also, I guess it gets crowded after dinner.

It’s a benefit of the Saint’s Faction.

“Aahh ~ ~ ~ ~ .”

Ah, somehow, it’s seeping in.

“Oh, this is amazing.”

Carol came in next to me.

I don’t know about its therapeutic effects, but it seems to have a strong fatigue recovery effect.

And it smells good.

“This is great. I wasn’t able to enter on Monday, but I definitely want to enter every day.”

“That’s right, Estelle-senpai, please hold it every day.”

“If we do this too often, it will be a burden on Makoto-kun.”

“I’ll think about it over time, so for now just stick with it twice a week.”

“Yes, I understand. Thank you, Makoto-sama.”

Ah, I thought I had a bad feeling about it, and it looks like they’ll be

begging for bath salts even at the Great Temple.

I have a feeling that Linda-san will come tomorrow.

The Main Temple also has a large public bath, based on the idea that the Goddess loves bathing, and the believers, good men and good women, as well as priests and nuns, bathe there.

It looks like all 20 bottles will be gone in no time.

Well, my wish came true and I took a bath with Carol.

Iyaa, paradise.

“Wow, this is a new bath salt. It smells great and makes your skin smooth.”

Leila-san said that while scooping up some hot water with both hands.

“Ah, it’s so good, isn’t it, Makoto-sama?”

“Corinna-sama’s face without the glasses is beautiful, why are you wearing those glasses?”

“The nobles in the royal capital are poor. We don’t have money.”

“That’s a shame. Even though you’re an aristocrat, the wage difference is terrible.”

“Well, it can’t be helped since the lowly officials are treated as nobles out of pity.”

Haah, the atmosphere is so warm.

The bath is awesome!!

Chapter 213

Hilda-san Comes To The Bath And Realizes The Plot Against Us

I have Dulcie wash my body.

It's spicy.

Uhihi.

Next to us, Carol is being washed by Anne.

If you have a maid, it's normal to have them wash your clothes.

That's why other maid-sans are also wandering around the public bath.

"Makoto, this hot water is amazing."

Karina-san had finished washing Melissa-san and called out to me.

"Did you come in too, Karina-san?" I asked.

Her skin is shining.

"I went during the Maid's Hour on Tuesday. The hot water was dirty, but it was very effective, and everyone said it was amazing."

"That's good to hear."

I'm glad it worked for the maid-sans as well.

"Aren't you going in, Dulcie?"

"No, I don't have time."

"That's too bad, you'll have to come in tomorrow."

"Yes."

While we were taking classes during the day, the public bath had what was called the Maid's Hour, when the servants and cafeteria staff were allowed to enter.

Well, it seems like Clara sneaks in late at night.

I have Dulcie wash my hair.

Ah, paradise, paradise.

I love baths.

I can also see Carol naked.

Uhihihi.

The sliding door swung open, and a naked Hilda-san came in.

Uhho, she has pure white skin and jet-black hair.

She's a monochrome beauty.

"Ah, Ryoshu, are you here as I expected?" Hilda said.

"Hilda-san, take a bath with us," I said.

"Yes, I overheard that there was going to be a Kinteki-reijou-sama Bath with special bath salts."

As expected of an intelligence type, she hears about things quickly.

After I finished washing my hair, I asked Dulcie to wrap me in a bath towel and return to the bathtub.

"Aaaaaah, this hot water is amazing, it feels like all my fatigue is blown away."

Hilda-san looked relaxed.

It's a rare look for someone who is always on her guard.

"Ehehe, I tried mixing some herbs to help with fatigue, and it seems to be working."

Carol comes in next to me.

Or rather, the students are arriving one after another, and the population density of the bath gradually increases.

The rumors about the girls' dormitory spread quickly.

"You have to think about the fact that the bath will be crowded, Estelle-senpai," Hilda said.

“That’s right, Hilda-kun, it might be a good idea to set some limits on entry times for the students in different grades,”

Estelle replied.

That being said, it’s difficult because you no longer have the advantage of being able to use it anytime.

Even if the bathroom is in good condition, various problems will still occur.

“Hilda-san, how was the Great Labyrinth?” I asked.

“It’s only my first time, so we were wandering around on the shallow floor. I think Verona-kun was too impatient with his party.”

“Ah, I guess so.”

“It was a well-balanced party, so I think they may have been a bit overexcited. He said that his party had delved into all the dungeons around the capital.”

Even a party with that much talent is in danger of being wiped out in the Great Labyrinth.

It’s a dangerous place.

“Has anything changed at the school?” Hilda asked.

“They have, Juliet Campbell, the daughter of Marquis Campbell, has joined the faction. Also, Curtis, Elsa-san, and Cattleya-san borrowed some of the holy swords at the Great Temple.”

“The holy swords!!?” Hilda yelled.

“If I’m not using them, the magical output won’t be enough, so it would only be a mid-level magic sword in their hands,” I said.

“S-Still, it’s outrageous that the holy swords would be lent to students.”

“Is that so?”

The only annoying one is Hawkes, so the value of them has gone down for me, but when you think about it, the Holy Swords are amazing.

“Also, Deborah-san tried to attack me for a bit, but I fought her off,” I said.

“What did she try to do?” Hilda asked.

“She asked some Yakuza types to kidnap me, near the Great Temple.”

Hilda-senpai looked up at the sky with a feeling of “Oouuu!”

“Ah, and it seems like Deborah-san and Commander-san, ah, I meant, Kelly-san are teaming up to do some sort of plot.”

“The Chicken Lady and Commander-sama.... where did you get the information from?” Hilda asked.

“It’s from Curtis, maybe he got it via Nagamimi-san.”

“That’s ironclad information, then, and those two are going to team up?” Hilda mused.

Hilda-san went deep into thought.

She’s so beautiful that if she thinks about something with a serious face, you’ll be able to admire her appearance.

Her breasts are also quite big.

Uhoho.

“Don’t stare.”

“Ihyai-iihyai,” I whimpered.

Carol yanked at my cheek.

“Ah!”

Hilda stood up quickly.

Wow, her butt is beautiful too.

“Pardon me, I have some information that I would like to confirm,” Hilda said.

“Ah, yeah, what?” I asked.

“I can’t be sure, but they may be planning to impose tariffs on logistics,” Hilda said.

“Oh, that’s a big deal!” Carol replies, but I don’t get it.

“Hilmgard, Kelly’s family territory, may be planning to impose customs duties on clothing that comes out of Mahler territory,” Hilda said.

“Yeah, wouldn’t it be a better idea to call it out?” I asked.

“Makoto, the dresses we’re going to wear to the New Student’s Welcome Party won’t arrive.”

“Ah, ah!! It’s an emergency!!”

“First, let’s steal the show, then see if we can change the transport route, and then attack Commander-sama directly.

Since we don’t have a treaty with her, she’s a prime target.”

“Ah, uh, that’s a bit,” I said.

If the Mahler family launches a serious attack, Commander-san’s house will be destroyed.

I want to avoid it.

I see, Deborah’s next move will be an economic blockade.

This was a blind spot.

The treaty prohibits swords, bows, and poisons, so there is no problem.

Uwah, I wish we could go to the dance party in our new dresses.

This is a crisis.

Chapter 214

Organizing Geographical Information With Corinna-chan

“Makoto-sama, may I use your hair dryer?”

“Hmm, fine by me,” I said.

“Makoto, we don’t have the patent yet.”

“It’s going to be published in a little while, so it won’t be replicated so quickly, and they won’t be able to get the actual product.”

“I guess that’s true. Hmm.”

I have Dulcie run the hair dryer.

Booooooon, it goes.

The female students on the sidelines of the changing room, before and after undressing and before and after putting on clothes, are looking at me curiously but they can’t figure out what’s going on.

“What is that thing?”

Shimatta, I forgot there was a newspaper reporter with us.

“This is an off-the-record magic tool. Please don’t ask about it, please don’t write about it.”

“A permanent ban?”

“It would be better if you report on it next week.”

“Ah, it’s patent-related, I understand. Please let me know by then.”

Houh, I completely forgot that I was with Leila-san.

“Sugoi, your hair dries so quickly and is left so shiny...”

The newspaper reporter’s powers of observation are amazing.

Now that my hair is dry, put it away, Dulcie...

Melissa, Marilyn, and Estelle-senpai are standing next to me.

“Ma-Makoto-sama?”

“You can all borrow it,” I said.

“””Hooray.”””

Well, everyone loves the hair dryer.

And don’t line up so purposefully, Estelle-senpai.

By the way, Hilda-san said she was going to investigate the Chicken Lady and Commander-san’s plot and suddenly left.

Well, I guess it’s good for me because I feel like I can get a little closer to her by taking a bath with her.

“However, it’s a topic of faction conflict, and if I stick with you, Makoto-sama, I think you’ll be able to pick up a lot of scoops.”

“Don’t do that,” I said.

There’s nothing good about having a newspaper reporter attached to you.

No matter how much it is a reporter for the Magic Academy News.

It seems like she’s investigating the accident in the Gatruga Great Labyrinth, so she’ll probably come to visit me again eventually.

I feel sorry for them, so I don’t want to talk too much about Verona-senpai.

Well, time to shut up.

Now that everyone’s hair is dry, we disperse in front of the public bath.

“Okay, everyone, let’s split until dinner.”

“””””Yes.”””””

No, Estelle-senpai, you don’t have to respond in turn.

You must be from the Royal Faction.

I head towards the stairs with Corinna.

However, my skin is not shiny.

“Makoto, your skin is so squishy,” Corinna said.

“It was like that from the beginning,” I said.

“So I see. But they’re going to do something nasty like an economic blockade,” Corinna said. “Do you want to go to the library and look up a map? There’s still time until dinner.”

“Yes, let’s do that. The library has a huge map.”

We walked out the front door and headed to the library.

The smaller library inside the school building is closer, but I feel like the main library has better maps.

When I entered the main library, I found Lucas-chi again.

“Ouh, Makoto,” Lucas said.

“Ouh, Lucas-cchi, where are the maps?” I said.

“The one on the shelf over there has the large ones,” Lucas said.

“Thanks.”

I headed to the shelf that Lucas-chi had pointed to and took the large parchment scroll.

It’s a complete map of the Appleton Kingdom.

“Who was that?” Corinna asked.

“Lucas-chi, it’s like he’s the owner of the main library.”

“Hoeh, so there were staff like that, huh?”

I spread the map out on a large table.

This is huge.

“Hilmgard, the territory of Command-san’s house, is it here?”

“It’s upstream of the Hume River. Mahler territory is, um, here,” Corinna said.

Mahler territory is located approximately north-northeast when viewed from Hilmgard.

It’s connected to Hilmgard by a road.

“The threads and fabrics from Mahler territory are put on a riverboat in Hilmgard and arrive at the capital.”

Corinna-chan traced the flow of the Hume River from Hilmgard to the royal capital with her finger.

It’s quite a distance.

“Our dresses are currently being sewn in Mahler territory. I ordered it a week ago, and since it was a horse trip along the river, it took a week to arrive in Mahler territory.”

Corinna runs her finger along from the royal capital to Mahler

territory.

They'll take a horseback ride along the riverside road, stay overnight at a post town, and head to Hilmgard. From Hilmgard, they'll take a horseback trip along the Mahler Road.

Looking at it this way, it seems like it would be difficult to take the deliveries with them, wouldn't it?

"So, a week later, the dresses are finished and are going to Hilmgard by carriage."

"Yes, distribution is difficult."

There are no trains or trucks in this world.

If I had to choose one, I'd want something that would arrive in a day or two.

"So, Commander-san is over here, is she going to impose a customs duty on clothing from Mahler territory? How much do you think it will be?"

"Does the fact that she got the dresses for half the price mean she'll make it double that?" I asked.

Lucas-chi started looking over the map with us.

"You've got it wrong," he said, "they will impose the maximum tariff, 15 times as much."

"So high!!" I and Corinna cried.

"By law, the lord of a trading city has the right to decide on customs duties," Lucas said.

Seriously, there's no way I can pay 15 times the customs duty.

Moreover, dresses are expensive, to begin with.

"You know a lot, Lucas-senpai," Corinna said.

"Because I'm a reader. What's your name?" Lucas asked.

"I'm Corinna, I'm from Baron Ceverus's family."

"Ah, you had an older sister here. She was beautiful and quite

popular. Nice to meet you, Corinna.”

“Yes, a pleasure to meet you, as well.”

Oh, it seems like indoor types can get along well with each other.

“However, we still can’t pay 15 times as much,” Corinn said.

“Why don’t I appeal directly to the Prince?” I asked.

“Even the King cannot take away the authority of the lord of a trading city,” Lucas said. “It would cause a backlash from other nobles.”

“Damn, I can’t use the royal family, then,” I said.

Lucas-chi seemed to have lost interest and went back to the other side of the circulation counter and started reading his book again.

“Isn’t there another way?”

“If it was traveling by land.”

Let’s follow the road from Mahler Town, the capital of Mahler territory.

Hmm, no matter what I do, I can’t get over the mountains northeast of the royal capital.

River transportation is about twice as fast as land transportation.

“Ah!! I might be a genius! I came up with an idea,” I said.

“Tell me what it is, it’s probably a stupid idea,” Corinna said.

“Let’s borrow an airship from the royal family,” I said.

“It is stupid.”

“Renting an airship is probably more expensive than paying 15 times the customs duty,” Lucas poked in from over at his counter.

“I-Is that so?”

“Airships eat magic stones like crazy,” Lucas continued. “They usually don’t lend them to others.”

“Nyuu, I guess 1 year’s worth of bath salts won’t cut it...” I said.

“Oh, and once the Golden Dawn returns from Gatgara, it will be docked for a while for maintenance,” Lucas said.

“Guwah, what about the silver one, what’s its name?” I asked.

“Are you planning on renting a ship the royal family uses to travel abroad to deliver your dresses?” Lucas asked.

“No goood~~~~.”

Guwah, dresses, dresses.

This is so much of a crisis.

Chapter 215

Commander-san Is Proud Of Her Victory In The Girl's Dormitory Cafeteria Ummu, mogyu-mogyu.

For now, I'll have dinner while thinking about it.

Even though I had a fun meal with everyone, I can't think of any good ideas.

Today's menu is sautéed pork, onion soup, cabbage salad, and black bread.

Mogyu-mogyu, the black bread is delicious.

"Don't think about it, concentrate on your meal."

"Go-Gomennasai."

Carol got mad at me.

She's acting like my mama.

In front of me are Elsa-san and Hilda-san.

They're a duo with an "L" in the middle of their names.

They also have a mature yet scary feel to them.

"Nowadays, the food of the lower aristocrats is also delicious."

"I'm truly grateful to Makoto-sama."

There aren't any egg dishes served today, so it's probably okay even if Elsa's allergy hasn't been cured.

Shaku-shaku.

The onion soup is also delicious.

Hmm, I want to somehow lift Hilmgard's economic blockade.

"If you're worried so much, Makoto, why don't we put in a reverse blockade?" Carol said while bringing the cabbage salad to her mouth.

“Oh, what are we going to do?” I asked.

“Stop the Albright territory’s alchemical flowing to Hilmgard,” Carol replied.

“Hmm, hmm, that’s bad for the common people, though,” I said.

Commander-san came from the upper-noble’s booth with a triumphant smile on her face.

“Hohohoho, I’ve already factored in that!! If you try anything like that, the Pottinger territory can sell us alchemical medicines at a cheap price!”

“Kuh, were you already moving your hands behind the scenes?”

“Hohoho, it looks like you’ve finally noticed!” Commander-san said. “You ladies in the Saint’s Faction won’t receive a single dress. If you want them, you’ll have to pay 15 times the customs duty!!”

She declares so with a triumphant laugh.

“Omae, you’re not afraid of the Mahler family’s retaliation...”

When Hilda-san growled, Commander-san took a step back but then stopped.

“Hoo-hohohohoho!! That’s so naive of you, Hilda Mahler, as of yesterday, our family has temporarily joined Duke Pottinger’s faction, and if you attack us, it would be a violation of the treaty!!”

“Ku, I can’t believe you’ve tried that kind of move... But if no one realizes it’s happened...”

Ah, that one has already been folded in.

Even if we threaten to call a Holy War on them, they’ll catch us because it involves swords and bows, too.

The economic blockade is no good either.

“That’s right, Holst-sama, how can we remove this exorbitant tariff?”

I put on a fake smile and asked Commander-san.

“Well, first of all, why don’t you kneel down to me?”

A ferocious murderous intent rose from Hilda-san.

“On top of that, say ‘Holst-sama, I have no excuse for always being so cocky towards you, so please forgive me.’”

I also felt murderous intent from Elsa-san as the holy sword Ryzin made a sound like it was starting to charge up.

Cattleya-san stands up.

Koishi-chan also stood up.

“Aside from that, lick my shoes, and I’ll let you go down to about 5 times as much customs duty after, hoo-hohoho!”

Carol wiped her mouth with a napkin and stood up.

Jyarin-jyarin, Chain-kun stood up with a jerk.

“Don’t pay the tariffs, Makoto, I can negotiate with them,” Corinna said as she also stood up.

“Hah! What are you talking about, you baron’s daughter?! Give me a direct answer...”

When the members of the Saint’s Bath Protest group stood up, all the female students in the lower-class noble booths stood up as well.

“You have forgotten what wonderful things the Saint-sama has done for us!! You are so ungrateful!!”

“The food and the bath were all from the Seijou-sama’s work!! You ate them as deliciously and hungrily as a pig at the trough!! You’re the Tonsoku-reijou!!” 1

“W-what was that!!”

Even if Commander-san becomes furious, the ladies from the lower-noble’s chairs will not stop their anger, in turn.

“”Get out of here, Tonsoku-reijou! Tonsoku-reijou!! Tonsoku-reijou!!”

“Ah, you bastards, what do you think you’re doing to me, Kelly Holst?!!”

The female students still stomped their feet together as they chanted, Tonsoku-reijou.

Wow, I feel loved.

Also, Commander-san is hated too much.

She once asked me to give her some of the lower noble's meat, but she wanted to eat it because it was so delicious.

"Stop."

When I said that, everyone stopped suddenly.

"Are we going to kill her?" Carol asked.

"We-We're not killing her, Carol," I said.

Carol looked annoyed.

She's extreme sometimes.

"Everyone, listen to me. The economic blockade is Holst-sama's right, guaranteed by law. It is a right that even the King cannot take away. Holst-sama and Deborah-sama who is behind her took advantage of the treaty and attacked us.

But, that's what factional conflicts are like. Each side uses their wits to fight, and sometimes they win and sometimes they lose."

"In-Indeed, that's right, for a commoner's interpretation..."

Commander-san said, her voice startled.

"And if we all escalate to beating Holst-sama to death with our fists, we won't fall foul of the treaty that restricted the use of swords, bows, and poisons," I said.

"Hi-hiiiiii....!!" Commander-san let out a scream of fear.

"But if we do that, everyone will become criminals, and Holst-sama's father will get angry and continue to impose the tariffs, so we'll avoid beating Holst-sama to death as it will ultimately be our loss."

"Sto-Stop that, you!" Commander-san hissed.

"However, we can't pay 15 times the customs duty. From now on, the Saint's Faction will combine their wits and think of a way to break through. We have about a week's grace. So, everyone can't be aggressive to Holst-san without our permission, cease the hostilities toward her."

The inside of the dining room was quiet.

“But, Saint-sama, I’m so frustrated!!” a member of the Saint’s Bath protest group tearfully complained.

“It’s okay, thank you. But leave it to me, I’ll make sure to have the last laugh against Holst-san and Deborah-san, and I’ll attend the new student welcome dance party in a nice dress!”

Estelle-senpai and Heather-senpai, who were sitting in the upper-noble’s booth, started clapping their hands.

It instantly spread to everyone, and a thunderous applause surrounded me.

However, having said that, I don’t have any ideas.

Ahahahaha.

What do I do?

Footnotes

1. ”Pig Foot Lady.”

Chapter 216

Bianca-sama Gives Us An Impossible Task

I was in trouble and had the crisis hanging over my head, so I went back into Room 205, changed into my night clothes, and crawled into bed.

I was in serious trouble.

I have to manage to get the dresses and formal clothes for the main members of the faction to the school within a week.

The riverboat route has been closed, so maybe it's through the mountains? Even horses have to pass through Hilmgard, however, and if they do, they'll probably be taxed.

Hilmgard is an old checkpoint, so there's no way to avoid passing through it.

Even if you take the road that goes east from Mahler Town instead of towards Hilmgard, there are mountains, so it's impossible to ride a fast horse through them.

It's such a packed issue.

"Guwaaah," I let out a loud groan, and Karina-san, who was sitting on the bed below me, kicked to make a noise.

Sorry about that.

Haah, do I want to read a book?

I open Bianca-sama's biography.

I wonder if it's written somewhere where Bianca-sama's airship is.

"I'll give you an airship. Look for it."

When I opened it, Light letters from Bianca-sama appeared under the title of Part 2, "Fall."

.....

HaaaAAAAAAAAA?

Omah, chyo!

What was that? Look for it, and then what?!!

Show me the location!!

Hey, follow up on the Light letters, give me more on that!!

After the Light letters faded and disappeared, I waited for a while, but there was no follow-up message.

Kuuuuuuuu!!

What was that?!

Kusou, I can't help but feel she's laughing at me from the past!!

What is it, what is it?!

Chikkishyou!!

I woke up because I felt like the maid-sans were about to wake up.

I open the bed curtains.

It's a little cloudy outside.

"Morning."

"Good morning, Makoto, you were so agitated yesterday, what was that about?"

"Nothing."

"I see, I see, well, you are young, aren't you?"

"Eroi."

I didn't do anything, I was just cursing Bianca and throwing a tantrum in my bunk.

Now go to work, you maids.

The maid-sans went to work, so I climbed down the ladder, washed my face, relieved myself, and changed into my uniform.

"You look kind of exhausted, what's wrong?" Corinna said.

“It looks like we can transport the dresses ourselves,” I said.

“Oh, oh, are you serious? No customs duty?” Corinna asked.

“Yes, there are no customs duties or shipping costs.”

“H-How is that?”

“We have to search for Bianca-sama’s small airship”

“..... Huh?”

Dulcie came in with a kettle.

“I’ve brought tea.”

The two of us sit face to face and drink tea.

Yeah, it’s delicious.

“So, what about it?” Corinna said.

“It seems Bianca-sama’s small airship is somewhere, so we’ll find it and use it to airlift the dresses,” I said.

“Is your head alright?” Corinna said. “It’s an airship from 200 years ago. I’m sure it was salvaged and used as an engine for some other airship already.”

“There was text, a direct message from Bianca-sama,” I said.

“Hmm, I can’t believe it, but she did give you something like Kogitsunemaru already,” Corinna said. “Hmm, is that possible?”

“Looking at it from the past, it seems she finds it fun to just say ‘Look for it.’, so I guess it’s real,” I said.

“She’s such a troublesome person,” Corinna said.

“She’s a troublesome person, but she’s generous in giving me things,” I said.

Just tell you where it is, mou.

“Anyway, where do we start?” Corinna said.

“First of all, there might be something in the library, the secret archives,” I said. “Also, the images might be updated at Bianca-sama’s

Temple.”

“Haah, that’s a surprising development.”

“Because she’s the Evil Saint.”

“Extremely evil.”

After drinking tea, I packed my textbook into my bag and got ready for school.

Dulcie put away the cups and disappeared.

Fuu, I guess I should talk to Carol.

We lock Room 205 and walk down the hallway.

“But, it’s an airship, what about fuel efficiency?” Corinna said.

“I don’t know, if it’s just the hull and the magic stones are gone, it’ll cost a lot of money,” I said.

“Well, it’s probably less than 15 times the tariff. There will be no tariff at all, this way,” Corinna said.

“Ah, I see,” I said.

Logistics in the Appleton Kingdom requires a small amount of customs duty every time you cross someone’s territory, so it would be quite profitable to fly over by airship and be tax-free all at once.

That’s good, that’s good.

The elevator hall was filled with the usual faces.

Hey, eating with my clique has become a daily thing now.

Carol came earlier today.

“Good morning, Makoto,” Carol said.

“Good morning, Carol,” I said.

“Are you sure you don’t want to attack Hilmgard? We can send out our knights, as well,” Carol said.

“Ouuuhh. Let’s stop all this war talk,” I said.

Carol is sometimes extreme.

The Albright territory is large and has its own knight order.

By the way, it seems that the command of the Albright Order has also been transferred to Carol.

“Well, let’s talk while we eat breakfast.”

“Hmm, I guess you’ve got an idea, huh?”

“I’ve got something, not sure what else to say.”

We entered the dining room.

Our usual seats are empty.

That’s kind of embarrassing.

When I lined up at the counter, Clara was looking shiny.

“Clara, how was your bath yesterday?”

“It’s amazing, my fatigue has disappeared, my skin is glowing, and I feel like it’s working better than the one on Monday.”

When I looked around the dining room, I saw shiny skin everywhere.

I asked Marissa for some sweet porridge with nuts and received it.

I fill the tray with porridge and tea and bring it to the table.

When I craned my neck to look at Commander-san, I saw that she and her entourage were lackluster.

As expected, it seems like her skin isn’t that thick.

We all sit down at the table.

“Itadakimasu.”

“””””I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.”””””

Yamero, don’t have the whole dining room say grace towards me.

Mou, I can’t help it anymore.

Chapter 217

I Get Complimented On My Drawing Skills During Art Class

“We’re looking for an airship?”

Carol made a quizzical face as she brought the salty porridge to her mouth.

“It seems to be somewhere, based on a message from Bianca-sama.”

“Hmm,” Carol goes into her thinking mode.

Yeah, Carol is cute even when she’s troubled.

Uhihi.

“Are you serious?”

“I’m serious, honest, I won’t tell such a blatant lie.”

“An airship from 200 years ago, huh?”

I wonder where it is?

“What about the Great Temple? Either way, it has to be a place that has not been touched by humans for 200 hundred years,” Corinnachan tosses out some ideas.

“The Great Temple was renovated during Maria-sama’s time, but it certainly has been around for even longer. Bianca-sama’s residence must have been in the school, and her workplace must have been the Great Temple.”

It’s certainly possible.

“Isn’t it on the school grounds, then? Can’t you detect it with your Light Sensing magic, Makoto?”

“It’s Light, so it’s impossible to go underground.”

“That’s a shame.”

If it had used sound waves or radio waves, we could search underground.

But, we can only use Light.

“For the time being, everything who can think of something should throw out ideas.”

I quickly looked around at the members of the Saint Faction.

Well, it's impossible for the Swordsman Group to do research.

The Fashionable Group, it seems like it's a little out of their capabilities...

Hilda-san is reliable when investigating organizations, but archaeology is a different field.

Come to think of it, I wonder if there are any records left in the Magic Tower.

Maybe I'll ask Elmer and Jean-oji-san this afternoon.

After breakfast, we all carried our dishes to the return counter and left the cafeteria.

We just leave through the entrance and head towards the school building.

It's cloudy today, and it looks like it might rain in the afternoon.

We go through the doorway and go up the stairs to the 2nd floor.

In front of Class B, I parted ways with Corinna and the others and headed to Class A.

In Class A, Elmer was reading his textbook.

This guy is always reading one of those.

He likes studying.

“Oh... shiny...” Elmer said.

“Yesterday, we had the Saint's Bath in the girls' dormitory,” I said.

“Is that... so?” Elmer said.

I took out the original small bottle of Saint's Bath Salts from my pocket and handed it to Elmer.

“It’s the source of the Saint’s Bath”

When I handed it to Elmer, he smiled and handed me a gold coin.

“Mother... will be happy.”

“You’re a good boy, Elmer,” I said.

“Th-That... is not true,” Elmer stammered.

You’re so embarrassed, how cute.

Fufufu.

The Prince and Gerald came in.

“Buwahahahahahaha!!” I laughed.

“U-Urusai, Kimball, silence!”

“I-Is it really so odd, Kimball-san?”

“Shiny, you two are so shiny, pupuuu!”

For some reason, I laughed because these two handsome guys came in looking so shiny.

“Well, moving on, Kimball-san, Father and Mother really liked the bath salts and were in good moods, thank you.”

“I don’t like you, Kimball, but it was certainly wonderful bath salts,” Gerald said. “I would like to give it to my parents, as well.”

“I made quite a bit yesterday, but I don’t have enough to supply every day,” I said.

“I-I wonder if you can do it every other day.”

Carol stood in front of Prince Kevin.

“No, we can’t supply that much since we only do it twice a week in the girls’ dormitory.”

“B-But, Father and Mother are clamoring for it and they seem to want to take it every day.”

“Since there is only one saint candidate, we can’t make bath salts every day,” Carol said.

“Hmm, if you say that, I can’t say it’s unreasonable. Shall I make some suggestions to the King and Queen?”

Ah, I have a feeling that Linda-san will come around today and take two bottles to the Great Temple.

I have to sell it to the boys’ dormitory about once a week, so it looks like it’ll run out pretty quickly.

Anthony-sensei came in, we stood up, and then took our seats.

Today’s homeroom is about the disturbance of morals in school life.

It seems that around this time when the stress of entering the school has subsided, some students become lax in their lifestyle, engage in illegal activities, and are expelled from school.

We have to be careful.

There aren’t many girls like that in the Saint Faction.

Cattleya-san is a bit of a roughhouser.

Lloyd-chan may be a bit of a womanizer, but they probably won’t be able to expel the second prince from school.

Now, after homeroom, it’s time for class.

Thursday is four classes: the national language, social studies, demonology, and art.

I’m good at classroom lectures, so I just take it as if it were a quick lesson.

It’s a good thing to be smart.

It didn’t happen like this in my previous life.

During art time, students moved to the art room and drew busts.

Hahahaha, don’t be jealous of me being a doujinshi artist in my previous life.

“You’re doing great, Kimball-san.”

“I’m good at drawing.”

“If you go in that direction in the future, you might be able to leave your mark on history.”

Our art sensei praises me.

“Well, I’ll become a saint after graduation, so I don’t think I’ll have time to draw.”

“It’s a shame. You’re such a talented person.”

Well, I have no intention of turning to painting in this life.

I can’t draw manga here.

I find it creepy to make comics using oil painting materials.

When I looked at Carol’s drawings, I found that they were quite good.

“Carol, you’re doing great.”

“It’s not as good as yours, Makoto. I need to make sketches of magic tools, so I’m just getting used to it.”

Although she is a masterful painter, she is humble.

Oh, all I need is some plant fiber paper, a good pencil, a G-pen, and some ink.

I’m making a doujinshi with Carol.

I wonder if plant paper will become cheaper soon.

Chapter 218

Its Name Is The “Conqueror Of The Azure Sky”

It was noon when I returned from the art room.

“What are you doing for lunch today, Kimball-kun?” Kevin asked.

“It’s Hiyoko-Do, but Prince Kevin and Gerald, you’ll both be in a high-class restaurant with Vivian-sama’s posse,” I said.

“Gah!” Kevin gasped.

“We’ve been found out, Ouji,” Gerald said.

Yes, I won’t be fooled again.

And if it happens too often, Vivian-sama will start yelling at me.

“Un-Understood. Where are you going tomorrow?” Kevin asked.

“I guess I’ll look for somewhere cheap for lunch tomorrow,” I said.

“Fumu, it is the duty of the royal family to know the situation for lunch venues in the royal capital, Ouji,” Gerald said.

“Indeed, Gerald, see you tomorrow, Kimball-san,” Kevin said.

Prince Kevin and Gerald got up from their seats and left the classroom.

I wonder why Prince Kevin is so fond of me.

“Oh, hey, Makoto, are you going to Hiyoko-Do today?”

“Oh, we are, Curtis.”

A faction member from Class B has arrived.

Also, Lloyd-chan is also shiny.

“Aren’t you going to lunch with the Pottinger Faction, Prince Lloyd?” I asked.

“I won’t, it’s boring there, and the Saint’s Faction is much more

interesting,” Lloyd said.

“Juliet also likes the Saint’s Faction because that’s where Lloyd-sama is,” Curtis said. “And for today, she likes him even more because his skin is shiny and he smiles nice.”

“Oh, I see, Prince Lloyd was cheating on you yesterday,” I told Juliet.

“Gyaaaah! Why are you tattling on me, Makoto-cchi!!” Lloyd cried.

“Maaa...! Even though you decided to invite me...!! Kiiii...!!” Juliet hissed.

“Ittai, ittai!!”

Lloyd-chan was being hit by Juliet-sama.

Serves him right.

“Okay then, let’s all go to Hiyoko-Do,” I said.

“”””Ouuh.””””

The Saint’s faction was moving down the corridor one by one.

Move aside, move aside.

I can’t say that, but everyone else spreads out as we walk by.

I met up with Hilda-san at the stairs, and Yuriyuri-senpai joined me at the doorway.

Ryan-kun also came today.

We all walk to Hiyoko-do one by one.

The sky is cloudy.

I’m planning to eat at the park, but I don’t want it to rain.

Everyone enters Hiyoko-Do.

Maybe it’s because we were early today, so it’s pretty empty.

Cliff-nii-chan looks visibly relieved because Prince Kevin is not with us.

Lloyd-chan is here, though.

Ryan seems lost in the store, so I call out to him.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Ah, Ryoshu, I’m not sure what to buy,” he said.

“Is it okay if it’s sweet?” I asked.

“I also like sweet things,” Ryan said.

“Then, I think you should just choose the Saint’s bread and any other bread you like, and buy a soda, too.”

“I see, I’ll do that.”

Ryan ordered Saint’s Bread and a Cream Coronet.

He sure likes sweets.

I think I’ll stick to Saint’s bread and egg and bacon bread.

I want to eat thick bacon.

Let’s go to the Northern cuisine restaurant again.

We grab some bread and head to the natural park.

It’s always the lawn here in the middle of nowhere.

“I wish the sky would hold.”

“I heard it’s going to rain in the afternoon, so it might be risky, let’s eat quickly.”

“Indeed, let’s hurry up and go back to school.”

Even though it’s still spring, it still gets cold when it rains.

We spread a blanket on the lawn and eat bread.

Delicious.

Why is Saint’s Bread always delicious?

“Wow, this is delicious.”

Ryan was talking to Elmer.

“Saint’s Bread... is delicious... but the mayocorn... is also good.”

Elmer was tearing up his mayocorn and giving it to Ryan.

“Ah, it tastes strange. I’ll try this next time.”

“Mayocorn is... the truth.”

I wonder how much Elmer likes mayocorn.

In the afternoon, let’s ask Elmer and Jean-oji-san about Bianca-sama’s small airship.

I wonder if there’s any information left in the Magic Tower.

Just as everyone had finished eating, it started to rain.

“Wah, let’s hurry up and go back, Makoto.”

“Yes, everyone, let’s head back to school.”

“”””Haii.””””

Everyone trots back to the school.

Well, it’s right there, so we won’t get that wet.

The moment everyone entered the school building, it started to rain heavily.

It smells like rain.

Apparently, that smell comes from the reaction between raindrops and soil.

I saw it on a trivia program about my previous life.

Well, we have some free time.

Shall I try going to the library?

“I’m going to the library, but what about you guys?” I asked.

“Maybe I should go, too,” Carol said.

“Let’s go,” Corinna said.

It looks like these two are coming with me.

I wave goodbye to everyone in my faction.

Everyone seems to be spending their lunch break wherever they want.

The school building is connected to the library by a covered walkway.

It was lunchtime, so there were surprisingly many people.

When I entered, Lucas-chi was at the counter processing the borrowed books.

When he notices me, he smiles and waves at me.

Hmm, it seems like after school is a good time to ask Lucas-chi for help.

“Uhn, I’m surprised there are alchemy books available,” Carol said to herself in front of the alchemy shelf.

“Are there any rare books?” I asked.

“Not that many, most of these books I’ve already read,” Carol said.

How much of a reader is Carol?

Corinna is pulling out a book from the math shelf.

We look for books on airships on the vehicle shelf.

It was an illustrated encyclopedia of airships.

I pull it out and read it.

I like that there are a lot of pictures.

Heeh, the design is quite different for each ship.

In the past, there were many of them, and they were also used in wars.

There are also specialized warships.

Nowadays, there are fewer of them, so they are only used for national business.

Oh, there’s also a picture of Bianca-sama’s airship.

It’s surprisingly large.

I thought it would be a small car, but it looks more like a fishing boat from a previous life.

There are four propellers on the top.

Apparently, the name of the airship is “Conqueror of the Azure Sky”.

So cool.

Chapter 219

We Hear About The Ship Register From Jean-oji-san

Moving on, every afternoon of my school life was spent being experimented on by Elmer and Jean-oji-san.

I tried to slow-walk to the Magic Laboratory, but since Elmer was with me, that didn't work.

I think it's about time for them to cease the experiments, but it seems like these mahou bakas have an infinite number of experiment ideas to conduct, and they won't let me go.

Well, on the other hand, they do help me by being professional consultants about magic-related matters.

For now, I'll speak to Jean-oji-san in the Magic Laboratory.

The first step is to make an inquiry.

"Do you know anything about Bianca-sama's airship at the Magic Tower?" I asked.

"Uhn, but why are you asking about Bianca-sama's airship?" Jean said.

"Airships are... under the jurisdiction of... the Transportation Bureau," Elmer said.

Is there a Transportation Bureau in the Magic Tower?

"What does that department do?" I asked.

"Right now, it's mainly managing airships," Jean said. "In the future, they're researching how to control horse-drawn carriage traffic using signaling devices from magic tools."

Oh, controlling the carriage traffic in the royal capital.

It's true that traffic jams are terrible when there are big events.

"Has it been around since Bianca-sama's time?" I asked. "What did the Transportation Bureau do then?"

“In the past, there were a lot more airships, so I think they were a little busier, but now they’ve been demoted in importance,” Jean said.

Hmm, is it a quiet job?

I suppose that would be the case since there are only two airships in the Appleton Kingdom.

That’s a lot of free time without work to do.

“The airships must have had a ship register, I’ll ask for it when I go to the Magic Tower today,” Jean said.

“Ooh, you can understand a lot by looking at that?” I asked.

“That’s right, they have to give out the ship’s register when it’s time for maintenance, so we might find out a lot,” Jean said. “They’ll also be given when the ship is scrapped, so if Bianca-sama’s airship was salvaged for parts, we’ll know.”

“What if the ship wasn’t scrapped?” I asked.

“We’ll know, that as well,” Jean said. “Someone must have obtained it after Bianca-sama’s death, so you should be able to get a general idea of how it changed hands.”

It seems like you can get information from unexpected places.

I had no idea there was a ship registry.

I’m looking forward to this tomorrow.

So, today as well, Elmer and Jean-oji-san made me do various experiments.

Gunnu.

Afternoon classes were over, I said goodbye to Jean-oji-san and returned to Class A with Elmer.

“A ship... could there be...?... Truly...?” Elmer said.

“Bianca-sama told me about it, so I think it still exists, but I don’t know what condition it’s in,” I said. “If nothing goes right for us, it might need to be repaired, and it might not be ready in time for the dance party.”

“If you make it in time... that’d be nice... I want to see you, Makoto... in that dress...”

“Ehehe, thank you, Elmer.”

Elmer smiled shyly.

He’s a really good guy.

By the way, Elmer will be my escort at the new student welcome dance party.

Elmer would be in trouble if the lady he was escorting wore an old tattered dress.

Uhn, uhn.

Returning to Class A, it was the final homeroom session.

Those who wanted to participate in the dance party were asked to fill out forms that would be handed out to them along with their escort and return them at a later date.

The dance party is getting closer and closer.

I get nervous.

I need to find an airship.

Today’s class ends with a standing goodbye.

Now then, let’s go looking for it.

“Are you doing alchemy, Carol?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’m sorry, I’d like to help you find the airship, but the 2nd year students have come home, so the medicine stocks are running low,” Carol said.

“Okay, okay, let’s meet again for dinner,” I said.

“Two people died in the first Great Labyrinth trip, so everyone is getting serious about preparation and the potions are selling like hotcakes.”

For sure, I would get serious about preparation if I heard that a student in my grade had died during a field trip.

“By the way, I’ve been asked to come to the next training session in the Gatruga Great Labyrinth,” I said. “Can you come with me, Carol?”

“Huh, hm, I suppose it would be difficult to be away from school for a week,” Carol said. “Sometimes the medicines lose their potency by then.”

“I see.”

It’s a shame. I wanted to go on a trip with Carol, but maybe later.

“Well then, see you later, and sorry, Makoto.”

“No, it’s fine, it’s fine, I’ll be alright.”

Carol grabbed her bag and left the classroom.

Corinna-chan entered Class A as if to replace her.

“Makoto, let’s explore, I’ll help you.”

“Oh, Corinna-chan, that’s helpful.”

Even if Carol leaves me behind, I have a strong ally in Corinna, so it’s okay.

Corinna-chan seems like a field researcher.

“Where should we start? The library?” Corinna asked.

“Let’s look for research materials at the library,” I said. “After that, we’ll watch the moving images of Bianca-sama in her abandoned temple, and maybe we’ll find a good shot at the Great Temple?”

“Why don’t you check out the Great Temple when you go on Saturday?” Corinna asked.

“Good idea. Let’s do that,” I said.

Let’s wait until we see Linda-san’s face.

She’s definitely going to ask for some bath salts.

We left Class A and headed to the library.

As I looked through the glass window, the sky was dark and rain was falling.

“It’s cold, isn’t it?”

“Cold, indeed.”

This season, when the sun goes down and it rains, it gets really cold.

The two of us walk down the hallway.

“Oh yeah, I heard there’s a Transportation Bureau in the Magic Tower, and there’s a register for airships.”

“Oh, do they still have the documents for Bianca’s?”

“It’s called the Conqueror of the Azure Sky. Jean-oji-san will ask about it and take a look for us.”

“Now that I think about it, your range of contacts is amazing, Makoto. You’ve got ties to the top of society, from the King to the Director of the Magic Tower to the Pope.”

“Well, since I’m a saint candidate, it’s a really big pain in the ass.”

“That can’t be right.”

Corinna and I looked at each other and laughed.

Mattaku, it’s a completely strange position to be in, huh?

Chapter 220

Scavenging Through The Library's Treasured Archives

As we walked through the breezeway, the rain started to blow in and it was cold.

I wonder if it will get warmer soon.

It's still so cold out.

I open the library door with Corinna and go inside.

The unique smell of books makes me feel calm.

In contrast to the hustle and bustle around noon, there were only 56 students in the library.

Lucas-chi is reading a book behind the rental counter as usual.

"Lucas-chi, do you have the key to the secret archives?"

He shifted his gaze from the book to me.

"I do, but there are so many books in the collection that amateurs won't be able to find them."

"Is that so~?" I asked.

"What kind of book do you need?"

"One on Bianca-sama's airship."

"Fumu....."

Lucas-chi was deep in thought.

"What do you want to know about that airship?" Lucas said.

"How long did it exist and where was it located," I said.

"It's a difficult problem," Lucas said, "most of the old, out-of-date books from the Appleton Kingdom are stored in the archives here, but they are not organized properly. I plan on sorting them out by the time I graduate."

“So it’s a mess in there?” I asked.

“To put it simply, yes.”

That’s no good.

“For now, I’d like to take a look inside,” Corinna said.

With that, Lucas-chi stood up and took the key that was hanging on the wall.

“Would you like to go there?” Lucas said.

“Let’s go.”

“Let’s go.”

We take the spiral staircase down to the first floor of the library.

When a student reading a book sees Lucas-chi, he bows silently.

Maa, he’s like the Boss of Liberal Arts Students.

When I unlocked the door at the back of the first floor, a spiral staircase leading to the basement appeared.

“Light.”

The area becomes brighter.

“Ooh, it’s better than a lamp because it doesn’t produce soot.”

“It’s brighter than anything else, too.”

“Having a saint candidate is quite convenient, isn’t it?”

The three of us descend the spiral staircase.

When we got to the bottom and opened the door with the key, we found ourselves in a new section of the library.

It was about the same size as the floor of a tower, and the ceiling was high.

There were books piled up messily.

“Uhee.”

“Uhee.”

“It was the result of everyone putting in books at random,” Lucas said.

However, there are many books.

Where did this large number of books come from?

“These books gather here when a King is replaced, and also when a noble dies. The school buys those out-of-date records and stacks them here.”

That’s also a big deal.

I can’t find the books I need unless I organize them.

I tried using Light Detection magic in this space.

Piiiiinnn.

Yes, I now understand that there are a lot of books.

It seems that there are no magical books.

Bianca-sama’s Light letters also move with ultra-fine magical power, so they can’t be detected.

“Light.”

I increase the magical power and launch a large ball of Light.

Wow, it’s so bright.

However, the problem is with the pile of books.

“For now, let’s look for it, Makoto, you help, too.”

“Ouuuh.”

The three of us divided up and broke down the pile of books.

However, I just go by books that seem to have something to do with airships based on the title.

After about an hour, Lucas-chi started reading some book he picked out, and Corinna-chan was exhausted and sleeping on the old sofa.

As for me, I just found an old illustrated book on airships.

When I looked inside, it seemed to be an older version of the airship encyclopedia on the upper floor, and there was no follow-up information about Bianca-sama's airship.

Gunnu.

"You know, I guess there aren't any books from Bianca-sama's mansion here."

"Fumu, that certainly seems possible," Lucas said.

Well, we say she was from 200 years ago, but she must have been alive for 80 years, so it must have been about 120

years ago.

The library and mansion were destroyed around the year of her execution, so it was probably about 130 years ago.

"Search the noble's directory," Lucas said.

"Houh, why?" I asked.

"That's because it's a matter of life and death for aristocrats to gather information about other aristocrats, these are published every year," Lucas said. "That means if you look for the noble's directory, you can find out the publishing year of the books they had."

"Oh, as expected of the owner of the library," I said.

"Fufu, I'm no bookworm, just a layabout."

I woke up Corinna and we all searched for the noble's directories

I don't know when the library was built, but I feel like the oldest books are probably in the place farthest from the stairs.

You know, if you want to stack things in an empty space, it's better to stack things in the back than near the entrance.

Noble's directories are easy to find because their designs don't change that much.

It seems like the covers and colors change every 50 years.

What are the colors of directories older than 100 years? It's rouge.

As I narrowed down my search area, I came upon a group of books that looked like the collection of books in Bianca's mansion.

The noble's directory we found in that mountain of books was published 130 years ago.

I figured this stack belonged to Bianca's mansion because there were a lot of prayer books.

The job of the Seijou-sama is to read prayer books and preach, so there are quite a few books with writings on them.

Well, I wonder if there's anything wrong with it.

While digging through books, I found a thick book with a picture of the Conqueror of the Azure Sky.

When I opened it and read it, uooh, it was the pilot's manual for the Conqueror of the Azure Sky.

This is it!

"I'll write up the lending forms later," Lucas said.

"Eh, it was just sitting in the library archives, right? Give it to me," I said.

"That's not true," Lucas said. "If you want one for yourself, make a copy."

Grrrr.

But it's good to know how to fly it.

I'll read it and prepare for it.

"Makoto, I managed to find something."

Corinna-chan brought a floor plan to Bianca's mansion.

"Wow, that's a big find," I said.

The three of us look at the mansion map.

"It's not there."

"It can't be there."

“Yeah, not there.”

There is no airship port on the mansion map.

There is also the abandoned temple written in, but there is no space that is just the right size to be used for the landing and departure of airships.

In the drawing, there should be a symbol that looks like the letter A on the airship's port, but there isn't one.

“There was no airship in the mansion.”

Looks like that's the final answer.

Chapter 221

I Went To The Hidden Room, But Bianca-Sama Doesn't Want Things Too Easy I go up the stairs with some books.

Lukacchi retreated behind the counter.

After completing the formalities for the books I wanted to borrow, I left the library.

It's cold outside.

"Where to next?"

"Would you like to go to the abandoned temple?"

"Ooh, I want to go to Bianca-sama's hidden room."

"Okay, let's go together."

The rain had become a drizzle.

There aren't many umbrellas in this world.

When it's raining hard, people wear raincoats, but not many people have them.

That's why when it rains, everyone gets wet and walks through it.

.....

Isn't that a European custom in the past?

So, in a game, it's easy to understand that it's Japan's climate.

That's a terrible hybrid.

Umbrellas are still sold though.

Should I put a Barrier on top of us?

I build a dome-shaped Barrier without chanting.

It's nice that it's thin because it just repels the rain.

The Barrier will be a tracking type, so it will move along with me.

I can place it somewhere and use it as an obstacle.

“Ooooh?”

“I’ll protect us from the rain with a Barrier,” I said.

“This is convenient.”

I walked along the forest path with Corinna-chan.

In other words, the rain from above can be prevented by a Barrier, but the grass below your feet will spray water, so your feet will be soaked.

The abandoned temple is still under construction, covered with a tarpaulin sheet, but the walls are starting to be put together, and the building is gradually taking shape.

As expected, it was raining, so there were no workers or Temple officials.

Only the statue of the Goddess stood alone in the rain.

I pray in front of the Goddess statue.

Please, I hope I can easily find Bianca-sama’s airship. Or rather, Megami-sama, please teach me somehow. Bianca-sama is too cruel.

The goddess seemed to be calm and serene.

Mattaku, completely unreliable.

I pour Light magic into the nameplate.

The floor next to the pedestal suddenly opened.

“Wow, it’s amazing, it feels like a hideout.”

“Normally, when an enemy attacks, they hide in a place like this. Apparently, every Temple has one.”

“Seriously? Does the Temple find it surprisingly easy to get involved in wars and riots, is that what they made this?”

Indeed, hidden shelters are surprisingly located all over the city, and since temples are large facilities even in villages, they often get caught up in trouble.

It seems to be a precaution in such cases.

Well, this place seems to be exclusive to Bianca-sama.

However, I wonder if Maria-sama has never been inside.

Didn't Bianca-sama see Maria-sama in the future and help her defeat the Demon King?

Lately, I feel closer to Bianca-sama than to Maria-sama.

A lot of things come up from the past.

Corinna-chan and I go down the narrow stairs and emerge into the passageway.

I inject “**Light**” into the fixtures and turn them on.

“Ooh, it's so shiny, there's no dust or anything.”

“I don't know why, but it looked beautiful from the first time I came here.”

I wonder if there's some kind of Retention magic on it.

We walk through the beautiful hallway, go to the door, place my hand on the emblem plate, and let the Light magic flow through me.

The door opened.

It's no different than when I brought Linda-san.

There was just a crystal ball sitting on a table in the back.

“There's a reception set and a mini-kitchen. Oh, there's water.”

When Corinna turned on the faucet in the kitchenette, water came out.

“Let's make some tea.”

Dulcie appeared and took a sip of water from a glass, then she frowned and let it flow uninterrupted for a moment.

I wonder if the taste of water derived from Water magic stones changes if left unused for a long time.

After leaving the water running for a while, Dulcie poured some water

into the kettle and put it on the magic stove.

Now, I put my hand on the crystal ball.

As usual, I felt the magic being absorbed, and an image of Bianca-sama appeared.

“Irrashyai, Makoto, Corinna, it looks like you’ve successfully obtained the manual.”

“You’re so annoying, hurry up and tell me where the airship is!” I said.

“No no, if I tell you, you’ll feel less accomplished than if you’d found it yourself. It’s for everyone’s sake, so do your best, Kouhai.”

Kussooo.

“I’ll give you this to Corinna as a sign that you’re getting close.”

A part of the wall moved and glasses fell out of it.

... Why is the design the same as the original set?

“Are you giving me this?” Corinna asked.

“Uhn, they’re corrective sight glasses, and at a glance, they can sense if something is disguised with magic.”

That’s convenient!

“Hee, uwaah, this looks really good, this is amazing!”

“I wish it was a set with a more sophisticated design,” I said.

“Nnh, well, there are various circumstances, uppupupu.”

Bianca-sama seems to be doing some tricks on this.

Well, it would be great if Corinna-chan’s glasses were upgraded, and the additional effects would be amazing.

However, it is not very good for beauty.

A saying from my previous life came to mind: “Nothing costs more than free.”

“This is amazing, is it really okay, Bianca-sama?”

“Just keep wearing it, think of it as yours now.”

I wonder if this is a strategy to hide Corinna’s beauty.

I wonder what she’s thinking.

“Okay, now we’ll take out all the bad guys in disguise.”

Ah, this means that among the Pottinger’s 10, there is someone who uses magic to disguise himself.

People who use that cheat will be in trouble moving forward.

Well, that’s fine though.

“Well then, Mako-chan, good luck finding the airship~, ufufu~”

Mattaku, fucking disgusting.

You useless evil Seijou-sama.

Chapter 222

We Found A Hidden Passage With Corinna's Glasses!

“Bianca-sama, you are of no use,” I said. “This was a waste of time.”

“Wait a minute, Makoto,” Corinna said.

“Hm?” I asked.

Corinna-chan pointed towards the reception set.

“Ah, since we’re here, let’s go have some tea,” I said.

Dulcie is gone now, and there’s tea on the table.

But where is she hiding in such a closed room?

“That’s not what I meant”, Corinna said.

It’s not?

“There’s camouflage put on the wall in that corner,” Corinna said.

“Hoeh?” I went.

Corinna took off her glasses and lent them to me.

Wow, these glasses are intense grade lens.

It’s blurry and hard to see, but the wall in the corner is definitely red-tinted.

And, you can just barely see the handle.

It seems to be a hidden door.

“Bianca-sama also gave us a perfect thing to see hidden effects at a glance,” Corinna said.

“Let’s check it out after we have some tea,” I said.

“I agree,” Corinna said.

It would be bad for Dulcie if the tea gets cold.

We sit in the reception room and drink tea.

Yeah, it's delicious.

The reception set also has a luxurious feel.

They used good leather.

When I finished drinking the tea, Dulcie appeared, washed the cups, and put it in the tea cupboard.

Hey, this place is also good for secret meetings.

I go behind the sofa and feel for the handle.

Ah, there was something there.

It feels strange to have a handle on a place that only looks like a flat wall.

When I turned it, the door opened.

A slight breeze blows from inside.

Is it connected to the outside?

"I guess it's where the airship is hidden."

"It's possible. Let's go."

I go down the narrow spiral staircase with Corinna-chan.

It was located way downstairs from there!

There is a departure and arrival area with a letter like "A" on it.

And there's only a fairly large landing area.

"There's no airship," Corinna said.

"Kussooo!" I fell to my knees in dismay.

I got the manual and hangar!

And the vehicle itself is still missing.

A passageway extends diagonally from the departure and landing area.

The passage is clean, probably because of the Retention magic.

It looks like it could fit two airships the size of fishing boats.

There are also maintenance tools.

Corinna and I stroll down the aisle toward the exit.

The ceiling is quite high.

I guess it's because it's so narrow that people bump into each other.

The unnecessary knowledge from my previous life that the larger the parking lot is, the easier it is.

The passageway that went diagonally up led to the outside after about 40 meters.

There's an entrance on the cliff in the valley behind the school.

There is a wide horizontal square below the exit, and there is also a letter that looks like an A written on it.

I wonder how they couldn't find such a conspicuous facility.

From the outside looking in, I wonder if there's some Camouflage magic going on?

"We got the hangar~."

"We can launch from the school~."

"But, there's no airship yet~."

"Still don't have it~."

I feel so regretful.

I slumped my shoulders and climbed the spiral staircase back to Bianca's room.

Right now, let's go back up through the hidden entrance.

"Shall we going home?" I asked.

"Let's do that, Bianca-sama, thank you for the glasses," Corinna-chan said, bowing her head toward the crystal ball.

I don't think Bianca-sama is there, but I understand how she feels.

We go up the narrow stairs to the abandoned Temple.

Linda-san was sitting under the tarpaulin.

"Ah, hello," I said.

"Hello, Linda-shi," Corinna said.

"How's your day been, Seijou-sama, Corinna-sama?" Linda asked.

"Bianca-sama teased me and she gave Corinna a new magic tool."

"Hou?" Linda said.

I quickly talked to Linda-san about searching for the airship.

"What an unscrupulous person, trying to impose tariffs on the Seijou-sama's dresses," Linda said. "Let's call a Holy War on Hilmgard and turn it into a vacant lot."

Mattaku, Linda is completely of a one-track mind.

"If we use a Holy War for personal gain, the honor of the Temple will be ruined," I said.

"Those who say such things should be hanged," Linda said.

Yada, yada, a reign of terror by a saint is no joke.

"I'll see if there are any materials in the Temple library," Linda said.

"Isn't there anything like that in the treasure room of the Great Temple?" I asked.

"No, there isn't," Linda said. "When Maria-sama was trying to subjugate the Demon King, she apparently searched the Great Temple extensively because it would be easier if she had a small airship, but in the end she couldn't find anything."

"How did Maria-sama go to the Demon Country?" I asked.

"Mainly on foot," Linda said. "It seems that a camping wagon also accompanied them, but the texts says that they essentially just walked the whole way."

It was also difficult for Maria-sama.

That was the exact moment when a small airship was needed.

I wonder why that person would send out an airship when there is a crisis about dresses, but not when there is a crisis affecting the whole world.

“By the way, I hear you’ve made some wonderful bath salts. Please let us have some,” Linda said.

“Uumu,” I said.

I can’t help it, I’m always indebted to the Great Temple.

“Dulcie.”

“Hai, Makoto-sama.”

I took out two large bottles of bath salts from the pochette hanging on Dulcie’s waist and handed them to Linda-san.

“I think one bottle will be enough for the large public bath in the Great Temple. Two baths, one for men and one for women.”

“Thank you. We’ll try it tonight.”

“I can sell about two bottles once a week,” I said.

“What about the cost?”

“It’s close to the public baths here, so 1,000 dolancs.”

“That’s so cheap.”

I received 1,000 dolancs from Linda for the bath salts, and put it in my wallet.

I also filled out two documents to send to the Great Temple.

“Then I’ll bring you the report of the search for the airship from Maria-sama’s time tomorrow,” Linda said.

“Thank you, that’s helpful, Linda-san,” I said.

“No, it’s a the Great Temple involving the Sejou-sama, so see you later,” Linda-san said as she put on her cloak and left in the pouring

rain.

“I guess Linda-shi came to get some bath salts.”

“Well, I guess so, as well,” I said.

I think it leaked from around Dulcie.

Well, that’s fine though.

Chapter 223

After Taking A Bath, Read The Manual For The Conqueror Of The Azure Sky Kapon, I am taking a bath in the underground public bath with Corinna-chan.

The hot water soaks into my body after it gets so cold from the rain.

“Fuwaaaaaaaaaa.”

“Fuwaaaaaaaaaa.”

We all have one voice.

The bath is the best.

Everyone from the Saint's Faction came into the bathroom.

“Ah, Makoto-sama, you were here like I thought.”

“I thought it was about time.”

Melissa and Marilyn called out to me.

“It's free in the evening, isn't it?”

But today there are more people taking baths than usual.

I don't do the Saint's Bath every day like that.

“Did you find the airship, myon?” Koishi asked.

“I found the manual and the hangar, but the vehicle itself still isn't there there,” I said.

“Oooh~, I hope you'll find it soon, myon,” Koishi said.

No, Koishi-chan, there's no relevance to us finding two things so far.

“However, tariffs are a palliative measure, so shouldn't we just behead them?” Cattleya asked.

“Economic blockade is not a cowardly move, so violence is not a solution,” I said.

“Mattaku, you’re being far too lenient, Makoto.”

Don’t say that, Cattleya-san.

Now that I’m warm, I go to the washroom.

Dulcie happily sprinkles soap on a towel to create bubbles.

Dulcie washes my entire body.

I’ll never get used to it.

It’s a little embarrassing.

Dulcie puts on shampoo and starts washing my hair.

I like how she washes my hair because it feels so good.

Fuwawawaaaah.

It makes me feel so fuwafuwa.

I was shampooed and rinsed and had a bath towel wrapped around my hair.

Thank you for everything.

Corinna-chan was washing her hair thoroughly before being washed by Dulcie, too.

She’s so fast.

I take a bath and warm up again.

It’s good to have naked skinship like this, right?

It would be nice if Carol came, too, huh?

I get out of the bath, completely warmed up.

“Well then, see you all later for dinner.”

“”””Otsukaresama.””””

Everyone sends me off in unison.

When I go to the changing room, Dulcie grabs a hair dryer and dries me off.

She has also prepared a change of clothes for me, and Dulcie will help me put it on.

It's a perfect fit.

Wow, so refreshing.

I was soaked from the rain and my body was quite cold.

I'm warm now.

"Now, what should I do?" I asked.

"You should go back to your room and read the manual," Corinna said.

"I see, once we have the vessel itself, we can move it right away."

"That's right, the manual is important."

That is, if we find the vessel and if it isn't broken.

I hurried up the stairs with Corinna-chan.

It's raining outside, isn't it?

Quite heavily, too.

Zawa, zawa, I can hear the storming of the raindrops.

Returning to Room 205, I crawl into bed and begin reading the manual for the Conqueror of the Azure Sky.

Hou-hou.

It has a capacity of 15 people and can accommodate 10 people for long-term sailing.

It's equipped with a mini-kitchen and lounge.

It has a shower room.

It has a 6-room structure, so you can carry a lot of luggage, and it can also be used for long journeys.

It can be raised to 10,000 Cradles with Airtight magic.

Will I be able to jump over Everest from my previous life?

It can go to the same altitude as a jet airliner.

The 1000km/h cradle is amazing.

How fast does the Golden Dawn go?

That's amazing, that's amazing.

It's so amazing that if it's found, it might be confiscated by the kingdom.

It's not something you could own personally.

Eh, what does "Fuel Unit Cost 0" mean?

Why don't you use magic stones?

The magical fuel power is Light magic, and can it be stored in a tank circuit and sailed for a day?

It's a good deal!

Ah, that means using the Saint's magical power.

If this is the case, it might not be necessary for the kingdom to take it.

I view the pilot's section.

Oh, the activation key is Kogitsunemaru?

So she's storing Light magic power in the magic fuel tank circuit through Kogitsunemaru?

Steering is done with a small helm.

Pulling it causes it to rise, pushing it causes it to descend.

"Amazing."

"What is it, Makoto?"

When I popped my head out of bed, Corinna was studying in front of her desk.

She's still so diligent.

"It seems that Bianca-sama's airship moves using Light magic and does not require magic stones."

“Ooh.”

“Running costs are free.”

“That’s amazing, ah, so it wasn’t salvaged and had its parts used by other airships?”

“Maybe so, I’ve never heard of a Light magic engine.”

“That’s good for us, even if we find it, we don’t have to worry about being taken by the kingdom.”

“Yeah, no one can pilot it by me.”

This is good news if the vessel itself can be found.

But why didn’t she give this to Maria?

Honestly, it makes it seem like my two Seijou-sama-senpais are not on good terms.

“Let’s go to dinner.”

“Indeed.”

Okay, let’s show the manual to Carol at the dinner table.

Let’s do so.

We left the room and locked it.

We also ran down the stairs.

It’s already dark outside.

Raindrops are hitting the window glass.

It’s a little chilly.

The usual people were gathered in the elevator hall.

The elevator opened, and Carol, Juliet-san, and Yuriyuri-senpai came out.

“Omatase, Makoto, what is that?”

“Bianca-sama’s airship manual,” I said.

“Wow, that’s amazing! Where did you find something like that?”

“It was in the library’s archives.”

“As expected of that place.”

Well, it’s such a chaotic place that you can’t even search without Lucas-chi.

I see, he will find the secret books in the game.

It looked like they had a collection of books on martial arts and magic.

As a thank you, I think I’ll help him organize the library.

Chapter 224

After Dinner, Carol Notices The Airship's Equipment

I lined up at the cafeteria counter and put today's dinner on a tray.

Today's menu is:

Chicken cutlet, mushroom salad, consommé soup, and black bread.

It looks delicious.

Ilda-san's consommé soup is a treat on its own.

I poured the tea into a cup and took it to the usual table.

Carol is on the left, Corinna-chan is on the right, Elsa-san is in front, Hilda-san is next to her, and Juliet-san is next to her.

Once everyone is seated, it's time to eat.

“Itadakimasu.”

“””I thank the Goddess for my daily meal.”””

Mou, stop praying toward me.

Pakuri.

Fuoh, it's crispy and warm.

Chicken cutlet is delicious.

It's covered in a sauce that looks like Chuno sauce.

Delicious, delicious.

The mushroom salad also has a mysterious texture and is delicious.

Is this enoki?

I'm shocked.

“It's delicious~.”

“Julie-chan, you could eat the higher-quality food.”

“It’s delicious because we all eat together.”

That’s true.

“Indeed, I’ve never really had the experience of eating with others, so I didn’t know it would be this much fun,” Carol laughed as she said.

Well, many noble family members eat alone, and Carol’s father flies around a lot.

Hilda-san and Elsa-san also nodded in agreement.

“Did you eat alone at your house, Elsa-san?”

“Yes, since I am the youngest child, we didn’t have many meals together. My Otou-sama and Okaa-sama often went to our townhouse. The whole family would eat together at the townhouse on Goddess Festivals and National Foundation Festivals. It was something I looked forward to doing as a child.”

It’s tough for the aristocrats, isn’t it?

“What about you, Hilda-san?”

“Chi-Chi was a bastard, so it was painful for me to eat with him, so I was relieved when I started living at school from junior high school.”

Well, I suppose that’s expected.

Appleton Magic Academy has a middle school and a high school, and about half of the people I know are from the middle school.

At first, I thought Elmer’s fiancée, Priscilla-sama, would storm into the high school, but it turns out she’s going to a secondary school in her territory.

That’s good.

After I finished eating, I returned the tableware to the return slot and drank some tea.

Dulcie appeared and served me and Corinna some hot tea.

“It’s so nice that your maid disappears when she’s done with her business.”

“Ojou-sama, please don’t be so ignorant. That is the privilege of a

Maid's Village graduate."

Juliet-san's maid Claire-san said so while making tea.

Can't a grand maid do that, too?

"I'm generally satisfied with Shirley, but since she's from the Maid's House, she can't do that."

"Sorry to show off," I said.

Fufuhn, I'm glad that Hilda is jealous of me.

Anne-san also appeared, gave Carol some tea, and then disappeared.

"Makoto, show me the airship's manual," Carol said.

"Okay," I said.

I handed the manual to her.

"Have you found the airship yet?"

"Not yet, just the manual and the hangar, Elsa-san."

"So there was also a hangar for it?"

"It was in the basement of the abandoned Temple. I wonder where the airship itself is."

Hilda-san turned her head towards me.

"Isn't it in the Great Temple, after all? It has a long history as well."

"Linda-san said she looked for it when it was Maria-sama's time, but it wasn't there."

"It's quite large, so there are only a limited number of places you can hide it in."

Buhoh, Carol burst out laughing.

"What? Carol"

"It has a cannon and a machine gun."

"Huh?"

I looked at the weapon operation page that Carol opened.

It houses a large beam cannon of Light magic, and it seems like it will pop out in case of an emergency.

Also, there is a Light magic beam machine gun on the bow, which seems to be able to fire rapidly, gagagagaga..

What were you trying to fight against, Bianca-sama!?

“Hora, when we fly in the sky, we sometimes come across wyverns and giant eagles, so they must be following the Golden Dawn as well,” Carol said.

“That one has a magic wind-up ballista. The cannons and machine guns sound amazing. It’s like an old air battleship,”

Hilda-san added.

It’s fine, then, but come on.

I’m not surprised now since there are beam-firing holy swords like Eckesax.

What should I fight with this heavily armed ship?

Are we going to bomb the Pottinger Duchy and Hilmgard?

That’s excessive force.

Ah, this is probably why she didn’t give it to Maria-sama.

The adventure will be over too soon.

However, according to Maria-sama’s anecdote, she used her own Saint Beam magic to blow away the Demon King.

Is there something that’s coming for me?

Scary, scary.

“Then please excuse us.”

“Good night.”

After the Fashion Duo finished eating, they said goodbye and left the dining room.

“Now then, today’s intelligence report,” Hilda said.

“It’s been a week, please do,” I said.

“As we’d suspected, behind Kelly Horst is Deborah Wyeth, who apparently learned how to block tariffs from her grandfather.”

“Her Oji-chan still alive?”

“Yes, he seems to be doing well.”

The people of James Pottinger’s generation are dying more and more.

I suppose that’s just how it goes.

“Deborah Wyeth’s grandfather, Randy Wyeth, was picked up by Duke Pottinger’s faction for the customs blockade operation, so there is no chance of this operation failing.”

“Is he an expert? That’s troublesome. Even the detour route won’t work either.”

“No, we are currently transporting the woven products from our Mahler territory through the eastern mountain route.”

If we change the route, it will take time, but we will reach the royal capital.

They’re going to reach some really unpleasant places.

If we can’t find the airship, or if we find it but it needs repair, we won’t be able to wear a new dress for this year’s New Student’s Welcome Dance Party.

However, in the future, if you factor in the time it will take, it will be possible to transport it by land.

Well, the quickest way is to fly over the mountain in an airship.

In the worst-case scenario, I’ll have no choice but to wear an old dress and the shining ribbon.

Hmm, I wonder where the airship is.

Chapter 225

Kinteki-Reijou-Sama Has Some Ideas Involving Real Estate

Dinner and the intelligence report are over, so I leave the cafeteria.

“Well, no matter how much I worry, I can’t find what I’m looking for,” I said.

“True, right?” Corinna said.

I go up the stairs with Corinna and enter Room 205.

I touch the magic light switch on the wall to turn on the lights.

When it’s bright, it feels like my room.

I open the chest, take out my night clothes, and change into them.

Dulcie came out and took a uniform.

The freshly laundered uniform is at the top of the chest.

That’s going through a lot of trouble.

I crawl into bed in my night clothes, turn on the light, and look at the manual for the Conqueror of the Azure Sky.

What is this activation of the magical brain?

Is it a computer thing? I don’t understand.

I fell asleep while reading the manual.

Suyaa.

I woke up to the sound of the maid-sans getting ready.

It’s as usual.

When I peeked out from the curtain, I saw Karina-san and Margot-san changing their clothes.

“Good morning, Karina-san, Margot-san.”

“Good morning, Makoto.”

“Morning~, fuwaa, I’m going to be busy now that Ojou-sama has come home~.”

“That’s just normal, Margot, now then, we’re heading out.”

The always cheerful Karina pushed the sleepy Margot outside, to work with them.

After letting out a soft yawn, I climbed down the ladder and went to the bathroom to wash my face.

When I returned to my room after finishing my business, Dulcie had prepared some tea for me.

It looks like it’s going to be sunny and nice weather today.

I sit face-to-face with Corinna and drink tea.

“Are you looking for the airship again today, Makoto?” Corinna said.

“Basically, yes,” I said.

“Won’t the royal family want to keep it secret?” Corinna asked.

“It can only fly using Light magic, so it’s probably not that valuable as a national treasure. Besides, if it was in the royal palace, it would have been brought out in Maria’s time.”

“I see, it’s an investigation about an airship that went missing 200 years ago, it feels like trying to catch a cloud, isn’t it?”

“Mattaku, isn’t it?” I said.

We finish our tea and get up from our seats.

Dulcie appeared and cleaned up the cups.

The three of us go outside and lock the room.

I head down the stairs.

When I look outside, the weather is nice and bright.

We arrived at the elevator hall, everyone was already there and we greeted each other.

Gradually, it becomes a daily routine, and it becomes a common sight.

It's good to have more friends.

We enter the cafeteria and line up at the counter.

Clara smiles and greets me.

"Yesterday I had a normal bath, so you don't hold the Kinteki-rejiou-sama Bath every day, do you?"

"No, for now, it's on Monday and Wednesday," I said.

"I see, that's a shame."

I ask Marissa-san for salty porridge and receive it.

Today's side dish is ham and eggs.

Looks delicious.

Everyone takes a seat and we say grace before the meal.

"Itadakimasu."

""I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.""

Mou-ii, I'm not used to being worshiped, but I decided that I had no choice.

Pakuri.

Ah, salty porridge is delicious.

The ham is delicious too.

Delicious.

"Makoto, are you looking for the airship today?" Carol asked.

"Yes, but I'm running out of places to look," I said.

Carol put her index finger on his cheek and put on a thoughtful expression. "Geeze, it's not in the mansion's hangar, so I guess it's in a villa or some other hangar."

"A villa... ah, I see."

Oops, I almost said that it was a secret that Bianca-sama was ostensibly executed.

It's such a convenient airship that she took it to a place where she would retire.

It's in the hangar over there.

So, where is that villa?

Are real estate registration documents kept for 200 years?

“Corinna-chan, where is the Real Estate Registration Office?”

“Hmm? It's probably in the Legal Affairs Bureau,” Corinna said.

Does something like that exist in this world?

Will they create a register?

“Are there any documents left, such as land and building registration from 200 years ago?”

“A lot of the registration documents will remain, but 200 years is just too long.”

I guess so.

In this world, parchment is the recording medium, so no information is left on a huge server.

For now, it might be a good idea to contact the Legal Affairs Bureau, as there may be some left behind somewhere.

“Did you come up with something?”

“Thank you, Carol, I had an idea.”

“Yes, that's good to hear.”

After we all finished eating, I left the cafeteria with the feeling that it was time for the Saint's Faction to go to school.

So, when I arrived at the entrance to the school building, there was a crowd of people.

“I made the arrangements,” Hilda said.

“Hilda-san, what were you doing?” I asked.

When I looked at the wall, there was a newspaper posted on it.

Moreover, this is breaking news for the New Noble’s Bulletin.

What the hell is this hoax newspaper reporting?

“The Tonsoku-Reijou Picks A Fight With The Saint’s Faction. What does she mean by 15 times the customs duty on dresses?!!”

Wah.

“It’s worded terribly, but it’s true.”

“Isn’t it?”

I see, Hilda-san was the one who created the New Noble’s Bulletin.

Does she want to use the media to attack Commander-san?

Well, there’s nothing wrong with that.

When I read the article, it was written in detail to make fun of Commander-san and Deborah-san.

“What kind of nonsense would you say to the Holst family to have them impose 15 times the tariff on clothing, Kimball?” Gerald asked.

He’s reading the article.

“Kelly-san gave me various orders as the earl’s daughter, and when I refused, everyone else stomped her ego to the ground,” I said.

“Hmm, economic blockade or rooting is the Wyeth family’s method,” Gerald said. “It’s a surprisingly good move.”

“Don’t be so impressed, the royalists won’t move for this,” I said.

“Indeed, customs duties are the right of the lord, so we can’t stick our beak in them,” Gerald said. “What are you planning to do?”

“I’m thinking of something, but if it doesn’t work out, I’ll wear my old dress to the new student welcome dance party.

I’ll be able to wear a normal dress for the second-semester dance party.”

“Hmm, the damage isn’t that bad,” Gerald said.

“Unlike men, dresses are important to women, so it is that bad of a loss, Gerald-sama.”

Gerald looked at Corinna-chan as if he were seeing something unexpected.

“I see, hmm, sorry, that was a gaffe.”

“N-No, I said too much.”

“Certainly, if you imagine that the dress won’t arrive to the intended recipient, it will be a huge loss to her...”

For some reason, Gerald muttered to himself.

Who is that person he’s talking about?

Chapter 226

The Saint's Faction Enters The Downtown Restaurant, Tsubame Shokudou Now then, onto this morning's classes.

Friday's schedule is History, Music, Ethics, and Martial Arts.

History is easy~, music is okay, but the problem is ethics.

Basically, the world is around the end of the Middle Ages, so ethics deals with the relationship between the royal family and the nobility, and there is no perspective on the common people.

A genuine aristocrat would make light of me, a commoner.

The political system of the Appleton Kingdom is such that the royal family officially grants territory to the aristocrats, and the aristocrats pay a certain amount of taxes to the royal family.

The royal family also has its own territory, the royal domain, and taxes from there are also put into the national treasury.

The tax burden seems to be easier for royal territories than for noble territories.

Rather than being servants of the royal family, the nobles are more like a small nation, and they come together to form the Appleton Kingdom.

Since government cannot be carried out by royal vassals alone, the royal executive branch is tasked with various tasks.

In Japan, it's like a bureaucrat.

Corinna-chan's house being part of the Sewage Bureau is also part of the government.

It seems that lower-level bureaucrats are in trouble because they don't have money, even though their status is that of aristocrats.

While I think about such things, the time for ethics class is over.

The ethics exam is going to be tough.

There are quite a few ethical rules that go against the common sense

of Japan in my previous life.

Let's look for past exam questions in the library and prepare for them.

After the 3rd period, it was time for martial arts.

Everyone heads to the martial arts hall one by one.

I changed into exercise clothes in the locker room and headed to the martial arts hall.

Batten-sensei greets us with a smile.

We did some warm-up exercises, and then, as usual, we did combat exercises in pairs.

Kan-ka-kan.

As usual, I pair up with Koishi-chan.

I use twin swords, one of them a shield sword, and Koishi uses a wooden sword.

I've gotten used to it a lot, and I've started to be able to use the wooden sword quite a bit in tandem with the shield sword.

"You're doing well, myon, and your footwork is getting, myon-ne."

"Thank you Koishi-chan."

I'm happy when Koishi-chan praises me.

"Why don't you try it with me, too?" Cattleya asked.

"You'd be fine, too, Cattleya-san, yoshi," I said.

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san switch partners and have another conversation.

Kan-kakan-kan.

Cattleya-san, unlike Koishi-chan, is definitely quite straightforward with thrusts.

Her weapon is also a mock estoc for using Eckesax.

There are a lot of thrusting techniques.

The thrust is not a curved slash, but a straightforward point, so it's difficult to dodge.

Oooh, I was stabbed so hard that my shield and sword were turned over and one shot made it straight to my torso.

Ittai.

"If you don't block the thrusts accurately, it will push straight through you."

"I understand, it's difficult."

I cast Heal where I was hit.

Fuu, that hurt.

"Let's do it again."

"Sounds good to me!!"

Kan-kakan-kan-kan.

I could take a hit at the base of the shield sword's blade.

Will it be rolled up if I receive it at the edge?

"Good, good"

"Okay, okay."

The trick is to concentrate on what's at hand.

I was doing "kan-kan" sparring with Cattleya when the bell rang.

Hmm, I surprisingly learned a lot today.

I was changing clothes in the changing room when Batten-sensei came.

"Kimball, is now a good time?" she asked.

"What do you need?" I asked.

"Are you free after school today?" Battenmeier asked.

"Well, I do have some free time," I said.

“That’s good, let’s go to the principal’s office together after school,” Battenmeier said.

“What’s happening?”

“Nothing, we’d just like to ask you to take a look at the victims of the Empire’s cursed arrows.”

“Ah, I understand. I’ll go,” I said.

“Thank you, I’ll pick you up after school.”

“Onegaishimasu.”

We’ll have to look for military victims, or, well, we’ll have to look for the airship, too, but the Cursed Arrow victims will be the first to go, as they’ve probably been suffering for a long time.

The airship can be delayed up to 3 days before it’s the worst outcome for the dance party.

We’ll fly to Mahler Town in one day and return to the royal capital.

If you fly at maximum speed, you should be able to get there in a few hours.

However, the dance party is less than 2 weeks away, so I still have to hurry.

We left the changing room and returned to Class A.

Curtis and the rest of Class B have already arrived.

“So, what are we going to do for lunch today, Makoto?”

“It’s sunny and I guess I’ll go outside today. Let’s find a cheap and delicious lunch.”

“Yes, a cheap lunch restaurant would sound fun,” Kevin said as he arrived.

“Exactly, Ouji,” Gerald said, following right after him.

Iya, are you guys planning to come along today as well?

“Do you know of a restaurant we could go to for lunch, Carol?”

“I-I don’t eat out much, so how about asking Anne?”

When she asked the question to the void, Anne-san appeared.

“A cheap lunch, you said? Please wait for a while...”

With that, Anne closed her eyes and remained silent.

What, are you loading some kind of data?

“It seems that a delicious and cheap restaurant has opened in the downtown area. It hasn’t become popular yet, so it’s probably empty. May I show you there?”

“Onegaishimasu.”

“Yes, let me lead you.”

We started walking down the hallway with Anne-san leading the way.

Zoro-zoro.

Hilda-san joined us at the bottom of the stairs, and Yuriyuri-senpai joined us at the entrance to the school building.

Ryan-kun was at the school gate.

“Ryan-san, we’re all going out to lunch. Would you like to join us?”

“Thank you for the offer, I’ll join you.”

He smiled and lined up next to Curtis, and froze when he saw Prince Kevin.

Well, I guess that’s about right.

Even though it’s called the royal capital, it’s much smaller than Tokyo in my previous life, so it’s only a short walk to the downtown area along the wall.

There was a restaurant I was looking for in a street lined with cheap 1-story houses.

It was written in *Japanese* as Tsubame Shokudo.

When I looked inside, I saw Kamala-san from the Underwear Store munching on a katsudon.

When our eyes meet, we exchange a silent nod.

“Is the shop related to you, Kamala-san?”

“Yes, my brother runs it, but I provide the recipes.”

“What do you have here?”

“Katsudon and gyudon. Good rice is coming into the capital, so it’s a good thing. Otome game banzai.”

Did she start running a restaurant with knowledge from her previous life?

Well, there’s also the Horai restaurant here, so I guess they have the ingredients.

There are some good meats here.

“What about the rest of your group?”

“Yeah, I don’t think there’s going to be any problems.”

Kamala-san looked behind me and froze.

“Fuwaaah, Kevin-ouji-sama, Lloyd-ouji-sama, Gerald-sama, Curtis-sama, and Elmer-sama.”

Wow, there are Hikasora fans, Hikasora fans.

“That’s amazing, as expected of the main character!”

“As the main character, I get in trouble with Vivian-sama.”

“Wah, you showed me something nice. Harold, we’ve got customers~~!! We’re expecting them to be regulars, so please be courteous!”

A handsome man wearing a white coat came out from the back of the store.

“I-Irashyai, are you from the Academy? Do-Douzo.”

“Douzo, come in and enjoy a meal,” Kamala-san said with a smile.

You’re playing with a different world’s knowledge, it’s a matchless game.

This kind of thing looks fun too.

Chapter 227

The Saint Candidate Eats Katsudon At Tsubame Shokudou

Since the Tsubame Shokudou was empty, everyone from the Saint's Faction and the Royal Faction were able to sit down.

The outside looks a little dirty, but the inside is well-cleaned and doesn't feel uncomfortable.

"Is the menu only katsudon and gyudon?"

"Yes, katsudon is pork cutlet simmered in soy sauce stock and mixed with egg. Gyudon is beef simmered in onion and soy sauce. These are both eaten by putting them on rice."

Well, if Kamala-san made it, then it should be good.

"Then, give me the katsudon."

"I, I'll take, the gyudon."

Is Carol getting a beef bowl?

I wonder if there was red ginger.

Corinna-chan had the katsudon.

"Katsudon, what a powerful name."

You say it like it's some kind of demon lord.

Everyone is choosing their bowl.

The gyudon just looked better, so I got it right away.

It also comes with something like red ginger.

It comes with a fork, spoon, and wakame miso soup.

"??"

Carol looks confused.

"It's best to scoop the top with rice and eat it."

“Uh, I see... Ah.”

Carol seemed happy as she ate it with a smile, it seemed to suit her tastes.

Uhn, uhn.

“Ah, this is delicious, Ouji.”

“Indeed, I should have gotten that.”

“You can try it after you’re finished with your katsudon.”

“Umu.”

Actually, I don’t think it’s the kind of food you’d feed the royal family, but they’re happy with it, so it’s okay.

In the meantime, my katsudon was brought to me.

Corinna-chan’s katsudon, too.

Kamala-san was the one who brought it, so my bowl came with chopsticks.

Hiyaa, it’s been a while.

The last time I did this was when we ate Chinese food the other day.

...Surprisingly, it wasn’t a long time ago.

“An omelet? Oh, there’s a cutlet inside, it’s a complicated dish.”

“It’s delicious, so just go ahead.”

“Oh, ouh.”

Carol is looking at me with a grain of rice on her cheek.

So cute.

When I told her about it, she got a little red, then took it and ate it.

Pakuri.

Oooh, the cutlet is good and crispy.

Her brother is a good cook.

The eggs are half-boiled, and the onions are well-cooked.

Ah, it's delicious when eaten with rice.

"I didn't know you could eat with those two sticks."

"Since it's a special skill, would you like to eat some too, Carol?"

"Yes, my gyudon is delicious too. Try it."

We divide a little bit into each other's bowl lids and trade.

Wow, the smell of the beef bowl is good.

It's delicious and has a good taste.

Red ginger is also a good thing.

Wow, where did you find it?

Miso soup also tastes good.

I ate seaweed for the first time in this life.

"This is delicious."

It's cute to see Corinna munching on the cutlet with her small mouth.

It's so moe.

"Ah, this is good too, I'll order this one next time."

Carol seems to like it too.

It has a sweet and salty taste, and you don't often find it in Western food.

If you look, everyone is eating deliciously, regardless of whether they're from the Saint's Faction or the Royal Faction.

That's good, that's good.

"Yeah, it's delicious. Would you like to eat it too, Gerald?"

"Let me have a bite, please have my gyudon too."

Prince Kevin and Gerald are sharing food.

These two have been master and servant since childhood, so they are close.

Kamala-san smiled and came over to refill the tea.

Oh, a big teapot, come to think of it, it's been a while since I've had roasted green tea.

"How was it?"

"It was delicious. I'll come again."

"That's good. It was also a treat for my eyes to see Ouji-sama and the others eating. It looks like a newly added CG."

Right?

Sometimes I make imaginary CG in my head, involving the Hikasora characters.

I like Carol a lot.

"How popular is this place? I think customers will come because it's delicious."

"It's off to a good start, but it gets crowded in the evening. It started for lunch yesterday, so I guess it'll start to pick up soon."

"Yes, good luck, Kamala."

"Yes, I'll do my best."

Ah, rice is good because it fills your stomach.

I pay at the register and go out.

I feel fulfilled when I eat delicious food.

"650 dolancs, isn't that different from eating just bread?"

"It was relatively cheap, Corinna-chan."

In my previous life, the katsudon would have cost about 800 yen.

I think the beef bowl is a little expensive.

But it's not a chain restaurant's beef bowl.

“It was delicious. Let’s come again, Makoto.”

Curtis-onii-chan said as he came over and said.

“Hmm, next time I’ll eat gyudon.”

“I’ll get the guydon, too.”

“I got...katsudon... and shared, with Curtis’s... it was delicious...”

Elmer also has an Ebisu face.

We all strolled around the downtown area.

Juliet-san and Elsa-san, both of whom have high rankings, seem to be visiting the downtown area for the first time, so they’re hanging out at a haberdashery shop.

It must be something unusual for them.

Ha, every day is fun.

I hope I can find the airship easily after this.

I wonder where it is?

Moreover, I won’t be able to explore today, so I’ll have to spend all my time after school treating soldiers.

Let’s help them get better quickly and then go home.

Under the blue sky, the Saint’s Faction and the Royal Faction wandered through the Appleton Royal Capital and returned to the school.

Chapter 228

After Being Shown The Ship's Register, We Head To The Patient's Residence I returned to school and had the afternoon class.

Today, I'll be helping with experiments in the Magic Lab with Elmer.

"Hello, Makoto-kun."

"Hello, Jean-oji-san."

"I received a reply to my inquiry from the Transportation Bureau..."

"What did they say?"

Jean-oji-san put a copy of the document on the table.

"The ship register of the Conqueror of the Azure Sky was found, so I took a copy of it."

"Wow, who owns it now?" I asked.

Jean-oji-san pointed to the shipowner column.

The first ship owner was, of course, Bianca Orleans.

And the latest shipowner...

Has become Makoto Kimball~~~~.

How the hell~?

"I-Is this still valid?" I asked.

"Since the ship has not been disposed of, it is still valid," Jean said.

"Therefore, you are the owner of the Conqueror of the Azure Sky."

"What about taxes?" I asked.

"There's no tax on airships," Jean said.

Oh, good, I thought I had to pay 200 years' worth of delinquent taxes.

However, Bianca-sama~~~..

Are you going to start me off with the activation key, Kogitsunemaru,

the manual, the hangar, the ship's registry, and everything else?

Give me the ship itself already!!

Is there any information in the ship's register?

I wondered if the repair history or repair hangar was in the royal capital, and there were no navigation records.

It's been overhauled about three times.

There seems to be no history of crashes.

"I heard that Bianca-sama had visions of the future, but I wonder if that's why she did this," Jean said.

"Yes, maybe," I said. "She contacted me and said she would give me an airship."

"I see, then it must actually exist. Hmm," Jean hummed.

"It's amazing... to have an airship... all to yourself..." Elmer said.

"It won't be amazing unless I find the thing itself," I said.

"That's true... as well..." Elmer said.

As we experimented, I wondered where the main body was.

Well, the experiments went smoothly as usual.

It's an experiment I've done once before, so it's not new to me, but it seems like it's an important experiment for this mahou-baka parent and child.

After the two of them finish their experiments, I think I'll spend the afternoon making bath salts.

It looks like it'll be profitable.

As the 6th period is over, I return to Class A with Elmer.

Anthony-sensei comes and we have homeroom.

He told us that it would be about time for the subjects we were weak at to come out, so we should make sure to review those so we won't fall behind in class.

I'm good at parametric subjects this year, so I don't have any weak subjects.

Even though I was weak in science and mathematics in my previous life, when I came to this world, development lagged behind, so it doesn't matter if I memorize them.

Liberal arts is new to me, but this was a subject I was good at even in my previous life.

Ushishi, there is no blind spot for the saint candidate.

The midterm exam will be held after the welcome dance party for new students, so it's time to plan a study session.

I don't want to have a dropout in my faction.

It's the Fashion Group who seem to be bad at studying.

The Swordsmanship Group may seem stupid, but as you can see they're even in Class A, they are surprisingly smart.

Carol, Corinna-chan, and I should make a study plan.

I would like them to come with us to Class A next year if possible.

As I was thinking about this, homeroom was over.

Fuiii, it's after school~.

Just as I was thinking that the principal and Batten-sensei came over.

"Thank you for accepting my request for treatment, Kimball-kun," Battenmeier said.

"It doesn't matter, it's the job of a saint candidate to heal the wounded of war," I said.

"You're so kind, Kimball."

Stop it, Batten-sensei.

You keep grinning.

"I wonder if Batten-kun's knee has already been healed?" the Principal asked.

“Yes, it was the same cursed arrow as you, Principal,” I said.

“Hmm, in the next war, if we have a saint, will we be able to prevent the cursed arrow users?” he wondered.

“Principal, a saint doesn’t go to war,” I said.

“Ah, u-umu, that’s right. Is it the Temple’s neutrality?”

“That’s what the treaty says, so I’m sorry,” I said.

“No, just being healed after the war makes a huge difference, so I’m grateful for that.”

When I got up from my chair, Carol was looking at me with a worried face.

“Have a safe trip, Makoto, don’t do anything dangerous.”

“No, no, it’s just treatment, treatment.”

“I’m worried about you, Makoto, because you sometimes get caught up in some crazy firefights,” Carol said.

“Thank you, Carol, I’m heading out now.”

Carol waved a small hand to see me off, and I followed the principal.

We go down the stairs and to the carriage pool on the first floor.

A heavy carriage was waiting for us there.

What is this emblem?

“Makoto, it’s so nice of you to come.”

Cattleya-san was there with Eckesax on her back.

“Is the patient from your house, Cattleya-san?”

“It’s my Ojii-chyama, yeah.”

Huh, the Ojii-chan of the Pickering Family?

He’s an important member of the military arm of Duke Pottinger’s Faction.

I wonder if I’ll get into another sword fight.

“Indeed,” the School Principal said, ” the person I would like you to see is Adolf Pickering, the previous Head of the Pickering Family.”

“I see, I don’t mind,” I said.

“Are you sure? He’s an important figure from the enemy faction,” the Principal said.

“I suppose he was injured for the sake of our country, so let’s put aside factional conflicts for the time being,” I said.

“Thank you, then please go ahead, Kimball.”

For some reason, the school principal seems to be paying close attention to me.

Well, it’s not a bad thing, if you make friends with the leaders of the opposing faction, you’ll be able to prevent intangible attacks.

Factional conflicts begin in very humble places.

I boarded the Pickering family’s rugged carriage with Cattleya-san.

“Cattleya-san, is it okay to go back to your parent’s house?”

“Even though I became a traitor to the faction, I still wanted to see my grandpa’s face, so I forced them to let me visit him.”

“I see, those are the good points about you.”

“U-Ureseizo, Makoto.”

The principal was watching us fooling around like he was watching his granddaughters.

Well, he’s gay, so he doesn’t have any grandchildren.

Chapter 229

The Saint Candidate Treats Adolf Pickarin

The heavy carriage runs through the royal capital while making a rattling noise.

It's loud but doesn't shake much.

It's a military-style carriage.

When the carriage stopped and I got off, I found that it was a national hospital located south of the royal capital.

It's the largest hospital in the Appleton Kingdom.

To put it bluntly, medical care in this world is not progressing.

The effects of the various medicines created through alchemy are so amazing that it's as developed as a place to stay for the sick to stay long-term.

Only a handful of people can go to the hospital, and most of the rest have healing magic performed by priests at local churches, or they buy alchemical medicine and recuperate at home.

Alchemy medicines are prized because they are extremely effective in both surgical and medical treatments, but when it comes to magic-related illnesses like Cursed Arrows, there's nothing you can do about them.

It is only effective against natural wounds and diseases.

We enter the national hospital.

It's a big, beautiful building, and the nurses are all pretty.

How much will it cost per day?

This place seems stupidly expensive.

"This way, Makoto."

"Do you know your Oji-chan's hospital room?"

“He’s been in this hospital for quite a while.”

Is he really that sick?

Everyone gets on the elevator in the middle of the building.

It’s the Principal, Batten-sensei, Cattleya-san, and me inside.

However, I wonder how Dulcie will follow me if I enter a closed space like this.

I wonder if she will fly and follow me through the sky.

That girl is full of mysteries.

Chin.

When the door opens, we are on the top floor.

Wow, as expected, he is an important member of the Pottinger faction, and even though he is a retired member of a baron family, he is hospitalized in a very nice ward.

When I followed Cattleya to the door in the back, there was a big old man there.

It looks like he’s sleeping on the bed.

Well, even though he’s an old man, he has good muscles.

“Nn, oh, Cattleya? You’re here. Oh, oooh, Frank, it’s been a while since I’ve seen you, how many years has it been?

N, kuh, ggghh!”

The old man suddenly looked distressed and drank the medicine next to the bed.

“Please wait a moment, Cattleya. Jii-chan is in a bit of pain right now, ggghh.”

It really does look agonizing.

I think he got hit by a cursed arrow in the center of his body.

It doesn’t matter if it’s your legs or arms, if you get hit by a cursed arrow somewhere close to your torso, you won’t be able to have a

social life anymore.

“Where does it hurt?” I asked.

“Hmm, who are you? Are you Cattleya’s friend?” Adolf asked.

Since he couldn’t see me, I went over to the bed and called out to him.

There’s nothing I can do about it, I’ll do as I please, Adolf-oji-chan.

Pii.

I was astonished when I hit him with Optical Analysis magic.

How many cursed arrows has this old man been hit with?

5, 6, 7, 8?

I’m surprised he didn’t die from the pain.

“Adolf was protecting James and was hit with the cursed arrows, instead,” the Principal explained.

“Well, that guy got one of his hands injured when he was trying to break the shafts, but that’s typical of James, hahaha... itatatta.”

There’s a lot left still inside him, including the back, legs, and arms.

“Oji-san, I’ll treat you, so don’t move,” I said.

“W-what on earth?”

I pulled out Kogitsunemaru and sliced into the cursed arrowheads stuck in his arm, cutting them out.

With a kyarin, the arrowhead fell to the floor.

“W-What are you doing, suddenly slicing me?! Depending on your answer... you won’t get hurt.”

I held out my palm in front of Adolf-oji-san, who was about to stand up.

“My name is Makoto Kimball, and I am a saint candidate for the Great Temple. This is Kogitsunemaru, the healing sword. I will cut out all the cursed arrows in your body and nullify their effects, Oji-san, so please stay still.”

“Saint candidate? Then, are you the evil woman who is bullying Vivian-sama? I have no intention of being treated by such a person!”

Ignoring the old man’s words, I cut out the other cursed arrow in his arm.

Kan.

It fell out, fell, and bounced on the floor.

“I’m being cut into, but it doesn’t hurt, what the hell is that sword?”

“It’s a healing sword. Next, we’ll go to the legs.”

“Oh, ouh, but is that why I’ve been suffering for so long?”

“We call it the Cursed Arrows,” the Principal said.

“It happened to me, as well,” Battenmeier said, “Makoto-kun took care of my knee and now it’s healed and I can run again.”

“Seriously, Frank, that’s amazing, however.”

Uruse, hurry up and get your legs ready.

I cut Adolf-oji-san’s leg through the blanket and found the cursed arrowhead.

Next is the left thigh.

“We-Well, in the meantime, I have things I’d like to ask you, but if you want to heal me, I will gracefully accept.”

“Little more to the left, there.”

Supan.

Kan-kan.

You know, Kogitsunemaru is amazing.

Even though I was cutting, not a single drop of blood came out, and there was no pain.

If used a little more sophisticated, it would be possible to cut only the nerves or blood vessels.

But this time, the curse inside is an arrowhead, so all you have to do is

break it, so it's easy.

I asked him to change the position of his body on the bed and cut out the cursed arrows inside his back.

Well, rather than cutting it, it's more like stabbing it and breaking the curse.

There was a lot in his back.

Four pierced through.

With his big body, he protected young James like he was holding him.

The loyalty is amazing.

He had some liver disease, so I cut it up and fixed it, too.

People with illnesses have to identify the type of potion and drink it, so they can't be cured unless symptoms appear.

The 8 arrowheads look spectacular when lined up on the floor.

"It doesn't hurt!! There's nothing there anymore!! This is amazing! You're amazing, Makoto-chan!!"

"No, ahahaha."

Adolf-oji-san hugged me with a big smile and lifted me high.

Stop, I'm not your granddaughter.

Chapter 230

Cattleya-San Explains The Situation To Adolf-oji-san

Adolf-oji-san jumps up and down in the hospital room, starts doing stretches, and push-ups, and just can't stop moving.

"Ojii-chyama, please calm down," Cattleya said.

"Oh, Cattleya, it's incredible, I can move so much and my body doesn't hurt at all, I'll resume training tomorrow,"

Adolf said.

Wow, this old man from a knight's house is amazing.

He's a Muscle Brain.

"Yoshi, now I can return to active duty, thank you, Makoto-chan," Adolf said.

"Don't go back to active duty, Adolf," the Principal said.

"Now that I can move, I have to return and squeeze the slack out of the knights," Adolf said.

After that, he laughed uproariously.

Pottinger Knights-san, I am so sorry.

"So, you're different from the Saint Candidate I've heard so much about, but why is that?" Adolf said.

"What did you hear?" I asked.

"Michael said that he was blindsided by a sudden surprise attack and that he was suddenly struck in the jewels," Adolf said.

"Is that what he said...?" I asked.

"Makoto, I'll explain," Cattleya said.

"Onegaine, Cattleya-san," I said.

Everyone sat on the chairs and listened to Cattleya's explanation.

It was pretty much exactly how it went.

“What the hell, he tried to hit a 1st-year girl, and even if she hit him back, he couldn’t have complained. What a disgrace,” Adolf said.

“Well, Vivian-sama was provoking it,” I said.

“Even if your master tells you to, you’re going to hit a girl? Or rather, the girl who’s protecting Albright’s daughter?”

Gunnunu,” Adolf ground his teeth.

“Do you know why Vivian-sama is so hostile towards Albright-sama, Adolf?” the Principal asked.

“I don’t know,” Adolf said, “I’ve been hospitalized for the past few years, so I don’t know much about the outside world.”

“I would suppose that’s to be expected, fumu,” the Principal said before he went deep in thought.

“The Mahler family has also left the faction, by the Goddess, times have changed,” Adolf-oji-san sighed.

“Gustav was... a little bit crazy.”

“His granddaughter certainly seems like his creation. What a massive loss of talent,” Adolf said.

“It’s not just Mahler, it’s the Wilkinson family too,” I said.

“Isn’t their entire intelligence operations wiped out?!” Adolf yelled.

“The Wyeth family remains...” I said.

“Wyeth, they’re more for economic schemes than intelligence work, this is terrible.”

The oji-samas lament the state of things.

Well, I was mostly responsible for all of that.

“Now that I think about it, Adolf, I received a letter from Randy, saying that he will be coming to the capital this weekend,” the Principal said.

Randy is Deborah-san’s oji-chan.

“What? What is he going to be doing here, helping his granddaughter?” Adolf asked.

“He’s not that crazy, well, he’s a little bit eccentric,” the Principal said. “I hear he’ll be handing out eggs in the royal capital square.”

“What, why?” Adolf said.

“Ah, that was my fault, because the Wyeth family steward tried to use some yakuza to kidnap me, that was his punishment,” I said.

The Principal and Adolf-oji-san looked sour and shook their heads.

“In his letter, he seemed happy, Makoto-kun,” Adolf said. “It seems that the sales of eggs in the capital have doubled.

He said he was so happy that he wanted to wear a clown suit and hand out the eggs himself, too.”

“Wow...”

Randy-san is a mischievous old man.

“Do you want to come see him on Sunday? Cattleya, do you want to come too? Why don’t we have dinner for the first time in a while?”

“Y-Yes, Ojii-chyama,” Cattleya said.

“I think I’ll go too,” the Principal said. “I’ll take a carriage to the Pickering house around noon.”

“Oh, please do, Frank,” Adolf said.

Cattleya-san timidly turned her head towards Adolf-oji-san.

“Ah, um, aren’t you angry that I moved to the Saint’s Faction?”

Adolf-oji-san looked shocked.

“You chose Makoto-chan as your master, and you’re causing trouble for the Mahler family after they saved your life, aren’t you? What are you getting angry about?”

“Bu-But, as a knight, I did something shameful by going against Vivian-sama...”

Adolf-oji-san burst out laughing.

The principal also burst out laughing.

“Oh, I can’t believe it, omae, how many times do you think I fought with James and left the faction?” Adolf said.

“Indeed, Cattleya-san, it’s a waste to worry about things like this,” the Principal said. “The Pickerings are stubborn, straightforward, and simple, so they get into fights with their immediate superiors. And if they break off permanently after one or two fights, it’s because Vivian-sama lacks the talent to keep them.”

“You kept fighting with James-sama...” Cattleya said.

“That’s right, we fought over and over again, and then I left and James came to take me back,” Adolf said.

“Honestly, everyone in the faction used to be stunned and wonder if it would happen again,” the Principal said. “It’s so nostalgic.”

Adolf-oji-san smiled. “Makoto-chan is your master, for you and Mahler’s granddaughter. I have no intention of getting angry about that.”

Then he turned to me and bowed his head.

“Makoto-chan, she may be a stupid granddaughter, but she has a lot of Pickering in her, so please take care of her for the long term.”

“H-He-Hey, raise your head, there’s nothing important about me to be treated this gravely.”

“It’s truly amazing how generous you are to heal the wounds of an opposing faction’s executive officers, even though they were wounds sustained in war. I can feel the spirit of a hero inside you.”

“No, no, no, nothing will come of it even if you praise me.”

Adolf-oji-san and the school principal were looking at me and Cattleya-san with kind eyes.

Indeed, James-okina’s entourage is very good-natured.

I wonder why his son’s generation ended up no good.

Now that the treatment is over, I think I’ll go home.

“Well then, it’s time to leave.”

“Ah, are you already going home? I’m sorry for letting this slip past my mind. What about the treatment fees?”

“Ah, no need. If you really must insist, please dedicate a donation to the Great Temple.”

“Huh? N-No, that’s not going to happen, this is such extensive medical treatment,” Adolf said.

“It’s one of the duties of a saint candidate, so don’t worry about it,” I said. “If there are any other cursed arrow patients, please let me know, as Light magic seems to have a special effect on curses.”

“Honestly, for fuck’s sake, why couldn’t you get this person, Donald-sama...” Adolf-oji-san clutched his chest in pain.

Ah, that must have been what happened at the king’s audience when I was 13 years old.

But, I can’t believe I was almost given to the Pottinger family.

Ah, I see, maybe I could have lived with James-okina before he died.

Hmm, but I still like the Kimball family, though, Otou-sama and Okaa-sama are good.

Cattleya-san, the principal, and Batten-sensei left the hospital room.

Waiiii, treatment is over.

Adolf-oji-san was a really nice guy.

He’s a Muscle Brain, though.

Chapter 231

Deducing The Location Of Lady Bianca's Villa

Heavy military carriages go around the capital, gata-gata.

As Cattleya-san told me, all of the Pickering family's carriages are military carriages, and if something goes wrong, they're used to drive to the battlefield.

For this reason, it seems that maintenance is done every day.

As expected of the Pickering family, a military house.

I also asked why the Pickering family was just a barony and not something higher ranked.

Apparently, it was because Adolf-oji-san didn't want his family to be promoted.

His reasoning is that once you rise to the rank of viscount, you have to own a territory, so have to take time out to manage the territory.

As expected from the Pickering family.

Sasu-Pika. [1](#)

"So that's why he could talk to James-okina like a brother."

"He was in charge of the military arm of Duke Pottinger's Faction, so even the higher-ranking nobles couldn't complain, maa, it seems like he used honorifics and polite language in public places."

I see, the Pickering family boasted so much power that even though they were barons, they couldn't be ignored.

The power relationship among the nobility is quite difficult, and if you are a new earl family, you have to bow down to a baron that has been in existence for 200 years.

The aristocrat directory is released every year and sells well.

The rank of a family changes depending on whether it is a prestigious family, its status as a noble, and its current activities.

That's a pain.

Now then, the military carriage passed through the gate of the school and pulled up next to the carriage pool.

"Thank you for today, Kimball-kun."

"You're a really nice girl, Kimball."

I was praised by the Principal and Batten-sensei.

"No, no, don't worry about it. It's part of my job as a saint candidate. If there are any more victims of the cursed arrows, please call me so I can heal them."

"Okay, I'll ask for your help then."

"Speaking of that, I think there were a few more people, so if we find them out, we'll let you know."

"Hai."

With a good answer, I entered the school building.

Well, let's go to the meeting room of the Saint Faction.

"Catleya-san, aren't you going to the Swordsmanship Club?"

"Yeah, I'll see you in the baths," Cattleya said.

"Okay, see you."

It's about an hour until the usual bath time.

I parted ways with Cattleya-san and walked down the hallway from the school building to the assembly building.

I guess Carol is busy with alchemy.

My wife works hard.

When I opened the door to the meeting room, I saw the Fashion Duo and Juliette-sama.

"I'm back."

"Welcome back, Makoto-sama, how was Cattleya-san's oji-chan, did he suddenly try to cut you down?" Melissa asked.

“It’s okay Melissa-san, he was a good oji-chan.”

“Thank goodness for that.”

“Wait, how did you know that I went to see Cattleya-san’s grandfather?”

“Carol-sama told me about it,” Melissa said.

Fumu, I wonder if Anne-san noticed and told her about it.

Because she is a target for that.

Dulcie appeared and served me tea.

Melissa puts out cookies on a plate.

Thank you, thank you.

“Today, we were all having tea and chatting.”

“So, what’s the topic?”

“Marilyn has a date on Sunday, so we’re going to do a full date course, her clothes, etc~,” Juliet said.

“No, Juliet-sama, please stop.”

Marilyn turned red and became embarrassed.

Ah, right, it’s with Carter-san from the Pentia Club.

It seems to be going well.

That’s good above all else.

Pori-pori.

Yeah, these are light and delicious cookies.

“I think a meeting room with a kitchen is expensive.”

“Isn’t it? I guess they have it from the 2nd floor up.”

Meeting rooms were for the gatherings of clubs and factions, and the higher up you go, the higher the rent and the better the facilities.

I wonder if there’s a nap room with a bed on the 3rd floor and above.

If you have a kitchen, you can make all kinds of things.

Sometimes I want to bake bread.

However, since it is only the beginning of the 1st semester, there may not be any openings.

I have to stay here for a while.

Ah, Dulcie's tea is delicious.

But where is this airship?

Based on Carol's idea, it would be a villa or a retreat.

She decided to quit her job as a saint and get herself executed.

She can't go back to the mansion.

The Great Temple is no good either.

Or rather, she wouldn't be able to stay in the royal capital.

Her face is well-known, and if someone who has been executed is still alive, it becomes a subject of rumors.

If the rumors spread, they will become legends and great religious events will spring up around them, such as people being resurrected from execution, so she definitely wanted to avoid that.

In that case, it's outside the royal capital, and it's not that close, but will she really travel that far?

Would she go somewhere that would take hours by airship?

For example, a monastery deep in the mountains...

No, no, no, Bianca-sama, she's got her creature comforts, so it's not like she'd want to live a slow life in the countryside.

Let's think about it from my perspective, if it were me...

Within 30 minutes by horse-drawn carriage.

It's got to be within 30 minutes from the royal capital.

The reason is there, somehow.

Hmm, but no matter how much Bianca-sama would have fled, she probably won't be able to avoid visiting the royal capital every now and then.

However, for things like alcohol and supplies, it would be best to live near the royal capital.

Ah, that person looks like she likes alcohol.

There seems to be a villa near the royal capital.

“Makoto-sama”

“Yes?”

Marilyn called out to me.

“Would you like to go take a bath now?”

I look at the clock.

Oh, has it already been that long?

“Thank you Marilyn, let's go take a bath.”

“””Hai.”””

When I thought about it for a long time, I was surprised at how much time had passed.

We got up, locked the meeting room, and headed to the baths.

Footnotes

1. It's a pun in Japanese, of the Japanese spelling of Pickering, “Pikarin.”

Chapter 232

I Return To Room 205 And Finish Reading Bianca-Sama's Biography

I went to the large underground bath in the girls' dormitory, and I wondered why it was so crowded.

Some of the young ladies look at me and click their tongues.

Apparently, since it was Friday, the female student had come in expecting to see the Saint's Bath.

I thought I said that the Saint's Bath is open on Mondays and Wednesdays.

Mou.

However, even though it was crowded, it wasn't as crowded as it was on a Monday night, so I went in.

When I hot water over myself and then got into the bathtub, I saw Cattleya-san, Elsa-san, and Batten-sensei.

"Ara, Sensei, are you taking a bath too?"

"Yeah, I just came back and worked up a sweat with the Swordsmanship Club."

Mattaku, she's so casual, this Sensei.

Aah, the hot water is nice.

I feel like I live to take baths.

I love baths.

Now that it's warm, I go to the washing area and Dulcie appears and washes me.

Hmm, that's spicy.

My hair will also be carefully washed and covered with a bath towel.

Now, let's relax in the bathtub again.

“Well then, I’ll head on out, see you later at dinner.”

“Yes, see you.”

“Otsukaresama deshitawa.”

I left the reasonably crowded bathhouse and went to the changing room to put on my uniform.

After that, I asked Dulcie to run the hair dryer.

Boooohhnnn.

“Ano, Kinteki-sama, what is that?”

“It’s a hair dryer. It’s a magic tool that dries your hair.”

“That’s amazing, where can I buy it?”

“It’s not on sale yet, but I think it’ll be in stores soon.”

When the patent license arrives on Sunday, it will be sold to hardware stores related to the dwarves, and magic tool stores under the jurisdiction of my faction.

Under the envious gaze of the female students, I finished blowdrying my hair and left the bathhouse with shiny hair.

Wow, I feel refreshed after taking a bath.

I hopped up the stairs and headed to Room 205.

It was sunny today, so the sunset was beautiful.

The entire girls’ dormitory is bright red.

When I entered room 205, Corinna-chan was studying again.

“Corinna-chan, are you studying again?” I asked.

“Umu, studying won’t let me down.”

“That’s really impressive.”

“How was it, Makoto? Pickering’s Oji-sama, didn’t he try to attack you out of nowhere?” Corinna asked.

“He didn’t, he didn’t, he was bedridden and could only moan in pain.”

“I see, even the Great Adolf Pickering gets old.”

“Right?” I said. “But after treatment, he was cured, so he was making a fuss about restarting training.”

“Uhee, as expected of a Pickering, and Cattleya-san’s oji-chan.”

“Ou, he was pretty cool.”

I take off my shoes, climb the ladder, and lie down on the bed.

I begin reading Bianca-sama’s biography.

Even though I know that the Fall in the second part is a lie, it’s still hard to read.

Even if it’s an overly proud woman’s downfall, it’s still got a lot of pitfalls that doom women of high society.

Or rather, Bianca-sama put it in even though she herself wrote it.

What a farce.

Several sins were listed, and it was written that extravagance, arrogance, and above all meddling in politics were the most harmful.

During this period, the royal family from Bianca-sama’s time collapsed, so I guess something happened related to the royal family.

It is said that she revived the prince, but there is no record of him marrying Bianca-sama and making her a princess.

Actually, Bianca never even married.

As for her personal relationships, she has been criticized for having many *iroko* 1 serve her, and for holding parties filled with lust...

She’s the one who’s criticizing herself.

It’s disappointing.

As expected, it is impossible to estimate the friendships of people 150 years ago.

I wonder if they got into trouble with the royal family and ended up collapsing together.

Maybe there was a flaw in the Resurrection magic.

Ummu.

The Saint's magic is traditional Light magic, and it's like layering advanced magic on top of that.

Bianca-sama's resurrection magic has also been lost and hasn't been passed on to Maria-sama.

The ability to see the future and clairvoyance probably hasn't been passed down, either.

What Maria-sama has developed is offensive light magic.

The last one said she looked like a living beam cannon.

Also, I heard that she was able to use flight magic.

In the museum, there is a painting of Maria-sama flying through the sky on wings of light.

I don't understand why Light magic is such a cheat.

What are you, a Gundam, Maria-sama?

Bianca's execution was apparently by decapitation.

It is said that she was beheaded in front of the people on a rainy day.

Well, this is probably a lie too.

Perhaps they used a scapegoat or moved the corpse.

Bianca's biography concludes as follows.

"Saint Bianca, who lived in the Light for the first half of her life as a rare saint among saints, became corrupt during the second half of her life and committed evil deeds until she was executed for them. People change. And no human being is immune to corruption, even a saint, so we must never forget this."

That's a great sentence, it must be from the people criticizing her.

The blank section of the last spread began to shine.

Yayah, a message from Bianca-sama!

“Thank you for reading. I would be encouraged if you could give me your comments.”

.....

Are you a web novel author?!!

Tell me where the airship is!!

Bianca-sama’s sentence faded and disappeared without even the word “airship” appearing.

I’m disappointed.

Footnotes

1. Male Kabuki actors who also act as sex workers.

Chapter 233

Have Dinner And Listen To The Intelligence Report

“You’ve got your head in the clouds again, concentrate on the food when we eat, Makoto.”

“Yes, sorry.”

Hello, this is Makoto.

Right now, I was eating dinner while absentmindedly thinking about airships, and then my wife, Carol, scolded me.

Forgive me.

Today’s menu for the lower aristocracy was pork stew, carrot salad, corn soup, and black bread.

Corn soup is sweet and delicious.

The stew also has good flavor.

The black bread has become quite delicious, probably because Clara has gotten used to the bread oven in the cafeteria.

Delicious, delicious.

“Yah, it’s delicious today too.”

For some reason, Batten-sensei is with the Swordsmanship Club members of the Saint’s Faction, eating a quick meal.

Well, that’s fine, isn’t it?

It must be miserable for Sensei to eat alone.

Now then, tomorrow is Saturday.

It’s the day I go to the Great Temple.

After that, I’ll be staying at the Kimball house.

I wonder if there are any materials about Bianca-sama left in the library of the Great Temple.

I don't think there will be anything to find, though.

They even shattered her statues.

Ah, the carrot salad is delicious.

It's an unusual dressing; it's spicy and sour, but it has a nice flavor.

Fuu, it was delicious.

After I finished eating, I took the dishes to the collection point.

Dulcie appears and immediately makes me some tea.

"Now, let's begin the intelligence report," Hilda-san said while receiving tea from Shirley-san. "Randy Wyeth is entering the capital. He seems to be participating in the free egg distribution being held in the central plaza. Ryoshu, what should we do?"

"What do you mean...?" I asked.

"I thought we could assassinate or abduct him," Hilda said.

"Please don't do that."

What the hell, why are the Shadow War Houses so scary?

"If Randy dies, Deborah won't have a master left to teach her schemes, and I think there will be a huge gap opened in her capabilities," Hilda said.

"It's no good because we won't be able to stop people from dying after," I said. "There's not much to be gained by killing an Oji-chan, and it's probably going to be hard to get the dresses, anyway. There's no point in it, so please don't do it."

"I understand. I apologize."

Indeed, the people of this world have late medieval period brains, so they have a narrow view of whether they can do it or not.

There are places where it's natural for an enemy to die in order to protect their honor.

Can't you imagine that when one person is killed, it affects a wide range of people?

It would be better to do nothing to control the effects, although it would take a lot of effort, time, and money.

If I look at her, Hilda-san is smiling a little.

What is it, I want her to say it out loud.

“You don’t dirty your hands, do you, Makoto?” Hilda said.

“I won’t do it,” I said, “if it goes poorly, we’ll be in trouble later.”

“I think that kind of attitude from a leader is naive. But, personally, I like it.”

“Well, it is Makoto, isn’t it?”

Even Corinna-chan is getting in on it.

What do you think I am?

Nn, mou.

“Adolf Pickering-oji-san and the School Principal will go to Royal Square on Sunday, noon, to meet with Randy-san,”

I said.

“Houh, all the surviving heavyweights of the Pottinger Faction will be here,” Hilda said.

“Are there only three of James-okina’s close allies left?”

“There seems to be one more person in Pottinger territory, but most of them have already passed away,” Hilda said.

Is there one more important person in their territory?

Fumu.

Corinna-chan raised her hand. “I got a message from the Blacksmith Department, saying that they have finished producing one batch of dryers and will bring it to the meeting room tomorrow.”

Everyone’s eyes lit up when they heard the word “hairdryer.”

“Do we have enough for everyone in our faction?”

“I don’t know, but I guess it’s possible,” Corinna said. “They said they

were getting used to the production process.”

“I’d like to have one.”

“I want one, too.”

“I, as well~.”

The Fashion Group reacted passionately.

There is no culture of using a hair dryer to set your hair, so I wonder if this will spread it.

“In the meantime, a light version will arrive on Sunday, so it will be good for everyone. For those of us in the Saint’s Faction, the only price you need to pay is the cost of the materials.”

“””Maa.””””

Everyone was all beaming with joy.

Well, I’ll give them that much of a benefit.

“It’s going to be so fun, hairdryer, hairdryer.”

“I’ll give one to you as well, Carol.”

“Thank you Makoto, I’m happy.”

Yeah, I’m happy if Carol is happy too.

Preparations for the Welcome Party for new students are progressing steadily.

I wonder if the Swordsmanship Group also had a meeting with the Browright-type Knight students for escorts.

A dance party is every girl’s dream, so I hope everyone enjoys it.

Some have fiances, some don’t.

I’m looking forward to it.

We need the dresses for that.

An airship is needed to transport the dresses to the royal capital by the deadline.

Mattaku, where exactly is it?

“Also, I’m planning to hold a study session in preparation for the midterm exam. I hope everyone will join in.”

The Fashion Duo shook their heads.

Well, since they are former members of Class C, things seem like it’s going to be difficult for them.

“The teacher roles will be taken by me, Corinna-chan, and Carol.”

“Understood, maybe things will have to be done differently than from Class B, Melissa-sama, please talk to me about it later.”

“Ha-Hahi, I’ll do my best.”

No, you don’t have to try hard, as long as you show us your notes...

“Didn’t you take notes?”

“Oh, uh, how do I take notes...?”

“The-They didn’t tell us about that in Class C.”

“... So that’s where it comes from,” Corinna-chan muttered to herself.

“I’ll cooperate as well,” Hilda said. “I think I have a lot to teach.”

When Hilda smiled, Melissa and Marilyn shook their heads even more.

Elsa-san smiled and raised her hand.

“I’ll take down the notes for Class B. I’ll share them later, Caroline-sama.”

“Thank you, please, Elsa-sama.”

Elsa-san is only in Class C to socialize, so she doesn’t seem to be that bad at academics.

I need to make Curtis study too.

The future is quite uncertain.

Chapter 234

We Discover An Underground Tunnel From The School's Architectural Plans And Go To See It

Now that I'm full, I say goodnight to everyone in front of the dining room entrance and head up to Room 205 with Corinna.

"Are you going to the Great Temple tomorrow afternoon?"

"That's right."

"Then, I'll pick up the Blacksmith Club's hair dryers and distribute them in the meeting room."

"Wow, thank you Corinna-chan," I said.

"Let's choose the best ones for the Fashion Group, what about money?" Corinna said.

"Because it's only the cost of materials, I think it's about 1,000 dolancs."

"Fueh, it's a good deal to be in the Saint's Faction, how much will it cost for those outside the group?"

"Hmm, I haven't thought about it. I'll consult with Carol and Corinna and come up with a price."

While we were talking, we arrived at Room 205.

I unlock it with the key and go inside.

"I wonder how much we can sell it for, 20,000 to 30,000 dolancs is a lot," Corinna said.

"Huh, do you want to get that much?" I asked.

"It's a luxury item, and it's only for the aristocrats. Moreover, it's a first-time product, and it will sell well," Corinna said.

Corinna-chan is also a businessperson.

Carol is more of a business person, too, so I think she'll probably price it at 100,000 dolancs.

Well, I changed into my night clothes, folded my uniform, and placed it on the chest.

I climb the ladder and get into bed.

Now that I've finished reading Lady Bianca's biography, let's read the other books.

Let's read the records book of the Royal Academy of Magic's architecture.

There might be something written about the mystery of Bianca's mansion.

It seems that the movement to establish the Royal Academy of Magic began less than 10 years after Lady Bianca's death.

Well, it would be a waste to just let a prime location in the royal capital sit idle.

At first, there was a move to turn it into a park, but since the adjacent botanical garden site has been turned into a natural park, it seems that it was decided that there was not that much need for another park.

The park where we always eat bread is the ruins of the botanical garden.

Bianca-sama's old mansion was so luxurious and splendid that some people said it would be a shame to demolish it, but in the end, it was turned into a vacant lot because it was the mansion of an evil saint.

I wonder why the abandoned temple remained.

I guess the Great Temple interjected for some reason.

The details of each building are displayed. I see that the library was relocated from the Royal Castle Library.

It seems that the main school building was located on the site of the mansion proper, the stables were located where the boys' dormitory was, and the swimming pool was located where the girls' dormitory was.

While dismantling the pool, a tunnel was discovered underground, but when they went a little deeper, it was sealed off with Light magic, so they decided to leave the investigation to posterity.

.....

A tunnel under the girls' dormitory?

I wonder if it's an airship or the airship's location.

Is there any place to go underground other than the large underground bath and laundry room?

I can't let this go.

I climbed down the ladder, took off my nightgown, and put my uniform back on.

"What are you doing?"

Corinna-chan opened the curtain to her bed and peeked out.

"Looks like there's a tunnel under the girls' dormitory."

"Hou?"

"It seems it's blocked off by Light magic."

"Oh, you don't mean!"

"The airship."

Corinna-chan also came out of bed.

She took off her nightgown and changed into her uniform.

"Wait a minute, I'll go too."

"I'll wait, I'll wait."

After Corinna-chan changed her clothes, we left the room and locked the door.

We run down the stairs and head to the basement.

The public bath was lit up and there seemed to be several people in it.

The lights in the laundry room were dimmed and it was dark.

Now, where are the stairs?

The book didn't have any details.

In such cases, I need to use the wide-range Optical Search spell.

Piiin.

There was a passage next to the toilet, and there was a door behind it.

“It’s over here.”

“Oh, I’m so excited.”

I trot along with Corinna-chan.

In the hallway behind the restroom, there was a nondescript door with a “No Trespassing” sign hanging on it.

I try turning the doorknob.

Gachari.

Hmm, it’s locked.

“Dulcie.”

“Hai, Makoto-sama.”

Oh, there she was, I thought she might not be there since she had gone to bed, but Dulcie was still here.

“Can you unlock it?”

“...”

Dulcie put on a smile and remained silent.

.....

“You can’t do it?”

“Th-The weather is bad today...”

“Lockpicking has nothing to do with the weather.”

Corinna-chan’s merciless thrust pierced her.

“You’re an intelligence maid, aren’t you?”

“Gugugu, I’ll remember this it for next time.”

Dulcie blushed and looked annoyed.

I guess that's all for today.

"Shall I open it, instead?"

"Fuoh."

"Ouh."

Margot-san suddenly appeared and pulled a pin out of her hair.

"Dulcie, you should also learn some lockpicking skills."

"Un-Understood."

When Margot-san turned the key, the door swung open.

"Why are you here, Margot-san?"

"I saw you, Makoto, and Corinna hurrying down the stairs, so I followed after you."

Mattaku, these intelligence maids are everywhere.

It was a real help this time, though.

Just to be safe, I placed a Barrier in front of my body and opened the door.

A musty breeze was blowing in, and there were stairs going down at the back.

"Okay, let's go."

"Don't get too excited."

"I know."

Even though Dulcie is gone, Margot-san naturally follows.

Well, that's good for us.

There was a series of stairs at a relatively steep angle.

Judging from the construction, it seems to be the original style of Bianca's mansion.

At the back of the stairs was a semicircular tunnel with smooth, dust-free walls.

“Light.”

When I cast Light magic on the torch holders on the left and right, the passage became brighter.

“That’s amazing. I wonder if it’s being sustained by magic.”

“It seems so.”

It seems like the direction is extending towards the abandoned temple.

Is this the passageway that leads to the hangar?

There’s a storage room in the middle, and I wonder if there’s an airship in there.

Okay, let’s move on.

Chapter 235

The Three Of Us Go Through The Underground Passage

The tunnel is brightly lit and easy to walk through.

It's a pretty big tunnel. It's quite tall, too.

There's a slight breeze blowing, so it seems like it's connected to the outside somewhere.

One side of the tunnel is a wall right there, and it looks like it's a dead end.

The other side extends all the way towards the abandoned temple.

“Alright, let's go”

“Indeed.”

“Yes.”

The three of us go through the tunnel.

The sound of our footsteps echoes.

The air is a little chilly.

After walking for a while, the tunnel was blocked off by a heavy wall, with double doors attached.

A large Light magic mark is engraved on it.

There are marks on the door that look like they were cut with tools.

“This is, adamantite...”

Why do they use such expensive metal for the underground tunnel door...?

Well, I guess that's why it remained unopened until now.

I pour Light magic into the plate in the middle.

Gacchyan.

There was a mechanical sound and the double doors opened.

It's dark inside.

“Light.”

When I cast Light on the metal fittings of the candelabras, the lights lit up all the way.

A similar tunnel continues straight on.

“No one has entered this area for 200 years, I wonder what kind of treasure is hidden there.”

“I wish I stayed asleep.”

“Isn't this the passage leading to the hangar?”

We go to the hangar via the underground tunnel next to the baths.

It seems possible.

The entrance to the abandoned temple isn't very wide, and it looks like it would be difficult to walk all the way there to get to the hangar.

If there was a tunnel from the mansion, it would be easy to board the airship.

We make a steady sound as we make our way through the tunnel.

It's straight all the way.

Suddenly, a door appeared on the wall next to me.

When I grabbed the handle, it was unlocked.

Gachyari.

Inside is a room with no windows and about the size of 6 tatami mats.

Lockers are lined up.

It's like a changing room.

When I opened my locker, it contained fluffy clothes.

“What are these?”

“It’s an aviation suit. It’s the one you wear when flying at high altitudes. It’s in good condition, it looks like new.”

When I put it on my body, it’s the perfect size for me.

Is it for my personal use...?

Other lockers contained large and small aviation suits.

I guess it’s the flight waiting room.

“There’s a memo, um, ‘For Makoto, Corinna, Caroline, and Dulcie. It’s cold at high altitudes, so wear these when you go flying. Bianca.’”

“Is there something for me too? Yatta.”

“I don’t have anything for my use.”

Well, Margot-san is an outsider.

Or rather, don’t just give me everything related to it, give me the airship itself already!

There was nothing else of interest in the waiting room.

I heard a clinking sound, and when I looked at the floor, a key had fallen.

Looks like it fell out of the aviation suit.

I guess it’s the key to this room.

For now, we go out and check the key.

Gachari.

Yes, this is the key to this room.

Well, let’s move on.

After going for a while, I came to a dead end and found another double door.

When I poured in Light magic, I heard a gakkiri sound and the door opened.

There was a hangar in the back.

“It’s a connecting path to the hangar.”

“It is a connecting path.”

“It wasn’t much, was it?”

I’m disappointed.

I should have expected that.

“It’s nice to be able to go directly from the girls’ dormitory to the hangar, so we don’t have to get caught in the rain.”

“Well, it’s a hassle to go to the abandoned temple.”

Margot-san looked thoughtful.

“After listening to your stories, Bianca-sama seems like she could predict the future.”

“Uu, maa, sono, don’t talk about it too much.”

“Bianca-sama is unpopular, so I won’t say anything,” Margot said. “If she can predict it better than that, then this passage has a meaning.”

“A meaning?”

“It’s perfect for evacuating students in secret.”

“”Ah.””

Certainly, it’s perfect for students to escape underground.

I wonder if the girls’ dormitory will be attacked by something.

I don’t like the thought of that.

We’ve blocked off the route for Juliet-sama to become a lich, so there won’t be a swarm of zombies.

The Pottinger faction has a grudge against the Saint’s Faction, but they probably won’t turn the whole school into enemies, so they can be excluded.

I don’t know what else to think but the girls’ dormitory and school are under siege.

“Okay, for now, if I know, I’ll let the girls connected to the

intelligence maids know, and if something happens, I can rest assured that there's an escape route."

"It won't open without me, though," I said.

"Even so. You aren't the type to abandon people in need, Makoto."

Well, that's true.

Now then, let's go home.

We close the door leading to the hangar.

Gachari.

It appears to be locked when closed.

That's right, it's a hotel style.

We're walking slowly through a fairly long tunnel.

"We got a direct passageway leading to the hangar, and we also received aviation suits."

"Now we just have to find the airship."

"If we find it, give me a ride~. It looks like it would be fun to fly around the capital."

"Okay, well, the first flight will be to Mahler territory."

"How long will it take?"

"Two to three hours"

"~"That little?"~"

It's as fast as a jumbo jet from my previous life.

If you use an airship, you can reach Horai in a day's flight.

If you go to the other side, you can reach the new continent.

We'll shake hands with native New Worlders.

Well, in this world, there used to be a lot of airships flying around, so there are existing interactions with people from the New World.

Ah, I want to go on a vacation with everyone on an airship during summer vacation.

I want to go to a southern island and have fun.

However, in order to achieve that dream of the future, we must find the airship itself!!

Chapter 236

I Check My Schedule While Eating Breakfast

I woke up today to the sound of the maid-sans waking up.

Munyu~.

I guess I fell asleep right after returning from exploring the tunnel yesterday.

I open the curtains.

Ooh, it looks like the weather is nice today too.

“Ohayo, Karina-san, Margot-san.”

“Hai, ohayo, Makoto, the weather is nice today.”

“Oayo, fuwaaah,” Margot-san lets out a big yawn again today.

After seeing off the two maid-sans, I climbed down the ladder and got ready for the day.

“Good morning.”

Dulcie appears and prepares tea.

I’m always indebted to her.

I sit face-to-face with Corinna-chan and drink tea.

Uhn, it’s delicious.

“Thank you for the delicious tea every day, Dulcie.”

“No, it’s nothing,” Dulcie said, disappearing in embarrassment.

She’s so skillful.

“What’s our time limit for finding the airship?”

“It’s only a week,” I said. “Honestly, we’ll be good just before the dance party, but once the dresses are sown, they’ll have to take a route over the mountains to transport it, so we’ll have to get there

before then. Once the caravan leaves, it'll be hard to find it from the sky."

"Where is the airship, most likely?"

"It doesn't seem like it's in the capital," I said. "Carol theorized that it might have been in a hiding place."

"And where would that hiding place be?"

"It shouldn't be that far away from the capital, and I'm sure Bianca-sama will give us hints if we can't find it."

"Mattaku, she's a really evil saint."

"Mattaku, indeed," I said.

There's no use complaining to Bianca-sama, so I pack today's textbooks in my bag and head out from Room 205.

We descend the stairs and go to the elevator hall.

Everyone had already arrived, so I said good morning and good morning to them.

The elevator opens and Carol comes out.

"Good morning, Makoto."

"Good morning Carol"

It's just like dinner time.

"I asked Anne, there's a tunnel underground, isn't there?" Carol asked.

"I found it yesterday. It was connected to the airship hangar," I said.

"That's amazing, all that's left is the airship itself," Carol said.

"Yes, just the airship itself," I said.

I don't need any more useful items related to it.

Well, the airship hangar that can be accessed from the girls' dormitory is certainly nice, but it isn't the ship itself, right?

Aviation suits are good, but I want the airship itself.

Once everyone was here, we entered the dining room.

I lined up at the counter and asked Marissa-san for some sweet porridge with nuts.

I get a cup of tea from the kettle, put it on the tray, and take a seat.

Now that everyone has taken their seats, it's time to eat.

"Itadakimasu."

""""""I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.""""""

Nn, mou, don't pray to me anymore.

Paku-paku.

Ah, sweet porridge is delicious.

It's nice to feel the nuts crunching in your mouth.

Delicious.

"Are you staying at the baron's house tonight?" Carol asked.

"Yeah, I'll go to the Great Temple and then go to my baron parent's house. I'll be back early tomorrow morning, then let's go to the Magic Tower."

"Understood," Carol said, "I'm looking forward to the alchemy-printed ribbon fabric. I wonder if it will be a large item?"

"I didn't ask them to cut it, so I guess it's just a whole roll of fabric, let's all cut it in the meeting room."

Corinna-chan looked at Carol. "Carol," she said, "the first batch of dryers will arrive this afternoon, so let's hand them out to everyone in the meeting room first."

"I see, is that alright, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"Please do," I said. "I'm giving the prototype to Dulcie, so I don't need it anymore."

"I wish it was a new model."

"The circuit hasn't evolved that much, has it?"

“Well, since it’s the first production, it’s just the basic circuits.”

If that’s the case, there’s no need to replace it because it’s just different on the outside.

The lightweight version from the alchemy printing press will arrive tomorrow, and I guess next week will be hairdryer week.

“If you have any leftovers, sell them to Estelle-senpai and the princes.”

“Understood, how much will you sell it for?”

“I don’t know about pricing, so I’ll leave it to Carol and Corinna-chan.”

“Understood, leave it to me.”

Carol seems a bit excited, but I’ll leave it to her.

When I do it, I tend to end up selling it too cheaply.

Now that I had finished eating, I placed the tray in the tableware collection slot.

I wonder if I’ll go to school.

Everyone has put down their dishes, so let’s go to school.

“The hair dryer will be coming this afternoon.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“You can also use a hair dryer to style your hair. I thought I’d develop some new ones.”

When I said that, Melissa-san and Marilyn-san got hooked.

“”Is that so?!””

“Uh, yeah, if you press your hair with a brush and run it with a hair dryer, it will create waves.”

““Maa!””

Melissa and Marilyn held their hands together.

“That’s so interesting.”

“Let’s develop various things, I’m looking forward to it.”

“Ganbatte, ne?”

The Fashion Duo will come up with interesting ways to use the hair dryer.

This world is an otome game world, so cosmetics are well-developed.

I wonder why there was no hair dryer.

I guess it’s because it looks like an electrical appliance from the modern world.

But with alchemy, there are similar-styled refrigerators available.

It’s a strangely unrealistic world, and rather than a natural, lived-in feeling, it feels like there are a lot of parts that were just stuck onto it.

Surprisingly, agricultural products are abundant.

What’s going on?

While thinking about this, I left the girls’ dormitory with everyone from my faction and walked towards the school building.

Chapter 237

For Saturday's Lunch, We Went To The Royal Palace Staff Cafeteria At The Prince's Suggestion It's a Saturday morning class.

There are four classes: Mathematics, Geography, the National Language, and Magic Theory.

During the National Language, we read famous books, I'll make some sonnets, too.

It's an elegant class.

The teacher is Anthony-sensei.

The reading is so cool that you can feel his passion for the subject.

Sonnets are difficult in many ways because they have a fixed structure, and there is a turning point in the ninth line.

It also has a Chinese poetry feel to it.

I like language, so I find the classes interesting.

The person in Class A who is good at writing sonnets is definitely Prince Kevin.

He composes romantic poems and reads them aloud, and the female students squeal.

It's a necessary education for royalty, so it seems like he's learning about it before from private tutoring.

I wonder if Lloyd-chan is good at it, too.

I think I'll write a spring sonnet or something.

After the national language class, it's time to move on to Magic Theory.

These theories were built up over time by Jean-oji-san and other magicians who came before him.

Well, it's all just hypotheses.

For now, it seems that magic is when power resides in a certain series of words and affects the real world.

Also, since that power dwells in specific shapes, it seems that magic circles have developed.

That power resides in a person's body and can be measured as the amount of magical power.

When you use magic, the amount of magical power decreases, and when you rest, it is restored.

There seem to be various theories as to what the magical power is.

Now then, the morning class is over.

Anthony-sensei came and we had homeroom.

Recently, there has been an increase in the number of students who have stepped into suspicious places and been disciplined, so we were told to be careful.

Well, the suspicious place is the red light district.

In the downtown area, there is a large red light district from Tsubame Shokudo, and apparently, there are plenty of pretty ladies who will take care of you.

The students are in the midst of adolescence.

I think they might be interested in a place like that.

They did not have the red light districts appear in the setting when this was just an otome game, but where there are men, there are places like that.

We stand up and bow.

Now, it's after school~~.

The week's classes are over.

I sat down and raised my hands to stretch.

"What should we do for lunch, Makoto?"

"Indeed, it's our turn to eat out today, but how about we look for a

cheap lunch somewhere else?”

“Would you mind letting me make a suggestion once in a while?” Prince Kevin says, coming over like he has business.

“Huh? Ouji-sama, you probably don’t know about cheap restaurants in town.”

“Indeed, I don’t know of any cheap restaurants in town, but I do know of some cheap and delicious places to eat around here.”

“Where is it?”

If he says it’s the restaurant for lower-class aristocrats, I’ll get angry.

“It’s the royal palace staff cafeteria,” Prince Kevin answered with a big smile.

“Is it cheap?”

“A set meal costs about 500 to 700 dolancs,” Gerald answered instead of Prince Kevin.

“Oh, that is cheap.”

“It’s a facility within the royal palace, so the quality is guaranteed. And you can’t enter the royal palace unless you’re with the royal family.”

“That sounds good, doesn’t it?”

It’s much cheaper than the school’s upper-aristocrat restaurant.

Yeah, yeah, this is good.

Moreover, the royal palace and the school are next to each other, so it’s not a big deal to travel.

It’s a hidden gem.

“Yoshi, let’s do that.”

“Yeah, I think you’ll like it.”

Everyone from Class B also arrived, so we all went down to the first floor.

I meet Hilda-san on the stairs and Yuriyuri-senpai and Ryan-kun at the entrance.

“Where are you going today?” Yurisha asked.

“It’s the royal palace staff cafeteria, Yuli-nee.”

“Maa, it’s unusual for Prince Kevin to be leading the way”

“It would be painful if I was always relying on people from the Saint’s Faction,” Prince Kevin said with a hearty smile.

When Ryan-kun heard that we were going to the royal palace, he had a dreadful look on his face.

“I-I’m nervous, going to the royal palace...”

“Really? I don’t mind it,” I said.

“That’s just you,” Corinna stabbed from the side.

She’s also kind of nervous.

Ah, I see, people of low status never enter the royal palace even once in their lives.

It can be stressful.

Ignoring us, Prince Kevin strode across the courtyard toward the palace gates.

Princes Kevin and Lloyd go to school by horse-drawn carriage this way.

It’s not that far away, though.

After a while, the road came to the gates of the royal palace.

The gatekeeper looked at Prince Kevin, smiled, and opened the side gate.

“Today I’m having lunch with the students from the Saint’s Faction,” he said.

“Understood,” the gatekeeper said, nodding before he let us in.

This person must be strong too.

He's muscular and bulky.

"Wow, it's the royal palace."

"This is my first time here."

"Marilyn, did you know? The graduation dance party will be held in the great hall of the royal palace. So we can go here at least one more time before you graduate."

"That's right, I want to study hard and graduate safely."

"Indeed."

The Fashion Group laughs together.

Yes, you guys should study hard.

However, it is actually possible to graduate from magic school without studying that hard.

Because there is Class C.

They can advance to the next grade and graduate without studying much.

Even in the social world, just being a graduate of the Magic School can make a big difference.

Well, most people think of loose-headed socialites as "Class C graduates", so it's just a bluff against strangers who don't know any better.

Not everything is good about it.

Chapter 238

We Enjoy A Wonderful Lunch At The Royal Palace Staff Cafeteria

We enter the royal castle through the side gate.

The inside of the castle from this side is plain, but it has a sense of life to it, and I might like it better than the front entrance.

When you enter through the front door, it's a busy place filled with paintings and sculptures.

Cleaning ladies and maids were milling about in the undecorated hallways.

The royal palace is also supported by many people behind the scenes.

As a group of people wearing school uniforms, we get a lot of stares.

"Now then, here we are," Kevin said.

He brought us to a large hall next to the kitchen.

Since it was lunchtime, many royal palace staff were eating.

We stand out when everyone lines up at the counter.

"If it isn't you, Prince Kevin, and Prince Lloyd? Welcome."

"Marie, my apologies for making you work extra today."

"Don't say such a thing, I'm extremely happy to have you here together with your classmates."

When Prince Kevin called out to a dignified elderly woman at the end of the counter, she bowed deeply.

"She is the head maid of the royal palace, and is like the head behind the scenes," Kevin said.

"Oh, so I see."

It would be a problem if the people behind the scenes disliked me.

I have to keep myself in their good graces.

Today's two set meals were lined up on the counter.

It seems to be a meat set for meal A, and a fish set for meal B.

The price for both is 600 dolancs.

Both look delicious.

When Prince Kevin, Prince Lloyd, and Gerald asked for food, Head Maid Marie handed each a tray.

It seems like they are putting food on a tray while walking.

It's not much different from the girls' dormitory cafeteria.

"Please give me one B set meal."

"Right, here you go."

I was nervous when I ordered from Marie, and she handed me a tray in exchange for money.

Oh, there's a big B written on the bottom of the plate.

It's hard to get the wrong one.

That's a nice idea.

I put the food on it while sliding it on the counter.

The main course is a large fried trout.

It's being fried right in front of you and it's still sizzling on the plate.

The soup is egg and ham soup.

The side dish is sautéed spinach.

There's a salmon cup salad.

The bread is fluffy white bread.

Dessert comes with pudding.

As one would expect from a royal palace, even the staff cafeteria eats this luxurious.

I received a cup of tea and the set was completed.

Wow, it smells good.

Prince Kevin and the others took a seat at a large table by the window, so I sat down next to him.

I wait until everyone is seated.

Carol sat next to me.

Oh, the meat in the meat set meal is so thick.

What kind of meat was this?

“It’s beef.”

“Ah, thank you.”

Gerald, don’t read my mind from time to time.

That’s true political power.

“No, Makoto, your facial expressions are just very easy to read.”

“W-what? I didn’t say anything.”

Carol also tends to read my mind, so that’s a problem.

Why are there so many psychics?

Everyone took their seats as if something was expected from me.

“I-Itadakimasu.”

“””””””””I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.”””””””””

Stop it, don’t pray to me in the royal palace.

Now, let’s eat, let’s eat.

Amazing, even the knives and forks have the Royal Palace’s mark.

It’s made of iron, but it’s stylish.

I eat the fried trout.

Hafu, hafu, it’s still hot, and as expected, they fried it made to order before you.

Ah, they fried good trout with skilled hands.

This is delicious.

The chef's skills are on par with Ilda-san's.

It's better than the school's upper-aristocrat restaurant.

On top of that, it's cheap.

It's a dream-like scenario.

"It's delicious, isn't it, Carol?"

"It's really amazing," Carol said.

I cut up some fried trout and placed it on Carol's plate.

She smiles and cuts her meat and puts it on my plate.

It's nice to be able to communicate from heart to heart.

Wow, how delicious is this meat?

If you work at the royal palace, will you be able to eat this kind of food for three meals each day?

The welfare benefits are amazing.

I take a bite of the bread.

Oh, it's Meigetsu-Do bread.

It's delicious.

As expected, they are purveyors to the royal family.

The bread at the girls' dormitory is also delicious because Clara works hard at it, but these two thin slices from the parent bakery is even more so.

It's hard to surpass their skilled techniques.

The consommé soup with eggs and ham is also delicious.

And the transparency is different.

That's amazing.

This soup is like a work of art to drink.

No, no, it's not a 600 dolanc meal.

This is work at a top-notch restaurant with great attention to detail.

Delicious, delicious.

Paku-paku.

"This is my first time at the staff cafeteria, but it's surprisingly delicious."

"Hahaha, the kitchen is so excited because the Princes are coming. Usually, it doesn't get this lively."

"That's right, but it still tastes the same."

Prince Lloyd said that while bringing the bread to his mouth.

"There was the head chef in the kitchen, so the food was of the same standard as the one served at regular dinners."

Gerald is surprisingly a foodie.

Well, it's only natural that he'll have to attend diplomatic dinners in the future.

"Kimball-san, how does it taste?" Prince Kevin asked with a soft smile.

"It's delicious, as expected from the Royal Palace."

"I see, that's good to hear over anything else. Please, come again sometime," Prince Kevin said in a sweet voice.

As I chewed on the bread, I thought to myself, as a former employee of the girls' dormitory cafeteria, that this was a big burden on the staff cafeteria, so he had to eat here in moderation, but I'll keep my mouth shut when it comes to him.

Well, maybe once every while.

Chapter 239

The King And Queen Ask For Bath Salts, But I Refuse Them

As I was leisurely eating my pudding, the King and Queen came from the doorway.

Everyone stands up.

“No, it’s fine, just act as if we’re not here.”

“You can sit down and continue eating, our purpose is to thank the Saint Candidate.”

Ah, oh no, this is begging for bath salts.

The King and Queen moved Lloyd-chan and Juliet-san aside and took their seats.

“Speaking of such, Kimball-sama, the bath salts you gave us the other day were wonderful.”

“Thank you,” I said.

Ah, the pudding is delicious.

“My skin is so incredibly smooth, it’s wonderful, thank you.”

“No, no, it’s for the sake of our beloved royal family.”

Then the two of them fell silent.

I also eat the pudding in silence.

An incredible amount of tension is brewing between me and the King and Queen.

Silence.

They don’t say anything, but I feel pressured to give them more bath salts.

Ah, the pudding is delicious.

“Wh-When are you going to sell us the next round of bath salts,

Kimball-kun?”

“I’ll be selling two large bottles on Monday,” I said.

“I-Is that so? But in the public baths, you have to give two for the men’s and women’s baths total...”

“So, if possible, would you sell us more?”

I took out seven small bottles from my pocket.

“Is, is this?”

“It’s for private bathtubs,” I said. “One bottle turns a regular bathtub into the saint’s bath.”

“Oh, won’t you sell us the larger bottles?”

“It’s surprisingly difficult to make, so we’ll give priority to the girls’ and boys’ dormitories at the school,” I said. “As a preferential treatment to the royal family, we can sell seven small bottles for one week’s worth of baths.”

Well, that’s a lie.

I could mass-produce it if I wanted to, but I can’t stand in the way of Carol’s alchemy production.

“U-Understood, but I wonder if you’ll consider increasing the number of large bottles later on. The staff members are so aggressive about it.”

“I’ll think about it. The payment will be 7 gold coins.”

The King searched his pockets and took out his wallet.

Corinna-chan took the bottles out, stepped in front of the King, and exchanged them for gold coins.

Well, I guess everyone wants bath salts all the same.

Shall I use it as a bribe for something to the royal family later on?

“My apologies for my Chichi and Haha,” Prince Kevin said.

“It’s fine,” I said, “I’m sure the Queen will be happy if I give her a small bottle.”

“Yes, we’ll be fine for now, thank you, Kimball-kun.”

“Please don’t worry about it.”

Prince Kevin and I spoke quietly under our breaths.

Now, I go to return the finished dishes to the return slot.

Marie, the head maid, came closer.

Wh-What’s going on?

As I thought that, she struck out at empty air with the ladle.

It’s happening again.

Dulcie and Anne appeared.

“It’s forbidden to hide yourselves in the royal palace.”

“Baba-sama, you’re too cruel.”

“That hurt.”

I wonder if they knew each other.

“Saint-san, please take good care of these two and make sure to discipline them.”

“Y-Yes, sorry.”

Dulcie stood behind me.

Anne is behind Carol.

“Do you know each other?”

“She’s our senpai from the Maid Village,” Anne said. “She’s also the head of the Royal Intelligence Maid Organization.”

Once again, I met an amazing person.

Now, I take the students of the Saint’s Faction and head to the school gate of the royal palace.

“It was delicious, wasn’t it?” Melissa-san murmured quietly.

“If I get a job at the royal palace, will I be able to eat such delicious

food every day?”

“Marilyn, if you raise your skills, you can become an escort female knight.”

“Ara, I guess so.”

“I definitely want an escort knight who can show feminine care, Miss Marilyn.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear that, Gerald-sama.”

They’re attentive to Gerald’s preferences.

Is it possible if they tried hard enough?

Moving on, we asked the macho gatekeeper to open the side gate and reentered the school.

“Then I’ll head to the Great Temple, I’ll be back to school by Sunday morning.”

“Leave everything here to us.”

“Umu...I’ll do my best.”

Curtis and Elmer nodded.

Well, whatever happens in the boys’ dormitory, I wouldn’t know.

“Itterashyai, myon,” Koishi said.

“Be careful because you’re acting alone and isolated,” Cattleya said.

“You’re worrying too much, Cattleya-san.”

Elsa-san stood next to the Swordsmanship Group and nodded slightly.

Or rather, why does she seem to be the most reliable member of her subgroup?

The runner-up is Koishi-chan.

Cattleya-san is strong, but her personality makes her seem like she’s going to run wild, so I don’t feel safe.

“Then please come back on Sunday morning, itterashyai.”

Carol smiled softly and sent me off.

I'm heading out.

"That's right, Clark-hakase probably knows something about airships, right?"

"Ah, you've got a point."

Corinna-chan, that's a nice idea.

Otou-sama seems like the type to know something about Bianca-sama.

"Airship... what's this all about?" Gerald said.

"Don't bother because it has nothing to do with you, Gerald," I said.

"Is there any hope of finding a new airship?" Gerald said.

"There is, but not now," I said.

"Which one is it?" Gerald said.

"There's no reason to tell you that."

You're from another faction.

Gerald became sullen and silent.

"Well then, I'm heading off."

I waved to everyone and walked across the courtyard towards the school's main gate.

Now, let's go to the Great Temple and play with the orphans.

I passed through the school gate and started walking down Royal Capital Boulevard.

Chapter 240

Attacked By The Shiny Orphans Of The Great Temple

I walk along the Royal Avenue.

This is the main distribution artery of the Appleton Kingdom, so it's a lively street with wagons constantly passing by.

It's hard to beat the dirt in winter, but it's spring now, so there isn't that much dirt.

You can breathe easily, can't you?

I passed by Hiyoko-Do.

"Hey, Makoto, are you going to the Great Temple?"

And then my older brother, Cliff-onii-chan, stopped me.

"That's right," I said.

"Osh, please deliver this saint's bread for me," Cliff said.

"Okay, wait, this is a huge order," I said.

"Because we received a large order. Now get going," Cliff said.

"I guess I have no choice."

What is this, I kind of feel like one of those harried office workers, don't I?

I carried a large quantity of saint's bread in a large linen bag slung over my shoulder.

"Is everything okay inside this thing? Won't it stick together?"

"It's okay because each piece is individually wrapped in oiled paper."

It's bread, so it's not that heavy, but it's bulky.

"I guess I'm delivering it to the kitchen of the Great Temple."

"That's right, they asked for it."

You shouldn't ask a saint candidate to do chores at all.

I'm a saint candidate for a low-level-employee-type saint, scurrying down the main street.

When I got near the Great Temple, I saw two well-mannered gangsters sweeping.

What's going on? They're all shiny.

I wonder if they took a dip in the saint's bath.

"Ah, if it isn't you, Seijou-sama," one of them said.

"Hello," I said.

I wonder if you guys have no pride in being a delinquent, with those venomous smiles fading away.

"Take this and carry it to the kitchen for me," I said.

"Yes, I'd be happy to," one of the gangsters said.

The two delinquents have been thoroughly educated in the Temple and have become like live-in believers.

I think they'll take the exam and become priests someday.

Well, it's good to give them a full-time job.

"Welcome back, Seijou-sama."

And now, the root of all evil, Linda-san, has appeared.

She has become a beautiful and radiant woman.

"Did you use the bottle for the Saint's bath yesterday?" I asked.

"Yes, I thought it would be a good idea to have its effects on the day you were coming, Seijou-sama, so I used it last night, and it had a marvelous result."

Linda smiled, and though she was already a beautiful lady, her lustrous skin made her even more attractive.

The Saint's bath is a terrifying power.

I let Linda-san lead me up the grand staircase.

“Wah, Mako-nee, Mako-nee!!”

“Makoto-nee-chan!!”

“Waaa, I missed you, Makoto-chan.”

A group of shiny children spotted me, ran towards me, and collided with me.

A child’s energy is a terrifying thing.

Today again, I climb the grand staircase like a mother opossum with children clinging to my body.

Along the way, I cast a spell to increase my strength and boost my muscles.

As you’d expect, I couldn’t carry five children up the stairs with just my normal muscular strength alone.

Ah, the smell and warmth of children are so nice.

It feels like I’m an elephant that has returned to the Great Temple.

Before I entered the school, I played around with these guys every day.

I carried them to the top of the stairs and set the orphans down.

Wow, I’m sweating so much.

“Okay, everyone, I’ll come and give my greetings to Kyoko-sama first, so please wait at the orphanage,” I said.

“Got it.”

“Isn’t Curtis here today?”

“He’s at the school, shall I bring others next time?”

“Yeah, bring Curtis and Koishi-nee-chan, it’s fine if you don’t bring Cattleya.”

Puh, children are so cruel.

Surprisingly, Curtis is liked by the children.

Is Cattleya disliked because she is blunt?

I parted ways with the orphans and headed down the central aisle of the temple.

“What do you all think of the Saint’s Bath here?” I asked Linda.

“We have a lot of requests to let them take a bath in the medicated hot water every day,” Linda said.

“I’d like to increase the number since it’s a Temple issue, but it’s quite difficult to,” I said.

“Yes, please don’t push yourself too hard. We have agreed that the Saint’s Bath will be held on Saturdays, where believers often stay overnight,” Linda said.

“If it’s once a week, it’ll be fine. There’s a local movement going on in the girls’ dormitory, and they’re making a fuss about doing it 3 times a week.”

“Shall I tell them to come and enter the Great Temple?” Linda asked.

“Ah, that’s good. The Great Temple is close by, and I’m sure there are many children who would like to come on a Saturday,” I said.

It’s probably going to be very crowded, but that’s not something I’ll know.

I kneel in front of the statue of the goddess at the end and offer a prayer.

The Goddess of the Great Temple is also beautiful and I like her.

I feel like her expression is brighter than the goddess statue of the abandoned temple.

–I had a fun week this week as well. I hope I have a good week next week, and I ask for your blessings, Megami-sama.

After praying, the two of us head to the Kyoko-sama’s room.

Like I thought, I like the clean feeling of the Temple.

Kyoko-sama’s room is at the very back of this place.

After Linda-san gives him notice, I enter.

“Oh, I’ve been waiting for you Makoto. You look cute today, as well.”

“Hello, Kyoko-sama.”

“Now sit down and have some tea and some sweets.”

Even Kyoko-sama looks radiant.

The whole of the Great Temple has a pleasant smell.

I drink the tea that the Pope’s lady-in-waiting made for me.

Oh, she’s using good tea.

Delicious.

For a while, we chatted about the Great Temple and what happened at the school.

“By the way, is there any information about Bianca-sama left in the Great Temple?”

“I’m sorry, but it seems that all traces of Bianca-sama have been burned,” Kyoko-sama said.

“So you don’t know where her villa is or where it might be,” I said.

“Now no one knows about it anymore, and there are no books left to tell,” Kyoko-sama said.

Achya, I guess there’s little hope.

“I also mobilized all the civil servants to look for any documents related to the airship, but they couldn’t find anything.”

“I think Bianca-sama’s airship would deepen the Temple’s prestige and be very useful, but she is an evil saint after all.

It seems that all the materials were thoroughly burned.”

The Temple becomes paranoid when you become its enemy.

Is there even anything left behind~~~?

I wonder where the airship is.

Chapter 241

I Go To The Baron's House And Report This Week's Events To My Adoptive Father I bowed to Kyoko-sama and left the room.

There was no particular harvest from this investigation.

It would be nice if I could just figure out where the villa was located.

I walk towards the orphanage with Linda-san.

As I approached the hospital, I saw orphans playing and screaming in the garden.

Yaah, I'm sure the kids are all doing fine.

"Ah, Mako-nee-chan! Have you finished saying hello to Kyoko-sama?"

"It's over, it's over," I said.

"Are you alright, you didn't get scolded, did you?"

"I'm alright, I haven't been scolded."

"I see, what a relief~."

Actually, Kyoko-sama is kind to me, so I've never been scolded by him.

And with that said, I play with the children in the orphanage's garden.

I walk around in the mud, play cradle, and play kendama.

It's fun.

Ultimately, after I grow up, I'll build an orphanage, become its director, and live a slow life.

What's about Temple diplomacy, you ask?

If you have an airship, you can work anywhere.

That's right, that's right.

That's why I want an airship.

Kussou, Bianca-sama, mee~.

Where did you hide it?

In the evening, when everyone was tired from playing, I headed home.

“Huh, you’re going home already~?”

“Please come stay over once in a while~.”

“”Ne~, ne~.””

Even if they cutely go “ne~, ne~,” Otou-sama and Okaa-sama will not have it, sorry, children.

“Sorry, I’ll be back next week.”

“Uhnn, got it~.”

“It’s boring without you, Makoto-chan, so please come again.”

“Mako-onee-cha~n.”

Oh, the smallest, Ellie, started crying again.

Don’t cry.

“I’ll come again, so be patient.”

“Uh-Uhn, I-I’ll wait.”

“Good girl.”

Ah, everyone is so cute.

I hope everyone grows up, graduates from the orphanage, and becomes a fine adult.

The truth is, I want to be with them all forever.

Now, we descend the grand staircase, the sky is bright red from sunset.

For some reason, Linda-san is also with me.

“Are you coming with me again?” I asked.

“I-It’s fine, isn’t it? I’ll escort you to the baron’s house.”

“Dulcie is here with me,” I said.

“I’m worried about Dulcie being alone.”

Honestly, Linda-san is overprotective.

We started walking along Royal Capital Boulevard, dyed red at sunset.

The fiery royal capital is so beautiful.

The evening was red and the smell of night was already starting to waft about.

The scent of cooking dinners is coming from all over the city.

It also feels kind of sad.

The two of us walked in silence and arrived at the baron’s house.

“Now then, go away!” I said.

“You don’t have to be so cruel, do you?” Linda said.

“When Otou-sama and Okaa-sama come out, they’ll go, ‘Linda-shi, why won’t you have a meal with us?’, so please go home before that happens.”

“That’s terrible, yoyoyo.”

“I can tell you’re fake crying.”

“Muh, this method worked before.”

I’ve known Linda-san for a long time.

When I was lounging around at the entrance, Okaa-sama came out.

“Ah, Makoto, welcome back, and thank you so much for escorting her back as well, Linda-shi.”

“No, no, it’s just my job.”

“Is that so? Won’t you have dinner with us, then?”

Buu!

Okaa-sama, look at your beloved daughter’s pout.

“Are you sure? Then I’ll accept your hospitality.”

Kussou.

I hate the smug look on Linda-san’s face when I look back.

She walked into our house without hesitation.

“Makoto, welcome back. Come on, let’s all have some tea. Please call Dulcie-kun as well.”

“Yes, Otou-sama. Dulcie”

“Yes, Makoto-sama.”

Dulcie appeared out of nowhere.

“So, what have you been up to this week?”

We go the living room right away, Otou-sama started interrogating me.

“Not much happened this week. I just developed a magic hair dryer and bath salts.”

It’s not like I’m going wild either.

Sometimes I have a quiet week.

“I see, I see. That’s fine, there was a rumor in the royal capital that a saint candidate rode on her maid’s shoulders as she jumped onto an airship, but I suppose that was a hoax.”

“Uh, um, I did do that.”

Yabeh, I forgot.

“Umm, why did you and Dulcie-kun jump onto the airship before it landed, what could have happened??”

“I heard there was a student who was critically injured in the Gadrage Great Labyrinth aboard, so I couldn’t wait for it to land,” I said.

“Maa, unfortunately, there was a rumor in the noble’s circles that he was part of the losses in the Great Gadrage Labyrinth. Did you heal him, Makoto-chan?”

“Yes, I did, it was a serious injury that almost killed him, so I healed it with Light magic.”

“I see, that’s a good thing you did, Makoto.”

“Yes, thank you”

Ufufu, I was praised.

“I was making bath salts in the middle of the week, so let’s use these tonight,” I said.

“Oh, so this is why the royals were so shiny, I wonder if this will work on us?”

“Yes, it’s very effective, so I’m going to keep it at our house.”

I gave Okaa-sama 7 small bottles.

Dulcie is checking the documents.

“Maa, I’m looking forward to it. These days, the school makes all kinds of things.”

“Y-Yeah, it does.”

I don’t usually make them though.

“Hmm, well, compared to last week, school life has been calm.”

“Yes, it was much more peaceful than before.”

Actually, too many events have happened since I entered school.

Chapter 242

I Ask My Adoptive Father For Information About The Airship At Our House

“By the way, Otou-sama I have something I would like to ask you about,” I said.

“Hou, do you want some help on some history homework?” Otou-sama asked.

Well, I suppose you could call this history homework, couldn’t you?

It was published by a Saint about 200 years ago.

“I’m looking for where this is,” I said, holding out the manual for the Conqueror of the Azure Sky to Otou-sama.

“Wh-What is this?!” Father cried. “Isn’t this the manual for Bianca-sama’s airship? Where did you get this!?”

“It was in the basement of the school library, among the unsorted books,” I said.

“What was that? We-Were there any other books?” Otou-sama asked.

“It looks like they randomly shoved the books from Bianca-sama’s mansion in there, there were a lot of others,” I said.

“W-What....The lost books of the royal library must be in that place...” Otou-sama muttered.

Was it lost?!

It feels like it’s impossible to track where the books have been moved due to red tape.

“I can’t just sit around here, I’m going to the Academy right now,” Otou-sama said.

“Wait, the library is closed, Otou-sama. It’s only open until 5 o’clock.”

Otou-sama felt depressed and sat back down.

“Tomorrow, tomorrow then, I’m going to school with you, Makoto!”

“It’s closed on Sundays,” I said.

“Guguuh, are you telling me I’m going to have to wait until Monday? I have a chance to find lost rare books!”

“Uh, please bring the people from the Museum of History with you when you go on Monday,” I said. “I think the Academy will be happy because it’s not organized down there.”

“I see, you’re right! Uhn, I’ll have to go give my greetings to the principal,” Otou-sama said.

“Ara, are you coming to the Academy on Monday? I’d like to go, too.”

Okaa-sama, what are you doing here?

“I want to see the school where Makoto-chan is studying, you see,” she said. “I want to see the inside of the school buildings for the first time in a while, and I also want to say hello to the members of your faction in your meeting room. I wonder if they’d be happy with some homemade cookies, is it not good enough for the high-ranking ojousamas?”

“It’ll be fine,” I said, “Okaa-sama, your cookies are delicious.”

“Maa, Makoto-chan, you’re such a good girl.”

Okaa-sama smiled gracefully, going “ohohoho.”

Actually, Okaa-sama was an alumnus of the Magic Academy.

In the summer, sometimes she’d use Wind magic to cool us down.

Otou-sama is reading the manual for the Conqueror of the Azure with a serious face.

“This...is an amazing airship. I wonder how it even goes at this speed.”

“Is it really that fast?” I asked.

“It can produce twice as much power as a normal airship,” Otou-sama said. “There are some that are smaller than usual, but they seem to have special designs.”

“Do you know where it is?” I asked.

“It seems that even the royal family went to great lengths to find it, and it is on the records,” Otou-sama said.

“Was it to make it in time for Maria-sama’s expedition?” I asked.

“That’s right, it seems that the plan was to fly into the Demon Kingdom in an airship and raid the Demon King’s Castle using its armaments, but they couldn’t find it, so they decided to go overland.”

Were there any materials left in the Royal History Museum?

“Do you know the location of Bianca-sama’s villa?”

“Hmm, I have no idea. All materials on her have been burned or scattered. It was only a blind spot that they were in the basement of the library. Maybe this will help solve many historical mysteries.”

Mou, Otou-sama is a history otaku.

There are a lot of otakus around me.

However, if the reliable Otou-sama can’t don’t understand this, it’s not good.

“Let’s stop talking now and have dinner. I made a lot of things that Makoto-chan likes for tonight.”

“Waah, I’m so happy. Okaa-sama, I love you.”

“Ufufu.”

When I went to the dining room, I found my favorite foods lined up, as promised.

Hooray.

Linda-san and Dulcie also took their seats, and we all had dinner together.

“Itadakimasu.”

“”I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.””

Yoshi, I’m not prayed to at my parents’ house.

Lately, people have been looking at me with amusement when saying grace before meals, so it’s bothering me.

I don't have a direct line to the Goddess.

Paku-paku.

Ah, I love Okaa-sama's cooking.

Delicious, delicious.

Yappari, it's nice to be home.

After enjoying Okaa-sama's food, I sent Linda-san away, and my family was left alone with ourselves.

Dulcie also disappeared somewhere.

"Let's try Makoto-chan's bath salts right away. Okaa-san is looking forward to it," Okaa-sama said as she hurriedly disappeared into the bathroom, taking the bath salts with her.

I wonder if she'll like it?

I go into my room and lie down on my bed.

Hmm, the bed in the girls' dormitory feels like my bed.

But it's calming to be alone in my room, sinking into my bed.

I also read the airship manual.

Heeh, that's amazing, it really is a flying ship.

It has a toilet and a kitchen, so it looks like you could live on a deserted island.

Fuwah, that's nice, that's nice.

I feel like a male college student looking at a car magazine from my previous life.

This must be how they felt.

Sorry for making fun of you.

I know how you feel, now.

It's so fun.

"Makoto-chan, I just took a bath, it was amazing, my skin is

unbelievably shiny.”

“Waah, Okaa-sama, you’re beautiful.”

“Makoto-chan, you’re just too good at giving compliments.”

Okaa-sama was very shiny.

She was already beautiful, but her beauty had gone up several notches.

“I’ll take a bath now.”

“Yes, please feel free to take your time slowly.”

After Okaa-sama’s words, I stripped completely naked in the changing room and entered the bathroom.

The bathroom at my parents’ house is small, but sometimes it’s nice to use this.

Haah, the Saint’s bath is really effective.

Shima-jima.

Chapter 243

I Meet Up With Carol And Head To The Magic Tower

I wake up.

Yes, it's good to have a good night's sleep after you take a dip in the Saint's bath.

Now then, time to change clothes, return to school and go to the Magic Tower with Carol.

Let's get the day started.

I change into my uniform and leave the room.

"Ara, Makoto-chan, good morning."

"Good morning, Okaa-sama," I said.

"Ara, you're in your uniform already? I was hoping you'd relax here until lunch," Okaa-sama said.

"No, I'm going to the Magic Tower in the morning today," I said.

"Maa, maa, I guess you're busy, please wait a moment, I'll prepare breakfast for you," Okaa-sama said.

"Thank you very much, Okaa-sama," I said.

Otou-sama awoke after, so I went to the dining room with him and took our seats.

"Dulcie-chan, please come out," Okaa-sama said.

"Yes, what is it?" Dulcie asked.

"Let's all have breakfast together, shall we?" Okaa-sama said.

"Y-Yes."

Dulcie is also confused but seems a little happy.

We all have breakfast at the table.

It's been a week since I've had it, so it's delicious.

The bread is from Hiyoko-Do, though.

It's delicious when toasted.

"Then, ittekimasu," I said.

"Yes, itterashyai, Otou-san and I will go to the Academy tomorrow."

"Indeed."

"Yes, I'm looking forward to it, let's go."

I leave the house and go to the Royal Capital Boulevard.

It's nice weather today.

Let's go back to the Academy and go to the Magic Tower with Carol.

It's Sunday, I love Sunday.

It's a day of free movement.

I say good morning to Onii-chan in front of Hiyoko-Do and walk past.

As you pass Hiyoko-Do, you can see the school building in the distance, and it feels like I've come home.

It's wonderful and mysterious.

I pass through the school gate and enter the girls' dormitory. The dormitory guards greet me and I enter the building.

Ah.

Ah, I have to go up the stairs to the 5th floor to get to Carol's room, don't I?

I feel tired already~.

Well, I'll just skip one step at a time and climb it that way.

Haa, haa.

Hii, hii.

By the time I reached the 5th floor, I was out of breath.

The lower aristocrats live sad lives.

I take a moment to catch my breath and walk down the hallway.

It looks like the alchemy shop isn't open yet.

I bang the knocker on Carol's room.

"Yes?"

Anne-san appeared from inside.

"Makoto-sama, we have been waiting for you," Anne said.

"Makoto, good morning," Carol said.

"Good morning, Carol," I said.

Ah, I feel so fulfilled when I see my wife's face.

Nihihi.

"How are we getting to the Magic Tower? Do we walk?"

"Let's take a ride on the loop carriage. It runs quite a bit frequently there."

Ooh, a horse-drawn carriage.

There are omnibuses running in the royal capital, similar to motor bus lines, and you can ride them with small change.

Since there are a lot of commuters to the Magic Tower, there's a loop carriage plying it to get them there.

"That's nice, that's nice, I haven't ridden much, so I'm looking forward to it," I said.

"I don't ride much either. If I go to the townhouse, there's the Albright family carriage, but it's a pain to go there."

That's right, the loop omnibus is good.

Carol came out and locked the alchemy room.

She wrote on the blackboard of the alchemy shop, "Out to Town: Open in the Evening."

“Now then, let’s go.”

“Yeah, yeah, I wonder if Serviche-sensei is waiting over there?”

“I would guess so, even if she comes to pick us up, I don’t want to ride in that carriage.”

“I’m with you on that.”

I don’t want to ride in Serviche-sensei’s shabby carriage.

When I left the girls’ dormitory and walked toward the school gate, I saw Curtis and the Swordsmanship Group plus Elmer walking.

“Ara, this is an unusual arrangement, where are you going?”

“We’re heading to the Nishi-no-Hara Dungeon. How about you guys?” Curtis asked.

“We’ve been invited to the Magic Tower. We’re going to see the alchemy printing machine,” I said.

“...That seems... significantly more interesting...” Elmer said.

“Elmer, we’ll be in trouble if our party’s wizard leaves,” Curtis said.

“Then... I suppose... I have no choice...” Elmer said, sounding depressed.

“Happy hunting.”

“Ouh, leave it to us,” Curtis smiled.

“I’m heading out, myon,” Koishi-chan tapped the handle of the ice blade attached to her waist.

“I’m going,” Cattleya-san, holding Eckesax.

“I’m going, as well,” Elsa-san stroked Ryzin’s handle and it made a “faahn” sound.

“Later... tell me... what happened...” Elmer said.

“I understand, Elmer,” I said.

I parted ways with Curtis and the others in front of the school gate.

They will now report to the Guild and dive into the Nishi-no-Hara

Dungeon.

However, it's a party with a lot of swordsmen.

The Nishi-no-Hara is a dungeon for beginners located outside the capital and the school and is meant for parties to get used to delving.

Inside, slimes and wardogs mainly appear.

It's a dungeon that doesn't have much flavor, but it's in the vicinity of the royal capital, so there are only small dungeons like that.

Carol and I took a loop carriage in front of the school.

We didn't have to wait long.

It's so generous that if you pay 150 yen to the conductor, you can ride as far along the route as you want.

This carriage is on a route to the west of the capital, so it will go through the Magic Tower and then make a long detour to return.

It's quite convenient.

We take the steps and get into the carriage.

It's a carriage with a canopy roof, roughly the size of the van from my previous life with seats on the sides.

When the driver cracked his whip, the two horses started walking, and the carriage started running.

It's shaking and I'm getting sleepy.

I fall asleep leaning on Carol's shoulder.

She smells good.

Suyaa.

Chapter 244

The Alchemy Department Is On The 5th Floor Of The Magic Tower

“Passengers, we have arrived at the Magic Tower.”

When I woke up, the driver was smiling bitterly and asking us to get off.

Carol also seemed to be sleeping.

“Are we here already?”

“Looks like it, you were asleep, too, Carol.”

“I felt sleepy.”

We stood up and got out of the carriage.

“Fuwaaa.”

“It’s amazing, isn’t it?”

The Tower is in full view.

When you look up, you’ll see it stretches all the way to the zenith.

How did they create such a huge building?

Architectural Magic is an amazing thing.

“Is it your first time in the Magic Tower, Carol?”

“Yeah, we deliver alchemy products to them, but my territory’s sales department handles that,” Carol said.

The president doesn’t show their face in individual transactions.

“I thought I should come and say my greetings, so this is a good opportunity,” Carol said.

“It does sound good,” I say.

We approach the entrance to the Magic Tower.

There’s a security room in front of the entrance.

There are magic knights there.

As expected from the Ministry of Magic.

“Do you have any business for the Ministry of Magic, Young Ladies?”

“We were invited by Serviche-sensei from the Alchemy Department.”

The guard knight examined the ledger.

“Ah, it’s the Saint Candidate and Albright-sama, we’ve heard about you two.”

The response suddenly became more polite.

Just like a bureaucrat.

“The Alchemy Department is on the 5th floor, please use the elevator at the end.”

“”Thank you.””

When the two of us spoke in unison, the magic knight smiled.

We walk to the back of the lobby and press the elevator button to open the doors.

It’s the type of elevator with bars over it like in old movies.

How cool.

Carol pushed the lever to the 5th floor and the elevator began to rise.

It’s just a fence so you can see the inner walls and it’s kind of scary.

I feel like I’m being drawn into it.

Gacyhan, krikku.

When we got to the 5th floor, the building’s doors opened first, then the elevator’s fence.

There is a hallway and more doors when we come out.

It kind of reminds me of an office building from my previous life.

“Hello.”

When I opened the door, there were a lot of people there, all holding a simple hair dryer in their hands and making a lot of noise.

Wh-What the hell?

“Ah, Kimball-san, Albrigh-kun, welcome,” Serviche-sensei said as she stood up and walked over from the back of the hall.

She was holding a simple hair dryer in her hand and it was making a loud noise, “buu-buu.”

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“The simple dryers were printed out this morning, so we’re all testing them out,” Serviche said.

An old man wearing a white coat who looked like a researcher stood up and walked over to us. “Did you ladies come up with this? This is wonderful, it’s so amazing.”

“There will be a fashion revolution in the royal capital, this will sell exceptionally well.”

“Thank you.”

That’s right, it’s easy to use and common people can buy it, and it might even sell a lot.

“This is your patent letter,” Serviche said. “I’d like to discuss this with you further, that is, we would like to sell this simple schematic at the Ministry of Magic.”

“How much are selling it for?” Carol said, taking a step forward.

“Indeed, what did you originally plan?” Serviche asked.

“10,000 dolancs or less?” I said.

“We’ll sell them for 20,000,” Serviche said.

“That sounds good, you’ll need to pay for magic stones, and the prices of Fire and Wind magic stones are likely to rise. I think I’ll consider this an investment,” Carol said.

Isn’t there a law against insider trading in this world?

“And how much is our share?” Carol asked.

“That’s right, how about 20%?” Serviceche said.

“That’s not worth talking about, I refuse,” Carol said.

Oh, Carol is so bullish.

“As expected of Albright-kun, then 30%,” Serviceche said.

“70%, I won’t back down one step,” Carol said.

“70% is impossible, 40%,” Serviceche said.

Ah, this is a 50/50 deal.

50%.

“I’d be happy with a 50-50 split, but in exchange, could you please create a kit for around 3,000 dolancs?” I asked.

“Wait a minute, Makoto,” Carol pouts, but she doesn’t know why.

I have no interest in business.

“A kit?” Serviceche asked.

“A kit, something that combines a magic circle, parchment, magic stone, and magic ink, and comes with an instruction manual that allows you to make the simple version yourself,” I said.

“Houh, that’s interesting,” Serviceche said. “If we do that, even poor people can buy it, and the magic circle will have an educational effect.”

“Other people can make it without our notice and it can be sold without proper licensing,” Carol said.

“If it’s manufactured on a large scale, you can catch it with this patent letter,” I said. “We’ll just make a little bit and give up the rest for part-time work. There aren’t many part-time jobs in the capital, so this is a good thing.”

“The expensive ones won’t sell, then~,” Carol whined.

Carol seems dissatisfied, but since you can make it by buying a kit and reading the instruction manual, the counterfeiting will probably be less than 1,000 to 2,000 dolancs in cost.

And, if they can draw magic circles and create magic tools, they will be able to research magic circles in the library and create simplified versions of magic tools with various effects.

Water magic tools and bathing magic tools are expensive.

“This is interesting, the number of people who create magic tools will increase,” the bespectacled man in the white coat said.

“I think some Light kits and Cooler kits will sell well,” Service said.

“But properly made magic tools will no longer sell,” Carol said.

“That’s fine. Right now, I think magic tools are too expensive,” I said.
“I think it would be more profitable to make magic tools more familiar to the general public.”

Professor Service nodded and hummed loudly. “She’s more concerned about the happiness of the public than her self-interests. As expected of a saint candidate.”

The researchers who were making noise around us suddenly stopped and went quiet.

“Are you a saint candidate?”

“This is a privilege to see her, it’s the ultimate honor.”

“Oh, please take it easy, I’m a student and a saint candidate, so I’m not a saint yet,” I said.

The researchers relaxed their shoulders with a sense of relief.

“Well, first, let’s show you the alchemy printing machine that is the pride of the Alchemy Department,” Service said.

“”Hai.””

It’s an alchemy printing machine with the latest magical technology.

I’m so excited.

I wonder what it’s like.

Chapter 245

Going To The 6th Floor To See The Alchemy Printing Machine

Once I left the Alchemy Department room, I walked down the hallway and up the stairs to the next floor.

“This floor is the Alchemy Printing Machine room.”

When she opened the door and went inside, I saw a complex machine.

It’s pretty huge.

Actually, this looks like a Gutenberg printing press from my previous life.

Place a printing plate made of metal, apply high-viscosity alchemy ink, cover it with parchment attached to a frame, and lower a large pressure plate.

Use the magic motor to force the pressure plate down with great force.

All you have to do after is peel it off the frame and there you have your simple hair dryer.

It’s so easy.

“At first, it was difficult because we didn’t know the appropriate concentration of alchemy ink,” Serviche said.

“So you made a simple hair dryer and a glowing fabric using this,” I said.

“Indeed, since we can print not only on parchment but also on cloth, it becomes easier to produce magic tools of the same quality,” Serviche said.

This is definitely a great tool.

I wonder if the newspapers you see these days are also made using this type of printing machine.

This world will gradually become more modern.

As this type of technological development progresses and production

increases, what will happen is that the power of the citizenry will grow.

The status of the aristocrats gradually declined as the merchants and industrialists emerged.

Even among the aristocratic territories, a gap between rich and poor began to emerge between those that were engaged in commerce and those that were based on agriculture.

Eventually, aristocrats from small territories could no longer survive with just agriculture.

In such a case, the only thing you can rely on is a loan from a large merchant, but borrowing money can be said to raise the status of the merchant and lower the status of the nobility.

Eventually, the country's finances will become insolvent, a citizen's revolution will occur, and the monarchy will be abolished.

Also, in 50 years, something like the French Revolution and the Meiji Restoration will probably occur in this country as well.

Yada, yada.

I want them to go gently and avoid civil wars and revolutions as much as possible.

"Where is the glowing cloth?" I asked.

"We stored it over there," Serviche said.

At the edge of the printing press development room, a white cloth was rolled up and propped up like a stick.

Oh, there it is.

I unravel it a little and take a look.

When magical power was applied, the lines of the magic square appeared in light purple.

Uwah, that's detailed.

If I had written this one by one by hand, I would have died trying.

Long live the alchemy printing press.

“Excuse me for a minute,” I said.

Carol held the edge of the cloth and let a little magic flow through it.

Saaaahhh, beads of light flowed across the surface of the white cloth.

It’s beautiful.

“How nice.”

“How nice.”

There is a dotted line so that it can be cut into thin pieces so that it can be used as a ribbon. If you cut it along these lines, you can make a ribbon.

Shall we cut it in the meeting room?

“Thank you, Serviche-sensei,” I said.

“Thank you for your help, as well,” Carol said.

“This was a fun job, including the hair dryer,” Serviche said. “If you need anything else, please feel free to contact me.”

“Haii.”

Serviche-sensei pulled out an old bag from her pocket.

“Oh?” I asked.

“You wanted a storage bag, didn’t you?” Serviche said.

“Ooh, are you sure about this, Serviche-sensei?” I said.

“I am, it’s my thanks for the simple hair dryer,” Serviche said.

“Thank you.”

I took the old bag.

It’s the size of a school lunch bag, or something like that.

I’ll try my hand at it right away.

Oooooohhhh, it’s so deep, my hands can’t reach the bottom!

That’s amazing.

“Can I put anything inside it?” I asked.

“If it would fit in about the size of a trunk,” Serviche said. “Albright-kun’s can fit even more.”

“Yes, it ought to be huge,” I said.

It must be quite large since it easily stores Chain-kun.

“To use it, hold the target item in your hand and cast, ‘**Put in.**’ It’s a short spell, so once you get used to it, you can do it without chanting.”

“Hou-hou.”

“When you want to take something, think of the target and say, ‘**Pull out.**’”

“What happens if I forget what’s inside?” I asked.

“Hold the bag upside down and say, ‘**Get everything out.**’ Everything inside will be removed”

This makes me happy.

I got a storage bag, part of the other world cheat.

“Now then, where should I put this?”

“There’s probably something inside your skirt, just hook the exterior string there,” Serviche said.

“That part was for a storage bag?” I asked.

“It seems like there were a lot of storage bags in the past, and as a result of that, you can still find bag-holding accessories inside skirts.”

Is that so?

Hoeh, hoeh.

It wasn’t a part of my previous life’s skirt, so I was wondering what it was.

I lifted up my skirt and hung the storage bag there.

Is there something similar for men’s pants?

Oh, maybe I should just hang it on my belt loop.

Men are easygoing.

“Put in.”

I immediately put my hand on the bundle of glowing cloth and chanted the spell.

It suddenly disappeared.

“Pull out.”

The bundle of luminous cloth appears in its original position.

This is fun.

“Put in.”

I try walking around with it on.

Yeah, the weight of the bag itself doesn't seem to change.

Good, good.

“You can't put anything in there that someone else is touching. And you can't put anything in there that's been touched by someone else.”

“Serviche-sensei! Thank you for this wonderful thing.”

“It's alright, it's alright, it's something I used a long time ago, so it's not a big deal.”

I mean, it's amazing.

If there were a lot of them, it would likely cause a distribution revolution, but since they are so rare, it probably won't be enough to cause a revolution.

Even if there is an airship, it seems that just one airship per country cannot be used for logistics.

Ah, I received something good

Chapter 246

We Have Lunch At The Restaurant On The Top Of The Magic Tower

It was noon when Serivche-sensei took us to see various parts of the Magic Tower.

Yes, all the departments are offices.

There are laboratories, but it's no different from the school's Magic Lab.

The same goes for measuring equipment.

"Is there a place in the Magic Tower where we can eat lunch?" I asked.

"That's right, I'll buy you lunch," Serviche said.

"You don't have to," I said.

"Makoto, the profits from the simple hair dryers are high enough to make me smile," Carol said.

"If you have any ideas for commercializing the glowing fabrics, please bring them to me and I'll print them for you,"

Serviche said.

"It looks like we could make some kind of glowing clothing," Carol said. "Something like a suit with a glowing emblem on the back."

"That's it! That sounds like it'll sell!" Serviche said.

"I would also like a patent for the magic circle of Light," I said.

"Yes, the circuit is complicated and I think it can only be printed here, but there's no guarantee that someone who can hand-write it will come along, so I'll apply for you," Serviche said.

Huh, you can print magic circles on fabric.

"What about a warming shirt...?" I muttered.

Carol covered my mouth.

Servicheh-sensei's eyes shine brightly.

"Shut up, come up with those ideas later."

"Y-yeah, I'm sorry, Carol."

I see, if you come up with an idea here, Serviche-sensei will be the first to patent it.

I have to be careful.

We took the elevator and went up to the 30th floor of the Magic Tower.

In my previous life, this floor was also used for apartment buildings, but in this world, it is extremely rare.

The door and frame are now open, so we exit the elevator.

This floor appears to house both the staff cafeteria and a restaurant.

Serviche-sensei walks towards the restaurant without hesitation.

"The-The staff cafeteria seems good."

"No, no, the staff cafeteria in the Magic Tower makes extremely tasteless food."

Is it okay for a senior official to say something like that?

"It's just made for researchers who have no senses of taste themselves, so it's not something we can serve to guests,"

Serviche said.

After saying that, Serviche-sensei quickly entered the restaurant.

Well, yeah, I suppose it's a treat.

I took a seat by the window.

Fuooooooooo!

You can see the entire royal capital, it's so amazing.

What a spectacular view.

Carol also leans forward and looks outside.

“Wah, I can see the school from here.”

“It’s true, it’s so tiny.”

“Even though this is the capital, it’s close to the wall. The school, the royal palace, the Great Temple, etc. are in the center of the capital.”

Serviche-sensei ordered three servings for lunch.

It’s a restaurant above the clouds, it’s so fun.

Now, I’ll think about a warming shirt until the food arrives.

Next to me, Carol was talking with Serviche-sensei about the distribution of alchemical medicine.

All you have to do is draw a magic circle on the back of your shirt to warm up the whole body.

Ah, but is it troublesome to swap out the magic stones powering it?

If so, how about a large but thin body warmer?

If that were the case, it would be easy to exchange magic stones, and I wouldn’t have to use it for clothes.

Well, I feel like I could just open up a simple hair dryer and use it.

Maybe use a warmer at a lower temperature to prevent too much wind blowing.

In other words, when you open it, it becomes warmer, and when you roll it up, it becomes a hair dryer.

Oh, it’s a new product idea.

How fun, how fun.

“Makoto.”

Oops, while I was deep in thought, it seemed like the food had already arrived.

“Ah, yes. Itadakimasu.”

Carol looked at me with a wry smile.

“”I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.””

First came the soup.

I can't believe it's a full course.

As soon as I was concerned about that, the main meat dish, salad, and bread arrived.

I take a sip of the soup.

Kokuri.

Ah, delicious consommé.

They've got very good cooks here.

Ah, it's nice to eat while looking down at the world below.

Delicious, delicious.

The meat dish is roast pork, and the salad is Caesar salad.

The bread is rye bread, which is unusual.

Yes, it's fragrant and delicious.

"Aren't you looking for an airship?" Serviche said.

"That's right, does the Alchemy Department know anything about Bianca-sama's airship?" I asked.

"There doesn't seem to be any information other than the Transportation Bureau in the Magic Tower, and the only information about Bianca-sama's alchemy is that she created a Healing potion," Serviche said.

I should have guessed.

When I was looking at the world below while eating, I saw a crowd of people in the central square of the capital.

What is going on?

"I wonder if there's any kind of event going on today?"

"I wonder what it is?"

"Oh, it seems like they're handing out Wyeth's boiled eggs."

Ah, that's the punishment I gave.

Isn't it too crowded?

It looks like there are several people dressed as clowns handing out boiled eggs.

Hmm, it's great to be able to promote the Wyeth territory.

"Let's go later."

"Well, if you go to the central plaza, you'll be right there at the school."

"Ah, do you want to go to the museum after that?"

"We can, let's go."

Well, apparently they're holding an art exhibition called The Age of the Heroes.

Let's look at the cool pictures of Hawkes, Eckesax, and Ryzin.

Sounds like a plan.

After we finished our delicious lunch, we were served ice cream for dessert.

It's a high-class restaurant.

The vanilla ice cream was smooth, sweet, and delicious.

How nice.

After eating, the three of us waited for the elevator.

"Thank you very much for today. The alchemy printing machine is so wonderful," Carol said.

"By the way, if you have any other ideas, bring them to me. I'll print them out," Serviche said.

"Yes, we'll count on you again," I said.

The elevator came just as I bowed my head.

The three of us get on board.

The fence closed and then the doors closed.

Uiiiiiiin.

It's a pretty fast elevator.

Even so, it took quite some time to reach the 5th floor due to the height.

“See you tomorrow, then.”

“Yes, I'm looking forward to the Alchemy class. See you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow.”

Carol and I both bowed our heads.

Uiiiiiiin.

When the elevator reaches the 1st floor, we get off.

We walk down the hallway and exit the Tower.

When I turned around and looked up at the Tower, I saw that the top floor was covered in thin clouds and was hazy in my view.

Wow, we ate at a place like that.

“That must have been expensive.”

“It really was.”

Now, let's go to the central square and see the face of Deborah's grandfather, Randy-san.

There are a lot of interesting people among the old men who were James-okina's confidants, so I'm looking forward to it.

Chapter 247

I Receive An Important Clue From Randy-Oji-Chan In The Central Plaza Of The Capital We step out of the Ministry of Magic grounds to the Eastern Gate of the royal capital.

The surrounding area is residential and there are no shops.

That's why the Magic Tower's employee cafeteria is so bad.

It's a monopoly up there.

I walk alongside by side with Carol while chatting.

The weather is nice and I feel good.

After walking for a while, the Central Plaza of the royal capital came into view.

It's quite a crowd.

A large covered wagon was parked on the west side of the square, and clowns were passing out boiled eggs around it.

"What do you think?♪ Delicious and great source of health♪ Wyeth eggs, such large eggs♪ Once you take a bite, you'll be addicted~♪"

A clown oji-san came over, handed me an egg, and suddenly stopped.

"Se-Seijou-sama."

It was Mile-san, Steward of the Wyeth family.

"I see you're working, how are things going?"

"Ha-Hai," Miles said, "everyone is happy, and today, Dai Dan'na-sama also came out from Wyeth territory and is handing them out with us. We're truly grateful."

I received the egg from Mr. Miles, peeled it, and ate it.

Ooh, those eggs have a really strong flavor.

Delicious.

“These are so good.”

“Albright-sama, please have some, too.”

“Hai.”

As I was fumbling with the eggs, I saw Cattleya-san sitting on a chair on the other side of Miles-san, with Adolf-jii-chan, and the school principal.

Adolf-jii-chan beckons, so I approach him.

“Oh, Seijou-san, did you come too?”

“Yeah, I just stopped by from the Magic Tower on our way to the museum.”

“Hohoho, I see, I see,” Adolf said, this old martial arts ojii-chan narrowed his eyes and laughed.

The school principal was also smiling.

Cattleya-san bowed her head slightly.

“How are you feeling?” I asked.

“I’m doing fantastic!!” Adolf cried. “I’m back in the same place I was before, I just defeated the Pottinger Knights once again just this morning.”

“Oji-sama is getting too energetic,” Cattleya said.

“Hahaha, I’ve been in the hospital for so long and I was so depressed in there,” Adolf said.

He’s still a proud old man.

But I like people like that.

A slender clown approached me.

“Yaa, Seijoui-san, I’m Randy Wyeth.”

Randy was a thin, wrinkled old man.

“Hello, I’m Makoto Kimball, a saint candidate.”

“My Deborah always talks about you, thank you,” Randy-oji-chan

said, laughing softly.

“We’re pitted against each other, though,” I said.

“Yeah, yeah, you seem like good opponents, or rather, Deborah is losing one-sidedly, which is a good thing,” Randy said.

“Is it, really?” I asked.

“I haven’t taught that child anything about intelligence, so last Sunday, she came to Wyeth territory and bowed her head to me, saying, ‘Ojii-chyama, please lend me your wisdom.’ I never thought I would see my proud little Deborah like that. I was so happy that I asked her for the details of the situation.”

“She didn’t have any knowledge of intelligence at all?” I asked.

“She wasn’t supposed to care, how does an ordinary young lady know about intelligence?” Randy said. “She’s not even Hilda-sama of the highly talented Mahler family. And how is it that you, an adopted daughter of a baron, are called a commoner? Is she sure she even knows what’s going on? That’s more suspicious than anything.”

Ma, maa, my intelligence knowledge comes from things like spy movies, ninja comics, and novels.

Even with that kind of knowledge, it might be worth mentioning as an ojou-sama’s intelligence knowledge.

Is that why he taught her what he knew about intelligence?

“I just gave her a plan that seems to be effective at the moment,” Randy said. “Economic blockades are her skill.”

“What the hell are you talking about? You’re just so immature toward these schoolgirls, Randy,” Adolf said.

“Hahaha, thank you for saving my Deborah,” Randy said.

What do you mean, I saved her?

As I was thinking about this, Grandpa Randy bowed his head deeply.

“From what I heard, she almost killed a girl from her faction by throwing her into a pond, and she also almost destroyed Cattleya-sama.”

“Well, that is true,” I said.

“She had no idea what she would do if it came to pass,” Randy said. “Thank you for helping us, my granddaughter would have been traumatized.”

“No, it’s just the way it is, and it’s the result of factional conflict, so don’t worry about it,” I said. “If you want to show your kindness, please lift the economic blockade.”

“Hahaha, there’s no way I can do that,” Randy said.

Chieh, he’s an old man who’s not handing out free lunches, is he?

But I don’t hate this kind of evil old man.

“Is Deborah-san currently being educated in the territory?” I asked.

“Right now, she’s being taught the basics of intelligence in the townhouse. I want to complete it by the time she gets to her 3rd year, but ultimately, it’s up to Deborah,” Randy said.

Will Deborah-san stand in our way next year after becoming a strong enemy?

Well, it honestly helps if she just learns the basics.

You can’t predict what’s going to happen if she blindly does something stupid.

“That would be helpful. Looking forward to battling you,” I said.

“Likewise, I don’t know how to show my gratitude, so I decided to just impose an economic blockade, and lifting this would be good for you.”

Ah, is this Oji-sama going to be a problem?

Mattaku.

“I’ll threaten to call a Holy War on Hilmgard and flatten it,” I said.

“Hohohoho, the moment you use force, the Seijou-sama will lose,” Randy said.

“Muuuh,” I grumbled.

“Yes, yes, you can’t use the Holy War like the evil saint who came

from my territory,” Randy said.

“Bianca-sama was from Wyeth territory?” I asked.

“Oh yeah, Bianca-sama, oh, Bianca-sama, the only Seijou-sama in history to be executed, it was said that her old territory was east of the royal capital and that she had a villa there.”

“A villa?! In the countryside? Eh, um, where was that villa located?”

Could it be, is this the lead I’ve been looking for!!?

Bianca-sama, meeeh! !

“There is a small mountain to the east, you can’t see it from here, but it’s Mt. Horbos, and there is a villa at the foot of it, and it is said that Bianca-sama’s faith is said to have done some good deeds to the people of the territory, and miracles are still occurring there.”

Mount Horbos!!

When I looked at Carol, she shook her head saying she didn’t know anything.

I took Randy-oji-chan’s hand.

“Thank you, I received a wonderful gift, Randy-oji-chan.”

“What, so it was the key to lifting the economic blockade?” Randy said.

“That it is, thank you so much,” I said.

Randy-chan’s face crumpled with laughter.

“Umu, Deborah can’t handle this,” Randy said.

“Randy, she’s a formidable saint, just like Maria who was my rival,” Adolf said.

“Indeed, Adolf, she reminds me of Maria,” Randy said.

“Oh, for certain,” the school principal said, laughing.

“Did you fight with Maria-sama?” I asked.

“Well, both internally and externally, she was a formidable enemy,”

Adolf said. "It's mostly Maria-sama's fault that James couldn't become king."

"She was quite the foe, both in hard and soft power. How many times did she force us to drink boiling water?" Randy asked.

"Yet, there was something about her that I couldn't hate, and she was a really attractive enemy," Adolf said. "You could say that we were all raised to our heights by Maria-sama."

"When Maria-sama passed away, James was incredibly depressed," the school principal said. "He said that if he was going to die, he should die sooner than later, but I suppose that was because he secretly loved Maria-sama."

"It's so nostalgic."

The three old men laughed with the clear expressions that were characteristic of them when talking about old stories.

I see, Maria-sama was also an attractive person, after all.

"For now, you're a wonderful opponent for my grandchild," Randy said.

"Indeed, indeed, our grandchildren and children only know what happened after Pottinger became a grand power. I don't think they have had any experience fighting powerful enemies. That's why they're pushing so foolishly ahead."

"It's also a good opportunity to train our grandchildren."

What the hell, I'm not a biting dog, am I?

Without thinking about my feelings, the old man nostalgically talked about the old days.

Mattaku, you old bastards.

May you all live long lives.

Chapter 248

We View The Paintings From The Special Exhibition At The Art Museum, "The Age Of Heroes"

“Well then, let’s hurry back to the school,” Is aid. “I need to borrow an atlas from the library.”

The library is closed on Sundays, but it’s still open for students studying.

Most of the time Anthony-sensei is there.

Ah, Carol’s cheeks have puffed up.

“What about the museum?” she asked.

Ah... aaah, umm.

I’m already interested in the airship, and I don’t care about the museum, so I can’t help but want to quickly check the map of Mt. Horbos and the situation surrounding it.

“Which is more important, me or the airship?” Carol asked.

“Y-You, Carol,” I said.

Ugh, Carol seems to be talking like a married woman in my previous life.

Carol smiled broadly. “Then let’s go to the museum,” she said.

“Yes.....” I muttered.

Carol pulled me by the hand and we headed to the museum.

Uuu~, I need an atlas~~.

There was an art museum near the theater where we saw the play.

It should be obvious, but the locations are exactly the same as the field map from HikaSora.

The museum building is magnificent and beautiful.

It's a bit different from other buildings in the royal capital.

It has a bit of Oriental style to it.

Since it's Not-France, I guess the Louvre is the model for the architecture.

But there's no pyramid in the courtyard.

We buy tickets and go inside.

The entrance fee is 2,000 dolancs, so art is expensive.

There is a permanent exhibition and a special exhibition, and The Age of Heroes seems to be a special exhibition.

"Hello, my name is Charlotte, and I will be your guide."

"Hello"

"He-Hello," I said.

It's so luxurious that instead of an audio guide, a live curator will be there to guide you.

"Oh, you're all Academy students, I'm also a graduate, *yoroshikune*."

"Yoroshiku onegaishimasu."

"Yoroshiku~"

Charlotte, the curator, was a beautiful person with shiny golden hair.

She seems like a well-educated onee-san.

"Now, let's go to The Age of Heroes together," Charlotte-san said, smiling cheerfully as he ushered us into the first exhibition room.

There, it had a sign that read "The Era Before the Heroes."

Oh, there are various paintings on display.

There are many illustrations that look like simple designs.

They're fighting demons with clubs.

"These paintings are from about 2,000 years ago," Charlotte explained. "This was an era before there were any holy swords or

heroes yet, so fighting powerful monsters required army-sized forces, and it is believed our current civilization developed as a consequence of these dangers.”

By the way, unlike in my previous life, where civilizations were founded through wars between humans, in this world, civilizations arose through battles against monsters.

When I looked at the paintings, I saw one of an army of spearmen fighting a dragon, and another of a monster falling into a trap.

“The technology seems very simple.”

“Indeed it is, it was 2,000 years ago, right?”

“The world was destroyed once, so it seems that various technologies and magic have gone missing.”

Yes, this world experienced great development around 10,000 years ago when a super-magical civilization arose, but for some mysterious reason, it collapsed.

Airships are also relics from that time, and it seems like magic engines can’t be built these days.

It seems like they’re doing some research to try and get back to that level.

At the end of the first exhibition room, there was a picture of a handsome man pulling a glowing sword out of the earth.

“It is said that this is a painting depicting the first holy sword, Flotti. It is said that Flotti was discovered by the first hero, Sigurd, in the ruins of an early super-magical civilization.”

Hou-hou, that’s interesting.

So this is our first-ever hero?

“It is said that Flotti split the sky and destroyed the earth, but it is unknown what kind of sword it was,” Charlotte said.

“It is said that the sword itself broke during the battle between Sigurd and the evil dragon Fafnir, and was subsequently lost.”

If I recall correctly, the First Hero, Sigurd, traded battles with the evil dragon.

There are sometimes dragons in this world that are strong enough to surpass the Great Demon King.

He is also a great senpai when it comes to facing them head-on.

Reading the description, it seems that there are various theories as to whether or not he was able to use Light magic.

Now, let's move on to the second exhibition room.

The sign reads, "The Early Heroes".

Well, among the holy swords, the one with the oldest production date is the noisy Hawkes, followed by Eckesax, and then Ryzin.

The picture of Hawkes is probably in the second half of this room.

"A Light magic holder who calls himself a hero or a saint is born every hundred years. We don't know why that is.

Also, there are different counts for them in the East and West, and it seems that they are never the only ones present in the world."

"Is that so?"

"In the Orient, it is said that Heaven chooses, and it seems to vary from 150 years to 80 years. Also, great warriors and high priestesses who can use Light magic are born at intervals among the natives of the New World. Therefore, recent research suggests that only one person with Light magic is born in a certain area of land. It seems like a few of the museum staff wish to be in your circle of friends, Makoto-seijou-sama."

"Ah, huh, are they?"

"Yes, they saw you during the evening festival, and all the curators chose these paintings because they wanted to show it to the Seijou-sama."

"Th-Thank you for that, Charlotte-san," I said.

"Please take your time and enjoy your viewings," Charlotte said.

In fact, if they were museum curators, they'd probably be colleagues of Otou-sama.

There was a painting I saw at the historical museum, so I think there

might be a connection.

The paintings displayed in the second exhibition room show that the techniques and technology have improved greatly.

Well, it's not as realistic as modern paintings.

There's something about it that's simple yet powerful.

It seems that dwarves who could craft holy swords started to be born in this era.

Their work seems to be hit or miss depending on the era, and it doesn't necessarily mean that holy swords made using new techniques are stronger.

I guess it depends on the skill of the swordsmith.

I wonder if Bartolo-buchou of the Blacksmith Club can make a good holy sword.

Chapter 249

We View Paintings From The Age Of Heroes, Middle Period To Present Day In the second half of the second exhibition room, there was a painting of the hero Yvonne and Hawkes.

“The last people to appear in the early days of the Age of Heroes were the heroes Yvonne and Hawkes. He was the hero who defeated the two Demon Kings. Many legends were created in his wake.”

Did Yvonne-senpai defeat two Demon Kings?

That’s so amazing.

By the way, the Demon King is also a being born once every 100 years, and is said to be like a dark hero or a dark saint.

It is inevitable that they will collide with the heroes.

It is said that the current Demon King was also born in the Demon Country, so he might attack when he grows up.

He won’t come while I’m still alive.

The hero Yvonne raised the holy sword Hawkes and fought against the Demon King.

There’s a blade of light coming out of it, so I guess the artist has seen the real Hawkes before.

Yvonne-senpai is a popular hero, so there are many paintings of him.

Hawkes is always depicted in the painting.

I’m sure he was annoying back then, too.

We move to the third exhibition room.

The name of this room is “The Middle Period, The Golden Age of Heroes.”

“In the early Middle Ages, the 100-year interval for Light attribute holders became known, and the Temple of the Goddess began an attribute determination ceremony to search for heroes. This made it possible to reliably find heroes and saints with the Light attribute

henceforth.”

Painting techniques have gradually improved.

The colors of the paint have also improved.

The walls are decorated with vibrant portrayals of fierce battles between heroes and numerous miracles of saints.

There’s a painting of the hero Stefan fighting a dragon with the holy sword Eckesax.

That sword is also known as the Dragon Slayer, and it seems to have special effects against dragons.

In the painting, the blade is spread out and shoots a beam at the dragon.

Stefan-san is quite tough.

He’s like Rick-san, Prince Lloyd’s bodyguard.

The saints in the painting are looking for water sources and treating the sick.

In the Middle Ages, the roles of men and women were clearly separated.

Even in the times of the Saints, Demon Kings and evil dragons appearedso I wonder what they did then.

Next to Eckesax’s painting, there was a saint wearing armor and holding a sacred sword that I didn’t know.

I see, the heroes aren’t around, the Seijou-sama also picks up a sword and fights.

It seems that around this time, it was customary for the holy sword to be entrusted to the Temple and used by the next generation of heroes and saints.

There are quite a variety of heroes and saints.

There have been three generations of saints in Appleton, but in the Middle Ages, it seems that they appeared in various other countries.

It seems that there are heroes who were used by their countries and

invaded other states and heroes who were shunned by the government and executed.

Well, they're just humans with Light magic.

They will grow, and they will make mistakes.

There must have been a lot of trouble.

They go from being an ordinary human to being the strongest hero with a cheat.

I'm too proud of myself for just intermediate Heal and Barrier spells, and I'm always worried about whether I'm growing.

It may be an extravagant problem, but it's still scary.

Charlotte stands in front of the painting and tells us anecdotes about the hero and explains the scene in the painting.

It's very to the point and explains things well.

Carol is also seriously looking at the painting, and it's seriously cute.

As expected of my wife.

There were many paintings of the hero Lars at the end of the exhibition room.

This hero is popular because he is a handsome man.

He's also given various titles.

He's quite a charismatic character.

Yeah, he sure looks handsome in the paintings.

The slender holy sword Ryzin looks good on him.

He is very popular as the main character of books, and his series called The Adventures of Lars can be found in any bookstore.

He is a popular person who is one of the best among the heroes, along with Yvonne.

He and three of his companions stormed the Demon King's castle and defeated the Demon King.

In another legend, there is a legend that he fell in love with a Demon King who was a woman, took her home with him, and they became husband and wife.

I think it's more romantic that way.

The fourth exhibition room was "The Heroes of Today."

It's a painting of a modern brave saint like Maria-sama.

In modern times, there aren't that many people.

When I was looking at it, I saw a painting of Bianca-sama.

The background is outdoors, and Bianca-sama stands up and points at a mountain.

"That's Mount Horbos. Ganbarendasai."

“””!””””

You can't put Light text on your self-portrait, Bianca-sama!

The Light letters glowed and disappeared.

"Huh, eh, uh, what was that?" Charlotte said.

"Ah, uh, um, she's a saint who likes to play pranks by looking into the future from the current time," I said.

"Was it real? That was the real Bianca-sama's handwriting!?"
Charlotte cried.

"Ah, I don't think there are any ink marks or anything. That person is unusually particular about things like that."

Charlotte-san is upset.

I would suppose that's to be expected.

"That's Mount Horbos, isn't it? I'm glad we came, Makoto."

"Yeah, I feel like that promise was worth it."

Mattaku, Bianca-sama, you're so~~~.

I ignored Charlotte-san, who seemed to really want to hear an explanation and looked around at the paintings.

She was the one who was supposed to explain, not the one being explained to.

Maria-sama is a modern-day saint who died 20 years ago, so there are many paintings of her.

She's a beautiful and attractive person.

There are a lot of paintings of people looking very cheerful.

Uwah, Maria-sama is shooting a beam at the Demon King.

At the end of the exhibition room, my painting was displayed as a modern saint.

“!!”

“Ufufuu, I was forced to borrow it from Clark-hakase.”

“I-I’m so embarrassed!”

This is a painting taken during the evening festival.

I don’t remember modeling for anything, so I guess an artist sketched it and turned it into a painting.

I didn’t know Otou-sama had something like this in his collection.

In the painting, I am wearing a saint’s dress and smiling at the people.

Geh, I’m not this beautiful.

Chapter 250

We Spread Out A Map At A Coffee Shop And Find Out About Mt. Horbos.

I thanked Charlotte-san and left the museum.

Yaah, it's time for afternoon snacks, but I want to quickly look at the atlas.

"Makoto, would you like to have some tea?" Carol said.

"Nnhhhhh~~~~~~," I whined.

"Let's have some tea," Carol said, "even if we return to the school in such a hurry and find an atlas, we won't be able to search right away."

I sighed.

You know, Carol, you should stop reading my thoughts.

"After we have tea and go back to the school, then let's cut the ribbon in the assembly room," Carol said.

"Why don't we go borrow an atlas, instead?" I asked.

"We'll buy it at a bookstore on the way home," Carol said.

She nods with a satisfied look on her face, she pulls my hand and starts walking.

"Where are we going? Carol?" I asked.

"Anne said there's a shop that sells delicious tea and cakes, so let's go there."

"Uhn," I said.

Well, I have a date with Carol today, so I'll moderate my airship-searching efforts.

There was a bookstore on the way, so I bought a large atlas.

The price is 4,500 dolancs.

That's quite a lot.

There was a small, stylish building along the River Hume, and there was a coffee shop called the Kitten's Cradle.

It seems like a store that girls would like.

I'm also a girl, so I love stores like this.

I was seated on the terrace, where a pleasant breeze blew from the River Hume.

"What's good here?"

"The cake looks fluffy and delicious."

Since this is an otome game world, sweets are fully stocked.

I look at the menu.

Let's make it a seasonal cake set.

"Please give me a seasonal cake set," I said.

"Understood."

"I'd like a chestnut cake set, please."

"Yes, please wait a moment."

The waiter is also handsome.

In this world, jobs that are usually done by women are often done by handsome men.

There aren't many waitresses.

I took out the atlas from my storage bag, my hair blowing in the river breeze.

"You can take it out without chanting the spell," Carol said.

"It's not that difficult of a spell," I said.

"I'm jealous of your talent, Makoto," Carol said.

Now, east of the royal capital, there was Mt. Horbos, Mt. Horbos!

It's about an hour away by horse-drawn carriage.

"It's pretty close by, isn't it?" I asked.

"If it's too far away, you won't be able to go to the royal capital to buy anything," Carol said. "If it's about an hour's carriage ride, it'll be pretty difficult for someone to find out and look for you."

Carol's curly bangs tickle my cheeks as she looks into the atlas.

How spicy.

Now, I have to search for the site of Bianca-sama's villa in this mountain village, which is about 1,000 clades above sea level.

There's a village mark halfway up the mountain.

Probably around here...

There was a ruins mark...

.....

"It even has a dungeon mark on it!" I cried.

"It's the East Horbos Mountain Dungeon. The grade is E, so it's suitable for beginners," Carol said.

"I wonder what this is all about, I wonder if Bianca-sama dug out the dungeon herself just to bother me," I said.

"N-No, I don't think she'd go that far. I heard that if there's something magically amazing in an area, it will naturally turn into a dungeon..."

"I wonder if it's inside this dungeon," I said.

"If something like an airship appears, it will be recorded. It's hidden, I suppose. Also, do you suppose it's locked with Light magic like the school's facilities?"

"It's hidden and locked, yeah," I said.

The tea and cakes we ordered arrived.

The cake Carol ordered looks like a Mont Blanc, but since there is no Mont Blanc in this world, it's just a chestnut cake.

“It’s troublesome when there’s Deception magic, and there’s no way to see through it...”

Speaking of that:

“I’m going to take Corinna with me, too,” I said.

“It can’t be helped,” Carol said.

“And since we’re already taking someone else, do you want to bring someone from the Swordsmanship Group?”

I think everyone from that subgroup would want to go.

But, I would mind if it gets too large.

As long as Dulcie and Anne are there as scouts, there will be no problem.

“Do you want to take Elmer with you in case there’s a magic trap?”

“That’s right, uh, Curtis should go, too.”

“He’ll be angry if you don’t take him with us.”

“There’s Curtis and one other person in the vanguard: Koishi-chan, Cattleya-san, or Elsa-san.”

Well, no, I’ll let them choose the last person with stone-paper-blade.

By the way, stone-paper-blade was the same as Western rock-paper-scissors.

The stone beats the blade dull, the parchment beats the stone by wrapping it, and the blade beats the parchment by cutting it.

The hand signals are also the same as that.

The seasonal cake set turned out to be strawberry shortcake.

Strawberries come in spring, and this is the same whether it’s in my previous life or this one.

“Ah, it’s really delicious.”

“This a nice cake. The tea is delicious too.”

It smells sweet and good, like apple tea.

It's nice to have tea and eat cake while looking out over the River Hume.

Going up this river is Hilmgard, the territory of Commander-san's parents, and a city that charges 15 times the customs duty on clothing from the Mahler family.

A boat was just coming down the river from upstream.

If we could use the river, it would only be 3 days away.

Mattaku, Commander-san, seriously.

Aah, but I feel calm when I eat something sweet~~.

I guess I was too busy looking for the airship.

When I looked at Carol, she had her eyes narrowed and a smile on her face.

"Thank you," I said.

"You're welcome"

Nmou, my wife is really good to me.

I love her.

Chapter 251

We Cut Glowing Ribbons And Handkerchiefs In The Meeting Room

Having finished our tea, we paid and left the cafe, the Kitten's Cradle.

The sky in the west is already starting to turn red.

I walk with Carol along the river's edge as dusk approaches.

It gets a little chilly when the sun goes down.

Aah, the horizon is so wide at the edge of the river that it's so refreshing.

As for the dungeon delve on Mount Horbos, I think it will be next Sunday.

I'll have to ask Curtis-onii-chan about this.

Also, let's look for a guidebook for the East Horbos Dungeon in the library.

If I remember correctly, there must have been a dungeon guide around the royal capital.

I hope it's not a very deep dungeon.

I thought to myself as I strolled along the edge of the windy river.

I go through the back streets, exit in front of Hiyoko-Do, and head towards the school.

Cliff-onii-chan was there, so I waved and he waved back.

Now, we've arrived back at the school.

"Well then, I have some alchemy work to do, so see you at dinner," Carol said.

"You're such a hard worker," I said, "if you work on the Sabbath, the monks will get mad at you."

"And the students will get angry if I skip alchemy work and run out of supplies," Carol said.

Yeah, well, the customer is a priority, right?

Itterashyai.

I stroll aimlessly towards the assembly building.

I have to cut the ribbon.

Also, I need to report that I have found the location of the airship.

I made it to the assembly building.

As I stood in front of the door of room 155, I heard someone's voice inside. It seemed like someone was inside already.

When I opened the door, two people from the Fashion Group and Corinna-chan were there.

"Hello," I said.

"Good evening, Makoto-sama, how are you today?"

"Well, good," I said.

"I'll get you some cookies."

"I just came back from eating some cake, so it's fine, I'll just have tea."

"Right, welcome back."

Dulcie appeared and left the room, kettle in hand.

She's so convenient.

"What about your haul from the Magic Tower?" Corinna asked.

"About that, Corinna-chan," I said.

I walked over to the table and pulled out the shining cloth from the storage bag.

"Wah, it came out of nowhere."

"What is it? Is it a magic trick?"

"I received a storage bag from Serviche-sensei," I said.

"Wow, that's nice of her to give you such a valuable item. Serviche-

sensei is so generous.”

“Is it that expensive?”

“There are very few people who can make it. Even something simple can cost 100,000 dolancs.”

Well, is that so?

Thank you, Service-sensei.

“What about this cloth?”

Melissa-san asked me, so I poured some magical power into it and made it glow.

“Waaaaaaahhh.”

“This is amazing!”

“Hoeeehhh!”

“We printed out the magic circles,” I said. “I’ll use this to make ribbons and handkerchiefs. Please help me.”

“”Understood.””

“Umu.”

Everyone divided up and cut the cloth with scissors.

I made 40 ribbons and 20 handkerchiefs.

“Makoto-sama, I’ll put it on for you.”

“Onegaine, Melissa-san.”

I have Melissa-san attach two ribbons to the left and right.

I turned on the switch circuit with my magic power and looked in the mirror.

Oh, it’s both flashing.

“It’s so cute~.”

“It’s wonderful.”

“It suits you.”

I’m kind of tickled when everyone compliments me.

I’ll give it to Melissa-san, Marilyn, and Corinna-chan.

Everyone looks good standing together.

How cute.

“This is so nice, I have to think about a hairstyle that goes well with the shiny ribbon.”

“It is so nice, Marilyn, let’s develop various things.”

The Fashion Group is doing well.

In fact, I feel like Marilyn was scouted by Curtis into the faction as a military force, but there’s no sign of her practicing martial arts.

Well, it can’t be helped if the person herself doesn’t want to do it.

She’s mostly for fashion, but she’s also very useful to everyone.

Dulcie came back and made tea for everyone.

Delicious.

“Did you all get a hair dryer?”

“I handed them out to everyone, and now they all have one,” Corinna said. “They were very happy about it.”

“My hair dries really quickly,” Melissa said.

“It’s the center of attention in the changing room. Everyone wants to know where it’s sold,” Marilyn added.

I see, I have to go to the Blacksmith Club tomorrow and ask about the sales of dryers.

“Ah, and I found out where the airship probably is,” I said.

“”What was that you said?””

“Seriously?”

“It looks like it’s buried in the dungeon east of Mount Horbos,” I said.

“Maa, it’s in a dungeon?”

“I’m scared.”

“You guys have to go to the dungeon next year, too,” I said.

“B-But it’s not now.”

“I need to learn magic properly.”

“Well, I’ll take the Swordsmanship Group with me, so it’s okay.”

“That’s a relief~.”

“You’ll be alright with them.”

No, Marilyn, weren’t you already okay?

“I see, good luck, Makoto,” Corinna said.

I firmly grabbed Corinna-chan’s shoulders.

“Y-You’re not seriously thinking of taking me with you, are you? I won’t be of any use,” Corinna said.

“I think it’s probably being magically disguised somewhere,” I said.

“Ah!!” Corinna gasped.

“I’ll protect you,” I said.

“Will you really?!” Corinna said.

I need Corinna-chan’s glasses that can see through anything.

“Please do your best, Corinna-sama.”

“Have guts.”

“Ueh, I don’t want to.”

The door suddenly opened and the Swordsmanship Group entered.

“I overheard what you were talking about, Makoto,” Curtis-onii-chan proclaimed.

Like before, how is this guy listening in?

“The East Mount Horbos Dungeon was the beginner’s dungeon we were already thinking of going to next time. Just leave it to the Swordsmanship Group.”

“I want to go too, myon, I want to go too, myon.”

“I’ll follow you even if you tell me not to come.”

Hey, Cattleya-san.

Melissa and Marilyn started putting ribbons on Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san.

Elsa-san remains aloof and silent.

“Oh, it’s beautiful, myon.”

“Thi-This is pretty dazzling.”

“It’s wonderful, isn’t it?”

Elsa-san also had a ribbon attached to her hair and had a big smile on her face.

“Heeh, that’s a glowing ribbon, that’s amazing. Do you have one for men?”

“Yes, I cut this one put this in the shape of a handkerchief, so take half of it out of your pocket.”

Curtis-nii-chan took out half a handkerchief from his pocket and made it flash.

Oh, it’s working.

“Oh, it’s beautiful.”

“You look good with it, Curtis-sama.”

“Curtis-shyama, you look great”

“You look very nice indeed.”

The Swordsmanship Group is also excited about the ribbons.

Chapter 252

We Do Some PR For the Hairdryers In The Changing Room

Kapon.

We're in the bath now.

In the end, Curtis-nii-chan made the entire Swordsmanship Group join the Mount Horbos East Dungeon Conquest Team.

It's a big party of 10 people.

I also included 2 intelligence maids.

Figuring out a formation is difficult.

Dulcie and Anne-san are scouts.

Curtis-onii-chan and Elsa-san were in the vanguard.

Me, Carol, and Corinna in the midguard.

Elmer, Koishi-chan, and Cattleya-san are in the rearguard.

I wonder if the dungeon of Mount Horbos is large enough for 10 people to walk through it.

Mattaku~~~.

“Maa, don't worry, Makoto-sama, I'd love to do a dungeon dive with everyone.”

Elsa-san gave me an attractive smile.

Mou.

By the way, I also have the females from the Swordsman Group and all of the Fashionable Group with me here.

Even though it's a Sunday evening, the baths are crowded.

“It's becoming popular to take a bath in the evening.”

“It's mainly because of the Saint's Bath, isn't it?”

“That’s right, Marilyn.”

“Yes, sometimes people come to me saying, ‘Please ask the Seijou-sama when the Saint’s Bath is going to be held.’”

“Monday and Wednesday,” I said.

“It looks like it’s going to be crowded tomorrow, isn’t it~?”

I guess it’s more effective if the hot water is freshly poured.

I’ve never taken a bath at night though.

I’ll probably go check out how dirty the hot water gets on Monday night.

After being washed by Dulcie, I took another bath in the hot water to warm myself up before leaving the bathroom.

I have Dulcie dry my hair with the hairdryer.

Both Melissa-san and Marilyn have their maids run their hair dryers.

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san are blowing it themselves.

Only Corinna-chan is using the simple type.

“Why are you using the simple model?” I asked.

“Carol made it for me, we didn’t have enough to spare,” Corinna said.

“You should just ask the Blacksmith Club,” I said.

“It seems like production is busy and difficult, so I’d feel bad if I did,” Corinna said.

Corinna-chan is really modest.

“Ah, um, Kinteki-sama, where can I get that tool?”

“I’d like to hear it, too.”

An ojou-sama I didn’t know spoke to me.

“Please consult with the Blacksmith Club, I don’t have any in stock with me.”

“Y-Yes, how much does it cost?”

I looked at Corinna-chan's face.

She nods.

"It's about 50,000 dolancs, but it varies depending on the materials cost."

"50,000, huh?"

"Dulcie, use it on them."

"Yes, Makoto-sama."

"Ah, ah, ah"

Dulcie dried the ojou-sama's hair.

"Eh, does my hair dry this quickly?"

"That's amazing, I want it, too."

Ushishi, it's a commercial success.

Looks like it'll be a big seller.

I put on my clothes and go outside the public bath with everyone from the Saint's Faction.

"See you later, for dinner."

"Yes, Makoto-sama."

"See you later."

"Later, myon."

"Till then."

"Later."

By the way, I wonder what happened to Juliet-san today.

Did she go somewhere with Lloyd-chan?

She's a handful when she's around, but I miss her when she's not around.

I headed to room 205 with Corinna-chan.

“You know, I didn’t think I’d end up going dungeon diving before my 2nd year,” Corinna said.

“Well, it’s good, isn’t it? The sooner you experience it, the easier it will be later,” I said.

“Having good grades doesn’t matter in a dungeon, though,” Corinna said. “You can’t number-crunch monsters to death.”

“How about you become a mapper?” I asked.

“Ah, that’s another option. A mapper, huh?”

A mapper is someone who charts out a dungeon.

There are commercially available maps available for students to enter, but many parties also draw their own maps for confirmation.

The map may be wrong or the dungeon itself may have shifted since.

It’s really suitable for Corinna-chan.

Now, we go into your room, climb the ladder, and lie down on the bed.

I stow away the books scattered around my bedside.

Yaah, storage bags come in handy for this.

If Dulcie also carries one, the master and servant can go on a trip without any carry-ons.

Oh, you can put supplies into the storage bag when entering the dungeon.

That’s so convenient.

Tomorrow, I’ll investigate the dungeon on Mount Horbos.

Since it’s a dungeon for beginners, I guess it’s mainly populated by horn rabbits and slimes, huh?

To get there from the royal capital, there is a hired horse-drawn carriage that goes to a nearby village.

There are 10 people, so I wonder if we can ride something?

Is it okay if I borrow the carriage at Curtis-onii-chan's house?

Since he's a frontier nobleman, he probably has two carriages.

I'd like to leave early in the morning and finish conquering the dungeon around noon.

We will eat lunch and then return to the royal capital.

Ah, if I find an airship, I can get on it, come back, and store it in the hangar.

It's a dream come true.

If we had an airship, it would take an hour or two to get to Mahler Town, so we could fly there after school and come back.

It's like a private jet.

Uhihi.

"Hey, Makoto, it's time for dinner."

"Oh, it is almost that time, let's go~."

I turned off the Light ball and climbed down the ladder.

"I'm looking forward to it, Corinna-chan."

"You're in a really good mood. We haven't gotten the airship yet."

"It's as if I already have it."

"Mattaku, you're really optimistic, Saint Candidate."

"Well, yeah."

If you aren't optimistic, you won't be able to become a saint candidate.

Basically, I'm not thinking about anything.

Just have fun and enjoy yourself, that's all.

Chapter 253

We Eat Dinner And listen To Hilda-san's Report

The Saint's Faction is gathering again today in the elevator hall.

Or rather, Juliet-san isn't there, so I guess she's either having dinner outside with Lloyd-chan or having dinner at the royal palace.

We all enter the dining room one by one.

We lined up smoothly at the counter, said hello to Clara, put today's food on the tray, poured the tea from the kettle into our cups, and then went to find seats.

I waited for everyone at my usual seat, and once everyone was there, we started eating.

"Itadakimasu."

""I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.""

Ah, mou, I'm tired of being prayed to, so don't say grace toward me.

Mattaku, mou.

Today's dinner was fried river fish, pumpkin potage, onion salad, and black bread.

The river fish are quite large and filling.

It's crispy, flavorful, and delicious.

Pumpkin potage is also sweet and delicious.

The onion salad was also crunchy and a little spicy.

Delicious, delicious.

Ah, if you take a bath and eat delicious food, this world will be paradise.

It's simple even to me, but that's what I think.

Delicious food has the power to blow away worries and sadness.

So food is important, and so is the environment.

In the future, I would like to work to increase food supplies and improve the environment for people around the world.

I wonder if I can balance it with my Saint activities.

Should I participate in Temple-related environmental improvement projects?

Haa, gochisousama, it was delicious today, too.

Dulcie makes us tea.

“Now then, here’s the night’s intelligence report,” Hilda said. “Since today was Sunday, various factions were active.

What was especially noteworthy was that Randy Wyeth-shi of the Wyeth family appeared in the royal capital square, dressed as a clown and handing out special eggs.”

“I had one of those, it was delicious.”

“Yeah, it was.”

Carol nodded her head.

“From your perspective, did you sense any conspiracy?” Hilda asked.

“It’s the oji-chan’s class reunion,” I said. “Also, Deborah-san is currently undergoing special intelligence training.

They were also praising your skills, Hilda-san.”

“Ah, no, that’s...”

Hilda blushed a little, it was cute.

“Then in that case, the Wyeth family won’t be making any moves for a while,” Hilda said.

“Randy-oji-chan said Deborah would finish by the time she was in her 3rd year,” I said.

“That’s good news,” Hilda said. “It would be a problem if she became a tougher opponent, but as it is now, her movements are unpredictable.”

“Right?” I said.

Intelligence is based on common sense and reading each other's moves, so it's scary to face an amateur that has no idea what they're doing.

“That's it for today's intelligence report,” Hilda said.

It's Sunday, so there isn't much to talk about.

Economic blockade is a trap-like attack, so once it's set up, no work is needed afterward.

“We might be able to get an airship,” I said. “I think the dresses will be ready by next Monday?”

“That's good news,” Hilda said. “The letter from the person in charge says that the designs are innovative and they're having fun creating it.”

“That's a relief,” I said.

I'm happy that the seamstress from Mahler's territory complimented my design.

“We can transport clothing from Mahler Town in about a week.”

“That... would be really helpful, that's amazing.”

Melissa-san looked up. “We can also carry wine from our territory,” she said.

“Wow, Melissa-san's wine sounds delicious.”

“Makoto, if you keep transporting the faction members around too much, you'll lose time for various other things,”

Corinna-chan interjected.

“Ah, I see,” I said.

“Shouldn't we limit transportation to faction-related work? That way, there won't be any members who use it for personal gain.”

Elsa-san gave a valid opinion.

“That's right, then I'll ask for as much wine from Andrea territory as

the Saint's Faction wants," I said.

Well, let's limit it to flights for service to faction members.

If you're not careful, it'll end up as a full-time job.

However, it would be fun to transport special products from everyone's home territory.

It's likely that there will be interactions between the families of faction members.

"I heard it's a small ship, but how many people does it seat?"

"Twenty people can board it," I said.

"I-It's surprisingly big."

"Large airships can carry 500 people, so compared to that, this is tiny and compact."

"Let's all go to the beach during summer vacation, Makoto-sama."

"That's sounds nice."

"You can also carry it to dungeons and such, it's convenient," Cattleya-san murmured heavily.

Even dungeons that would take 2 days by horse-drawn carriage can be done in 1 day.

Convenient, convenient.

Ah, I want to go to Mahler Town as soon as possible.

I wonder if next Sunday will come soon.

I dropped the dishes into the return slot and left the dining room.

I walked a lot today, so I'm kind of tired.

I think I'll go to bed early.

I said good night to everyone and headed to room 205 with Corinna.

I walk up the stairs.

There are no televisions in this world, so I have no choice but to sleep

at night.

It's a healthy world.

Someday, there will be magic TV and magic internet, and everyone will stay up late into the night.

Civilization is wonderful, but in a sense, it's also your enemy.

I went into my room, took off my uniform, and changed into my pajamas.

Dulcie appeared and folded the things I had taken off and placed them on top of the chest.

"Ah, thank you."

"No, no."

Dulcie always seems to be having fun at work.

I guess she's happy working as my maid.

That's a good thing.

Chapter 254

The Week Begins With The Morning Routine

I wake up to the sound of the maid-sans changing clothes.

Fuwaah.

I slept well.

When I open the curtains, I can see that the weather is nice today.

“Good morning, Karina-san, Margot-san.”

“Good morning, the weather is nice today, too.”

“Morning~, fuwaaaah.”

The two maid-sans greeted me in the same way.

No matter how you look at it, Margot-san doesn't look like an intelligence maid representing the country's best.

She is good at mimicking a lazy maid.

No, maybe she really is just that lazy.

After seeing them off, I went down the ladder to brush my teeth, relieve myself, and change my clothes.

Eventually, Corinna-chan woke up too, and Dulcie brought the kettle for morning tea.

Daily routine is important.

Dulcie's tea is delicious.

“The tea tastes different today, you must have changed it, Dulcie,” Corinna said.

“Yes, Corinna-sama, I tried a new tea,” she said.

“It's delicious, thank you, Dulcie,” I said.

“It's nothing, Makoto-sama.”

Dulcie seems very happy when I praise her, so it's worth doing it.

Now then, shall I pack my textbooks in my bag and go to the cafeteria?

I go out into the hallway with Corinna and lock Room 205.

"You know, archery is difficult, isn't it?" I said.

"What's with this all of a sudden?" Corinna asked.

"It's bad to just go to a dungeon with just a mapper with no weapons," I said.

If Corinna had a firearm, she would be ready to fight, but she doesn't have one.

Was there anyone good at archery?

"Why don't we go to the Archery Club after school?" I said.

"That's a good idea, we'll go," Corinna said.

While talking, we went down the stairs and went to the elevator hall.

"Good morning, Makoto."

"Good morning, Carol."

By the way, Anne-san was shooting a bow when we were facing Emile.

"Can Anne-san teach someone how to use a bow?" I asked.

"What is it, do you want to shoot one, Makoto?" Carol asked.

"No, I thought it would be nice if Corinna was able to shoot a bow when we go to the dungeon."

Anne-san suddenly appeared.

"That's a good idea, but unless you're skilled with a bow, you won't be of any use in battle, and people with poor eyesight are a little..."

"Oh, my eyesight is fine," Corinna said. "It's the best it's ever been since I was born."

Bianca-sama gave her a pair of glasses that sees through illusions.

Is her eyesight really okay?

“Then I will teach you the basics of archery after school,” Anne said.

“Thank you, Anne-san.”

“No, you are an important member of our house, so I will be happy to help you.”

I’ll be relieved if Anne-san says that.

In fact, I feel like Anne-san, a master of martial arts, and Dulcie, with the weight fist, would be a serious force.

I wonder if we have too much strength to go into a beginner dungeon.

We enter the dining room, greet Clara, and ask for salt porridge.

Today’s side dish is sausage and eggs.

Ah, the eggs smell so good.

The scent of eggs has been familiar to me as a morning smell since my previous life.

I put a plate of porridge plus sausage and eggs on a tray, pour tea into a cup, and take it to my seat.

Juliet-san is walking carefully holding the tray, but it looks okay.

“Jurlicchan, were you with Prince Lloyd yesterday?” I asked.

“Yes, we went to a music concert~, I’m so happy that Prince Lloyd has been so kind to me lately. It’s all thanks to you, Makoto-sama~”

“I didn’t do anything. But it is nice if the two of you are getting along.”

“Yes, I’m having fun every day, too~, It feels like a dream about what happened just a little while ago~.”

A while ago, her only friend was the living doll Alice.

Her chuunibyou fashion hasn’t changed, but she’s gotten a lot brighter.

It’s a good two-way friendship with the Fashionable Group, and that’s

what matters most.

I eat the salty porridge.

Delicious.

I eat the sausage and eggs.

Delicious.

Umu, umu.

Oh, Estelle-senpai has arrived.

What is it?

“Makoto-kun, Abelard-kun, the supervisor of the boys’ dormitory, asked me to bring him the source of the Saint’s Bath,” Estelle said.

“Oh, I forgot, Dulcie,” I said.

“Hai, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said as she appeared.

“Deliver it to the boy’s dormitory guards at the detention center and address it to the son of Marquis Abelard.”

“Understood.”

Dulcie disappeared with a large bottle of the Saint’s bath salts.

“What kind of person is Abelard-san?”

“He’s a bit of a straight-laced guy, but he’s a good man.”

In order to become a school supervisor, you have to have excellent grades and good behavior.

The deputy superintendent of the girls’ dormitory seems to have a lot of problems, but she’s the daughter of a duke after all.

It seems that dormitory students have various perks in exchange for doing various jobs in the dormitory.

Like a penthouse on the roof.

Last year’s superintendent was apparently a dangerous person, taking bribes and showing favoritism all he wanted.

I asked Hilda-senpai and others about various things surrounding that time.

I'm glad we had Estelle and Yuriyuri-senpai.

If there were people like that, I'd be an idiot and jump in without thinking and end up in a war.

I need to get over my short temper.

Moving on, today is the day Otou-sama and Okaa-sama will come to the school.

What time will they come?

Probably after school, anyway.

I took the finished dishes to the return slot.

Now then, shall we go to class?

We all left the dining room in droves.

Now then, let's do our best this week too.

Chapter 255

My Oyoubo-sama Came During Lunch Break

We enter the school building through the entrance.

Wow, there's a crowd of people.

Since it's Monday, it's probably the update date for the wall bulletins.

Anyway, last week's accident in the Gadrage Great Labyrinth was the top news in the Magic Academy Newspaper.

The New Noble's News is still the same as last week.

"How tragic, Makoto-sama, I heard that you were the one who took care of the seriously injured, some of whom were on the verge of death."

Wow, Leila-senpai, a Newspaper Club reporter, was behind me.

"N-No, I didn't want to talk about it because Verona-senpai was so depressed, I'm sorry."

Leila-senpai swelled up.

"We don't conduct such forceful interviews, and we write articles that are considerate of the victims."

"Well, that's true, but I thought the victims would feel bad if the person who treated them spoke so much about what happened. Forgive me."

"Well, it's all good, I recently found out that you, Makoto-sama, are an incredibly good person," Leila said. "Verona-san, Iruka-san, and Susan-san were all extremely grateful to the Saint Candidate."

"Well, that's a relief."

Leila-senpai lowered her voice.

"I heard that you will be participating in the next Gadrage Great Labyrinth as part of Verona-san's party."

"Hmm, well, that's the plan," I said.

“As expected of a saint candidate, you went to Gadruga from the 1st semester of your 1st year.”

Stop treating me like I’m so holy.

We climb the stairs and walk along the hallway on the second floor, heading for Class A.

I said goodbye to Corinna and Melissa in front of Class B.

I hope we can all study together in Class A next year.

Corinna-chan and Elsa-san will be able to come up, but what about Curtis-nii-chan?

The rest of my concern is the Fashion Group.

They’ll have to do their best in the study session.

When I entered Class A, Elmer was there.

“Good morning, Elmer.”

“Good morning... Makoto.”

Elmer is in a good mood today.

I feel like he’s excited, somehow.

“Did anything good happen?”

“I came up... with a new control circuit... for the dryer...”

“I, I see, that sounds nice,” I said.

“What kind of circuit did you come up with, Elmer?” Carol asked.

Elmer showed Carol a complicated circuit written on parchment.

“Temperature adjustment... and wind control... we’ve combined them into one circuit...”

“Wow, it’s so simple, sasuga, Elmer,” Carol said.

“Umu... I’m happy... when you praise me... Carol,” Elmer said, smiling.

Hmm, it’s too complicated for me and I don’t understand the circuit.

Mattaku, both of them are magic tools otaku.

The bell rang and Anthony-sensei came over for homeroom.

When spring comes and the temperature starts to cool down, public morals also start to loosen, so be careful and stay alert.

That's what the gist of what he said.

When spring comes, all sorts of colors start to change.

By the way, I wonder what happened to Marilyn and Carter-buchou's date.

I'll ask Melissa-san later.

It suddenly comes to mind that the Saint's Faction has a lot of girls...

Maybe it's because we have a lot of fiancées.

Curtis-onii-chan has his concubines, and he's a simple man so he doesn't make out with them or anything.

Curtis-onii-chan should be flirting with Elsa-san more.

Anthony-sensei stood up and left, and today's class started.

On Monday, there are four classes: the National Language, Mathematics, Magic Theory, and Martial Arts.

Let's get through it quickly.

In the blink of an eye, three classes were over and it was time for martial arts class.

As always, I'm going to do "kan-kan" sparring with Koishi-chan.

Sometimes Batten-sensei comes over and teaches me techniques.

I use dual swords, and both handles are short, so I have to close the distance to my enemy, which is difficult.

While moving around, I parried Koishi-chan's wooden sword.

I feel like I've gotten pretty good at it.

Uhihi.

“Makoto-cha, you sure learn quick, myon.”

“Ehehe, I guess so.”

“Umu, your movement has gotten better, it’s completely different from before,” Cattleya said.

“Thank you, Cattleya-san.”

“If the leader can fight, it becomes easier for those below them to come forward with all their might. The head of a powerful group must be strong by themselves.”

Cattleya is as smart as ever.

I changed into my uniform in the changing room and returned to Class A.

Well, what should we do for lunch?

Maybe we can do Hiyoko-Do again.

“Makoto-chan, I’m here!”

And then, Okaa-sama came into the classroom.

“Okaa-sama! What happened?” I asked.

“Ara, well, we did say we were coming to the Academy today. Maa, maa, it hasn’t changed, either.”

She’s right, but I didn’t expect them to come during our lunch break.

I just thought they would come after school.

“Maa, maa, hello Caroline-chan, it’s nice to meet you!”

“Hello, Kimball-sama,” Caroline said.

“Even your seat is next to Makoto-chan’s, that’s amazing, it’s fate, isn’t it?”

“Oh, that’s right.”

Carol is having trouble with Okaa-sama’s Madame Power.

“Okaa-sama, where is Otou-sama?” I asked.

“Otou-san said he wanted to go give his greetings to the principal,” Okaa-sama said. “He’s so excited about getting permission to enter the library’s warehouse.”

“Well, that tracks...” I said.

The students from Class B have also come, but when they see Okaa-sama, it feels like they can’t approach her.

“Okaa-sama, we’re about to have lunch, so please excuse us,” I said.

“Ara, where are you going?” Okaa-sama asked.

“I thought I’d buy bread at Hiyoko-Do and eat it at the natural park...”

“Maa, Okaa-san wants to go with you, though I guess that’s no good, is it, Makoto-chan?”

“Ha-Haa, actually, let’s go together then, shall we?” I said.

“Uhn, that’s why I love you, Makoto-chan.”

I wonder what it is, I love Okaa-sama, but I feel awkward with showing her to my classmates.

.....

Hey, Elmer, don’t make that face like you’re embarrassed my parents have come over.

Uhn, mou.

Chapter 256

I Take Oyoubo-sama To Hiyoko-Do

We take Okaa-sama with us down the stairs.

On the way, Hilda-san and Yuriyuri-senpai joined us.

“Ah, so this is Ryoushu’s okaa-sama,” Hilda said.

“Maa, maa, so you’re Hilda-san, thank you for taking the time to visit us last week,” Okaa-sama said.

“No, no, thank you very much for welcoming me so warmly,” Hilda said.

“You came all the way to my house to measure the size of my formal attire, but we couldn’t help bring it back,” Okaa-sama said.

Oh no, I have a feeling that the formalities from the faction leader’s madam-type mother will go on and on.

“Sa-sa, Okaa-sama, let’s say our formalities while we walk,” I said.

“Ara, that’s right, let’s go, let’s go, it’s been a while since we’ve seen your family at Hiyoko-Do’s, so I’m looking forward to it,” Okaa-sama said.

Okaa-sama and the Saint’s Faction passed through the gates of the school.

“Honestly, children do grow up so fast, don’t they? It feels like Makoto-chan came to live in our house just the other day, and now she’s already a high school student.”

Okaa-sama, please don’t say it so harshly.

“Makoto-sama’s Okaa-sama, what was Makoto-sama like in the past?”

“That’s right, she was a little smaller than she is now, but she was very mature and dignified,” Okaa-sama said. “I never saw a child with such grace.”

“””Is that so~~?”””

Come on, Melissa-san, Marilyn, and Juliet-san, don't all speak in unison.

Well, even though I was physically 13 years old, half of my inner self was 19 years old.

3 years later, I am now 22 years old.

Yeah, I don't really feel it at all.

Hiyoko-Do came into view.

Cliff-nii-chan brother spotted me, smiled, shook hands, and gave me a hug, then when he realized Okaa-sama was also there, he bent his hips at a 90-degree angle and bowed his head like a locust.

"Ara, ara, Cliff-san, you've become so well-mannered, haven't you? It's been a while."

"If it isn't you, Kimball-no-Oku-sama, I hope you're having a good day today."

Cliff-nii-chan, your greeting is strange.

After that, I went to the store and met my birth parents, and then Okaa-sama had another politeness marathon.

I wonder why greetings from adults take so long.

While we were having the madam greeting contest, we told Cliff-nii-chan that we were going to buy some bread.

For me, it's Saint's bread and an egg sandwich.

"Okaa-sama, what kind of bread do you eat?" I asked.

"Hmm, about that, I wonder if I'll get some Saint's bread and something sweet?" Okaa-sama said.

"Is there any new products today, Cliff-nii-chan?" I asked.

"The new spring strawberry cream coronet is on sale today," Cliff said.

"Then, I'll have the Saint's bread and that," I said. "Oh, give me another strawberry cream coronet, and we'll all taste it."

"Okay, I'll put it in your bag, Makoto," Cliff said.

Cliff-nii-chan put Saint's bread, an egg sandwich, strawberry cream coronets, and soda in a flax bag.

Okaa-sama also had a bag of Saint's Bread and strawberry cream coronet and added some soda, too.

Hmm, maybe Okaa-sama drinks soda?

As for tea, Yuriyuri-senpai's maid, Misha-san, pulls up with a tea wagon.

"Okaa-sama, are you going to drink your soda?" I asked.

"Are you, Makoto-chan?"

"I'm going to drink it."

"Then, I'll try it too, it's my first time having soda," Okaa-sama said.

Mou, Okaa-sama, don't take this as a challenge.

We all go to the natural park and sit on a rug on the grass.

The weather is nice today, and we're by the pond, so the view is nice.

The Dokuro Corps doesn't appear these days either.

Okaa-sama sits next to me and helps me eat.

There's also a maid-san from the Kimball family, so it's not really necessary, but Okaa-sama would rather take care of her daughter and she looks very happy.

"Maa, this strawberry cream coronet is delicious," Okaa-sama said.

"Let's buy more on the way home and give it to Otou-sama, too."

"I don't think Otou-sama likes sweet bread," I said.

Then, Okaa-sama laughed out loud.

"That man is pretentious in front of you, Makoto-chan, in truth, he loves sweets."

"Really? I didn't know that," I said.

"he wants to be a cool otou-san in front of his daughter," Okaa-sama said.

Really, Okaa-sama is gentle and cheerful, and I can't tell you how many times I've been indebted to her personality.

She is a gentle, kind, and wise lady.

I love my Okaa-sama.

I shared the strawberry cream coronet with Carol, Corinna-chan, and the others.

"Maa, soda fizzes, which is interesting. It tastes like champagne but without its alcohol content. This might be good for people who don't want to drink alcohol at a party."

"Shall we serve it at the faction party?" Carol said.

"Well, that's a good idea, Caroline-san," Okaa-sama said.

"Thank you very much," Carol said.

Then, Okaa-sama placed her hand on Carol's short curly hair and patted it.

"..... Umm?"

"If you have a hard time, you can either let me or Makoto-chan take care of you," Okaa-sama said. "Caroline-san, you're only 16 years old, so you shouldn't have to deal with it all by yourself."

"..... Hai."

"There are a lot of sad things in the world, but there are also a lot of fun things, too, and the trick is to live comfortably," Okaa-sama said.

"..."

"Thank you for being my friend Makoto-chan. I feel like you're my other daughter," Okaa-sama said. "Please continue to take care of Makoto-chan."

"Well, I've always been indebted to Makoto, instead..." Carol said.

"Then please help each other and live happily."

"Hai....."

Oh, mou, seriously, Okaa-sama?

I can't beat your power.

Thank you, Okaa-sama.

For comforting Carol.

Chapter 257

I Give Oyabu-sama's Money For Lunch

After lunch, we returned to the school with everyone from the faction plus Okaa-sama.

“That was fun, Makoto-chan, it was like going back to when I was a schoolgirl,” Okaa-sama said.

“Okaa-sama, you’re a graduate of the Magic School, aren’t you? What was the school like back then?” I asked.

“It shouldn’t be much different than it is now,” Okaa-sama said. “The cafeteria in the girls’ dormitory has delicious food, and every day is fun, but there are factional conflicts among the upper-class aristocrats, and they fight over trivial things, then make up, and then laugh and cry, then before I knew it, I had already graduated.”

“Did you meet Clark-hakase at school?” Hilda-san asked.

“I met him while working at a historical museum, I was a generation apart from him,” Okaa-sama said. “He was a bookworm and was always feeling sullen, he was honestly such a helpless person.”

Okaa-sama laughed out loud.

We smiled as we we walked back.

We returned to the school gate where Otou-sama was waiting, he saw us and waved.

There were five or six young people standing behind him, probably the curator’s subordinates.

“Where have you been, Hannah?” Otou-sama asked. “I was so worried.”

“Ara, Darling, Makoto-chan were having lunch at Hiyoko-Do,” Okaa-san said. “I had a lot of fun at the natural park.”

“I see, you went to lunch...” Otou-sama said.

“Ara, you haven’t had it yet, have you? I see, you’re taking all your subordinates to a restaurant for upper nobles,”

Okaa-sama said.

“No, that’s not...” Otou-sama said.

“Since you will be working at the school, I hope you’ve submitted your letter of introduction from the principal,”

Okaa-sama said.

“Ah, I guess I should get to that, but...”

What is it, Otou-sama, don’t you have money?

“Dulcie,” I said.

“Hai, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

Oh, Dulcie has already taken out her large wallet, she knows what I’m getting at.

“Otou-sama, here,” I said. “Everyone, please go out now.”

I handed over a large gold coin.

It’s worth 100,000 dolancs.

“Don’t worry, it’s from the faction’s budget,” I said.

“No, that’s not it, there’s something about receiving money from my daughter,” Otou-sama said.

“It will be fine in another 30 years, so I’m paying it forward,” I said.

“Ummuh, thank you Makoto,” Otou-sama said.

“Makoto-chan, you’re making a lot of money, aren’t you? That’s so amazing,” Okaa-sama said.

“I make money from bath salts and hairdryers,” I said. “Okaa-sama, I’ll give you a hairdryer after school.”

“A hair dryer? What does it do?” Okaa-sama said.

“It’s something to dry your hair, I’ll demonstrate it to you later,” I said.

“That name sounds like something very good, a hairdryer.”

Ushishi, I'm glad I made a profit from this.

I was able to show a nice side of me to Otou-sama.

"Okaa-sama, what are you going to do while there are afternoon classes?" I asked.

"I want to see the meeting room of the Saint's Faction, would that be alright?" Okaa-sama asked.

"Dulcie," I said.

"Hai, Makoto-sama," Dulcie said, appearing.

"Please guide Okaa-sama to the meeting room."

"Understood."

Accompanied by the Kimball family maid, Dulcie led Okaa-sama to the meeting room.

"Then I'll have lunch at a restaurant as well," Otou-sama said. "After school, I think I'll be in the library's archives. If you need anything, come over to me."

"Hai, Otou-sama," I said, "there's a famous librarian named Lucas at the library, so you might want to talk to him about it."

"Lucas?" Otou-sama said. "I suppose you're talking about Lucas from the Samilton family."

"I think that might have been his name," I said.

I only remember him as Lucas-chi.

"The Samilton family is the top aristocrat in the Royal Palace Archives. Little surprise that they are members of the library committee."

"They're surprisingly important, considering they were from a viscount family."

"It's hard to get promoted in a civil servant's family, but it's a family with a long history and a high status."

It's like the Kira family from Chushingura.

Although their title is low, the reputation of the house seems to be high.

When you're at Magic School, you learn a lot about nobles.

I guess it's also a place to teach the unspoken rules of the nobility.

"I have to say my greetings. Well then, Makoto, ittekuru," Otou-sama said.

"Hai, itterashyai," I said.

I wonder why Elmer has such a troubled look on his face, he seems so uncomfortable with my parents around.

Mattaku, mou.

We all entered the school building and split up.

Now, then.

Monday is the fun and fun alchemy class.

Haa, it's so fun.

I head to the Alchemy Lab with Carol and Elmer.

"You look happy, Makoto," Carol said.

"I'm just looking forward to Monday afternoons," I said.

"Do... do you hate... the experiments, that much?" Elmer said.

"I don't hate them, but I'm just tired of them," I said.

"Experiments... have no value... unless we keep doing them," Elmer said.

Well, I get it, but hey, I get tired of doing the same thing all the time.

Jean-oji-san, I'd like you to think about it for a moment, but I don't think it's possible with him.

That's what magic otaku are like.

When I arrived at the Alchemy Lab, Serviche-sensei had already arrived and was smiling.

I'm certain the simple dryers are selling well.

"Today I brought a slightly unusual teaching material, a simple hair dryer production kit," Serviche said. "I think I'll make this in three parts."

Oh, has she assembled the kit yet?

I'm planning on doing a demonstration experiment at school.

But, I guess it's a good thing that simple hair dryers will become popular among lower-class aristocrats.

"What is a hair dryer?" Gascoigne-san said, looking at it curiously.

"Hora, it's the magic tool that Kinteki-san used in the changing room, the one that went 'buu-buu.'"

"I heard it makes your hair shiny."

There are a lot of rumors floating around about the hair dryers.

"Fufufu... the new magic circuit..."

"I won't fall behind"

Hey, Elmer, Carol, these pros are so serious.

Looks like they'll make something amazing.

Chapter 258

I Give Oyobo-Sama A Hair Dryer

The false rumors about the hair dryer were put to rest because Serviche-sensei put the actual product into a demonstration.

Everyone suddenly diligently read the guidebook and copied the magic circle onto parchment.

Umu, umu, the guidebook is surprisingly easy and detailed.

A small bottle of magic ink and a pen are also included.

I like that it comes in a stylish box.

Carol gave me the instructions for the hair dryer the other day, so let's make one myself.

There's something romantic about shapes turning into magic, isn't there?

I etch the shapes with a pen while looking at the sample.

I was confused at first, but gradually the lines I drew became clearer like I was using a dip pen as in my previous life.

No, I didn't use dip pens that much because I used a computer for my art.

You might say it's just basic shapes, but it takes quite a while.

Before I knew it, Carol was looking at my hands.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You're good at drawing lines, Makoto, it's very skillful," Carol said.

"Maa, nee," I said.

"I'm jealous..." Elmer muttered.

Elmer's drawn lines were rather shaky.

"I guess this is okay, isn't it, Carol?" Corinna said.

“Ah, Corinna, one line is out of alignment.”

If this fails, scrape the surface of the parchment with a knife.

However, magic ink is an invention, isn't it?

Everyone is making various progress, but today's training is over.

Serviche-sensei had given strict orders to remember to bring the kit box the following Monday.

I put the kit into the storage bag without chanting.

“Would you like to add Corinna and Elmer's kits as well?”

“I'd like that...”

“Corinna is my vassal, so I'll keep hers.”

“That's a help, Carol.”

Anyway, we won't need the kits until next Monday.

Me, Carol, Elmer, and Corinna-chan go back to their classes.

I said goodbye to Corinna in front of Class A.

I wonder if Corinna-chan will come to Class A as soon as next year.

It's quite a hassle.

Now then, Anthony-sensei came and we had homeroom.

It seems that the Music lessons will be spent practicing social dancing until the welcome dance party for new students.

This is how they steadily train for the evening party.

It's hard to become a full-fledged aristocrat.

We stand up and bow.

Now then, it's after school, after school, there's a sense of freedom.

“Come on, let's go to the library.”

Carol caught me by the sleeve.

"We're going to the meeting room," Carol said.

"Uuu," I whined.

"Kimball-no-Oba-sama is waiting for you."

I would like to find out information about Mt. Horbos as soon as possible.

Ah, if I go to the library, it looks like Otou-san will force me to work in the underground library.

As a lamp, that is.

So, is Okaa-sama the better option?

"Are you coming too, Carol?" I asked.

"I like your Oba-sama, so I'll hang out with her."

"Wai, wai!" I cheered.

Yoshi, as expected of my wife, I understand what you're talking about.

I leave the classroom with Carol and go down the stairs.

We cross the breezeway to the assembly building.

When I stood in front of the door, I heard some voices talking.

Who is it?

When I opened the door, it was Okaa-sama and the principal.

"Oh, hello, Makoto-chan, welcome," Okaa-sama said.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Okaa-sama," I said.

"Hohoho, I wasn't waiting for you, I had the Principal to talk to."

"Principal, pardon me."

"No, no, I was walking in the courtyard when I was stopped by Kimball-san," the Principal said. "Even when your Okaa-san was in school, she often stopped others."

"Now you're making me feel nostalgic," Okaa-sama said.

“What was Okaa-sama like when she was a schoolgirl?” I asked.

“She hasn’t changed much. She was cheerful, kind, and popular with everyone.”

“Ara, stop that, Principal,” Okaa-sama said, smiling gracefully.

“Well then I’ll be heading back,” the Principal said.” Welcome back to the Academy, Hannah-kun.”

“Yes, till we meet again, Principal.”

How can she say that so casually? Okaa-sama is invincible.

As expected of her.

Sasu-oka.

The Fashionable Group came and brought a box from the corner of the room.

“Now then, Makoto-sama’s Okaa-sama, please choose any one of them.”

“Maa, what are these? They’re beautiful.”

There were three hair dryers in the box.

Wow, the exteriors look kind of luxurious.

Good job, Blacksmith Club.

“Dulcie.”

“Hai, Makoto-sama.”

Dulcie sprayed the mister with practiced skill. Okaa-sama’s hair was now wet.

Then, she dried it with a hair dryer, buuuuuhhn.

“Maa, maa, I guess it’s a magic tool that dries your hair? This is good,” Okaa-san said.

“The Saint’s Faction makes and sells them, so please have one,” I said.

“Maa, maa, that’s too much, Makoto-chan. Though, I suppose I’ll just have to take it, don’t I?”

Okaa-sama chose a magic hair dryer with a wooden exterior.

Corinna-chan explained the location of the magic stone and how to swap it out.

It's getting out of my league.

"Are there only three in stock?" I asked.

"Yeah, I hear they'll bring more again tomorrow," Carol said.

"Even the Blacksmith Club members are screaming with joy as they keep selling out," Corinna said.

Well, if it's selling well, then that's fine.

Corinna-chan probably knows about sales.

Okaa-sama learned how to use a hair dryer from the Fashion Duo and used it herself.

Somehow, I feel proud watching her because I feel like I've done my filial piety.

Ihihihi.

Chapter 259

Solving The Mystery Of The Library's Underground Archives

“Let’s go to the library for a while. Otou-sama was looking forward to it,” I said.

“Ara, Makoto-chan, are you leaving already?” Okaa-sama said.

“Okaa-sama, please go hang out with everyone in the faction,” I said.

“I suppose I’ll do that,” Okaa-sama said “They’re all good kids and so nice.”

“I’ll take care of her, so Makoto, go ahead.”

“Thank you, Carol.”

Iya, iya, that’s helpful.

Or rather, isn’t Okaa-sama too popular?

I’m sure you have a communication cheat.

I waved goodbye to everyone and left the meeting room.

I’ll go to the library and Otou-sama then after I visit him, shall I investigate Mt. Horbos?

I walked to the library with the sound of my footsteps, pokopoko.

Ah, the sun is warm.

Now is a good season in the royal capital.

How refreshing~.

The entrance to the library is on the second floor, so I go up the stairs next to the hallway that leads to the school building and enter.

An unknown red-haired female student was sitting behind the rental counter, reading a book.

“Lending?” she asked.

“I’m not, but isn’t Lucas-chi supposed to be here?” I asked.

“He was summoned by a scholar and went to the secret library,” she said.

“I see, is the door open?” I asked.

“Isn’t it supposed to be?”

“Thank you.”

Maybe she’s a librarian.

She may seem blunt, but she’s a pretty girl.

The door leading to the secret library was locked.

I open it and go down the spiral staircase.

Actually, it’s dark down here.

“Light.”

I took out a large Light ball and floated it nearby.

It’s so bright.

“Oh, Makoto!”

When I looked down, I saw several light sources were on, and some of them were moving.

“It’s me, Otou-sama,” I said.

“It’s too dark in here, please bring out some more balls of Light,” he said.

“Understood,” I said.

I fired Light balls around as light sources.

“Ooohh~~,” they cried out in surprise.

When I went down the spiral staircase, Otou-sama came running towards me.

“That’s so helpful, I didn’t realize the lighting was so poor down here.”

“No, no, please bring a large lantern with you from tomorrow, okay?”

“Okay,” Otou-sama said, smiling and nodding.

“Why is everyone moving in different directions?” I asked.

The people in white coats who appeared to be curators were spread out among the books and moving around as they pleased.

“Iyaah, we are all fond of different eras and have different specialties, so we just look for the books we like.”

Mattaku, okatku, the whole lot of them.

The behavior remains the same no matter where you are.

“Kanchou! I have the minutes of King Taurus’s council, this is quite the discovery, please take a look.”

“It’s a variant of Hero Lar’s stories, it’s a colophon from about a hundred years ago, I’ve never seen it before.”

“I have a layout map of the old royal castle, it’s amazing!”

Wah, everyone looks like they’re having fun.

“Don’t look at me like that, everyone is excited because they found the treasure they were looking for,” Otou-sama said.”

“Otou-sama, you’re just like them, aren’t you?” I said.

“I am indeed! With just a quick look, I found the books in the Royal Castle Library from the time of Maria-sama.

Iyaah, what a treasure trove.”

Mattaku, proving the point just like that.

Just reading these books is no good.

When I looked, I saw someone lying on the sofa reading a book.

I wondered who it was, but it turned out to be Lucas-cchi.

“Makoto-chi, give me a light~,” he said.

“Hai, hai.”

I made a small Light sphere and placed it above Lucas-chi.

“So bright, how helpful,” Lucas said.

“You can read when you’re back above ground,” I said.

“I’m supervising the actions of the curators of the Royal History Museum, I’m acting as an official representative,”

Lucas said.

“You can’t even see them,” I said.

“I’m looking at them from the side,” Lucas countered.

Mattku, he’s totally incompetent.

I moved Lucas-chi’s legs with my elbow and sat down on the sofa.

“What are you reading?” I asked.

“Financial statements of Galbard territory 200 years ago”

“It’s weird, that kind of thing.”

“It’s interesting to see all the complicated colors. You see, the expenditure numbers here are embellished figures, so the colors are muddy compared to the other writings.”

I didn’t know that!

Or rather, does he sense that the numbers with color are embellished due to his synesthesia?

That’s a cheat.

I looked up at the ceiling in the distance.

Now that I think about it, what was this place, originally?

It’s not a basement carved out to store books.

You don’t have to dig this deep.

... Does this mean they reused the ruins of Bianca-sama’s mansion?

I wonder what’s going on with this unnecessarily large basement...

Was it used as a hangar for a Super Robot?

Well, it only fits in the 15-meter class, so it's probably more of a Real Robot.

Gundam or Aura Battler size.

I was a little concerned, so I got up from the sofa.

I made my way to the outer periphery, weaving my way through the stacks of books.

About halfway around the perimeter, there was a hot water supply facility similar to the one in the hidden room.

When I turned the lever, water came out.

Oh, it's still working.

Is everything okay around the stove? Yes, it lights up.

"Dulcie."

"Hai, Makoto-sama," Dulcie said.

"After cleaning the kitchen area, please serve everyone tea," I said.

"Understood," Dulcie said.

Dulcie jumped up and climbed on the spiral staircase back to the top.

I suppose she's fetching some cleaning supplies.

... If it's the ruins of Bianca's mansion, there should be Light magic fixtures.

As I walked along the wall and looked up, I noticed something.

A pipe-shaped wire comes down from the ceiling and runs along the west wall.

It's right next to the spiral staircase.

When I went to the pipe, I found a magic sensing plate.

I pour light magic into it.

Kah.

Suddenly, light poured down from the ceiling into the treasure vault.

“”””Waaaahhh!””””

Otou-sama and the other researchers cheered.

Yoshi, yoshi, it's bright now.

It's like daytime in here.

Hooray.

Chapter 260

I Discover A Mysterious Underground Passage And Go Exploring With
Dulcie Dulcie brought out a table from somewhere, wiped it down, and arranged the chairs.

The researchers come in threes and fives, sit down in silence, and spread out their books.

Otou-sama and I sit down at the new table and he spreads out his books.

Everyone is silent.

Mattaku, what are these researchers?

Dulcie makes tea and distributes it to everyone.

“Please give some to me too~,” Lucas-chi exclaimed while lying on the sofa.

Dulcie walked over, grabbed the sofa with Lucas-chi still on it, and then dragged both the sofa and Lucas-chi closer to the table.

She then placed his tea on the small table.

“Thank you, Dulcie-kun.”

Dulcie silently bowed her head and disappeared.

Lucas-chi is such an indolent person.

I put a lot of Light magic into the Light switchboard, so it should last until evening.

Even if I watched the researchers reading their book, it wasn't very interesting to me, so I decided to go elsewhere.

“Are you going to leave, Makoto?” Otou-sama asked.

“Yeah, it seems like we don't need any more lighting,” I said.

“I understand, thank you.”

Saying that Otou-sama went back to reading the book.

Mattaku, mou.

With the Light situation over, I noticed a door on the wall next to the kitchenette.

Oro?

As I approached, there was a contact board on the door.

I'll take this opportunity to pour in Light magic power.

Kiiiiiii.

Nuo, it opened.

There's a passageway in the back.

I throw a Light ball at the light fixtures to turn them on.

It's a suspicious passage.

"Makoto-sama, I'll go first," Dulcie said.

"Ah, Dulcie, onegaine."

I took out the Magic School Construction document book from the storage bag and compared it with the floor plan of Bianca's mansion.

Ah, there was a pool above the library vault in the drawings...

Is it a robot hangar?

I don't think it can combine with an airship and fly through the sky like the Great Sky Demon Dragon.

The passageway extends towards where the main residence was, and now the main school building is where the main residence was.

I wonder if it will merge with the airship hangar passage somewhere.

Dulcie stepped into the aisle.

I follow.

Only the sound of footsteps echoed down the aisle, katsu-katsu.

It's not that wide of a passage.

It's enough for three adults to walk side by side.

The passageway from the girls' dormitory was wider.

Perhaps the same Preservation magic is applied here as well, and even though no one has entered here for decades, there is not a single speck of dust.

The straight passage turns into a gentle curve after a while.

In particular, there are no doors in the passage.

The walls remained bare.

After walking for a while, I came to a dead end.

"It's a dead end."

"What is this passage?"

It's probably an abandoned walkway during construction.

But the exterior is too beautiful for that.

I was alert and felt the wall at the end with my hand.

As I expected, there is an invisible doorknob.

It's a magic disguise.

When I poured Light magic into the contact plate above the doorknob, the Deception magic was broken and the door creaked open.

A breeze is flowing in here.

It was pitch black inside.

"Light."

When I launch the sphere of light, what is the scenery that spreads out before me?

"This is the passage leading from the girls' dormitory."

"I agree."

This looks like a messenger passage.

I thought, “What if there was a robot in the back?”, but there was no such thing.

I don’t know why it’s connected, but I certainly don’t have much need for it.

It’s only worth it to be able to go from the girls’ dormitory to the library without getting wet in the rain.

“Let’s go back to the library.”

“Hai.”

I trudge back down the passage I came from.

I’m kind of disappointed.

Before I knew it, Dulcie was gone too.

I feel depressed.

When I returned to the secret library, the scholars were still engrossed in reading books.

“Kanchou, shouldn’t we first create a catalog that covers all the books here?”

“No, that’s the opposite. First of all, we need to make a list of where the books belong, and the information about where and in what year they were located is important.”

“But, however,” the researcher said.

“We can do both. First, make a small list and decide where the books are located. If you combine them and make a big list, we can make a bird’s-eye view at this collection of books from a different perspective.”

“Indeed, this is going to be important.”

These academics sure are having fun, huh?

Mou.

I got annoyed with the scholars, so I punched aside Lucas-chi’s leg while he was lying on the sofa.

“What was that for?” he asked.

“I’m pissed off, so I hit you,” I said.

“Please don’t use me as your punching bag,” Lucas-chi said that as he scooted back.

I sit down on the sofa.

“There was nothing in that aisle?”

“It was just connected to the main passage.”

“What is the main passage?”

“An underground passageway leading from the basement of the girls’ dormitory to the airship hangar.”

“Houh, then it was something like that... aren’t you being careless, then? You can sneak into the girls’ dormitory from here.”

“It’s locked in many layers of security,” I said. “No one but me can open it.”

“That’s reassuring,” Lucas-chi said as he smiled and started reading again.

This time it’s a ledger for another noble territory.

“Is reading the ledger interesting?”

“It’s interesting,” he said, “you see, here, the color numbers are somewhat unsettling, and the next year, the handwriting changes, and the color numbers become stable. The predecessor was executed for embezzlement, and his successor became a proper civil servant. I guess it’s because the civil servant with colored numbers has the confidence to try the crime.”

Hmm, I didn’t know that.

Lucas-chi is a weirdo.

Chapter 261

Monday Is The Saint's Bath Day, So The Baths Are Crowded

Kapoonn.

As expected, I couldn't hang out with the crowd of scholars in the secret library vault, so I went to go take a bath.

"Maa, it's been a while since I took a bath in the dormitory, it's so nostalgic."

Now why is Okaa-sama here? And with Carol, too.

There are also all the girls from the Saint's Faction, and since it's Monday, it's crowded with the girls from the Saint's Bath Liberation Front and the ones who most want to take the bath, too.

"Dulcie," I said.

"Yes, Makoto-sama," Dulcie said.

Dulcie appears with the original large bottle of the Saint's Bath Salts.

While everyone was watching, I slowly poured it into the tub's hot water.

"Ooh~."

The hot water becomes cloudy for a moment when the liquid sinks into the water, then it diffuses and becomes colorless and transparent.

The scent of herbs and something like the smell of flowers spread all over the place.

"Okaa-sama, douzo," I said.

"Maa, I wonder how good it will be, it still smells so nice already, doesn't it?"

Okaa-sama raised her legs and slowly entered the bathtub.

Her skin is so supple that it's hard to believe she's middle-aged.

You're beautiful, Okaa-sama.

As if to follow her, I poured some hot water over myself and got into the bathtub.

“Fuuaahh.”

“It’s so nice, isn’t it?” Okaa-sama said. “The bathroom at home is too small, now so I can take a bath with you here, Makoto-chan.”

That’s right, the Kimball family’s bathroom is small and for one person.

Everyone was coming in and the bathtub was getting crowded.

“It’s crowded today, isn’t it?” Melissa-san said as if she was troubled.

“Well, I did say I’d hold it on Mondays, didn’t I?”

Umu, it definitely seems like we’re potatoes being washed in a tub.

Okaa-sama and I evacuated to the edge of the bathtub together.

“Sometimes it was like this at night, it’s so nostalgic,” Okaa-sama said.

“Sorry about that, I’m the one who brought them all here,” I said.

“It’s not your fault, Makoto-chan,” Okaa-sama said. “It’s the result of everyone loving the bath salts you made, so you should be proud.”

I wonder if I should be.

However, there are also maid-sans crowding around the washing area.

“How was Otou-san?” Okaa-sama asked.

“He was reading books in the basement, and it looks like he’ll be down there for about a week,” I said.

“Maa, let’s go and see him later. It’s been a while since I’ve seen him so engrossed with work.”

Ah, Batten-sensei came into the bathhouse.

I feel like she’s become more toned and her muscles are starting to show through.

How cool.

“Ah, Kimball-san, it’s been a while,” Battenmeier said to Okaa-sama.

“Maa, maa, Batten-sama, to meet you in a place like this,” Okaa-sama said.

“Do you know each other?” I asked.

“She was 2 years my senior, so I remember her quite fondly,” Okaa-sama said. “She was a very cool female knight, and many female students admired her.”

“Please stop, I’m getting embarrassed,” Battenmeier said.

Since Batten-sensei is a knight, is Okaa-sama using respectful honorifics with her? The power relationship is quite complicated.

There are long formalities that are unique to women.

I got hot when while they were going through the motions, so I got out of the bathtub.

Some students are waiting naked.

When I went to the washing area, a student from the Saint’s Bath Liberation Front gave me her space.

“Thank you,” I said.

“No, I got to go into a very wonderful bath with your help, Seijou-sama, so it is only natural that I defer to you,” she said.

“No, no, that’s not right,” I said.

I feel kind of embarrassed.

“I had a slight paralysis in my right shoulder, and even though I tried various potions, it didn’t heal at all, but I recovered after just one dip in the Saint’s Bath, and now I’m able to take notes and train in martial arts,” she said. “I am very happy that I can do all this now. Thank you, Seijou-sama.”

“No, no, if you’re happy, I’ll be happy too,” I said.

I see, I’d be happy if my mysterious disorder was cured.

I wonder if she’ll feel better after going in a few times.

That would be great.

I have Dulcie wash my body.

Next to me, Okaa-sama is being washed by the Kimball family's maid.

Anyway, it's nice to have a naked skinship.

I feel like we've become closer.

Yappari, the baths are so nice.

I have Dulcie wash my hair.

The Kimball family's maid is asking Dulcie about her hair-washing know-how.

They're using a lot of different techniques.

"Dulcie-chan loves Makoto-chan so much, I can feel her love," Okaa-sama said.

"No, that's the natural attitude of serving my master."

"Ufufu, let's leave it at that."

Yes, Dulcie is a talented and hard-working person, so I don't think she particularly loves me.

I'm sure she's a young lady who'll do well wherever she goes.

Well, I have no intention of letting her go.

Let's grow old together, Dulcie.

Now, back to the bathtub...

It's so crowded.

I slip in close to Carol.

"It's so crowded~."

"It's amazing."

Carol scooped hot water into her hand.

"The effect is a little less, but it's still satisfactory."

"Is it okay until night?"

“On the other hand, there might be fewer people at night.”

“I guess they want to join as soon as possible.”

“Once you feel the effects, it seems like you’ll want something stronger.”

I scoop out the hot water.

Hmm, I do feel like the medicinal efficacy has decreased a little.

“Let’s come in the evening and see how exhausted the bath’s effect is.”

“Right, I thought it might be too much, but if it’s too small an amount, it might get too weak later at night. It’s different from oral medicine, so I need to do some research.”

My wife is enthusiastic about her work and I’m happy.

Also, I’m glad that I can now take a bath with you.

Uehihihi.

“You look like a mischievous cat again.”

“Eh, I don’t think I am.”

Chapter 262

Oyabu-sama And Oyobo-sama Are Returning Home

Now then, I got out of the bath and asked Dulcie to dry my hair with the hair dryer.

Next to me, Okaa-sama also has the Kimball family's maid dry her hair with a hair dryer.

"So this is your invention, Makoto-chan. The warm air feels so good," Okaa-sama said.

"For some reason, it's selling so well that we can't keep up with production," I said.

"I think everyone will want one. I think it's going to be a great trend," Okaa-sama said.

There are female students proudly showing off their hair dryers all over the changing room.

And the other female students looked at them with hungry eyes.

It looks like the shortage will continue for a while.

Kits for alchemy classes may also become a hot topic.

It's currently the cheapest way to get a hair dryer.

"Okay, Okaa-san is going to go see Otou-san, Makoto-chan, please come, too," Okaa-sama said.

"Hai, I'll come with you," I said.

I can't say it's a bother when I'm asked to come.

I say goodbye to everyone in my faction and head out the door of the girls' dormitory.

"Are you going to take Otou-sama home?" I asked.

"Indeed, it's almost evening, so it's time anyway," Okaa-sama said.

Looking at the sky, it's getting dark soon.

We go up the stairs to the breezeway and enter the library.

The blunt girl was still at the counter reading a book.

I bowed silently and went inside.

We go down to the first floor and enter the secret library.

When I looked down from the spiral staircase, I saw that the scholars were reading books at the table, just like when I left earlier, and Lucas-chi was lying on the sofa reading a book.

“Ara, it’s quite spacious. This place wasn’t originally a library, was it?” Okaa-sama said.

“That’s right, but what’s going on here?” I asked.

“It’s a warehouse... I think it might have been storing something big.”

I wonder if there was an airship bigger than the Conqueror of the Azure Sky.

If that’s the case, they probably wouldn’t have built a hangar if it didn’t open out towards the cliff.

I wonder what it is.

The mystery only deepens.

Okaa-sama sauntered down the spiral staircase.

I chase after her in a hurry.

“Darling, we’re going home.”

“Oh, Hannah, this place is amazing, I think I’ll stay here for a while.”

“If you stay too long in a place where the sun doesn’t shine, you’ll get sick. Please get ready to leave soon.”

Ooh, Okaa-sama is strong.

Otou-sama reluctantly started preparing to go home.

The curators also begin preparing to call it a day, too.

“Now then, I guess I’ll go home too.”

Lucas-chi also stood up and put the ledger back on the pile of books.

Everyone goes up the spiral staircase.

Lucas-chi seems to be approaching the blunt girl and saying hello.

Probably a fellow library enthusiast.

“Ah, Lucas-chi, I wonder if there’s a guidebook that includes the East Horbos Dungeon?” I asked.

Lucas-chi silently approached a bookshelf, pulled out a book, and handed it to me.

“A Guide to Dungeons around the Royal Capital (Beginner)”

There it was.

“Thank you”

I thanked Lucas-chi and asked Bukkirabo-san to process the loan.

Yoshi, yoshi, we’ve got a dungeon reference book.

I walked Otou-sama, Okaa-sama, and all the scholars to the school gate.

“Well then, Makoto-chan, I’ll welcome you back on the weekend,” Okaa-sama said. “I’ll prepare your favorite food for you.”

“Hai, Okaa-sama, See you Saturday.”

“I’ll come to the school every day, so sorry to bother you, but could you please come and turn on the lights in the treasure library in the morning?” Otou-sama asked.

“It’s fine. I’ll turn on the lights before school.”

“That’s a help, Makoto.”

Otou-sama smiled and bowed his head a little.

It’s okay, I’m always indebted to you.

I shake hands with Otou-sama and Okaa-sama and send them off.

Haa, it’s always a bit embarrassing when my parents come to school.

I can't mock Elmer for his reaction.

Well, I guess I'll go to Room 205 and prepare for the dungeon dive until dinner.

I rushed towards the girls' dormitory.

When I entered the room, Corinna-chan was studying.

"Oh, Makoto, welcome back, are your Otou-san and Okaa-san going home?"

"They are, it's embarrassing to see my parents here."

"Well, that's just how it is. Here's the money for the hair dyers, from the blacksmith department."

Corinna-chan placed a bag of gold coins on the table.

"Dulcie."

"Hai."

"Keep it in your large wallet."

"... It's a bit too much."

Uhn, enough gold coins to fill her wallet.

"Well, it's profitable, at least," I said.

"That they are, the bath salts and hair dryers are selling like hotcakes," Corinna said.

"Do you think we should buy a safe in the meeting room?" I asked.

"That's just benefiting the economy, put it in your storage bag."

"I agree."

It's careless to have a lot of money exposed.

I think I'll open a bank account for the Saint's Faction and put money into it.

Since this world is an otome game, there is a bank.

In fact, in the game, you could just write tens of millions of dolancs in

the input box and make a loan from there.

In the game, money was mostly used to treat capture targets, so the only time the main character had to spend money was on the potions you'd buy from Carol during the adventure.

In reality, if you earn millions of dolancs, you'll be in trouble because of the weight of the gold coins.

Should I exchange my money for large gold coins or platinum coins?

When you have money, you can do more things, but you also have more worries.

I'm in trouble, I'm in trouble.

Chapter 263

I Read A Reference Book For Beginner's Dungeons On My Bed

I go to bed and open the dungeon reference book.

Hou-hou, it's written starting with the tools to bring to the dungeon dive.

A backpack with rope, stakes, food, water, lantern, and oil.

If you're staying overnight, you'll need a tent, sleeping bag, and fire-starting equipment, just like climbing a mountain.

Did this come from previous deaths in diving?

There is also detailed information about the formations.

As expected, it advises placing a scout type in the front row, followed by a defender such as a swordsman, and behind them long-range projectile weapons and magic.

The recommended number of people depends on the difficulty of the dungeon, but it seems to be around 5 to 10

people.

In other words, even if there are a lot of people, there isn't a lot of space in the dungeon, so it seems like your force of numbers is wasted.

And it says to be sure to bring a monk with you.

It also said that diving into a dungeon without a monk is like diving into certain death.

But the thing is, there aren't that many monks.

Monks are a type of magician who is good at Healing magic, but students prefer offensive magic.

There are simple Healing magics for Earth and Water attributes.

Earth Heal and Heal Water.

Monks are in high demand, so quiet women tend to learn Healing

magic.

In terms of healing effect, it's compatible with potions.

If the injury is too severe, it will be less effective.

It's magic that can treat minor injuries and stop bleeding.

This can be treated quite a bit if you raise your skills to the level of a Temple healer, but the training is difficult, and student monks lack experience, so you can't really rely on them.

If you're like Elmer or Carol, you should be able to cast healing magic like a monk.

Well, Carol will probably use a potion.

Corinna-chan is an Earth attribute, so I think she should learn healing magic.

Speaking of which...

"Corinna-chan, did you practice archery?" I asked, popping my head out of bed.

"Hm? I did, yeah, I was able to draw the bow and shoot. I didn't hit the target, though," Corinna said.

"Well, I guess that's about right," I said. "What about Earth Heal?"

"Ah, Healing magic or something like that, do you want me to use it?" Corinna asked.

"You should ask Carol to teach you it," I said.

"I agree, but let me warn you: with my magic power, I won't be able to cast it many times."

"But, well, it's just to be on the safe side."

"That's right, if you're prepared, there's no need to worry."

If you can cast it even a few times, it might come in handy in case of an emergency.

I pulled my head back in and went back to my book.

After talking about the prior organization, next is the plan of attack.

Or rather, it's like an introductory book on mountain climbing.

It says that if you are a beginner, you should make a plan that is reasonable, and then make an accurate plan while checking the abilities of your party.

At first, it would be a day trip, but gradually the time spent in the dungeon would be extended to one or two nights.

Can you stay there overnight?

It seems that there are parties that stay inside the dungeon for a week around the Gadrage Great Labyrinth.

Deep dives are dangerous, but apparently, rare magic stones and treasures result from them.

Nice, nice.

It seems that no one has ever seen the bottom of the Gadrage Great dungeon.

I'd like to go there.

With the power of a Saint, we might be able to go one step further.

Well, that was after the 2nd or 3rd year.

About half of the book begins with an explanation of beginner's dungeons near the capital.

There are about 10 places listed.

The dungeon of Mt. Horbos has 5 floors and is a bit of a pain, but it doesn't seem to be very dangerous.

There are no traps.

There don't seem to be any treasure chests found there, either.

A simple floor map has been drawn, but it doesn't seem to be a complicated dungeon.

It looks like there are small rooms on both sides of the passageway leading from staircase to staircase.

It's a simple structure.

It's like the basement floor of Wizardry.

The monsters that appear include slimes, horned rabbits, goblins, and goblin leaders.

This is a monster set for beginners.

By the way, most of the monsters in the dungeon are clones that have been created using magic power.

They are distinguished from naturally occurring monsters.

However, if you defeat it, a corpse will be left behind, and you can also take magic stones.

It seems that the dungeon is copying creatures that have wandered into dungeons and died there in the past, letting these clones wander around.

There are various theories as to why, but it is said that it is used to consume magical power or to grow by circulating magical power within the dungeon.

A dungeon is a truly mysterious place.

The nearest village to the East Horbos Dungeon is Horbos Village, and there is only one inn, but there is no adventurer's guild, so it says to submit a dungeon diving plan to the village office.

The village's specialties seem to be apples and mushrooms.

Oh, there seems to be a hot spring, which I'd like to go to after diving.

The day trip bathing fee is about 500 dolancs.

"Hey, Makoto."

"Aiyo."

"Let's go to dinner."

Oh, is it that time already?

I got lost in reading it.

I silently put the dungeon reference book into my storage bag and climbed down the ladder.

“Please wait~,” I said.

“Umu-umu.”

I go out into the hallway with Corinna and lock the room.

Now, let’s go down the stairs and head to the dining room.

We descend the stairs with a pata-pata.

It’s already night behind the glass windows.

Every time I go down the stairs, I can smell the delicious cooking smell and it makes me hungry.

What’s on the menu today?

Chapter 264

We Discuss Sunday's Dungeon Dive At The Dinner Table

Now then, it's dinner time.

As usual, I greet Clara, take my food on the tray, pour a cup of cold tea from the kettle, and take my seat.

Today's food for the lower aristocracy was tonkatsu, consommé soup, mushroom salad, and black bread.

Tonkatsu is rare.

It feels like it's been a long time since I've eaten it.

Since oil is more valuable than in my previous life, people don't make many fried foods.

The school is full of aristocrats, so they appear quite often.

Everyone brings their food and takes a seat.

Carol looks like her mind is elsewhere.

"Carol?"

"Ah, sorry, I was thinking about the circuit for the simple hair dryer."

"Is that so?" I said.

Usually, I'm the one who Carol gets mad at for thinking during meals, so this is kind of unusual.

Do you like making magic circles that much?

Honestly, this girl.

Once everyone was seated, it was time to pray before the meal.

"Itadakimasu."

"""I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.""""

Mou, stop praying to me already.

Uhn, let's eat.

I cut the tonkatsu with a knife and bring it to my mouth.

Howaaahh.

Ah, the meat is juicy and delicious.

The sauce on top is a white sauce, which is a very interesting combination.

Crispy, delicious, delicious.

"We have to start preparing to go to the dungeon."

"Let's go shopping at the Guild after school tomorrow."

"Yes, Corinna, are you going too?" Carol asked.

"I'm going, I need to buy some things. I thought it would be a good idea to get stocked before my 2nd year."

By the way, there is an Adventurer's Goods shop next to the Adventurer's Guild.

They sell ropes and backpacks that are used by the Guild.

"Shall we invite Curtis as well?"

"You should."

"I'm going too, myon."

"Umu, me too."

The Swordsmanship Group responded.

When I looked at Elsa-san, she was nodding her head.

"We're all looking forward to the dungeon."

"By the way, how was the dungeon on Sunday? Did you find anything good?"

"We didn't find anything important, myon."

"Or rather, the treasure chests were already emptied. It seems like our timing was bad."

It's a mystery why, but the treasure chests in dungeons are replenished over time.

It's a game-like setting.

"It's a beginner's dungeon, so even if there was a treasure, there probably wouldn't have been much in it."

"But the treasure chests are the dream, myon."

"I got some magic stones out of the dive. I exchanged them for cash, but it only got me 356 dolancs."

"That's disappointing, Cattleya-san," I said.

"However, it was a great way to practice formations and how to move in the dungeon."

"Cattleya-chan was pushing too hard, myon, and I almost cut her several times, myon."

"No, no, that's a misunderstanding."

Uhaa, it looks like there's a lot of trouble ahead.

It seems like we won't become a cohesive team unless we dive together a few times.

"Was the holy sword Hawkes alright?" I asked.

"About him... he was annoying..." Curtis said.

"He talks endlessly, myon, and at the end, even Curtis-sama shut him up by shoving him back into his sheath, myon,"

Koishi said.

"Like I thought."

So in short, he's pretty annoying.

"There weren't any big monsters."

"An Attack Dog is the biggest one, myon, there are a lot of slimes, and we mainly fought horned rabbits, myon."

"When I sliced a slime, its acid damaged my sword, so I left it to

Elmer-sama.”

The slimes in this world aren't the smooth Dragon Quest type, they're just a slimy slime type.

Their movement speed is slow, so they're not much of a threat, and if you cut them, their body fluids will damage your sword, so they're usually ignored or left to the magician.

However, it's a party with a lot of swordsmen.

“Were you okay without a scout?”

“We bought a map at the guild, myon.”

“It wasn't a dungeon that needed a scout.”

The East Horbos Dungeon is similar, so don't expect too much of a blood-filled adventure.

If I took ten people, I think we could easily get through it.

I finished tonight's dinner by popping a piece of brown bread into my mouth.

Haa, it was delicious.

Dulcie appeared and made me some tea.

Thank you, Dulcie.

“It's time for the intelligence report,” Hilda said, raising her voice.

Oh, I guess something happened today.

“Deborah retired to the townhouse, and Kelly didn't move either.”

I wonder if Deborah is being specially trained by Randy-oji-chan.

This is something I want you to learn properly.

“There is no movement in the Pottinger faction either. The Tower, however, has begun to move. It looks like they're following the drug supply line.”

“Oh my, hasn't the influx of drugs stopped yet?”

“It has not, there has been a temporary decrease in trade, but the

market price has risen and the volume of trade has increased.”

I’d like to eradicate drugs, but it’s not the job of the Saint Faction.

If the Tower can do it for me, then I’ll leave it to them.

“Is there an influx into the school?”

“They’re moving slowly, it looks like there’s probably only one dealer left. Do you want to destroy them?”

“The Tower will have a hard time moving in here, so let’s destroy it ourselves.”

There’s no place for drugs in a school where there are Saint of Light candidates.

I think I’ll talk to Prince Kevin about it tomorrow.

But it’s a dealer.

I guess we’ll go through the sales route and deal with them that way.

No drugs allowed, absolutely no way.

Chapter 265

Secret Talks With Prince Kevin In The Classroom About Busting The Drug Trafficking Operation Now then, it's morning.

Last night, I changed into my pajamas and read the dungeon guide until I fell asleep.

Today is Tuesday, and I feel exhausted thinking about today and tomorrow already.

It gets easier after Thursday though.

Well, let's do our best.

Fight on.

I finished my morning chores, got dressed, and drank the tea that Dulcie made for me.

The weather is nice today, too.

"What are your plans after school today?" Corinna asked.

"Let's all go shopping for dungeon goods, shall we?" I said.

"That's right, we need to buy some things. Haa, we're going to need money," Corinna said.

"You make quite a lot of money by helping with all the administrative work all over the place, don't you?" I asked.

She manages sales at Carol's alchemy place, the Saint's Bath, and even manages the hair dryers.

Corinna-chan is an extremely hard worker.

"I'm poor, so I want to save money," Corinna said.

"It's good to save money, but you have to buy the things you need," I said.

"That's true, but it's just my nature. I can't help it," Corinna said.

It's true that being a spendthrift is not in Corinna's character.

For now, let's let her do all sorts of paperwork and accounting work, and actively send money to Corinna-chan.

We lock Room 205 and go down the stairs.

After greeting everyone from the Saint's Faction in the elevator hall, we headed to the dining room.

Today is a sweet porridge day.

After eating breakfast and chatting about various things, we went to school.

Ah, the temperature is starting to feel like spring, and it's getting warmer and warmer.

The wind on my cheeks feels comfortable.

I parted ways with everyone in front of the entrance to the school building and headed to the library.

I have to go turn on the lights in the library vault.

I was a little confused whether to go up to the second floor from the school building and go through the breezeway, or go around the outside of the school building, but I decided to take the latter approach.

When I entered the library, Anthony-sensei was arranging the books.

"Ara, Sensei," I said.

"Hmm, is something the matter, Kimball-kun?"

"Yesterday Otou-sama asked me to keep the lights on in the secret library vault," I said.

"Ah, understood, follow me."

Anthony-sensei unlocked the door to the secret vault on the first floor of the library.

Perhaps because of the magic power poured into it yesterday, the light was dim, almost completely out.

I take out a Light ball and check around the entrance.

Oh, there's a contact board here, too.

I pour in magical power and turn on the lights.

"Uwah, it's dazzling, such amazing lighting fixtures," Anthony said.

"It looks like Bianca-sama's custom-made lighting," I said.

"This is very bright, and I'm sure it will help the people at the historical museum do their work," Anthony said.

"Well then, Sensei, see you later," I said.

"Hai, Kimball-san," Anthony said.

It looks like Sensei is still doing something in the library.

I bowed my head, went upstairs, and left the library.

I enter the school building through the breezeway and head towards Class A.

"Good morning, Elmer, pupupupu," I snickered.

"Urusaiyo..." he muttered.

It seems that the boys' dormitory also had a Saint's Bath on Mondays.

All the boys are looking shiny.

They don't seem to be that addicted to the bath salts, so they didn't petition me for Wednesday's Saint's Bath.

Well, they are boys.

"Kevin-ouji," I said.

"Hmm, what's going on, Kimball-kun?" Kevin said.

I beckoned Prince Kevin with my finger and led him to the corner of the classroom.

Of course, Gerald came along as well.

Wherever the prince goes, this bespectacled bastard follows.

"Prince Kevin, it seems there are drug dealers in the school," I said.

“Fumu,” Kevin said.

“We know they exist, too,” Gerald said.

“Then, as a saint candidate, I plan to destroy the smuggling route and root out the dealers, but what will the Royal Faction do about this? Would you like a piece of the action?”

“Umu.”

“Umu.”

The prince and Gerald were deep in thought.

“Do you have something to consider?” I asked.

“We want Lloyd to handle the drug-related busts, you see,” Kevin said.

“Is that so?” I said.

“Lloyd-ouji is good at maintaining public order, and as a royalist, after Kevin-ouji becomes king, I want Lloyd-ouji to be in charge of the security bureau, so we want him to take credit for this operation,” Gerald said. “That is all we ask..’

The Security Bureau is a government office similar to the police in my previous life.

It’s a department that’s half military, half police, as it has a fair amount of military might.

And Lloyd-chan, who has no reason to betray the king, would certainly be in the perfect position.

“Understood, then let’s invite Lloyd-chan to lunch,” I said.

“Umu, it would be helpful if you could do that,” Kevin said. “Also, the Tower is already chasing the drug operation, so it might be a good idea to ask for their cooperation.”

“Maybe, I don’t really want to get to know professional intelligence agents,” I said.

“You’ve got a point. There is little contact between the Temple and Intelligence.”

It’s okay if I just say hello.

I don't really feel like working with them.

Anthony-sensei came into the classroom, so I hurried back to my seat.

Now then, it's homeroom.

Recently, some students have been feeling unwell, so if you notice anything unusual, please feel free to consult the doctor's office.

It's spring, so I guess it's easy to get sick when it gets cold or warm.

After homeroom, Tuesday's classes begin.

The morning classes are history, the national language, mathematics, and magic theory.

There were no particular problems, and she was able to complete the lessons with ease.

Mathematics and magic theory may be getting more and more difficult.

History and the national language are fine.

Ah, I guess I should have a study session.

The students at the Magic Academy are very busy.

Chapter 266

Let's Go To Lunch At A Bar From Melissa-San's Territory

The final bell rings and it's time for lunch.

Nnnn, toh, let's relax.

"Makoto, you look like a cat again, don't you?" Carol said.

"I guess so, but don't I look more like a dog?" I asked.

"..... Cat," Elmer said.

Is that so?

If even Elmer says so, it might be true.

"Where are we going for lunch? It's eating out today, isn't it?" Carol said.

"No, honestly, Hiyoko-Do just tastes like home-cooked meals to me," I said.

"Indeed, and there's only so many times we can go to the royal palace staff cafeteria."

Gerald barged in. "The royal palace restaurant is delicious, but you should only eat there once a season."

"Heey, Makoto, what are we going to do for lunch today?" Curtis called out as he arrived with the rest of the Class B

members of the Saint's Faction.

"We haven't decided yet," I said.

When I said this, Melissa-san timidly stepped forward.

"Um, if you don't mind, would you like to go to a restaurant in my home territory?" she asked.

"Food of West Appleton?" I asked.

"Yes, it's a restaurant that serves wine and alcohol at night, but we

also serve lunch at noon,” Melissa said.

“Sounds good to me, the food from Andrea territory is close to the food from Albright territory,” Carol said, smiling.

“Oh, is this the same type of food as your home region, Carol?” I asked.

“Yes, the wine stew dishes are famous,” Carol said.

“Beef braised in red wine is so good,” Melissa said.

That sounds delicious, let’s go try it.

“Hmm, when you have lunch with the Saint Faction, you get to eat a variety of regional cuisine.”

“That’s true, the food from Koishi-kun’s hometown was also quite good.”

“Uwah, Prince Kevin, I feel so embarrassed, myon.”

That aside, Prince Kevin and Gerald seem to be following us like it’s normal again.

Well, that’s fine.

We leave the classroom one by one.

Lloyd-chan and Juliet-san are also there.

Hilda-san joined me on the stairs, and Yuriyuri-senpai and Ryan-senpai joined me in front of the entrance.

Moving on, the weather is nice today and I feel great.

We walk along Royal Capital Boulevard in the warm sunshine.

“You’re always in a good mood, aren’t you?” Curtis-nii-chan said as he walked in step with me.

“Well, there are too many fun things to do,” I said.

“A normal person would have died five times already, but you’re always so carefree,” Curtis said.

“It’s okay because I didn’t die, long live Light magic,” I said.

“It’s an extremely powerful thing,” Curtis said. “So, are you going to buy dungeon diving tools after school?”

“That I am, are you coming, too, Curtis?” I asked.

Man, how quickly does he pick up on the news?

That said, it’s nice because it saves me the trouble of inviting them to go shopping.

“Elmer, let’s go, too,” I said.

“Understood... I’m looking forward to it...” Elmer said.

“What will you buy?” I asked.

“A wand.....” Elmer replied.

“A wand?” I asked.

“His original got caught in a trap the other day when we were using it as a trap stick,” Curtis said.

Ah, a trap stick is a tool you tap on the ground in the hopes of triggering traps prematurely.

So they sell it, too.

“More importantly than that, the magician was leading the way in the party?” I asked.

“I was sensing... with my magic power...” Elmer said.

“It was because we had no scouts,” Curtis said. “Elmer was walking while identifying monsters with his Magic Detection when he stepped into a trap.”

“I wanted to...”

“Take a scout with you?” I finished.

“We couldn’t take Dulcie or Anne with us, too. There aren’t many scout-type students.”

It’s a problem that there aren’t many monks, but there aren’t many students who act as scouts either.

Hora, we're all aristocrats.

In the Gadrage Great Labyrinth, adventurers are hired to act as scouts.

"Next time I'm going to hire an adventurer scout from the guild."

"That sounds good."

The adventurers in the guild are crying because they don't have any money, so you can hire them for a pretty cheap rate.

It's like paying for their experience.

Melissa-san led the group to a bar district.

It's a middle-class bar town.

There are quite a lot of people passing by, probably because they also serve lunch.

"Now then, here we are," Melissa said.

What Melissa-san pointed to was a shop that looked like a mountain cabin-style log house.

It looks like a surprisingly large bar.

After seeing Melissa-san, a middle-aged woman wearing a traditional costume came rushing in.

"Maa, maa, Andrea's granddaughter, itterashaimase, youkoso," she said, welcoming us.

"I brought friends from school today," I said. "Is there a private room available?"

"Yes, we have one free, douzo, douzo."

As expected of a feudal lord's daughter, she is a treasure that cannot be ignored.

We enter the store one by one.

"Itersahya—... hii-hiiiiii...!"

"No, Gofujin, you must be mistaking me for someone else, I'm not one of the princes."

“Ha-Ha-Haaa...” the old lady whimpered, on the verge of falling to her knees then and there.

Well, you wouldn’t expect a viscount’s daughter to bring a prince with her.

Medieval countries had strong class systems.

“Oba-san, when we’re wearing the school uniform, we’re just students, and it would be rude to treat us differently,” I said.

“Ha-Ha... ah, are you, the Seijou-sama?”

Oba-san... you’re certainly knowledgeable.

I guess she’s good at remembering faces because she works at a bar.

“No, Oba-san, you’ve got the wrong person.”

“Ha-Ha-Haah...”

“Isn’t she bowing her deeper than she did with the prince? That’s unacceptable,” Gerald said.

I silently kicked Gerald in the shin.

“Ih,” he gasped.

“It’s fine, no matter who it is, when they’re wearing the school uniform, just remember that you’re just a student,” I said.

“There’s no need to worry about cooking more food or anything like that,” Kevin said.

“Ha-Ha-Haaa...” Oba-san whimpered.

Umu, maybe Oba-san will be too scared and this will be no good.

Chapter 267

Eating Veal Broiled In Wine At The Yellow Bear's Inn

We all enter a large private room.

“I’d like lunch for 17 people, please,” Melissa said.

“Hai, understood, Ohi-sama,” the bar’s Oba-san said with dead eyes.

Umu, sorry for bringing in VIPs.

The private rooms at the bar are spacious and comfortable.

The tea served was also delicious.

“By the way, Makoto, you forgot to go back to the bath yesterday,” Carol said.

“!”

She’s right, I forgot!!

I fell asleep reading the dungeon guide.

“Sorry, I forgot,” I said.

“When I went to call you, you seemed to be sleeping, so I went by myself,” Carol said.

“Thank you for that, how was it?” I asked.

“As expected, the potency was a little less effective at night,” Carol said.

“It’s good, if only for a little while, then,” I said.

“It still seemed to be quite effective. The hot water was dirty though,” Carol said.

“What do they do if the bath water is dirty?” I asked.

“It has a Circulation spell, and it cleans the contaminants in the septic tank after a certain amount of time,” Carol said.

Surprisingly, it has equipment that looks like a high-tech hot spring.

“I see, I’ll be experimenting again on Wednesday,” I said.

“Yeah, that sounds good.”

It would be best to slowly accumulate know-how in the Saint’s Bath business.

There are no competitors.

Curtis-onii-chan is looking at the wine list.

“Sumenai, give me a bottle of this year’s new Andrea wine,” I said.

“Yes, of course. How many glasses should I bring?”

“Anyone else drinking?”

Elmer, Elsa-san, Yuriyuri-senpai, Melissa-san, and Hilda-senpai raised their hands.

Also, Prince Kevin, Gerald, and Lloyd-chan.

“Would you like to drink, too, Makoto and Karol?”

“I don’t drink much.”

“I don’t drink after lunch.”

I hear that the wine from Andrea’s territory is delicious, but I’m a bit of a lightweight so I don’t feel comfortable drinking alcohol.

Even in my previous life, I only drank a little.

In this world, children also drink wine.

When a child has a cold, you give them a glass of wine warmed up with sugar.

Well, it’s a Western custom from my previous life, but in this world, which is Not-France, the water is soft.

Water straight from the tap is drinkable.

You can also drink the water generated from magic stones normally.

It’s different from Europe, where people drank wine instead of water

because of the quality of the water, so it makes me feel a little weird, but it's an otome game where the details are an afterthought.

The Oba-san from earlier and an Onee-san bring lunch and serve it to everyone.

Wow, it's braised beef. This looks delicious.

"It's veal braised in wine, Andrea style."

I see, it's veal instead of beef.

A mini salad is also included.

The bread is a hard baguette.

When everyone had their lunches served, they all looked at me with some anticipation.

"Itadakimasu."

""I thank the Goddess for my daily bread.""

Now then, let's eat, let's eat.

Pakuri.

Hooooooooooooo.

Delicious.

The meat has a slightly sour taste as it melts in your mouth.

Ah, my favorite flavor, my favorite flavor.

The potatoes are also fluffy and delicious.

"It tastes nostalgic," Carol said.

"Isn't there a restaurant in the capital that serves Albright cuisine?"

"No, there isn't," Carol said. "Alchemical medicines are a strong industry in Albright territory, but there is no culture of cooking or food."

"Don't you make any wine?" I asked.

"There's only a small wine industry because Andrea territory is

nearby,” Carol said.

“Ehehe, I’m sorry, Caroline-sama,” Melissa-san said, giggling.

There are economic blocks depending on the region, and they sell the products they specialize in.

Oh, the soup is delicious too.

It gives the wine a deeper flavor.

“Hmm, that’s a nice-tasting wine. It’s my first time trying it. Andrea-san, I give you my compliments and ask you to send some more,” Kevin said.

“Maa, I’m honored to have satisfied your tastes, Prince Kevin,” Melissa said.

“It’s partly for the royal family, but it’s mainly meant for the staff cafeteria,” Kevin said. “Can you recommend something a little better for my family?”

“We have made some good ones this year, so I will bring some to the royal palace.”

“How great of you, thank you, Andrea-san,” Kevin said.

“You praise me too much, Andrea territory will always be loyal to the royal family.”

Hmm, Melissa-san’s answer is wonderfully aristocratic.

The Lord’s daughter is also the territory’s diplomatic ambassador.

Hard bread goes well with wine stew.

I bite into the crispy crust and slurp up the stew.

Umu, umu.

I grab some salad and stew again.

The carrots are also well-cooked and sweet.

I ate it all.

It was delicious.

Delicious food from all over the world is gathered in the royal capital, so it's irresistible.

It's a foodie's paradise.

Thank you for the meal.

Oba-san took some time to bring us tea.

Ara, that's an unusual coffee.

"Can you get coffee in Andrea territory?" I asked.

"I wish we could, you can't get coffee even in the south part of Appleton."

Coffee probably comes from somewhere around the Not-African Continent.

It's a tropical plant, after all.

Speaking of tropical plants, won't imports of cacao increase?

Chocolate is on the market, but it's ridiculously expensive.

Should I import it by airship?

You can get to Not-South America in three hours.

It's just a day trip.

Well, it's hard to grind the cacao super finely, so I guess it stops there.

Or maybe import it just once before next year's Love Day event.

Ah, I want to go out and have fun with the airship.

Chapter 268

We Talk To Lloyd-Chan And Return To The School

I finished eating, so now I'm drinking our hot drink.

It's been a long time since I've had coffee, and it's bitter and delicious.

So good.

"Lloyd-ouji, we are going to destroy the drug suppliers within the school, but as a member of the royal family, could you please cooperate with us?"

"Ah, crushing it is fine by me," Lloyd said.

Lloyd-chan is so carefree.

"Well then, I'll gather the information," Hilda said.

"Onegaine, Hilda-san," I said.

"I couldn't help you find the airship, but if you're dealing with humans, please leave it to the Mahler family," Hilda said.

"That's reassuring," I said.

Actually, I'm afraid that Hilda-san might end up kidnapping the dealer, imprisoning him, and then disposing of him.

"Lloyd, let's continue our discussions with the Tower," I said.

"The Tower, huh? I'm not very good with them," Lloyd said.

"It would be a problem if we run into each other during our chases, so communication and information exchange are important," I said.

"Okay, I get it~."

He's so unreliable, is this really going to be fine, Lloyd-chan?

Carol was drinking coffee with a frown on her face.

"You don't like coffee?" I asked.

Carol nodded sheepishly. "It's bitter," she said, "even with milk and sugar, it's still so bitter."

I've discovered Carol's unexpected weakness.

I guess it's because she always drinks herbal tea.

Now then, I guess we'll go back to school and become the Clayton family's guinea pig.

"Dulcie, pay the bill," I said.

"Understood, Makoto-sama."

Prince Kevin and Gerald panicked at my words.

Lloyd-chan is smiling.

"No, we'll pay," Kevin said.

"The royal family cannot be spoiled like this," Gerald said.

"It's alright, you two!" I said. "I was allowed into the royal palace cafeteria the other day, so I'd feel bad if I didn't reciprocate, let me pay for today."

"Pardon us."

"This is my first time being treated to something. Thank you for the meal, Kimball."

Gerald seems so prideful even when he's being treated.

"Makoto-chi, thank you for the meal," Lloyd-chan answered with a smile while holding Juliet-san in his right arm.

"It's nothing, it's nothing," I said.

Dulcie paid for everyone.

After leaving the bar, we all walked along Royal Capital Boulevard toward the school.

It was a nice restaurant.

Lunch could always be veal stewed in wine.

I want to come again.

And ultimately, it's good to have money to spend.

Ushisihi.

The hair dryer and the Saint's Bath seem like they'll still make a lot of money.

I think we'll all go on a trip to a southern island in the summer.

Uhn, uhn.

For some reason, Curtis-nii-chan's face is red and unsteady.

"Curtis, you drank too much," I said.

"I can't get drunk from this much wine, I'm fine."

Silently, I smack Curtis on the back of the head.

"Cure All."

"... I've recovered, I think I was drunk, sorry."

I shrugged and moved away from Curtis.

"That's amazing, you'll be fine no matter how hard you drank," Prince Kevin said.

"She's the kind of person I want for evening diplomacy," Gerald muttered.

No, I don't want to be a caregiver for drunk old men.

We stroll aimlessly in the spring breeze.

Sometimes it smells like flowers.

The royal capital is called the Capital of Flowers, and there are flowers planted everywhere.

Because it's Not-Paris.

There is no Eiffel Tower, but there is a Magic Tower.

Although the location is different.

Once we pass in front of Hiyoko-Do, the school is almost there.

I don't have anything special to do with bread today, so I won't call out to them.

Cliff-onii-chan smiles and waves at me, and I wave back as I pass by the store.

Now that we arrived at the school, we split in front of the school building.

"Well then, see you after school~~."

"I'm looking forward to going shopping."

"See you later."

I separate from everyone and go up the stairs with Elmer.

I'm heading to the Magic Laboratory.

"The alcohol... it was delicious~~."

"You don't drink much, do you, Elmer?" I asked.

"It's my first time... Makoto... when I'm with you... I'm able to experience... so many things... for the first time...

it's nice. Thank you."

Elmer said that and smiled.

I somehow felt happy as his smile caught my eye.

"You're welcome, Elmer."

Elmer has a communication disorder, so I guess he just does magic experiments by himself.

I'm glad that the Saint's Faction is a place where Elmer can have fresh experiences.

Uhn, uhn.

John-oji-san was waiting in the Magic Laboratory.

"Hello, Makoto-kun," Jean-oji-san said as he showed me the alchemy kit box. "It looks like you had an interesting proposal for the Alchemy Department."

“I thought that if we released magic tool technology to the world, there would be an increase in side jobs,” I said.

“Indeed it will, I think it will become more popular to make your own than buy expensive magic tools,” Jean said. “I couldn’t have thought this up myself, thank you, Makoto-kun.”

“No, that’s not right,” I said. “Without the Magic Tower’s technology, it would have been just an empty theory.”

“Makoto-kun, you’re really humble.”

“It’s great.....”

John-oji-san put a bundle of simple hair dryers on the desk.

“The simple hair dryer is also popular, and since it’s cheap, it’s selling like hotcakes, and the Alchemy Department is happy,” Jean said. “This is our thank you. We have 30 of them.”

Oh, are these from the alchemy printing machine?

I touched the bundle of simple hair dryers and put them in a storage bag.

That’s good, you can sell it to anyone who wants it, or you can share it with your acquaintances.

There are many people who would like to use it instead until they can get a proper hair dryer from the Blacksmith Club.

“Now, let’s start the experiments today.”

“Let’s study...the abyss of magic...”

There is absolutely no problem for these magic enthusiasts.

After this, the two of them subjected me to unreasonable experiments.

Yare, yare, this business.

Chapter 269

We Go To The Adventurer's Goods Store Next To The Adventurer Guild

After completing a series of intense experiments, I return to Class A with Elmer.

That's a lie, it wasn't particularly intense, I was just bored.

I guess it's time to do something else.

"Elmer, should we stop experimenting now?" I asked.

"Why would we.....?" he asked.

Don't ask me with a strange look on your face, I'm tired of it!

"Honestly, I get tired of doing the same experiments all the time," I said.

"Ummu..."

Elmer closed his eyes, crossed his arms, and groaned.

Hey, if you walk with your eyes closed, you'll run into a pillar.

I grab Elmer's elbow to stop him.

"Ooh!"

What's with that "Ooh!"?

"The data... we have pretty much all of it... so, I would say it's good, but... the accuracy will increase if we have more of it..."

"It's already a hassle," I said.

"I'll talk... to Chichi... he'll be sad, when the afternoon experiments... are over."

He's sad, too, but they can't help it.

However, other than experimenting, what should I do?

Mattaku, it's not the student's job to worry about the curriculum at all.

Shall I ask Anthony-sensei later?

I return to Class A and take my seat.

Anthony-sensei came over and we had homeroom.

Lately, some students have been going outside the capital (especially in the slums) without reporting that to the Adventurer's Guild, but they have been told not to do that because it is dangerous.

What do you go to the slum for?

The nobles will be kidnapped and stripped of their clothing.

Homeroom ended with a standing bow.

Nn~, I'm tired today too.

Now then, let's go buy dungeon supplies for the Saint's Faction.

"What will you buy, Carol?"

"I have most of it already," Carol said. "There's the chain, so I don't need a rope."

Chain-kun can also be used as a rope, it's so convenient.

"I need... a stick..."

He's going to be sticking to sticks, Elmer.

I'd also like a small mirror to see what's ahead around the corner.

I don't need one, but the other students also have lanterns.

"Ossu, Makoto~."

Curtis-chan opened the door, and the students from Class B came in.

"Why is Lloyd-chan here?" I asked.

"I want to buy dungeon supplies, too," he said.

"Julie-chan, you're not going, are you?" I asked.

“I’m going, as well~,” Juliet said. “I don’t want to wait before my second year.”

“As with me.”

“As with me.”

Is the whole Fashion Group coming, too?

Well, let’s all go.

“I’m looking forward to it, myon.”

“Each person needs a lantern.”

“It’s going to be dark, after all.”

Didn’t everyone have lanterns the other day?

Then they must have been walking in the dark, then.

Now then, let’s head out.

I led everyone out of the classroom one by one.

I go down the stairs, go out the front door, and walk towards the school gate.

It’s a sunny day after school, so it looks like a lot of students are out on the town.

We pass in front of Hiyokodo, go straight on the Royal Capital Boulevard, and pass in front of the Great Temple.

The two honest delinquents seemed to be working seriously, and when they noticed me, they smiled and bowed their heads.

They feel familiar to me now.

After passing the Great Temple, enter the back street and go a little further until you find the Adventurer’s Guild.

“This is the Adventurer’s Guild, let’s take a look inside.”

“Maa, what kind of place is it?”

“It’s my first time here, I’m looking forward to it.”

As Melissa-san and Marilyn talk, I feel we're worlds apart.

When I opened the double doors of the Guild, I saw an adventurer with a villainous face drinking alcohol in a bar booth.

It seems there are no Holy Knights today.

"Ara, ara, Seijou-sama, Albright-sama, Browright-kyou, what can I do for you all today?" a beautiful receptionist welcomed us.

The bad guys at the bar stare at us.

"We had girls from the Saint's Faction who didn't know about the Guild, so I came to let them see," I said. "My real business is at the goods store next door."

"Maa, is that so? Then you're welcome to browse, please come in and have a look."

"Thank you."

The students who were new to the guild were looking at the reception counter and the recruitment papers posted on the wall with interest.

The Swordsmanship Group and Curtis were wandering around the sides.

Ah, Curtis-onii-chan, don't shoot glares at the adventurers.

After looking around for a while, I thanked the Onee-san and we went outside.

After all, the real objective is the adventurer's goods store next door.

It was a relatively large shop, with large tents and sleeping bags displayed in front of it.

It's like an outdoor goods store from a previous life.

"Irrashai, what business do you have today?"

When I entered the store, a bearded Oyaji spoke to me.

He looks like a mountain man, but in this world, he's more of a caveman.

"I'm going to a dungeon near the capital that's meant for beginners,

but could I please take a look at all the tools available?" I asked.

"Ouh, fine by me, Gakusei-san, for now, here's the beginner's set."

The caveman beckoned us.

In the cupboard beyond that was a set for beginners.

Prices vary from cheap to expensive.

"Basically, what you need is a rope, a lantern, a wedge, a water bottle, a knife, and a backpack, and what I have here is all of that in the backpack."

Hou, this is convenient.

There are cheap ones and expensive ones.

Carol is checking the inside of the backpacks and examining it carefully.

"It's not bad, and the price is reasonable," Carol said.

"That's right, we're regulated by the Adventurer's Guild, so we can't sell suspicious items."

Okay, essentially, just buy this and do the rest with your senses.

Chapter 270

Everyone Buys Various Equipment At The Adventurer's Goods Store

Katsun, katsun, Elmer is tapping the floor with a stick and twisting his neck around.

It just doesn't seem right.

But, is this 10-foot pole worth buying after all?

A 10-foot pole often appears in TRPGs.

It's for checking if it seems like there are any traps in the dungeon, or for setting them off using the long stick, instead.

I wonder if it came to this world through the flow of TRPGs, or if it was a natural occurrence.

I don't think it was in the RPG part of the game.

It seems like this store has several types of sticks, and Elmer is trying them out with a serious look on his face.

Apparently, the stripes are equally spaced, and you can measure their length through them.

Corinna-chan carrying a backpack passed in front of me.

"Did you buy it, Corinna-chan?"

"I did," Corinna said. "It's the cheapest one, but it's more expensive than the backpack at the general store."

"Well, the thing is, it's a specialty store, so it's sturdy."

"Maa, I can't help it."

As always, Corinna hates spending money.

But Corinna-chan wearing a small backpack is cute.

Cattleya-san was lost in the lantern corner.

"Ah, Makoto, which lantern do you think is better?" she asked.

One of the lanterns she pointed to was a small magic light, and the other was an oil-type non-magic lantern.

“Wouldn’t it be better to buy a small magic light?” I asked.

“You have a point, ummu, but the price is high.”

Looking at the price tag, the magic lantern costs about 20,000 dolancs.

On the other hand, an oil lantern costs about 5,000 dolancs.

There are also replacement magic stones to think about, so magic lanterns are quite expensive.

“Koishi-chan, aren’t you going to buy something?” I asked.

“I have an oil lantern already, myon,” Koishi said.

“Koishi’s lantern lets out smoke, so I’d like to use a magic lantern,” Cattleya said.

“If I didn’t shine the light on you the other day, wouldn’t have been able to move, Cattleya,” Koishi said.

“And I appreciated that, but all that smoke is another matter,” Cattleya said.

“Wouldn’t it be cheaper if we asked the Blacksmith Department to make something?” I asked.

“”Huh?””

“You can ask Elmer or Carol for the magic circle part,” I said.

“Oh, let’s do that,” Carol said.

She had been looking at the knife selection behind us and now turned around to face us.

“”Are you serious?”” Cattleya and Koishi said, the latter with a “myon” at the end.

All that is needed for a magic lantern is a luminescent body, so creating a magic circle shouldn’t be that difficult.

It would be better to surround it with glass.

“Can I please ask a favor of you?” Cattleya said.

“I-I want a favor, too, myon, my lantern keeps spewing out smoke,” Koishi said.

“Fine by me, but well, if Makoto is with us, we won’t need a lantern,” Carol said.

“It’s necessary because we might get separated,” I said.

If you’re with me, you’ll be able to shoot Light balls and brighten up the area, but you might get separated during a dungeon dive.

There are also large tents and sleeping bags here.

I guess it’s necessary when diving overnight in Gadruga.

It seems that they will pitch a tent and rest on top of a magic circle drawn to protect them from evil spirits and keep them safe.

Unlike in games, there is no safe zone in a live dungeon, so they take turns sleeping and staying alert.

Yada, yada, I don’t feel I can sleep in those conditions.

Moving on, what do I need?

I don’t need a backpack because I put my stuff in a storage bag.

I don’t need a rope, or do I need a rope...?

“Tenchou, how much rope do you usually need?”

“I think it would be good to have 5 clades, more than that would be bulky,” the shop owner said. “When you need length, you can just pool your ropes and tie them together.”

“Then, give me 5 clades, please.”

“Aiyo.”

Tenchou cut the wrapped-up rope into 5 clade sections.

Yoshi, yoshi.

There’s no need for a lantern.

How about a knife?

I also have Kogitsunemaru and the unicorn dagger, so a pocket knife is fine.

Let's make this one foldable.

A knife and rope.

What's left is a wedge.

It's used to prevent doors from closing or as a starting point for hanging ropes.

Would three iron ones be enough?

All that's left is a water bottle.

There are several types.

There's a weird-shaped one made of leather.

This one uses a sheep's stomach.

Looks like it'll fit in quite a bit.

This is made from soft, tanned stomach skin, so when you press it, it comes out from the mouth.

Let's buy this.

I carried my selection to the cash register.

Dulcie appears and takes out the faction wallet, but I stop her with my hand.

"I buy my things with my wallet," I said.

"However," Dulcie started.

"The faction's money is everyone's money," I said.

"Understood."

Dulcie disappeared.

"You're so strict, aren't ya?" the owner said.

"Even Tenchou doesn't buy things with the store's money, right?"

“It’s no different to me, that’ll be 8,300 dolancs.”

I took the money out of my wallet and handed it to Tenchou.

“Hai.”

“Maidori.”

I put my things away in a storage bag without saying a word.

Juliet-san was walking happily while carrying an expensive-looking backpack.

“Makoto-sama, Makoto-sama, isn’t it nice? Me and Lloyd-sama got the same one~~.”

“It is nice, Julie-chan.”

“Ehehehe~.”

Juliet-san was wearing the same Chuuni fashion as usual, but she didn’t have the evil aura as before, and she smiled cheerfully.

Uhn, uhn, good, good.

Juliet-san’s smile is the best.

Lloyd-chan was also wandering around with the same high-quality backpack on his back.

“What do you think? Is it cool? Did you fall in love with me all over again, Makoto-chi?”

“No, not at all,” I said.

“Mou, I just can’t stop trying with you, Makoto-chi.”

Too bad, Lloyd-chan, I hate frivolous men.

Chapter 271

Carol Changes Her Mind And Says She Will Come With Me To Gadruga

The cheapest adventurer's set backpacks were swinging on the backs of Melissa-san and Marilyn.

When I looked next to me, I saw Elmer carrying a stick and putting on an Ebisu face.

Isn't it too long? That stick, that is.

I think it'll definitely get caught on something in the dungeon.

Anyway, we finished shopping at the goods store and were walking back to the school.

I glanced at the clock tower in the distance and saw that it was already past three o'clock.

Running to the top of that tower and beating up Emil feels like it was all just a dream.

Curtis-onii-chan came up next to me.

"I hear you're going to join the next 2nd year student Gadruga Labyrinth Training," he said.

"Well, I am," I said.

"Take me, too," Curtis said.

"Eh, Curtis, too~? We don't have a place to stay~. There's no way we could share a room," I said.

"I don't care at all. If you're dealing with Makoto, there's no room for making mistakes," Curtis said.

"You're not allowed there, you dumbass," I said.

"Gununu," Curtis grumbled.

"You can go when you're a 2nd year yourself," I said.

Curtis-onii-chan's eyes looked as if he were staring into the distance.

"I've been thinking all this time of staying in Gadruga over summer vacation," he said.

"Do you want to keep diving into dungeons?" I asked.

"We won't be able to dive much until summer vacation, but by the time we graduate, we should be able to go to the deepest floor."

"I'll accompany you too, myon!" Koishi said.

"I'm going, too," Cattleya said.

Elsa-san laughed and opened her iron fan. "I'll join you, Curtis-sama," she said.

"So with all that said, the Swordsmanship Club is holding a training camp in Gadruga, so I'd like to go see it before that," Curtis said.

"No, no, no, there are no seats on the airship," I said.

"We'll do something with the money and power of the Margrave."

Mattaku, this guy really doesn't to quit coming with me, does he?

"Well, I can't stop you since you're coming at your own expense," I said.

"Alright!" Curtis said.

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san looked at me with eyes full of expectations.

"I want to go too, myon."

"I want to go, as well."

"It's no good," I said.

"Eh, why, myon?"

"I-Isn't it fine?"

Mattaku, mou, none of them understand it at all.

"The reason I'm going to Gadruga is to support Verona's party in their revenge against the chimera," I said. "If the Saint's Faction exceeds

half of the party, it will reduce Verona-senpai's sense of accomplishment."

Koishi-chan and Cattleya-san looked shocked.

"So, please refrain from joining, and Curtis can talk to Verona-senpai and if he can be included as a helper in the party, and maybe he can take you guys along."

"Man-eating chimera hunting? That sounds good to me," Curtis-onii-chan laughed ferociously.

Mattaku, combat otaku like these are giving me so much trouble.

"If that's the case, I'll refrain from doing that, myon."

"We have no choice, let's wait until summer vacation."

Well, that's good, I was thinking of bringing someone else with me, but maybe Curtis-onii-chan, ummu.

"Isn't Caroline going?" Curtis asked.

"I-I...I have to make alchemy potions..." Carol said.

"You mean a day off," Curtis said.

"But, Curtis, I have the responsibility of taking care of the alchemy room..."

"I guess you could just make your stocks in advance. Is it fine by you to be away from Makoto for a week?"

"Eh, no, Curtis, being apart from Makoto, we're still friends...even if we're separated for a week... huh?"

Carol wiped her cheek.

Oh, she's crying.

Huh, what does that mean?

Eh? eh?

"... Ah, I see, am I lonely?"

"You've been working hard all by yourself."

“I see, thank you, Curtis...”

Carol turned towards me.

Hi-Hii.

Somehow, it makes me uncomfortable.

Carol is smiling as if she's bursting with laughter.

“Makoto, I'm going to Gadruga too.”

“Se-Seriously?!”

“Yeah, I don't want to spend a week worrying about what you will do.”

I wonder if it's because she's lonely.

That's what I thought, but a sudden feeling of happiness welled up from deep within my chest, buwaah.

Here it comes, buwaah.

“Carol, let's go to Gadruga together.”

“Yeah, let's go together.”

“Gadruga, uwaaaaiiii!!”

I'm so happy that I hugged Carol.

I'm going to rub my cheeks against hers.

Waii, waiiii!!

“Hey, Makoto, get away from me, already!!”

“It's okay, I'll I won't leave you, Carol!!”

Carol and I hugged each other and played while the faction members around us giggled.

Aaaah, I'm so happy, so happy!

Gadruga, Gadruga, it looks like it's going to be a fun trip!!

While I clung to Carol and hugged her tightly, we arrived at the

school.

“Hey, Carol, let’s go take a bath, a bath.”

“I-I’m not going. I have to do some alchemy now,” Carol said.

“It’ll be fine, it’s fine~”

“Ma-ko-to.”

Uwa, Carol’s scary voice came out.

Mattaku, my wife is so strict.

I couldn’t withstand the human power plant, so I left Carol.

I said goodbye to Curtis and Elmer and saw them off as they headed to the boys’ dormitory.

Now, we entered the girls’ dormitory and dispersed in the lobby.

“Fuu, see you at dinner.”

“Haii, see you then!”

“Yes, later.”

Carol waved and headed towards the elevator hall.

The remaining girls and students are all taking baths.

A bath is the washing of life.

Ufufufufu.

Chapter 272

We Sell Simple Hair Dryers In The Changing Room

We're in the baths.

Kapon.

There are no bath salts in it today, so it's just regular hot water.

Haaa, even regular hot water will warm you up, won't it?

Little by little.

Dulcie gives me a quick wash, then I take a dip again and leave the bathroom.

Boiiinnn, I have Dulcie run the hair dryer.

If I look around, I can see maids using hair dryers everywhere, and ladies using hair dryers by themselves.

Perhaps because it's on the cutting edge of trends, the young ladies using the hair dryers have a slightly smug look on their faces.

Uhn, uhn.

My hair is dry, my underwear is fresh, and I put on my uniform.

Corinna-chan was drying her hair using a simple style hair dryer.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"It dries, and even the simple type is comfortable to use," Corinna said.

A half-naked young lady nearby turned around.

"Excuse me, may I ask where I can buy that simple hair dryer?"

"Since the Magic Tower is the main manufacturer, I think it's stocked in the big magic tool stores," I said.

I don't know the details though.

“I heard that rumor and went out to look for it today in town, but all the stores were sold out, and I didn’t know when they would be stocking again,” she said. “My family is a baron and a noble of the vestment, they don’t have the money to buy the hair dryers from the stores...”

“Do you have one gold coin now?” I asked.

“Yes? I don’t think that is enough money to buy a hair dryer.”

I got the simple hair dryer that Serviche-sensei had given me from my storage bag and handed it to the baron’s daughter.

“Ma-Maaaa...!!” she cried.

“The price is 10,000 dolancs.”

“Maaa! It was selling for 20,000 dolancs at the store, onegaishimasu, please sell it to me!”

“Yeah, fine by me.”

Dulcie took the gold coin and put it in the faction wallet.

“Thank you, thank you so much!”

Hoidanshaku-san bowed her head as she held the hair dryer like it was a holy object.

What is with that?

Don’t make a big deal out of it.

The eyes of the other ladies in the dressing room gleamed.

“Pl-Please sell one to me, too.”

“Oh, I don’t have any money. I’ll get it from my room now, so please wait.”

“I was looking for it too, I didn’t think I could find it in a place like this.”

Wah, there’s a line.

Some of them went out of the bathroom.

At that time, simple hair dryers sold like hotcakes to the ladies in the dressing room.

15 copies were sold.

There are only 15 left.

I think I'll ask Serviche-sensei to increase production.

Amazing, this will sell out quickly.

"It'll sell well, this simple model."

"It seems better to have it stocked up."

"Strike while the iron is hot. Let Serviche-sensei distribute the goods around a little."

"It sold out on the first day, so it looks like it's going to be popular, isn't it?"

"It feels good to dry with warm air, and it dries quickly, so it's easier."

All the ladies in this world have long hair, so it's hard to dry it.

Demand seems to be very high.

Corinna folded the simple hair dryer flat and put it in her pocket.

It's nice to have it smaller.

I waved to everyone in my faction and left the underground public bath.

Pata, pata, I went up the stairs.

Now then, I guess I'll read some books until dinner.

I would also like to read the guidebook for Gadrage Great Labyrinth.

Shall I return it tomorrow?

I unlock Room 205 and go inside.

Well, first I think I'll write a letter to Serviche-sensei to get the product delivered to us.

If I wait until Sensei comes to school, it will be next Monday.

I wrote a letter to Serviche-sensei, asking her to please send simple hair dryers to the school.

“Dulcie,” I said.

“Hai, Makoto-sama,” Dulcie said.

“Take this to Serviche-sensei,” I said.

“Yes, do you know her home address?”

“Ah, that’s right, could you please deliver it to the Magic Tower, instead?” I said.

“Understood, I’m heading out.”

“Sorry, it’s so far away.”

“No, it won’t take that long if I jump.”

Dulcie is faster because she can jump in a straight line to the target, which is helpful.

Bowing her head, Dulcie opened the window and launched into the sky.

“She’s so convenient, Dulcie.”

“She’s really helpful, she’s a good girl.”

Corinna wrote some numbers in a ledger, using an abacus to check the calculation.

I guess it’s a sales slip for the simple hair dryers.

The rhythmic kachi-kachi of the abacus sounds good.

I climbed the ladder, lay down on the bed, and pulled out a book from my storage bag.

It’s the guide to the Mount Horbos dungeon.

Since it’s a small dungeon, there is a fairly detailed floor map.

It seems there aren’t many traps.

Looks like Elmer’s stick won’t be used here.

I'm looking forward to Sunday.

Ah, I have to ask Curtis if he can get a carriage.

It takes about an hour to get to Mt. Horbos by horse-drawn carriage.

I think I'll return from the Baron's house early in the morning and meet up with everyone in front of the school.

If you find an airship, use it to fly to the school.

It's my first flight.

Fuh-fufu.

Well, if the Conqueror of the Azure Sky isn't destroyed, that is.

If it's broken, it's probably going to cost a lot of money to repair it.

If so, wouldn't it be impossible to carry the dresses with it?

Umm.

I can only hope that it is preserved in working condition.

Chapter 273